

Radio [★] & **best**

THE RADIO
& TELEVISION
PICTURE
MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1948
25¢



IN THIS ISSUE

1ST

Installment...

"The Life of
Tom Breneman."



Jo Stafford

At the twist of your wrist...

THE SAVOY (at right) — Small-space console—72 sq. in. *direct-view* screen. AM, FM radio, automatic record player. \$795 plus installation



THE CHATHAM (above) — Table-top television on 72 sq. in. *direct-view* screen, all 12 channels, plus FM radio. \$445 plus installation



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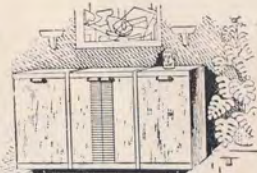
Here's a Magic Box you can have right in your own home. It's packed with excitement and laughter; with the thrill of sports and the solemnity of great events—all brought brilliantly to life on a big *direct-view* screen. In it are many hours of quiet contentment for the children and mental stimulation for the grown-ups.

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HERE'S EXCITING FASHION NEWS FOR EVERY WOMAN

Join The Dress-of-the-Month Club Today by simply purchasing the lovely dress on the left and get your DOMC Bonus Dividend at no extra cost.

HERE'S YOUR FIRST DIVIDEND

It's the new Monogram-in-a-Minute, 3-way wonder blouse! Cleverly designed Monogram Tab snaps on or off in a jiffy, to be replaced with a pearl-studded Gibson Girl snap-on-tie. Superbly tailored in washable white rayon faille. SIZES 30 to 44.

WEAR IT 3 WAYS

- 1—with snap-on Monogram Tabs
- 2—with snap-on Gibson Girl Tie
- 3—plain... or with scarf or jewelry

- **MEET THE DOMC STYLE BOARD**
- The in-the-know style sense of these famous "best dressed" personalities — Adolph Menjou (now appearing in MGM's "State of the Union") Billie Burke, Ginny Simms, Patricia Stevens — combines with the "know how" of our fashion designers to bring you Dress-of-the-Month Club originals of real outstanding merit.

HERE'S HOW THE CLUB WORKS:

Your first dress purchase enrolls you as a member and entitles you to all Dress-of-the-Month Club membership advantages.

A VALUABLE BONUS DIVIDEND is GIVEN to you IMMEDIATELY—delivered WITHOUT COST along with your FIRST dress purchase.

You merely agree to buy 3 additional dresses during the next 12 months at the club's low, money-saving price (as little as \$6.98 and seldom more than \$9.98) to earn this VALUABLE BONUS.

Each month the club's Fashion Forecast is mailed to you. You may order any advance fashion shown... or pass by as many months as you choose. NO DRESS IS EVER SENT TO YOU UNLESS YOU HAVE SPECIFICALLY ORDERED IT! You may use your club membership to make purchases for any member of your family... IN ANY SIZE.

the **DRESS-of-the-MONTH Club**

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

For a limited time only, you may buy this DOMC creation without joining to prove to yourself the value of becoming a Dress-of-the-Month Club member.

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Mail membership application Today!
DRESS-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, 2323 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 16, Ill. Dept. DC-86

Please send me Dress-Of-The-Month Club Style No. 4853 shown above in the size and color I have indicated below.
CHECK ONE Do not send me dividend now, but without obligation, record this purchase to my credit towards a dividend in the event I decide to join club later.
 I want to join now. Send along as my first Club Bonus Dividend at no extra cost, a Monogram-in-a-Minute Blouse. Size _____ Initial _____ I understand that as a dividend-receiving member I need buy only 3 additional dresses during the next 12 months and that during that period the club will offer at least 72 Dress-of-the-Month Club originals for me and my family to choose from.

Of course, dresses may be returned for exchange of size or style within 5 days!

SIZE	DESCRIPTION	1st Color Choice	2nd Color Choice	PRICE
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Cash enclosed. Ship postpaid.

Ship C.O.D. I will pay postage.

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zone _____

LEO'S Record Corner



NEW M-G-M Records

When M-G-M goes from reels to records, it's good news for listeners! Hear these sparkling new M-G-M Records by M-G-M Stars.

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Sings
JEALOUSY
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JIMMY DURANTE

Sings
CHIDABEE-CH-CH
(Yah-Yah-Yah)
M-G-M 30084

Recorded Directly from the Sound Track of the M-G-M Technicolor Musical



Four 10" Records



LENA HORNE

Sings
SOMETIMES I'M HAPPY
and
IT'S MAD, MAD, MAD!
M-G-M 10246

BETTY GARRETT

Sings
THE MATADOR
and
BUTTONS AND BOWS
M-G-M 10244



Take a tip from LEO—
give these discs a spin.

M-G-M RECORDS

THE GREATEST NAME IN ENTERTAINMENT

Radio & TELEVISION

THE RADIO & TELEVISION PICTURE MAGAZINE



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ADVERTISING POLICY

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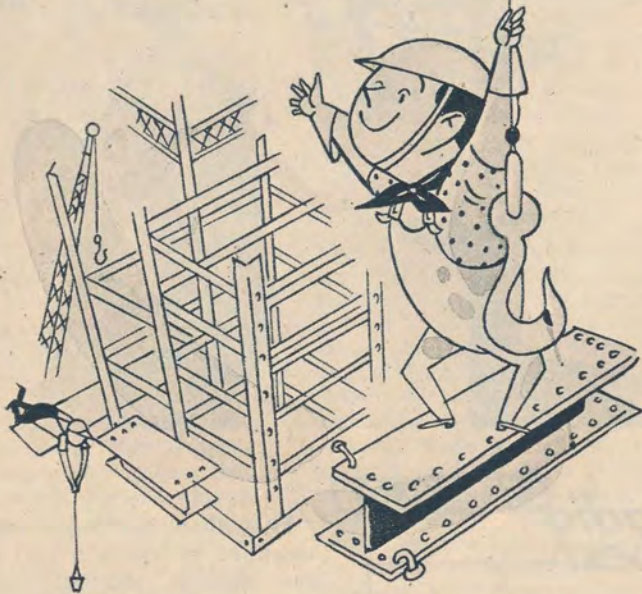
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Some words fool you:

