

SPRING 15¢

RADIO ALBUM

21 PAGE SALUTE TO GODFREY!



IF IT WEREN'T
FOR GODFREY...
by Bill Lawrence



MY HIGH-FLYING
BOSS
by Janette Davis



MY
16 YEARS
WITH
KING ARTHUR
by Mug
Richardson

They called him
"THE WARBLING
BANJOIST"



**GODFREY'S
COMPLETE
LIFE STORY**

plus

Rare photographs of
his childhood and
career





THE QUIET TIME; FOR GODFREY, HOME IS WHERE PEACE IS, WHERE HE CAN SPEND TIME WITH MARY. (see p. 16-17)

RADIO ALBUM

magazine



SALUTE TO GODFREY

We want to tell you the story of a fellow named Godfrey. We don't know if he's a man or a phenomenon but maybe you'll be able to decide after you've read his story. It's all here in this issue, from the very beginning—the little kid who lived in Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., to the man with a voice like a weather-beaten bass viol who can make 40 million people listen to him and love it. How come? Is there something in the words he says—the way he laughs? Or is there something about the way he feels, the way he *really* feels—a warmth that infects everyone who hears him. When Godfrey talks to you, he's an old friend of yours telling you his favorite story—reminiscing. When he kids you, it's your big brother playfully teasing you. You like him, you don't really know why, but maybe it's because he likes you. So we want to tell you the story of this fellow Godfrey. We thought it over and decided maybe you'd like to hear it from some people who really know him—a couple of kids—Bill Lawrence and Janette Davis, who know better than anyone what a wonderful guy he is. And there's a gal called Mug Richardson who's known him since way back in 1934. Once Godfrey said about her: "She's the most down to earth person I've ever known. She can spot a phony a mile off . . . for a gal who can't spell, she does pretty good . . . she knows me better than I know myself." So we've asked Mug to tell you all about him. . . .

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RADIO ALBUM MAGAZINE, Vol. 1, No. 8, Spring, Apr.-June, 1950. Published quarterly. Copyright 1950 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.



Young Man with a banjo



Arthur was born on August 31, 1903, in New York City. Here, one-year-old, he's in his play-pen.



Charles, 1 (center), Robert, 3, with their older brother Arthur when he was 5 years old. They were reared in Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.



Arthur Godfrey pins an orchid on his former highschool teacher, Mrs. Quigg.

He started out
with almost
nothing—
a couple of dollars—
a couple of dreams,
but that was
enough to take
Arthur Godfrey
anywhere
he wanted . . .

■ He was a good little boy when he lived in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey. His mother would set him out on the porch to sun, and he'd hear the buggies clapping down the streets, and the smell of horses would come drifting over on the breeze . . .

The first thing he remembers is one day when he was about four years old. He'd tied his own shoelaces and gone out for a walk. A few minutes later, he started screaming. His mother dashed into the backyard and found him thrashing about in the tall grasses. "What is it, Arthur?" she asked, and Arthur bawled, "I'm lost!"

When he was 11, the thing he wanted most was a rifle to hunt muskrats. He and his pals used to play in Teterboro, a marshland full of mosquitoes and stagnant water. They'd fish, go crabbing, sail through the mud in home-

made boats, and once in a while they'd trap a muskrat and make money. There was never too much money in the Godfrey house. There were mother and dad and the kids—Kathryn, Charles, Robert and Gene.

Mr. Godfrey was an Oxford graduate and an editor whose specialty was horses. But horses were being run over by progress in those days, and there was less and less to write about them.

The summer he was 12, Arthur got himself a job in Mr. Ehler's grocery store. The following summers, he drove Schaffer's bakery wagon and delivered ice-cream for John Ferrari's Sweet Shoppe. He never earned much, but whatever it was he'd take it home to his mother, and when she'd give him back a nickel without asking for change, he was the happiest boy in Hasbrouck.

Driving around in the wagon, he'd think about the world—the wonderful places he'd visit, the way someday he'd be famous . . .

He left school and home when he was 15 to work as an office boy in N. Y. C. He became a dishwasher, a typist, a pick-and-shovel-man, a farmhand, a tire-finisher, anything . . .

He didn't know where he was going, but he knew it wasn't in the right direction. In 1920, he walked into a Cleveland, Ohio recruiting office and joined the Navy. They taught him radio operating, and how to swab decks, and in four years he saw a lot of the world. At night, in his bunk, he'd pick out tunes on a banjo and he'd sing and keep wondering.

In 1924, he was 21 and his hitch was over. On a lavender evening in Spring, the people who lived on his street in Hasbrouck Heights, were drawn to their windows. Outside, sauntering under the trees, they saw a lanky, red-headed sailor strumming on a banjo. "Why, it's Arthur," they said, "He's come home . . ."

He joined the Navy in 1920, left it in 1924.





young man with a banjo, continued



After the Navy, Arthur became a jack-of-all-trades. None of his ventures lasted long, or were successful.

Arthur wasn't home for long. A few weeks later, he was on his way again. He'd heard that he could get five dollars a day for putting automobiles together in Detroit. He tried it. It was nothing like sailing the sea with the wind in his red hair.

He tried dishwashing, too, and vegetable peeling at the Book-Cadillac Hotel. The chef promised him a promotion, but the chef shortly died.

Then he sold cemetery plots and got rich. One day, he found himself signing a check for half-ownership of a vaudeville act. He took off his mourning suit, and toured the country. Vaudeville was wonderful. But in 1927, in Wyoming, he peeked into his wallet and nothing was there.

Hollywood came and went next without a sound. He hopped a freight for Chicago. Chicago didn't care. Anyway, he drove a taxi there, and one of his fares turned out to be an old friend who was in the Coast Guard. Godfrey parked his cab and they talked. At dawn, he was in the Coast Guard, too. It was a healthy life and he thought he'd stay put.

Then he entered an amateur contest on WFBR in Baltimore. He won first prize and when he was offered a job he couldn't resist it. They called him Red Godfrey, The Warbling Banjoist, and paid him almost nothing. But he stuck. Whenever there was dead air on WFBR, Red filled it. Washington's network affiliate picked him up; local newspapers played him big; people loved him.

It was 1931, and he was on his way. One day, he was driving his car when a truck hit him in 47 places. Only reason he lived was because he wanted to.

Back on the air he was more popular than before. He had so many spots he couldn't handle them all and went so far as to protest. The station manager went so far as to fire him. His audience was sore, and Godfrey was disgusted. Harry Butcher, of WSJV, persuaded him to give radio another chance.

One minute after midnight on January 26, 1934, Godfrey started his new show. It was to run until nine in the morning. He sat alone in a transmitting tower with a pile of records at his side. "Ought to have my head examined," he said. "I bet there isn't one radio tuned in. Any of you mugs want to hear a record just call me up. Ha."

Plenty of those mugs called. Walter Winchell phoned from New York and asked him to kid Ben Bernie. Godfrey kidded the cigar right out of Ben Bernie's mouth. The next day, Winchell told the English-speaking world that there was a man named Godfrey buried across the Potomac and someone smart ought to dig him up. Someone smart was CBS. Godfrey hasn't looked for another job since.



Always ready for a gag, and an expert in practical jokes, Godfrey rides his donkey to a donkey baseball game. No one knows who won.



Arthur became interested in horses through his father who edited magazines on horse-breeding. Here, Arthur's with two of his colts.

Harry Butcher (left), one-time aide of General Eisenhower, was the one who persuaded Godfrey to return to radio after he'd left NBC in 1933.





■ He calls me his production chief-plus-plus-plus. Sometimes he calls me his Girl Friday. It's a little hard to explain all that I do. You see, the job started 16 years ago when I was hired as his secretary. But Arthur's job grew and mine grew with it.

All I know is, he changed my whole life . . .

In 1934, I was "Miss North Carolina," a wide-eyed kid with a heavy southern accent, and crazy dreams.

Well, as "Miss North Carolina," I toured Washington, D. C., with my chaperones. I first met Arthur at the Club Michel, where he was working at night as a bandleader-emcee. He introduced me from the floor and I took a bow.

The next morning, I was interviewed on his radio program. I was pretty excited about speaking on the air. The whole thing was a dizzy whirl—seeing the country, meeting celebrities, but I had my heart set on those finals at Atlantic City, and on New York.

As I remember, Arthur was a swell host. What struck me most was his down to earth sincerity and the good sense he made. After the program, he amazed me by offering me a job. He said his secretary was leaving, and he could use me, but I kept shaking my head like a fool.

"If you find you don't like it up there, come on back, and the job'll be waiting," he said. I thanked him, but I just knew I wouldn't be back.

I never got to the Atlantic City finals, but I did get to New York. They weren't waving any flags when I arrived. I was lucky to get a modeling job—it was no fun. I was so tired at night I never went out. I was homesick, too. A friend of mine urged me not to leave just yet. He said there was a certain job open at a nightclub that I could probably land.

I went over to the nightclub, the manager eyed me and sent me back to the dressingroom to try on the costume. "Costume!" I nearly died. The whole thing fit into the palm of my hand. I ran out of the place crying and the next day I left for Washington. Arthur Godfrey kept his promise . . .



Godfrey made his debut on WJSV in Wash., Jan. 26, '34.



To compete with rival station's Breakfast Club, he did an all-night broadcast. Winchell heard him—next day gave him a plug in his column.

By
Mug Richardson



This is Mug in 1934.

My 16 years with King Arthur

The intimate story
of life with Godfrey
by his "Girl Friday"



my sixteen years with king arthur, continued



Godfrey worked on radio by day, led a band at night in the Club Michel, Wash., D. C.



Fred Waring goes over a song with Godfrey who was originally billed as The Warbling Banjoist.



Arthur's programs were always informal. His commercials worried sponsors.



Not even an appendix operation could stop Red. Here, he broadcasts from a Washington hospital.

Like everyone else, Arthur's had his good times and his bad. I think the worst time was (before I joined him) when he disagreed with NBC in Washington, was fired, and "hid out" at his friend's flying school in Virginia. He was pretty blue, and he thought of quitting. The radio editors headlined his disappearance in big, black print. Finally, Harry Butcher, who was General Manager of CBS' station in Washington, brought him back.

In those days, Arthur broadcast for many hours daily. I used to make a lot of stupid mistakes and he'd blow up like a firecracker. But just like a firecracker, the sizzle would be over in a few seconds. He's still the same today. He still says I can't add or spell and—much as I hate to admit it—he's right.

Fortunately, for me, as Arthur's sponsors increased, so did his staff. He hired an accountant, and I got involved in production—compiling most of the material he used on his programs.

Now, we have a writing staff, but there are lots of times when Arthur doesn't pay any attention to them. He'll start ad libbing and won't stop till the clock makes him.

People often ask me if I have to apologize to the sponsors after some of Arthur's broadcasts. I can answer that right now. My boss is the most honest man I know. He'd never advertise a product he didn't believe in, and when he pokes fun, it's at the way he's supposed to deliver a commercial, never at the product itself.

I remember one of Arthur's early sponsors in Washington was a furrier named Zlotnick. His trade-mark was a stuffed polar bear in front of his store. The copy said, "At the sign of the big white bear," Arthur read it faithfully—until one day.

"Big white bear . . ." Arthur said. "Why, that's no white bear. Did you ever look at that bear, Mr. Zlotnick? It's the dirtiest most moth-eaten bear in town."

Mr. Zlotnick was furious at first. But thousands of people went to look at that bear—and lots of them bought furs. Mr. Zlotnick had to open a branch store.

That's the way it always was. Whenever a sponsor would become a little disturbed about the way Arthur handled a commercial, I'd ask him, "How are sales?" and the sponsor would never make another complaint.

I'll let you in on Arthur's secret: You can't rib something that's bad, but you can always rib something that's good—not only products, but people, too.

Arthur, himself, took a lot of ribbing via fan mail. Once President Roosevelt told him "Start worrying when the letters stop coming, when you can no longer create an emotion strong enough to bother people."

Another man who helped Arthur a lot is Walter Winchell. Walter brought him a new public outside of Washington. That was back in 1934.



This polar bear was the trade-mark of one of the sponsors. The bear was dirty, Godfrey ribbed it, the sponsor was sore, the sales were better than ever.



Franklin D. Roosevelt was Godfrey's friend and admirer. When he died, Arthur broadcast the funeral services.



During the war, he helped collect 6,000 pints of blood for wounded fighters. Here, he broadcasts with a donor.



Godfrey obliges the fans after a broadcast. He has five-and-a-half hours of network shows, and two TV shows.



Even in the early broadcasting days, Mug compiled Godfrey's notes.

She always sits near to him to hand over clippings. Mug confesses that she never knows what he'll think of next.

my sixteen years with king arthur, continued

Arthur wanted to go to New York, but the CBS officials wouldn't let him. "You're too corny," they said. "Your stuff is good for Washington, but New Yorkers won't like it."

So we went anyway—and were sorry. He just didn't go over. Back in Washington, Arthur kept perfecting his technique—and kept begging for another chance at New York.

He got it in 1941. This time he wasn't so sure of himself. But this time, he made the grade. Now, sixteen years later, Arthur Godfrey is established as one of the biggest stars on the air.

If you want to know whether success has changed him, the answer is "No," a thousand times. His feet are still on the ground, and his head is where it belongs. He'll take advice if it's good, and he's always anxious to learn something new—from anyone.

He likes people, warmhearted, real people, and he's genuinely happy that so many of them like him.

One thing he misses, though, is his anonymity. He used to enjoy walking around the streets and riding in the subways, but now, wherever he goes, he's mobbed. After all the

publicity, and the advertising by Chesterfield, Glass Wax, Nabisco and Lipton's Tea, and his face on all those television screens—why, no one could help but recognize him!

Of course, he still kids the sponsor. "Now," he'll say, "You take this Glass-Wax job I've got here . . . It's easy to open. Just hand me that wrench . . . Put all your weight on it—and there! See? Nothing to it. Anybody got a bandage?"

I'm often aghast at the way Arthur keeps going, because you know, his job isn't the only important thing in his life. . . .



SALUTE TO GODFREY



my sixteen years with king arthur, continued

F. D. R. told him, "Start worrying when you stop getting those letters, when you can no longer create an emotion strong enough to bother people."





Reserve Officer Godfrey and Mug Richardson go aboard the Constitution. Mission? Godfrey's carrying his banjo case.



Mug (second from right) started out as Godfrey's secretary. Soon she had three secretaries of her own and an ever-growin' staff.



Edward Wallerstein, of Columbia Records, Inc., gives Godfrey a gold recording of his "Too Fat Polka" which sold a million.



In 1948, Godfrey and his gang on the Chesterfield show celebrated their first anniversary. Program is from 8 to 9 on Wednesday.