Steel means



Steele means

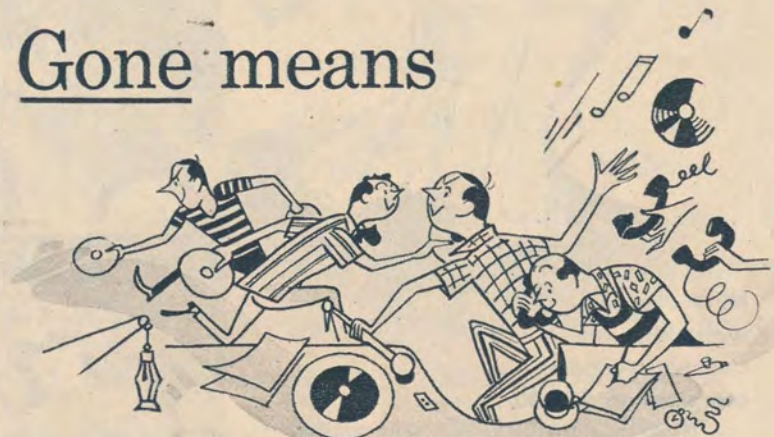


hours and hours of radio's top tunes played, sung and spun by **TED STEELE**, genial WMCA disc jockey. Make a daily date for the Ted Steele Show. You'll always find him on hand with your favorite musical fare at 570 on the dial.

Gone means



Gone means



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Mardi Bra Style 630C

Jo stands at ease as photographer Maurice Friedlander adjusts studio lights.



Radio & TELEVISION
best
cover
profile

Less than five years ago, an awkward, overweight girl whose one notable attribute was a sweet-as-syrup voice was a comparative unknown, singing with the Pied Pipers, vocal quartet with Tommy Dorsey's band. Today, whittled down to svelte 130 pounds that same girl is rated as one of the three top girl vocalists in the country. She is titian-haired Jo Stafford, feminine star of NBC's "Supper Club."

JO STAFFORD made her network debut in 1944 as Johnny Mercer's partner on NBC's "Music Shop." She made her first professional appearance at 11 with two of her sisters, who had won an amateur contest and a contract to sing over a local California radio station.

Jo was born in Coalinga, Cal., just 30 years ago, third in a family of four girls, all of them singers. In 1937, she won a small part in a movie. On the same lot were two male singing groups which had decided to merge and become an octette. Needing a girl vocalist, they found in Jo a natural choice.

Two years later the group disbanded, but Joe and three other members joined Dorsey, and made the name of the Pied Pipers a famous one. It was Mercer who persuaded Jo to strike out on her own after her seasons with Dorsey's organization. Night club and radio guest appearances were next in order for Jo.

The songstress joined the "Supper Club" in the fall of 1945. She alternates with Perry Como, occupying the star dressing room on Tuesday and Thursday nights.

Cover Kodachrome by Arthur Selby

A very fetching Jo rehearses her song with orchestra leader Paul Weston.



LETTERS to the editor



On Kate Smith

... Your "Seat on the Dial" review of the "Kate Smith Speaks" program was both a favor to Miss Smith and the poor radio listener. There's no question about it, as you yourself said, Kate Smith is a great singer and entertainer. But she and Ted Collins have no business setting themselves up as reporters and commentators. Their ill-equipment for the task is transparent as are their obvious prejudices and small-mindedness.

Sara Pennington,
Madison, Wis.

More on Kate Smith

TO THE EDITOR: If you think that you spoke for many people when you wrote your views on the program "Kate Smith Speaks," you're sadly mistaken. As far as I'm concerned Kate Smith's remarks and comments can't even be judged by network time value. Her remarks defending this country that she loves, and condemning the wrongs and injustices done its common people can have no value great enough placed upon them. She is a woman with a great common sense, sincerity and human respect. I don't know your reasons for your condemnation of Kate Smith, a woman respected and loved by many, many of her fellow people, but whatever your reasons are you did her a great injustice. I say too, that Kate Smith should go back to warbling, because I miss hearing her sing, and I also say that the "Kate Smith Speaks" program should be a half-

hour long instead of fifteen minutes. As for Ted Collins, how can you begrudge him prejudices, after you sit down at a typewriter and pound out such stuff as you do? One thing has always puzzled me. Where do people get the right to set themselves up as judges of others? What colleges do critics and reviewers go to to get such a swelled head as to make them think that others will follow their every word? Do you honestly think that the readers of RADIO BEST will stop listening to a program you condemn and start listening to a program you recommend? Your "Seat on the Dial" series is a part of RADIO BEST that can be left out definitely and not be missed at all. There will always be someone to defend a program or radio personality who receives disparaging remarks from you.

Mary Kamm,
Baltimore, Md.

Cleveland Booster

TO THE EDITOR:

As up to date, I have only received two copies of RADIO BEST, but you can bet that I won't miss any more issues.

I'm enclosing a picture of the most popular disc jockey in Cleveland, that I hope you will publish. His name is Howie Lund from Radio Station WJMO. For proof—in a recent radio poll taken by the Cleveland Press, the results were as follows: Best Program: Howie came in third — Best Performer: Howie came in second — Record Show: Howie came in first — Disc



Jockey: Howie came in first again — Day-Weekday Program: Howie came in third. Everyone knows and loves him. He's a grand guy!!!

There is also a fan club for him, under the direction of a very brave crippled girl. And believe me, it really keeps her busy. Her name is Rosie Dore of 1949 W. 50th Street.