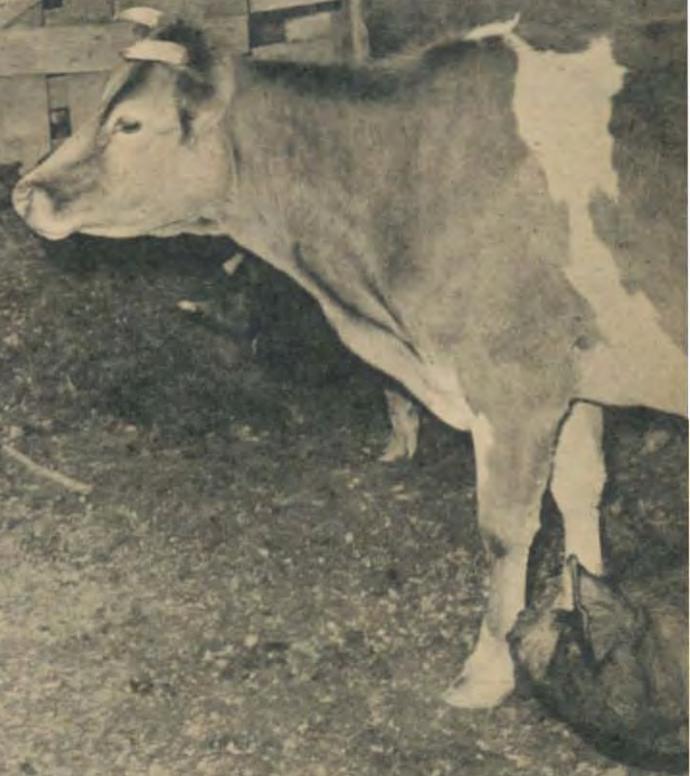
My boss is a very generous guy, and what he gives away most is himself. In World War II he became a Reserve Officer with orders to stay on the air.

He helped collect more than 6,000 pints of blood, and the Navy flew him to the Pacific to witness the uses of it.

But of all places—I think Arthur likes to be home the most. The Godfreys live on an 800-acre farm near Catoctin Ridge, Virginia. Arthur has quite a few worldly possessions—horses, boats, a plane, a couple of cars, but he doesn't have much time to enjoy them. There are 30 people on the job trying to give him a few free moments, but it's almost impossible.

Sometimes, things really get twisted up. One hectic day, he rushed into the studio a few seconds before air-time, glanced at his notes, and started talking about Thanksgiving. Only trouble was—Thanksgiving came a week later. Usually his days are well-mapped-out in advance, but once he missed a whole rehearsal because he was out painting a picture for the Urban League. And once he missed half of his TV Talent Scouts show, because he couldn't figure how long it would take to get from one side of the city to the other. Sometimes I marvel at the way he gets things done.

But I wouldn't have him different. I've been working for him 16 years, and every moment of it a pleasure.



Love of the soil and livestock is part of the essential Godfrey. And like all his enterprises, the 800-acre estate near Leesburg, Virginia, pays off.

The Hills of Home

For Mary and the kids the Squire of Catoclin has provided an 800-acre sanctuary where even the birds wake up laughing

SAILOR GODFREY, an ex-Naval radio operator, still loves blue water. He owns a Lightning, an S-class sloop, is a racing member of 3 yacht clubs.



■ Every Thursday and Friday morning, the peaceful hush of dawn on a mountain top in Virginia is shattered by the pealing of a big bell in the downstairs hall of a rambling brick country home. The twittering of waking birds stops in shocked silence as a familiar rumbling voice roars: "Tell her I'm up and to shut that damned thing off!" Which is just America's Man Godfrey registering an understandable protest at being yanked out of blessed sleep to chat informally to millions of equally sleep-fogged fellow citizens. The Squire of Mt. Catoclin, Loudoun County, dishes out his gravelly small talk, weather reports and bird song twice a week from home, with one ear cocked for the cackles, whinnies and grunts of livestock that inhabit his 800 fertile acres. Most big names in entertainment whose nerves are constantly pretzeled by the demands of fame and fortune just talk about getting away. King Arthur actually did it, with the aid of a Navion plane that he pilots expertly between a Hotel Lexington suite in Manhattan and his rural sanctuary in Virginia. That way he gets to spend time with wife Mary, who used to work for NBC in Washington, sons Mike and Richard, and daughter Pat. The world reaches into his bucolic hideaway via a direct studio wire plugged into the special broadcasting chamber CBS carved out of his library. But once Mug Richardson gathers up her scrap paper gags and the sound engineers silently steal away, Arthur's free to take the kids and Mary for a canter or do a few laps around the north pasture in a tractor. Not a man who does things by halves, he's combined a natural fondness for wild-life and monoxideless air with some severely practical notions of what it takes to make gentleman farming profitable. Chickens, ducks, pigs and soil alike produce in harmony with all Godfrey enterprises. But the sum total is a dream of good country living. Wife Mary, as calm and collected as her spectacular husband is volatile and jet-propelled, serenely presides over a place any man would be proud to call home.

FATHER GODFREY wants to keep his three kids out of the spotlight that beats on his own tousled head. This rare photo of Son Mike was made in 1947.



FARMER GODFREY lives with his boots on from Thurs. to Sun. each week; broadcasts from own library. Bird songs come through a special mike in a tree.





■ The trouble with being young is that some older people hold it against you. They're not mean or anything, and I know they'd never admit being prejudiced, but I'm convinced it's the truth. Older people seem to feel that just *because* they're further along in years, they are smarter or more talented or whatever the case may be. Of course that's not so—otherwise a singer could just sit down for a year or more and let his voice improve itself. What most people forget is that it's *what you do with yourself* as you grow older that makes you what you are. Which brings me to Arthur Godfrey. First of all, if he has any prejudice to speak of, it's in favor of young people. He'd rather gamble on a newcomer than string along with a cut-and-dried sure-fire veteran. Now I don't think you could say the same for more than half a dozen men who are as high in their profession as Godfrey is in his. Secondly, I don't know *anyone* who is more active than Godfrey in encouraging young talent. That doesn't mean that he won't tell someone that he's no good—far

from it! Godfrey's sponsors will testify to his honest bluntness. But he'll never be critical just to show what a know-it-all he is, and he'll never resort to superficial comments that really say nothing at all. If he says he's listening to you, he's *listening!* I ought to know. It was back in September of 1948 that I took a whirl at Godfrey's Talent Scout show. Luckily for me, I walked off with top honors. But—and this is the important thing—I'd won other contests before, and after they were over, that was that. In this case, though, Godfrey wasn't only running the program, he was *actually paying great attention to every contestant!* Just how much attention he was devoting to each try-out was something I learned three days later. It was the end of my prize guest engagement on Godfrey's morning program, and in that casual way of his, he asked me how I'd like to be a regular on his show! How would I like it! If I had been able to talk, I would have told him. But what I'm getting at is simply this: if it weren't for Godfrey, I wouldn't be where I am today. (Cont'd)

If it weren't for Godfrey

by Bill Lawrence



Godfrey's prejudiced, says

Bill Lawrence—

but it's for, not against, young talent



Probably Godfrey's most famous "alumnus" of his Talent Scouts is singer Vic Damone, top man on July 23, 1946.



For as long as Godfrey continues to seek new talent, tomorrow's famous entertainers—only the newcomers today—will beat a path to his door.



Winner of first Talent Scouts show, July 2, '46, was 9-year-old pianist Roger Barnet Scime, whose future we may hear about.



Lovely songstress Janette Davis, though not a Talent Scout product, is still another newcomer whom Godfrey helped along in her career.



At home, Godfrey broadcasts from his library.



Robert Q. Lewis has substituted for Godfrey.



Characteristically casual with The Vagabonds.

if it weren't for godfrey, *continued*

nor would a couple of dozen other people I could name without any trouble. Incidentally, it's not just Talent Scout *winners* whom Godfrey helps—it's pretty darn near everyone who manages to get on the program. The reason is that Godfrey runs his program not as a get-rich-quick kind of sweepstake but rather as an elimination tournament based on merit. For example, for every contestant who finally performs, there is a long and sad trail of others who couldn't make the grade. Perhaps their letters of application were turned down; or perhaps, if they were given a preliminary audition their performances simply didn't warrant further encouragement. Final eliminating occurs a few days later when the most promising young entertainers are given a final hearing and a chance at the big time on Talent Scouts. It's Godfrey himself who takes over from there. Here I'd like to emphasize the fact that I've just given you the set-up from outside looking in. I wish I could tell you what it's like from the *inside!* The hopes and the heartaches, the promises never kept and the helping hand that wasn't expected, the jealousies that make people suspicious of each other and the warm friendships that unite them for years to come—all this and so much more is part and parcel of every young performer who has ever come to Godfrey's program with fingers crossed and the dream that this, at last, is it. There are times when I find myself wondering why a man like Godfrey takes so much trouble and spends so much time and energy in doing what he can to give someone else a boost. I've come to the conclusion that one of the reasons is that Godfrey himself has never forgotten what it's like to dream the dream of success and to feel that you're a million miles away from it. And the lesson that Godfrey has taught me is a simple one—I hope that I never forget it either. If, as I hope, I too may one day be able to help someone else, I know that the thought in my mind will be: if it weren't for Godfrey, I'd never be sure that this chance would ever have been mine, nor—even if it had been—that I would have known what to do with it.



Like the sun in the solar system, Godfrey is the pivot for a whole galaxy of programs and personalities that move around him.



My High-Flying Boss

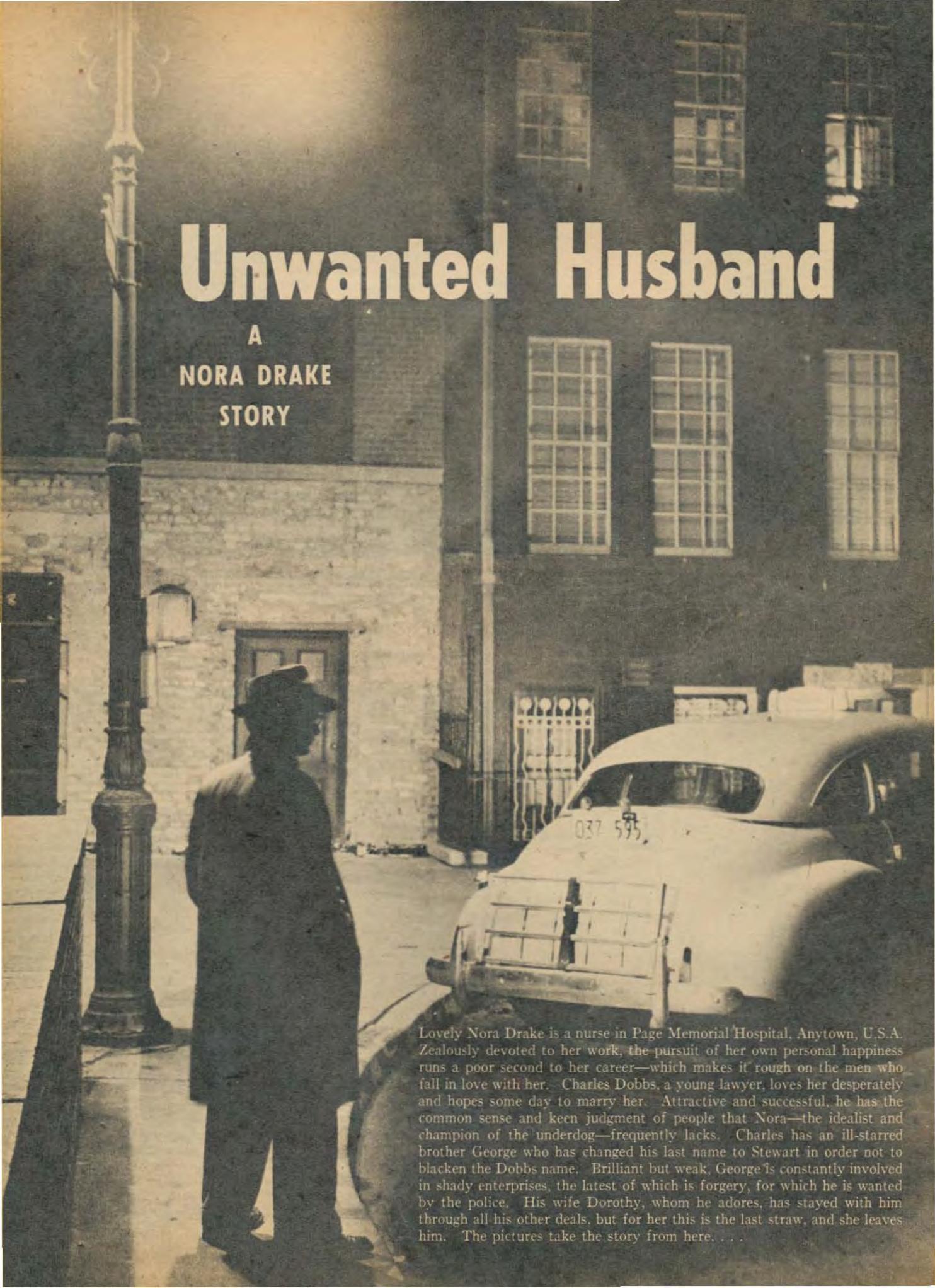
by Janette Davis

■ In a way I can blame it all on Arthur Godfrey. I guess the truth is that ever since I was a kid, I secretly believed in magic. Only now I'm not keeping it secret anymore, because as far as I'm concerned, Arthur Godfrey is a magician. He brought me onto his program way back in '46, and that was like waving a magic wand over my head, opening up a brand-new world before me. Is there any magic like success, really? When it touches you, well, yesterday you were a drudge, today you're a princess, tomorrow you may be empress of the world! Being with Arthur taught me that. Then too, he was the one who first coaxed me into a plane, and surely that is magic! To be able to climb into something with wings and then flit around on top of the clouds, returning to earth when you want to—what else would you call that? Does flying scare me? It used to, but no more. Mug Richardson told me of the time she, George Ulik and Capt. Bob Boswell of Eastern Airlines, were flying with Arthur, and it got real dark before they reached Leesburg, Va. The men just kept arguing about where the field ought to be. They circled and circled and then finally Mug calmly asked Arthur, "Got any plans?" They all laughed, and a few minutes later Arthur brought in the plane without trouble. Anyway, I said I think Arthur's a magician, and if he hadn't found the field, I'm sure he'd have pulled a flying carpet out of the cockpit!

According to
 singer Janette,
 Godfrey's not only
 a pilot but a
 magician as well!



Godfrey estimates he's logged over 3000 hrs. since his first flight in 1920.



Unwanted Husband

A
NORA DRAKE
STORY

Lovely Nora Drake is a nurse in Page Memorial Hospital, Anytown, U.S.A. Zealously devoted to her work, the pursuit of her own personal happiness runs a poor second to her career—which makes it rough on the men who fall in love with her. Charles Dobbs, a young lawyer, loves her desperately and hopes some day to marry her. Attractive and successful, he has the common sense and keen judgment of people that Nora—the idealist and champion of the underdog—frequently lacks. Charles has an ill-starred brother George who has changed his last name to Stewart in order not to blacken the Dobbs name. Brilliant but weak, George is constantly involved in shady enterprises, the latest of which is forgery, for which he is wanted by the police. His wife Dorothy, whom he adores, has stayed with him through all his other deals, but for her this is the last straw, and she leaves him. The pictures take the story from here. . . .

Unwanted Husband, continued



1. Charles Dobb, who loves Nora Drake, enters his office one night, is shocked to see his brother George who is wanted by police. "Why don't you have me arrested?" Geo. taunts.



2. Charles finds he can't do that. Takes George—ill physically and mentally—to a restaurant and gives him \$20 for decent food and lodging. Learns that G. lives only for his wife's return to him.