Although Howie is the best disc jockey, he isn't by any means, the only good one. There are two more from that station that are particularly good . . . Bud Wendall and Bill Connolly, but I haven't any picture of either of them, for a couple of weeks yet.

Also wonder why, there are no pictures of that new singing sensation, Vic Damone. And only one tiny picture of Frankie Laine. Stuck on the last page at that!!

Hoping you will include Cleveland in that swell magazine and also pictures that we Clevelanders want, I remain,

Miss Frankie Root,
Willoughby, Ohio.

Radio's Best Five Comics

TO THE EDITOR: Recently your letter column printed the opinion of a reader who gave his idea of the top five radio comedians. Here is my list: Fred Allen, Henry Morgan, Robert Q. Lewis, Abe Burrows and Oscar Levant.

Mel Rangle,
Houston, Texas.



"My radio—it just started whistling!"



SIGN OF
DEPENDABLE
RADIO SERVICE

Is your radio "blowing the whistle" on listening pleasure? Then you'd better whistle for the help of a skilled service man. You'll do fine, if you call on the fellow who displays the Sylvania emblem. Know his business? No one knows it better. He's got the

tools, the ability and the dependability, to do the job you need at a price that's fair. Makes no difference whether your set is a huge console, a pocket portable, or an auto radio . . . his Sylvania testing equipment and high quality Sylvania radio tubes assure top results. Want your old radio to sound like new? Stop at the shop displaying the Sylvania sign of dependable service.



PRODUCT OF SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC.

SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES

Helping the Home-Maker

Janet Ross receives nation's top celebrities
on her popular Shopping Circle program.
Here she is chatting with
handsome Buddy Rogers.



2 REASONS WHY PITTSBURGH'S HOUSEWIVES ARE NEAR PERFECT.

THERE ARE TWO daily features heard on KDKA that have come to be regarded as institutions by Pittsburgh homemakers. They are Evelyn Gardiner's Home Forum and Janet Ross' Shopping Circle.

The Home Forum, which dates back to 1927, reflects Miss Gardiner's specialized background. Previous to coming to KDKA, Miss Gardiner, who received her A.B. degree from San Diego State College and her M.A. in Household Arts from Teachers College, Columbia University, taught home economics in high school and college.

In addition to her radio program, Miss Gardiner operates a "Test Kitchen" in the studio where she constantly probes for new uses for everyday products. Weekly demonstrations are held for church and club women, where questions about studios, radio programs and artists, as well as homemaking are answered.

And to top it all, refreshments whipped up in the "Test Kitchen" are served, which leads us to understand why Miss Gardiner's "Kitchen Parties" are scheduled almost two years in advance.

Miss Gardiner is Mrs. Victor Saudek in private life. Her husband is the well known orchestra conductor, former member of several prominent symphony orchestras, including the Chicago and Pittsburgh.

Miss Gardiner is active in club circles, having served as president of the Women's Advertising Club of Pittsburgh, three times president of the Home Economics Association, vice president of the Pittsburgh Branch of the American Association of University Women and secretary of the Association of Pittsburgh Business Women's Clubs.

As for Janet Ross, she has conducted the Shopping Circle since 1934, giving listeners 15 minutes daily of practical, helpful information on a wide variety of subjects such as clothes, cosmetics, home decorating, furnishings, gardening, entertaining, fashions.

In private life Mrs. Craig H. Grugan, the wife of a prominent Pittsburgh real estate man, Janet Ross is an excellent example of the career woman who has made her work a vital part of her life. She is past president of the Women's Advertising Club of Pittsburgh, past president of the Association of Pittsburgh Business Women's Club and charter member of the Pittsburgh Fashion Group.

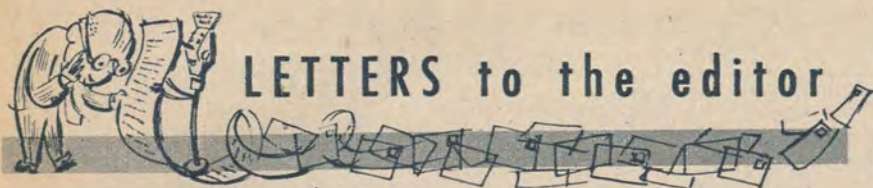
Miss Ross is in constant demand as a speaker at many women's clubs in the KDKA area, and is the fashion authority in the district. She is invited to speak each semester to the advertising classes of the University of Pittsburgh's Bureau of Retail Training on how a woman's program is conducted.

Although she does not give personal advice on her program, she has built up such confidence in her listeners that they turn to her with questions that often surprise and baffle her. Her \$64 question was:

"Tell me where I can buy a pair of black silk panties for a serviceman in the Pacific?"



Evelyn Gardiner's Home Forum program has a wide following both in studio audiences as well as home listeners. Here's typical group.



LETTERS to the editor



For Anita Ellis

TO THE EDITOR: In answer to Elizabeth Anderson who wrote against Anita Ellis in your August edition —if she knew anything about music she would realize that Anita probably has the best voice amongst the current crop of female vocalists in the country today. I met Anita in Hollywood and she is a sweet kid too. When E. Anderson has time, let her listen to Anita's rendition of the "Anniversary Song." Best vocal in a decade. When anyone in Johnstown, Pa. is a music critic then I'll leave New York and Hollywood far behind.

Jamie Miller,
New York City.

... It's just a matter of opinion concerning Anita Ellis' singing voice. She must have a lot of influential relatives since she's featured vocalist with Henry Russell's Orchestra coming out of New York on NBC at 10:30 on Thursdays. How many uncles can a girl have?

Esther P. Oliver,
Lake Luzerne, N. Y.

Faye-Harris Fan

TO THE EDITOR: I resent the article written by Favius Friedman on the Alice Faye-Phil Harris show. Theirs surpassed any other programs on the air—and I have enjoyed it for over two years. Alice Faye has a marvelous voice and is tops for me, and I listen to all of them. Let the listeners, not the critics decide what they like.