5. Charles leaves to go back to his brother. Nora tries in vain to persuade Dorothy that she still loves George. At airport, Dorothy is belatedly touched by George's corsage.



6. Nora goes to George's shabby furnished room, finds him quite ill, and hasn't the heart to tell him that Dorothy has left for Fla. George guesses as much, believes that she has left him forever.

Joan Tompkins is Nora Drake
Elsbeth Eric is Dorothy Stewart
Charles Irving, Director

Grant Richards is Charles Dobb
Leon Janny is George Stewart
Milton Lewis, Writer



3. Later that evening, Charles tells Nora about it, and they go to George's wife Dorothy. She's packing to fly South with wealthy suitor. Scorns the idea of returning to George.



4. A huge corsage of orchids arrive, which Dorothy thinks are from her new beau. Discovering they're from George (who has spent the whole \$20 on them!) she won't accept them. Hands them to Charles.



7. Dorothy suddenly enters; goes lovingly to her husband. George, strengthened by her devotion, decides to stand trial.

for joan:

wisecracks behind the counter



The harassed "Pops" Davis is played by Joseph Kearns.



■ She was named Madonna, of all things, and at the age of seven was billed as the "Toy Comedienne." Since then, Madonna Josephine Davis has dropped her dignified name, but not her dignity. For the audience, her specialty is making herself look ridiculous—as awkward as each of us sometimes fears we must look to other people. But you have to be a very self-assured person to be able to spend your life appearing as a bundle of misplaced arms and legs with a collection of unworldly facial contortions and uninhibited actions. The Joan Davis that you never see is a poised, attractive woman, serious-minded, an avid reader, and a hard worker. At the age of three, she sang and recited pieces at church entertainments, retired for a while until she was six, and since then has risen from the Toy Comedienne to the "Queen of Comedy." Joan married Si Wills, her vaudeville partner in 1931. Pretty soon Si was writing her scripts. In 1936, Joan had a part in a movie called "Millions in the Air" and clowned like no woman had ever clowned before. She bounced and split through dozens of movies after that, and in 1941 she appeared on the Rudy Vallee radio program. Came a parody of "Hey Daddy," and she was a regular member of the cast. Since then, she's been splitting sides between movies and radio, but in private life she maintains all the dignity that Joan says a woman should have. One of the best-dressed women in Hollywood, Joan is also the mother of 17-year-old Beverly Wills. Father Si Wills and Joan were divorced in 1947. Beverly, whose main ambition is to be like her mother, now plays the role of Fluffy Adams on radio's "Junior Miss." She's been living in an atmosphere of theatrical chatter all her life. The day she came home with her first report card she announced excitedly, "Look, Mother, did you see the swell write-up I got." They live together in a small home in Hollywood. Joan is now reigning over Willock's Department store on *Leave it to Joan* every Friday night. The customers suffer, but they'll never know what Mr. Hackady, the manager, has to endure. Madonna, not the customer, is always right.



■ She could shrivel anyone with that raised eyebrow and her own special brand of the caustic wise-crack. But she got sick and tired of hovering over lovely movie heroines and answering the telephone in hair curlers. "The little darlin' is sitting there in a black nightgown. But what am I wearing? Flannel pajamas that don't fit!" Eve wanted to be a heroine too and have a man of her own. Maybe she hadn't dreamed of being an English teacher-with an overwhelming passion for a man who teaches biology in the same school. But that's who *Our Miss Brooks* is every Sunday night at 6:30, and our Miss Arden ought to get a medal for helping to remove the erroneous connotation attached to the word "schoolteacher." She brings a warm and loveable personality to the role, and though she's switched from curlers to eye-glasses, Eve is attractive enough to look lovely in anything. She started out in life as Eunice Quedens, and her stage debut at the age of 7 is something she'd just as soon forget. At a Parent-Teachers' meeting of the Mill Valley grammar school, she recited a rather teary-eyed dialect piece entitled "No Kicka My Dog." No one in Mill Valley was able to figure out where little Eunice picked up the Italian dialect. But Eve can do what she wants to do. Once when she didn't have enough money to pay her rent, she composed charming little literary notes to send to the landlord, explaining why she ought to get a rent reduction. They were witty, and he succumbed. Since then, Eve's career has blithely run the stage-screen-radio gamut and most recently a TV performance, where she looked even better than ever. "Really good-looking people don't look so good on television," Eve remarked, "but me—I look like a dream." Eve lives in a magnificent home with plenty of room for her claustrophobia to stretch—a red-ceilinged bedroom, loads of antiques, a fireplace that she herself designed, and a jungle of greenery because Eve loves to have lots of growing things around. Connie and Liza, her adopted daughters, are the most enchanting "growing things" she knows.

for eve:

romance behind the desk



Connie and Liza obligingly pose with their Mom, Eve Arden.

JUST WHAT



Expressions on these faces tell the story of *Grand Ole Opry* abroad.



Minnie Pearl heard a familiar 'Howdee' from 200 hospitalized soldiers at Berlin's 279th Station Hospital.



Acuff, Foley, Brasfield, Minnie, and NBC correspondent Haaker beam their only short-wave program to the U. S.



A Bavarian hill-billy gets a few pointers from Foley. Below: Between shows, they tried to relax on plane



They needed an old home remedy—they shouted for Grand Ole Opry

THE DOCTOR ORDERED

WHEN our boys in European bases were asked "What show would you like most to see?" almost to a man they shouted, "*Grand Ole Opry*." So last November this NBC homespun hill-billy troupe, headed by kindly, bumbling comedienne Minnie Pearl and strapping, carrot-topped emcee-singer Red Foley, flew to Europe. In two weeks the troupe entertained over 25,000, traveling 11,000 miles by plane. Minnie and Red were accompanied by Opry stars comedian Rod Brasfield; Roy Acuff and his Smoky Mountain Boys and Girls; composer-singer Hank Williams of *Lonesome Road* fame; and dynamic 100 lb. Jimmie Dickens, the *Take a Cold 'Tater and Wait* balladeer. They usually put on two shows a day, which meant constant riding in rickety buses nicknamed "Cattle Cars." They learned to sleep standing up. For service men and their families they staged a two-hour show; at hospitals a one-hour stint, so they'd have time to go through the wards of the disabled and cheer up those lonesome, homesick lads. But they never could stick to schedule; the boys always clamored for more folk songs, more rustic comedy, more hymns. The hospital doctors insisted each performance was worth tons of medicine! Minnie Pearl of the 89-cent bright orange organdy dress and the flopping flat-heeled slippers uttered the only complaint. "You boys been feeding me too well. A gal likes to spread cheer, but I've found the boys won't cheer if I've got too much spread." According to Sid Defor, NBC photography editor who filmed these exclusive shots, the crowd for the 8 o'clock show was usually patiently waiting by 5. At Rhein-Main it snaked half mile round the Gateway Theatre, into which 2,200 people jammed. An equal number was turned away. If no auditorium was available, the Opry players improvised one. At Neubiberg hangar they backed two towing trucks together, covered their hoods with brown paper, and presto, a platform! 3000 chairs were rented from local breweries, and the entertainers went to town clowning, dancing, singing their hearts out! The U. S. Special Service, which plans overseas entertainment, says the Opry crew outdrew any shows to date! . . . When this top-notch hillbilly program was launched November 24, 1925, over station WSM in Nashville, Tennessee, it consisted of an hour's homespun joshing by "Solemn Old Judge" George Dewey Hay against the screeching of an 80-year-old mountain fiddler. A very sedate grand opera program had preceded rustic corn. Hay quipped, "After that really grand opry I'm going to present our own folk songs, close to the ground, on the order of grand ole opry." Today, the outgrowth of Hay's program has become an American institution. It is largely responsible for our love of lively, good-humored folk lore and songs. Today, it emanates from a Tennessee hall seating 4000. But our *Grand Ole Opry* still follows the formula of truly being "close to the ground."



The boys kept applauding for more, so *Grand Ole Opry* couldn't keep to their schedule. Here, baritone Red Foley encores with "Tennessee Border."



How to look as though
you'd spent the day luxuriating
in a bubble bath. Just try it!



This may not be your idea of a way to relax, but Doris loves it. She takes a great deal of pride in her garden and her "house with a white picket fence."



Some people collect stamps or knit argyle socks, but when Doris goes in for a hobby, she gets into the livestock department. Turkeys! And hungry ones.



Below, dines with Woody Herman. For a date she's the very lovely lady of the evening. Doris' name has been linked romantically with singer Frankie Laine.

busy DAY



It starts out like any other day—early. Breakfast is a big one, fixed by Doris' mother, Alma Kappelhoff. They live in an English cottage in Hollywood's Toluca Lake district with the light of Doris' life, her son Terry.



Every Tuesday night at 9, "Dodo" broadcasts with the Bob Hope show. It means having to get to an early afternoon rehearsal and then maybe after that, there'll be some time for a game of marbles in the backyard with Terry.



There are always last-minute instructions.

A Warners' contract adds to "Dodo's" hectic schedule, Mrs. K. takes care of Terry.



1. "Gimme a drink, Archie old boy. You and I are going to have a lil celebration. Ya know, I been coming here for eight years and I want you to know I'm your loyal friend."



2. Archie, who has had just eight years too much of this loyalty, tries to remember that glorious first year at Duffy's before Finnegan's nose kept getting into the drinks.



3. "Come on, now . . . fill 'er up to the top!" Finnegan's biggest worry at the moment is that all of the vitamins will be left in the mixer. Archie considers mercy killing.



4. Finnegan gets sentimental, and, overcome with the beauty of the moment, tells Archie how he loves him like a brother. Archie wonders if he should disown his family.



5. "Look!" Archie finally loses his head. "Don't get me wrong, but sometimes I wish you'd just let me alone." Finnegan doesn't seem to understand this lack of gratitude.



6. Archie the long-suffering bartender says he'll fix him up this time, but never again. Poor Finnegan simply wants to know "Can anything help me now?"

Finnegan's decided to have a quiet celebration at Duffy's Tavern on its ninth radio anniversary but—Archie won't play.

in again finnegan



7. "It is so a dragon. I can see it." Archie's prepared to kill it . . . to kill Finnegan, if necessary.



1: DINAH SHORE



2: CARMEN MIRANDA



3: PEGGY LEE



4: JO ANN JOYCE

CBS's Ed Wynn Show usually features a smooth-looking gal who is broken up by Ed's eloquent eyes long before he opens his mouth.



In spite of beautiful visiting firemen, Ed's half-hour is a one-man show!

Ladies' Man



Ed wed Dorothy in '46

■ On October 6, 1949, viewers saw Ed Wynn's TV show for the first time. Old-timers wept. Youngsters (the fourth generation of Wynn addicts) whistled, yakked and began writing him mash notes. Wynn, who had turned down 12 television offers before accepting this Thursday night slint, was in! No fast, loud, brash program, this, but a leisurely, relaxed half-hour of gentle fun, punctuated by truly hilarious commercials and uniformly nifty performances by guest stars—usually female and gorgeous.

Wynn, who has clowned professionally on stage, screen and radio since he was fifteen, and whom Fred Allen has called the greatest visual comedian of our time, has really found his element in television. All his magnificent props, his hats (he has 800 of them), his gadgets, his broken smile, come across beautifully in this intimate medium.

The show, which has a \$15,000 weekly budget, is filmed off the television tube by kinescope in Hollywood, and subsequently cut, sometimes by as much as a full hour. This method gives Ed—the wistful-faced, the lisping—a chance to telescope his material into its funniest 30 minutes. At 63, Ed Wynn is entering his 48th year in show business, plans never to retire in spite of the fact that home and mother never looked better. After two unhappy marriages (the first to the late Hilda Keenana, the next to showgirl Frieda Mierse), Wynn is now married to Dorothy Nesbitt, a good-looking blonde with a nice small boy by a previous marriage. They live on a 16-acre estate in Hollywood near Keenan Wynn, the lad who tried, fortunately without any success, to talk his old man into retiring at fifty and who is now his greatest yakker.

Superstitious, (he has 93 good-luck tokens—paramount among which is a 42-year-old pair of shoes on which he's had made \$3,000 worth of repairs) sentimental (he bawls over all the old songs) Ed's a thoroughly sweet guy who has never used a single off-color joke in any of his routines. This beloved clown's charm is a subtle combination of innocence and warmth, kindness and buffoonery; and it's a combination so potent that it's landed Ed on charm expert Margery Wilson's list of the world's ten most charming people. See him Thursday night, and you'll know what she means.



An episode from TV's "THE CLOCK"



Flo and Martin Gaines, desperate to get home to their dying son, are approached by a sweet old lady who offers to guide them on their drive down the mountains.



When they stop to repair a flat tire on the car, the old lady vanishes, only to reappear at the Gaines' home, mysteriously involved in their son's illness.



THE HITCH-HIKER

The telegram had told them nothing except that they were to call home immediately, and Flo and Martin Gaines put through the call to Thornton with fear lying cold on their hearts. A raging thunderstorm had knocked out a great many telephone lines, and it took a tantalizingly long time for the operator to complete the call. At length, Dr. Browning's voice came over the line, and in seconds they had the news that ended their vacation—the first one they'd had in years and years.

"It's Billy," Martin told his wife after he'd hung up the phone. "He—he's been hurt." Flo shut her eyes against the shock of it. Billy, her six-year-old. Her baby.

"Martin," she whispered, "Is he going to die?" Martin patted her shoulder, because there wasn't really any answer to that one. Dr. Browning had said there was a fighting chance. That was all. They moved quickly now. Had their bags brought downstairs, paid their hotel bill, talked to the hotel clerk about plane reservations. He shook his

head slowly, and Martin—who was trying to be unemotional for Flo's sake—betrayed his anxiety for the first time.

"But this is an emergency," he cried. "Don't you understand? We've got to get home."

"All planes have been grounded on account of the storm," the clerk told him. There was nothing to do but drive those hundreds of long miles over winding unfamiliar mountain roads.

"We may make it by dawn tomorrow," Martin said grimly. "Can you let us have a map?" A small, gray-haired woman who had been standing near them, edged her way closer.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I couldn't help overhearing your conversation. I'm going your way, and I'm also pressed for time. I could serve as guide if you wouldn't mind giving me a lift." Martin hesitated briefly, and the old lady went on. "I know every inch of the high-

way between here and Beaver Springs."

"Well, if you're certain you know the way, Miss—er—"

"Crocker. Mrs. Crocker," the woman said. "Thank you, Mr. Gaines. Now suppose I wait in front of the hotel until you're ready."

"That's a break," Martin told Flo, and when the clerk returned with the map, he said, "It looks as though we won't be needing this. One of your guests—a Mrs. Crocker—is going to show us the way."

"Mrs. Crocker," mused the clerk. "We have no guest by that name."

That was the first strange thing about the Gaines' hitch-hiker. Where had she come from, and why had she just happened to be in the hotel lobby at that moment? There were to be more strange happenings before their drive was finished. A great many more.

Not only did the odd old lady know every turn in the road, every detour and shortcut like the back of her own

THE HITCH-HIKER, *continued*

hand, but there seemed to be nothing she didn't know about Billy. She spoke a great deal on the trip, and her favorite topic was death. When the Gaines' car got a flat tire by the gateway to a cemetery, Mrs. Crocker invited Flo to take a little walk. Flo shudderingly declined.