Mrs. W. A. Barnett,
Houston, Texas.



RB for Hospital Vets

TO THE EDITOR: Never was I so pleased with one magazine as I am with RADIO BEST. I pass each issue on to a patient at the Veterans Hospital who listens to the radio all day, for now he can see for himself what some of his favorite radio artists look like. Your pictures of the Fat Man took me by surprise. Although I thought the title "Fat Man" was his title role, I can now understand why he named the program "The Fat Man." Continue your splendid magazine with much success. I ask just one favor, a picture of Mel Allen, please.

Miss Kitty Kitt,
New York.

College Radio Dept.

TO THE EDITOR: I think it is a swell idea to devote a page to college radio. One can gain many helpful ideas from it. I am especially looking forward to your report on the University of Alabama campus station.

Ellis Cooper, Jr.,
Laurel, Mississippi.



Pause for Identification

TO THE EDITOR: Why not have the reviewers of "Seat on the Dial" give their names instead of initials? You accept only signed comments for publication. I would like to know the name of the reviewer who knocked two of the best shows on the air, Kate Smith and Don McNeil.

M. N. Elle,
Durhamville, N. Y.

(Seat-on-the-Dial reviews are contributed by RADIO BEST staff members. Ed.)

Address letters and pictures to Editor of RADIO BEST, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York 18.
Only signed comments will be considered for publication.



Questions & Answers

(Send all questions to Q. & A. Editor, RADIO BEST, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y. All answers will be confined to this department, so please do not send stamped envelopes.)

Q. Is it really true that Portland Hoffa was named after the city where she was born, Portland, Ore.?

Alice Field, Philadelphia

a. Yes.



Q. Jack Benny really can't play the violin, or can he?

Murray Mann, New York City.

a. Oh, yes, he can. He may not be a candidate for the concert halls, but Jack did make his living with the bow when he first broke into show business at the age of 18. That was before the first World War, of course.

Q. I read somewhere Gracie Allen was in secretarial school when she first met George Burns. Is this so?

Alfred Mason, New Orleans, La.

a. Yes, but Gracie had had a fling at vaudeville before she had secretarial ambitions. Gracie, you know, was the daughter of a song and dance man, and began acting when she was three. Years later she and her three older sisters appeared as the Allen Sisters. Gracie's specialties were Irish jigs and brogue.



Q. What does Joel Kupperman, who appears on Quiz Kids, look like now?

Frieda Fineman, Phila., Pa.

a. This is the latest picture we have, taken May, 1948.

Q. What was the television rating of the last Louis-Walcott fight?

Robert Smythe, Clyde, Ohio.

a. C. E. Hooper's special television rating for the fight, covering only the New York metropolitan audience, came to 86.6. The radio rating for ABC's fight broadcast was 59.3.

Q. What is candidate Dewey's views on government controls over radio?

Mrs. Leslie Vermouth, Cal.

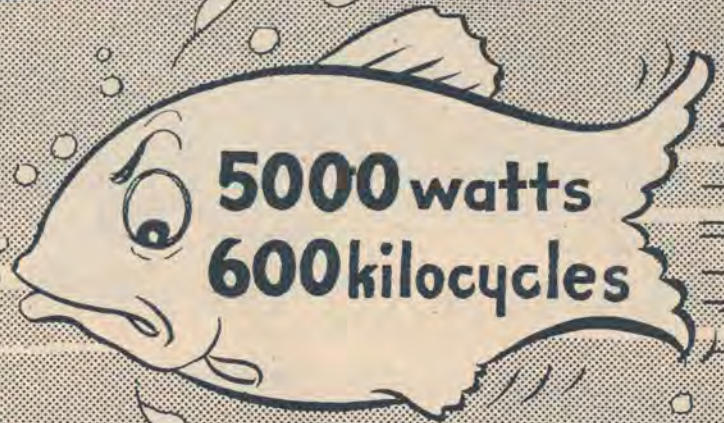
a. According to Broadcasting magazine, the Presidential nominee has made the following statement: "Radio in this country has made its greatest advance as an integral part of our American enterprise. The Government no more belongs in this field than in the field of the newspaper and the magazine."

Q. Where and when was Jackie (Homer) Kelk born?

a. The stork brought Jackie in on a high-frequency beam to his parents August 6, 1923. The place was Brooklyn, New York.

Q. Is it true that H. V. Kaltenborn was a lumber-jack?

a. Yes. Between the ages of 14 and 28, Mr. Kaltenborn worked as a lumber-jack on the giant pines of Northern Wisconsin.



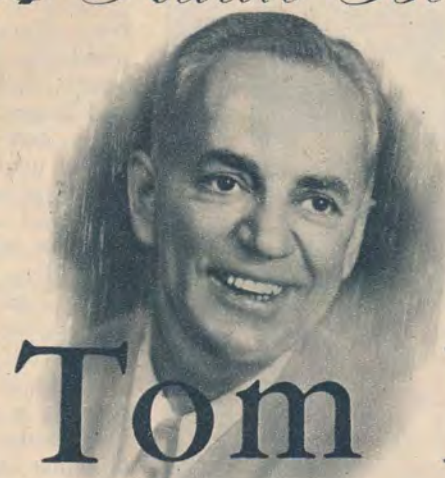
***Just ask your
Raymer representative**

Beginning the life story of Tom Breneman, the first installment of a series of four, an exclusive biography of his fabulous life and times — his bleak moments and near-tragedy, his mystic hold on millions, his stunts and philosophy. The story of a human being who became an American institution.

TELEVISION
**Radio
best**

OCTOBER 1948
Vol. 1, No. 11

A Radio Best Silver Mike Tribute



**THE REAL
LIFE STORY**

OF

Tom Breneman

by Favius Friedman

When 48-year-old Tom Breneman died suddenly in the still dawn of April 28th, he left behind him a legend that few radio personalities of his time can hope to equal, let alone surpass. This greying, baldish, paunchy small-town genius who was as American "as firecrackers on the fourth of July" had held in the hollow of his hand the affections of literally millions of men and women to whom "Breakfast in Hollywood" was only a little less sacred than their Church and their Creator.

Continued on Next Page



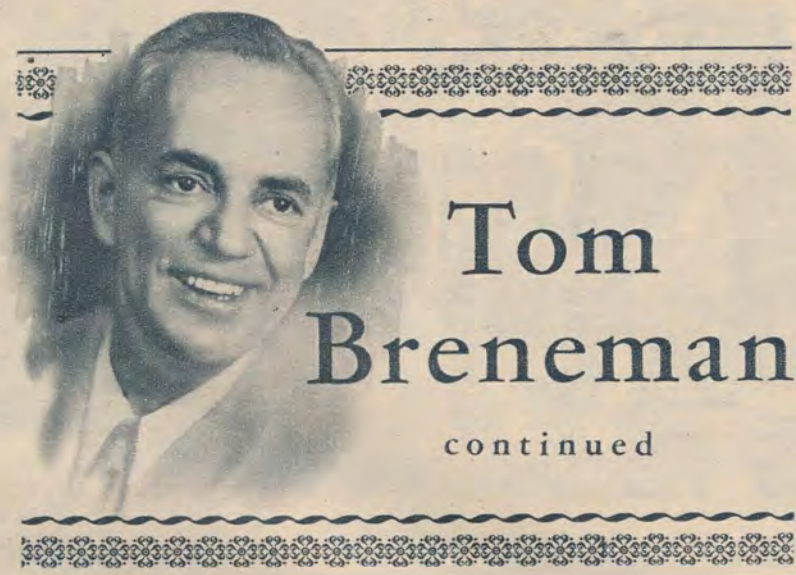
Tom Breneman left behind him a legend that few men of his time can hope to equal.

Tom Breneman.

HIS REAL LIFE STORY.



Tom Breneman loved to talk and play with his happy family in the simplicity of their little Encino home. Here's Tom with his wife Billie and his two children, Tom Jr. and Gloria Anne.



Tom Breneman

continued

THERE IS no sacrilege in this estimate of Tom Breneman, born Thomas Breneman Smith in Waynesboro, Pennsylvania. As an idol, Tom was more human than perfect. His great guffaw of laughter would have been the first to boom forth at the notion that he was anything but a frail, fallible and sometimes irritable example of the human race. He had his bleak moments like all of us; he knew failure, discouragement, sadness and near-tragedy. Yet somehow Tom Breneman had managed to rise high above the little niggling importunities of a common existence and create, out of a handful of homely elements that other men would have sneered at, something as tender and as warm-

ing as the beloved gleam of a lamp in a window that one knows as home.

Somewhere along his forty-eight years Tom Breneman had captured the knack of touching the hearts, rather than the minds, of his listeners. His humor was corny, but it was corny with the earthy quality of rain beating on a roof, of a barn door creaking in the wind, of the splash of well water in an oaken bucket. His was the guffaw rather than the limp, cerebral smile; the brash, booming slap on the back, rather than the intellectual touch.

That his idolaters loved it was proved a million times over. Ninety-nine out of every hundred pilgrims to Hollywood arrived panting with a fever to see Tom Breneman, to grasp his hand, to sit in at least once on "Breakfast in Hollywood." Tom's mail bulged with letters like the one from the woman who wrote, "There are three things I must see when I come to Hollywood: The Pacific Ocean; Forest Lawn Cemetery and Tom Breneman." Literally thousands of letters reached him every day addressed to "Tom, My Darling." When the shocked world learned that Tom had died, grief stunned his votaries from coast to coast. Negroes on St. Louis' Market Street sat down and wept and in Nebraska a mail man's wife refused to eat for two days.

Yet even Tom himself confessed that he was at a loss to describe the mystic hold that his radio program had on people. Pundits and professors wagged their slide rules and came up with no answers whatsoever. Psychologists pulled long faces and found the problem as insoluble as the riddle of the sun, the moon and the stars. Tom was Tom and that's all there was to it; he was the poor gal's Charles Boyer, the Sinatra of the middle-aged, the Sir Lochinvar of the corset set. Out of it all he earned his \$100,000 or more each year, and as columnist Hedda Hopper put it, "he . . . parlayed a dame's hat, a hothouse orchid and a gift of gab into a national institution."

Tom's best performers on his program were great-grandmothers. Often his gags were so ancient that people thought of him as an octogenarian himself. One guest on his ABC program, telling about Los Angeles of sixty years ago, turned to Tom and said, "You remember those days, don't you?" He was the man who got the heftiest, richest laughs in Hollywood; the man who put early morning gloom practically out of the busi-

ness. Once, after interviewing three grandmothers, each of whom was over 80 years old, Breneman said in farewell, "Stick around after the program, girls, and we'll all go stepping." Whereupon a woman sitting in a far corner of the restaurant managed to squeal through her laughter, "Breneman, you wolf!"

Just how many grandmothers and great-grandmothers he kissed, murmuring, "God bless you, honey!" no one knows exactly, but it was well over 2000, according to his advertising agency statistician. "He treats old ladies so nice," women often said in commenting on his program. Tom sold millions in War Bonds; once collected 51,000 free towels for the soldiers' swimming pool at the Hollywood Guild Canteen and garnered enough dimes from listeners in another appeal to make a stack of silver coins higher than the Empire State Building.

Few top radio stars received the variety of mail that Tom did—letters that ranged from the ridiculous to the sublime. There was the Eastern undertaker who told Tom that he always took a portable radio along with him on his "business calls" and listened to "Breakfast in Hollywood" to keep cheerful. There was the attractive girl in Kansas who wrote Tom, enclosing her picture, telling him of her forthcoming visit to Hollywood and asking him to meet her at the bus station as a protection against the Hollywood wolves! And then there was the Rochester, New York bus driver who wrote Tom that "I use your jokes on the bus and wish you could see the response they get. When the people leave my bus they actually go out of their way to say goodnight . . . Your program is really doing something here in Rochester."