"There's something about her," Flo told Martin when they were alone. "Something eerie and horrible." The tire was changed, and they were ready to go again, but Mrs. Crocker had disappeared. The night seemed to have swallowed her up.

"We can't wait," Flo urged. "Come on, Martin, let's go without her."

They fairly flew the rest of the way to Thornton, stopping only once when Flo, her face pressed against the window peering into the darkness, screamed shrilly. Martin jammed on the brakes, and she became almost hysterical. "Keep going, Martin," she shrieked. "I saw her. She's following us."

The next time they stopped it was in front of their own dimly-lighted house. They hurried inside, and Martin went to talk to Dr. Browning in the den while Flo went into the living-room. There, to her horror, stood Mrs. Crocker, a queer little smile on her face.

"Take me to your son," commanded the old lady sinisterly. Flo darted to the stairs to block the way.

"No," she cried, realizing at last that this woman was Death. "You can't take him. I won't let you." Mrs. Crocker pursued Flo relentlessly up the stairs, and at length, Flo

started to sway. She had to save her child.

"Take me, if you must have a life," she said. "Take me." Martin came in just then, beaming from ear to ear.

"Flo, Flo," he said. "Billy's come out of it. He's just passed the crisis." A door slammed in the distance, and Flo knew that Death in the person of Mrs. Crocker had gone. Had she been pacified by Flo's self-sacrifice? Touched by her mother love? It didn't matter. It was enough that she had gone. Flo took Martin's arm and clung to him.

"Take me to see our son," was all she could manage to say.

Behind the Scenes

Visual effects are to video what sound effects are to radio, and on this page you see how some of them are accomplished. One of the director's most important jobs is to keep the mike from casting a shadow on the players' faces, and to keep the mike as unobtrusive as possible. (Note the wire inserted in the car door, but the mike itself is well-camouflaged.) Lighting is getting better all the time. Originally, television actors nearly cooked under incandescent lamps, but cooler systems have solved this problem. Extreme television makeup, involving green rouge and black lipstick, has—with improved lighting—given way to light make-up, and for some shows the actors wear none at all. Television is becoming a full-fledged art.



"DEATH" hovers over the sick boy's bed—bedpost, a window, the actress's hands.



The storm scenes are filmed in a warm and cozy television studio, with a \$15,000 camera, no less!



CANDY CINDERELLA

Mindy Carson looks like something that just stepped out of a field of wheat and sunshine. And the story of this 22-yr. old singer came right out of fairyland. Once upon a time she used to sit at her desk in a large candy firm and sing to herself. One time, she was at a small night club and quite informally, she started to sing with the band. The manager promptly offered her \$125 a week as a featured singer. Mindy politely said 'no thanks'—but the wand had been waved. A melodic spell had transformed the candy Cinderella into a famous singer with a movie contract and her own radio show on NBC. Now, *she's* casting a spell—and no wonder.

The man who wowed 'em on radio
has switched to TV—bringing with him
the zaniest college faculty
that ever flunked a final exam



professor Kyser, T.V.



"Thass right!" Kay Kyser chortles happily as a WAC contestant pops the correct answer to a music test.

■ When a reporter last year asked Kay Kyser why he didn't go into television, the Old Professor thought solemnly for a moment. Then he replied, "I want to be sure I'll have as much fun in TV as in radio." Well, the molasses-voiced maestro soon found out he could. And today Kay—as well as his audience—is having more hilarious fun on NBC's *College of Musical Knowledge*. Viewers fast discovered his cackling laugh was as contagious on the screen as on radio. And his gags lost none of their punch because people could watch them. Kay Kyser is another radio old-timer who has gracefully eased from microphone to camera. Back in 1926 he organized his first band on the University of North Carolina campus; its six members netted a cool \$60 from their first engagement. After building his collegiate combo into a leading popular orchestra, Kyser in 1937 started the now-famous musical quiz show. "Students" at his College included Jack Benny (who brushed up on his violin technique) and Jane Russell who sang on the "faculty" for a season. Meanwhile, millions of fireside *Musical Knowledge* fans matched their wits each

week with the Old Professor. For years Kay was a confirmed bachelor. He even wrote a magazine article called "No Time for Romance." One reader, a lovely songstress named Georgia Carroll, laughed out loud and promptly married the no-longer-confirmed bachelor. They now have a pretty baby daughter. Kay won't admit it, perhaps, but little Kimberly Ann could probably teach the old man a thing or two when it comes to posing before a TV camera, which of course delights "the professor." She's getting to be as lovely as her mother and is showing signs of having the talents of both Georgia and Kay. Kyser has, among other talents, one speciality that seems to be just as much a part of him as that southern drawl—he's a specialist at pleasing people. When he has fun, it's because everyone else is having fun and now that he's found out that television is another way of getting his enthusiasm across, he's happy. He's never happier than when he is making everyone around him happy, and that's one quality Kay brings out everywhere he goes. He believes in naturalness. Showmanship, Kay believes, isn't enough unless it's natural.

Prexy ponders a tough one. Helping him is his one man brain trust, Ish Kabible.



Three months each year Kay visits in Rocky Mount, N. C., with his 82-year-old mother, Mrs. Paul B. Kyser.



who's who at breakfast



JACK BERCH, NBC's popular baritone, is a family man whose songs and homey chatter are spiced with stories of his wife and four healthy children.

■ At its best, breakfast is usually a pretty grim meal. When the morning alarm clangs, most of us fall grumpily out of bed, sleepily dress ourselves and stagger to the table. There, firmly holding onto a newspaper to keep from collapsing into the grapefruit, we gulp quantities of throat-searing coffee. Thus fortified, the human body reluctantly decides to tackle the rest of the day. That's breakfast—a thoroughly dreary affair. Or rather, that *was* breakfast—until radio a few years ago assumed what seemed a thankless task: helping people wake up and start living. Soon millions of droopy-lidded listeners discovered that a mixture of cheerful songs, light-hearted banter and jovial em-ceeding really did things to their spirits. More and more people began to tune their dials almost before the nerve-shattering alarm had faded away. And into homes from coast to coast came voices and music designed to stimulate without straining. One day back in 1933 a former comedian and radio announcer auditioned for a weak, lifeless program called the *Pepper Pot*. He was Don McNeill and the spot he won was an hour over a Chicago station at the discouraging time of 8 A.M. Don scuttled the *Pepper Pot* and re-named his baby the *Breakfast Club*. Today Don's fast-paced, sentimental variety show is one of the oldest continuous programs in radio. Broadcast at 9 A.M. Monday through Friday on ABC, the *Breakfast Club* enjoys the enthusiastic support of millions of early-morning listeners. Meanwhile, some 75,000 people each year watch him go through his antics before the mike. More recently, a band-new weekday chat-over-coffee—*Meet the Menjous*, with Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Verree Teasdale Menjou—hit the airwaves over WOR. Thanks to them—and to the troupers pictured here who sacrifice their own delicious morning sleep—Americans have been finding that breakfast really isn't so bad, after all.

As welcome as
that hot cup of coffee are
the cheerful "Good Mornings" of
those early-rising
radio favorites who
soothe breakfast-table tempers
and open sleepy eyes
with soft music,
gay chatter and
household hints



MARTHA DEANE, long a top-notch reporter before she brought her talents to WOR, lends to her interviews a witty style mixed with informative opinion.



DOROTHY DIX has become a name synonymous with confidante. Romantic problems from her column are dramatized on NBC. In real life she's Barbara Winthrop, a grandma.



MARGARET ARLEN neatly combines glamour with talent. Started in radio as a secretary, now a leading woman commentator bringing daily parade of glittering celebrities to her CBS microphone, 9:30.