Those who had the good fortune to see Tom Breneman in person remember him as a rather stoutish, greying man with a double chin and a mildly grumpy expression understandable in a gent who had to make with the laughs as early as eight o'clock in the morning. But once he had that portable ABC microphone in his hand he became the bubbling, laughing hero the ladies had come to see. In his restaurant before an entranced audience of 400 women, Tom's face became wreathed in smiles, he shook with contagious mirth and beamed with a joviality that the gals found irresistible.

Actually, "Breakfast in Holly-

wood" consisted of nothing more than a half hour of banter between Tom and his lady guests, punctuated by almost hysterical giggles when he modeled—with the look of a bashful dachshund—the dizziest piece of millinery he could find. And when Tom gallantly bussed a great-grandmother and presented her with the orchid, the sighs could be heard halfway to Iowa.

Tom's first words to his quivering audience each morning as he stepped on to the raised dance floor to begin his warm-up were, "I'm Tom Breneman. Now you can all applaud." His gall was unbounded, but wholly without malice. He would mispronounce names (Mrs. Cashman would become "Mrs. Ashcan"), insult his visitors' home towns, pat bald-headed husbands on their shiny pates, and call them "Curly." If some woman happened to dare Tom's displeasure with a slighting reference to his "corporation" or his double chins, he would squelch her with, "Sister, you're no bargain yourself!" One of his favorite gags was to ask, in seeming innocence, who in the audience was from Missouri. Invariably at least a dozen women would raise their hands. Then Tom would hold up a Missouri sales tax token and bark, "Which one of you lugs put this in the collection plate?"

Tom could take it, as well as dish it out. It was nothing unusual for his announcer to bring Breneman out before his audience with one of those back-handed Jack Benny build-ups that occasionally confused his listeners. Like, "Friends, this is National Apple Week. Apples are a fruit that can be served many different ways . . . if you like them sweetened, there's apple dumplings; if you like them baked, there's apple pie, and if you like apple sauce, there's Tom Breneman . . . and here he comes now."

Or, "Friends, I believe we're all familiar with the popular advertising slogans. For example, we know that when a little fuzz appears on a man's face, he has Five O'Clock Shadow. Well, we bring you now the only man I know who has Five O'Clock Shadow on his head—Tom Breneman!"

Although Tom actually did not mind the ribbing introductions, he received thousands of letters from his devotees complaining about the "insults" and assuring him that his fans didn't believe a word of it.

Breneman turned himself into a stogie to Mrs. America and made



On one of his last guest appearances, Tom had a hilarious time on the Philco show with "groaner" Bing Crosby and comic Jack Benny.

millions happier for it. His wit came like shafts of lightning (he was an incomparable ad libber) but now and then some of his uninhibited listeners would manage to leave him speechless. On one of his programs a guest remarked that she and her husband always argued over who should get up and give the baby his bottle at the 2 a. m. feeding time. Tom turned to an older woman sitting nearby and asked who in her family had left a warm bed to feed the babies at night.

"Well," said the woman, "it certainly wasn't my husband. You see, we didn't have bottles in those days."

In still another verbal hassle, which found Tom down for the count, he was interviewing an ancient of 83 and his wife, aged 81, on their 61st wedding anniversary. They had 10 children. Tom beamed on the old gent and asked jovially, "Pop, where did you go on your honeymoon?"

"Into my bedroom, of course," replied the man gruffly. The audience roared for almost five minutes—a record for continuous laughter on a transcontinental net-work program.

Breneman's hold over his followers was almost hypnotic. This was once aptly demonstrated by what happened to one lady listener. Tom was chatting with a guest on the show when she casually picked up an ash tray from one of the tables. "Break it!" Tom ordered, laughingly. A few days later a woman in Oklahoma wrote Tom that she was drying the dishes in her kitchen when she heard his command over the radio. "Before I could stop myself," the woman confessed, "I smashed one of my best plates to pieces."

His own special brand of humor was so contagious that it affected even those in his audience. Once, when he had been chatting with his guests he discovered that two ladies sitting side by side at a table in the restaurant were complete strangers to each other, yet each was named Mona. Tom introduced them, and as he walked away with the microphone, one quipped, "Pleased to know you. Now we can hold a Mona-logue!"

It was Tom himself who created the unique features of "Breakfast in Hollywood"—the gift of the daily orchid to the oldest lady guest and the kiss on the cheek; his mugging with the hats; the "Good Neighbor" and the "Wishing Ring." The presentation of the Wishing Ring was a very dramatic and intensely serious ceremony. The Ring, designed by the famed Joseph of Hollywood, was awarded to one of the guests and then she was asked to tell the wish closest to her heart, so that both the restaurant and air audiences could wish along with her that her wish might come true.

One morning, when Tom came to ask one wishing ring winner her wish, she exclaimed fervently, "Oh, I wish so much that I could receive a letter from my mother. I haven't heard from her in over three years."

Visions of war-torn Europe flashed through Tom's mind. A wave of sympathy swept him for the poor woman's mother who couldn't even get word through to her daughter whether she was alive or dead.

"A most unselfish wish," Tom said. "Where is your poor mother?"

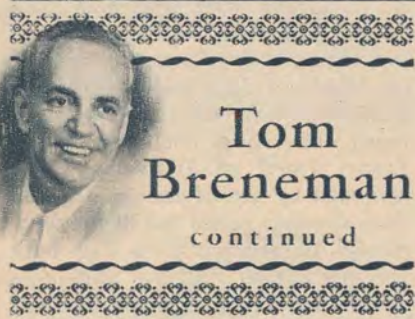
Came the choked answer. "In Kansas City." *Continued on Next Page*

94-year-old Mrs. Lucy Ann Bogardus (left) was one of the last of the famous

"Orchid Ladies" crowned by Tom Breneman. And that's Hedda Hopper pinning one on Tom.