THE FITZGERALDS, Ed and Pegeen, have a relaxed but lively unrehearsed eye-opener. Doorbells, telephones, and comments from their maid Elaine are part of their delightful and unscripted ABC program.



DOROTHY AND DICK Kollmar take breakfast table listeners inside New York life every day over WOR. Among other spare time activities: she writes Broadway column, he produces plays.



TEX AND JINX McCrary have collaborated on marriage, a newspaper column and a radio program. They're hosts to the nation's big names as well as a family team with a coming star, 2-year-old Paddy.



THE MCCANN'S AT HOME, with Alfred and Dora talking food, menus and kids. Tips on homemaking and child care highlight this WOR feature, full of sensible and reliable advice.



Garroway:

HE played with planets

■ Sometimes low pressure will move bigger mountains than high pressure—even in the clamorous world of radio and television. If you don't believe it, consider the case of Dave Garroway, emcee of NBC's *Garroway at Large* and the network's top candidate for TV honors. A former astronomy instructor at Harvard, Garroway is just as much at home with a telescope as a microphone. On TV, he never raises his voice above a murmur. He has outlawed fancy stage-sets and locks the doors on studio audiences. He got into radio in the first place by writing a book on how to pronounce words but for a long time his book attracted no attention whatsoever. When the NBC brass hats talk about him, they refer mostly to his wholesomeness, dignity, and sincerity—qualities that usually don't bring high Hooperatings. Yet Dave Garroway is one of the busiest, best-liked, and most successful stars in NBC's heavily-crowded stable. Some critics say Garroway is the top champion of real television, as opposed to televised vaudeville, stage shows, or movies. Without audience or sets, the cameramen wander around the show itself—the dancers, singers, and orchestra. Garroway, a tall man with heavy glasses, flashing teeth, and weird sports clothes, doesn't stay in one place either. Born on July 13, 1913, in a house numbered 13, Garroway started radio work on a Friday the 13th in 1940, but his luck has never been bad. A top-flight golfer, he is probably the only one ever to announce a tourney in which he competed (and won). His radio career really picked up momentum after the war, in which he served on a minesweeper, when he began letting loose with subtle ad-libbing and king-sized words (his weakness) on WMAQ in Chicago. Nowadays, in addition to television, he has a night-time network show on NBC, a daily morning show, and a couple of disc-jockey stints. Maybe he looks as though he's only lounging, but he's doing *five* shows a week.

Tillstrom:

HE played with dolls



■ When Burr Tillstrom was three years old he was introduced to a couple of small teddy bears who started him on his career as a marionette-maker, puppeteer, and creator of that surprising TV show, *Kukla, Fran, and Ollie*. As a toddler, Burr was seized with the desire to make dolls and toy animals come alive. He designed homes for them out of grocery crates and old lace curtains, and he read the Wizard of Oz books, believing every line of them, as he still does. If ever there was a single-minded young man, Tillstrom was. He did his first show, a presentation of "Rip Van Winkle," when he was in junior high school, with all the star roles played by dolls. Marionettes were a bit too advanced for him then. But by the time he was 14, Burr had read every book he could get hold of on string puppets. At that time, one of the most famous marionette artists of all time lived across the street from Tillstrom; she was Tony Sarg's sister and it was in her garden that Burr

gave his first "paid" performance. From backyard shows, he progressed to state fairs, then night-clubs and finally television. He has done so well on NBC-TV that last year his sponsor signed him up on a million-dollar contract. Tillstrom's troupe started with Kukla (means doll in Russian) a wistful, worried little character who has managed to gather quite a collection of puppet-friends. Fran Allison is not a puppet at all, but an ex-schoolteacher from Iowa who shares Tillstrom's belief that the puppets are real people. Each character has a different voice (Tillstrom himself does 9 of them) and they're just about the most enchanting and the best dressed puppets in or out of show business.



video in review



A two-decade veteran on radio, that warmly humorous cross-section of life seen from the window of a Bronx apart-

ment *The Goldbergs* celebrated its first TV anniversary in January. Molly, Jake, daughter Rosie and son Sammy.



"All I've got to tell 'em is 'I'm a singer'—and they laugh," says Abe Burrows, TV "Hairless Hildegard." His new show, *Abe Burrows' Almanac* has Milton DeLugg assisting.



Blood brother to radio's Sam Spade is tough-talking, trigger-brained Bill Gargan, known to TV fans as *Martin Kane*—*Private Eye*. Bill was once a real private detective.



The "Toastettes" first chorus line have a final practice session before mirrors.

Sullivan's circus

■ Modest, soft-voiced and calm—that's Ed Sullivan. He doesn't hog the act, break into a guest's joke nor court applause. Instead, he's always at the side of a TV newcomer, ready to boost him into the public spotlight. More and more, Ed's television show, *Toast of the Town*, is becoming a springboard to fame for singers, dancers and comedians. Comic Jackie Miles, for instance, landed a stage contract after appearing on video with Ed. And ventriloquist Paul Winchell hopped into a TV spot of his own following his television debut on Maestro Sullivan's Sunday night extravaganza. It doesn't seem that long, but *Toast of the Town* has been on the air for 90 weeks. Yet during that time, nearly 500 artists have paraded past the CBS cameras as Ed's guests. When he's not introducing some star of tomorrow to his audience, Ed presides over a fast-moving video variety show. Viewers are used to celebrities on *Toast of the Town*. Composer Irving Berlin, war hero Barney Ross, Joe Louis, Oscar Hammerstein II and actor Charles Laughton are only a few of those whom Ed has greeted. Meanwhile, a circus-like procession of dancers, acrobats and comedians flicker across your television screen. Perhaps you think his video vivacity keeps Ed Sullivan pretty busy. Yet in addition to his weekly stint as *T. of the T.* impresario, Ed manages to find time for a few other jobs. He writes a nationally syndicated Broadway column, donates countless evenings to benefit performances and occasionally sneaks off for a round of golf. But Ed claims he's chronically lazy. What do you think?

The toe-tapping Graves Trio are among attractions that keep Sunday TV audiences applauding.



Movie star Kirk Douglas, with Ed watching skeptically, tries to mimic a pose demonstrated by the attractive Costello Twins, precision acrobatic team.



Many a
video headliner owes
his first chance to
the friendly ringmaster
who paces TV's
top variety show



Oops—but he won't miss! It's Bobby Whaling
and Yvette, a center-ring act on Ed's "circus".



studio snaps



NBC REVISITED: That blonde bombshell Mae West returned to radio after a 12-year absence as guest of Perry Como.



M.C. vs. M.C.: Mort Lawrence came over as guest of Bill Slater on "Luncheon at Sardi's" to talk about his own "Luncheon Club."



CROSBY INC.: Special tidbit for aficionados of Der Bingle was the debut of Cathy, 10, Bob's daughter, on her uncle's show.



MISTER THRIFTY: Ty Power was a welcome treat to Mary if not to Jack, named 1950's most economical by Nat'l Thrift Comm.



UNHOLY MATRIMONY: Radio's most reluctant newlywed, Andy's been neck-deep in woe since he said "I do" to Abigail.



MR. & MRS. PREXY: The R. Colmans of H'wood are now "The Halls of Ivy," a distingue college prez every Friday night at 8.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

of **RADIO ALBUM MAGAZINE**, published quarterly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1949
 State of New York } ss.
 County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the **RADIO ALBUM MAGAZINE** and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. Editor, Charles Saxon, 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. Managing editor, None. Business manager, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names

and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. Margarita Delacorte, 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager
 Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of September, 1949,
 (SEAL) JEANNETTE SMITH GREEN (My commission expires March 30, 1950)



PORTRAIT OF BERGEN: McCarthy, the poor man's Picasso, finds a new way of making a monkey out of Edgar

RADIO ALBUM



DORIS DAY

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