They Came From Across The Nation for Breakfast and Orchids.



Tom Breneman

continued

Some of the other wishes were equally odd. One woman wished that her husband "wouldn't have any more trouble with his kidneys." Another wished that "she could get out of California." And still another guest wished for the tie Tom was wearing. It happened to be a brand-new \$6.00 creation that Tom had just put on for the first time. He gave it to her, saying that he'd had a "premonition" that morning and had stuck an extra tie in his pocket.

Breneman's popularity was a long time coming, but even up until the last he was still a little overwhelmed by his success. He

started in radio back in the days when getting a station 20 blocks away on your crystal set was considered a miracle. His earliest radio stint was singing a couple of songs on a program for the Bell Telephone Company. The pay-off was two free long distance calls. "I called my mother in Waynesboro, Pennsylvania," Tom once recalled, "and my girl in Tulsa. But my girl was out with another guy."

Even at the height of his success Breneman's program was virtually identical with the one he originated on a small Los Angeles station back in January, 1941. But then Tom got only a series of brush-offs from sponsors, networks and agency executives. His early program—then called "Breakfast at Sardi's"—had such difficulty getting under way that for months taxis had to be sent out in order to corral enough feminine listeners to make up even a slim audience. There was even a time when Tom used to plug products for free in order to give the

impression that he had sponsors.

Probably no successful radio program was ever turned down by more people than Breneman's. The idea of the program itself was born one morning when Tom and Chet Mittendorf, a lifelong friend, were sitting over an early-morning cup of coffee at a small lunch stand. Suddenly the waitress snapped off the radio that was sitting on one end of the counter.

"It's either newscasts, recorded music or soap operas!" the girl beefed. "You'd think it was against the law to laugh before noon."

Breneman and Mittendorf nodded in agreement, and Tom said, "I have an idea there are a lot of people who feel the same way. Why, the average person could ad lib a program that would be more human and cheerful than most of these morning broadcasts."

A second conversation took place a few days later, in the famous Sardi's Restaurant at the corner of Hollywood and Vine. On hand were Tom, Mittendorf, Dave

Covey, the restaurant's owner and Raymond Morgan, head of a large radio advertising agency. Out of this talk came the idea for the show, with Tom, the expert ad libber, as the star. But months passed before the program caught on sufficiently to interest sponsors with money. When the show did click, it captured and long held the No. 1 spot in daytime radio.

Tom made his first public appearance when he was 16, singing second tenor in a minstrel show staged at the Waynesboro high school. Tom's father and mother were both musical and used to gather the family around the piano nights and sing and play songs like "Carry Me Back to Ol' Virginny" and "After the Ball Was Over." Tom worked for a while in his father's sand mine, then departed for New York and Columbia University, where his much-loved uncle, Karl Breneman, was a noted voice instructor. In time the youthful Tom wandered into vaudeville (he was once with a unit emceed by a man named

Continued on Page 62

Report to the Listeners

Someday, somebody is going to click on Broadway with a play about radio. It will be named "A Critic Named Jeremiah," and its villain will be a radio critic. He may turn out to be a good-natured knave, but evil nonetheless. Throughout three acts he will rap radio. Nothing will satisfy him. Always will he weep and wail over our air-fare, especially if its origin is a national network. He will also deride. He will also ride hobbies—and network vice presidents. To boot, he may perform his dark ways in literary awkwardness. But that will be unessential to the plot. The main point to be made is that he is unfair. For it will be one of the persecuted vice-presidents that will sire the play. There are some sixty of these general-staff officers among our four networks. Some of them just *hate* critics. (I don't blame them; sometimes the truth hurts.)

Well, I'm going to disappoint some of these fellows—lining myself, cunningly, on the side of the angels (not to mention the editor of this almanac, who has assured us in the past that at least some vice presidents really are people). Right now, I am tossing something in the air, and it isn't a saucerful of acid. It's my hat, and it's off to NBC.



HARRY W. JUNKIN

NBC has a program called "Radio City Playhouse." It started as a summer fill-in. In charge is a fellow named Harry W. Junkin. Don't fear to admit you never heard of him. I hadn't either, until this show went on the air.

Some very smart NBC scout had found this chap Junkin in Montreal, producing shows in the English and French languages. He was brought down to Radio City and given rein. The result is the most exciting new dramatic program that's hit the air since CBS' old "Columbia Workshop."

Apparently they train them well up there among Canada's kilocycles. You will recall that CBS' Fletcher Markle also hails from the home of the Northwest Mounties. But there is this difference between Markle's arrival as a permanent CBS fixture in 1947, and Junkin's debut a year later: Markle rode in to fanfare; Junkin was given the air so unobtrusively, one has the feeling that some veepee had failed to vote complete confidence in the talent scout's wisdom. I hope that anonymous discoverer of Junkin has received his bonus by this time.

Junkin opened his series with a play called "Long Distance." It told the story of a woman who tries desperately to save her husband's life within 30 minutes of his scheduled execution for a murder he never committed. The only man who could order the execution halted is a judge. At approximately one minute before the final curtain, she succeeds in locating the jurist via long distance telephone. I shan't give away the denouement, because I am sure that—like Lucille Fletcher's famous "Wrong Number"—this play, too, will be rebroadcast again and again. It deserves repeating, and if it doesn't get such treatment you should demand it.

Junkin's skill lay not only in writing this play, but also in casting Jan Miner for the heavy role of the woman, and in directing her so tightly that her pain became excruciating to the listener as the 30-minute drama progressed. He told me that, being unfamiliar with New York actresses, he had to do an inordinate amount of auditioning before he cast Miss Miner in the role. He chose with extreme wisdom.

Miss Miner is an old hand at radio, who got her training in the best radio acting workshop there is—the lowly daytime serial, or "soap opera." The demands on the talents of the actress carrying the principal role was tremendous. She had to build credibly toward a stupendous climax. For a half hour, she was virtually playing solo, with the rest of the cast acting only as steps upon which she was ascending to ever-heightening emotion. She would either reach that peak—or fail miserably, and carry the play down with her. There was no in-between. That Miss Miner made it—and with ease and grace—is, to me, one of the miracles of great radio acting. When that play is announced for a repeat, remember to demand not only that Junkin direct it again but that Miss Miner be given the lead once more.

Radio Artists in Paints and Clay.



Moses Soyer finds the perfect subject in beautiful Jinx Falkenburg.



Mitzi Solomon interprets the virile features of handsome Tex McCrary.



Joseph Hirsch catches brilliant Eloise McElhone in charcoal portrait.



Saul Schary finds the years have added lines to Norman Brokenshire.



Backstage at the Horace Heidt show, Johnny plunks his ukelele, everybody else plays or kibitzes Gin Rummy.

Patti O'Hara poses prettily as Horace Heidt (squatting) referees a friendly battle between first and second quarter winners accordionist Dick Contino and trombonist Stanley Morse.

Talent is where you find it!

HORACE HEIDT Show catapults unknowns to stardom from America's highways and by-ways.

By THIS time, every youngster who aspires to a career in show business knows all the details of Dick Contino's rise via the Horace Heidt Program — how Horace just gave Dick a little boost up the ladder of radio success, then suddenly realized that the young man had been catapulted into full stardom within a few short weeks. After thirteen undefeated weeks on the program, Contino was removed from competition and kept on as a guest star, in order to give more youngsters a chance at top honors. Dick, now a regular member of the Horace Heidt musical organization, has his future assured. But what about some of the other contestants?

MORE →

Dick Contino.



to stop the Contino landslide—but he came out all right, anyway. Harold was selected to compete with five others for the \$750 top prize in the first quarter finals of the Horace Heidt national talent contest championship last March 7th. The 6-foot, 1-inch, deep-voiced youth put up a good battle and not in vain, either. For, although he didn't win, he was made a permanent member of the Horace Heidt Musical Knights. Parr, who's right name is Arp, will be recalled by listeners in the Omaha area as the singer on many WOW programs, and most of his long-time fans are even happier than he is that Harold has finally made the 'big time.'



Harold Parr—now under contract.

Pat Theriault, the 30-year-old Bristol, Conn., banjoist who won the Hartford and Boston contests on the show has recently been signed by Heidt to a seven-year contract as a permanent member of the Musical Knights. Theriault, a married man with two youngsters, had a tour back in 1938 with one of the late Major Bowes' talent units, since then appearing as an orchestra leader and soloist about his home town, but it took Horace



Pat Theriault—set for seven years.

WELL, HERE are a few samples of the opportunities that have been opened for them.

Harold Parr, 23-year-old blind singer from Omaha, Nebraska, was one of the highly talented youngsters who weren't quite able

Heidt's efforts to really put him on top. According to the terms of his new contract, Pat will earn 100-thousand dollars during the next seven years. As Pat Theriault says: "When Horace Heidt came to town and I won the contest, it was like dollars from heaven."



Stanley Morse, 2nd quarter winner and his Ma.

Stanley Morse, eighteen-year-old Zanesville, Ohio, trombonist, came through the victor of the second-quarter finals in Indianapolis over a group of four tough competitors—former winners on the program. Stanley, playing a \$275 trombone

donated by enthusiastic hometown fans, made musical history with his playing of "The Sabre Dance"—a number never before attempted as a solo by a trombonist. Stanley, after winning the \$750 quarterly prize, and a chance at Dick Contino and five-thousand dollars this December in New York's Carnegie Hall, returned to finish out the semester at high school, under contract to join the Musical Knights for the summer, in addition to being assured of his future as soon as he completes his schooling. In the meantime, Stanley has turned down an offer to join the great Duke Ellington, whom he has always admired, because he feels that Heidt has given him the break he's always dreamed about.

There are others, many others, who have found the program a shortcut to stardom—all of which only enhances Horace Heidt's reputation as "star-maker." *END



The star-maker himself, HORACE HEIDT.

Winners All in "Musical Knights" Talent Tourney



Singer Tiny Hutton.



Likewise Richard Melare.



Jiver Halyard Patterson.



Drummer Jerry Rothaus.



Vocalist John Mungall.



Trumpeter Bill Spitz.



Pianist Grant Williams.



Betty Curtis.

Everything you need to know

TO GET AN ACTING JOB IN RADIO in This Practical Book by a Leader in Radio

- PREPARING FOR AUDITIONS
- RADIO LANGUAGE
- ACTUAL SCRIPTS

with foreword by
ARCH OBOLER



\$2.50



If you're trying to break into radio, or planning a career in radio acting, here's the book that can help you step up to the microphone with a better chance to succeed!

Here are the answers to your questions about how and where to look for a job, what to do . . . because ace radio executive and teacher Ted Cott knows beginners and their problems. He is Vice President and Director of Programs and Operations of WNEW, New York, and Instructor in Radio Script Writing and Dramatics at the College of the City of New York. He works with budding radio performers, knows what makes or breaks the newcomer.

Here in this book you'll get the helpful, step-by-step advice that gives you background, sureness, and understanding . . . the requisites for radio success! Mr. Cott takes you inside the studios,

inside the scripts, and INSIDE YOURSELF, to show you what makes a good radio actor tick!

No punches are pulled. He shows you just what you're up against, then helps you plan your approach. More than that, he brings you the priceless counsel of his panel of radio auditioners . . . the topnotch agency talent people and station casting directors, who tell you what they are looking for, and how you can make the most of your experience and ability. Learn from them how to sell your performance!

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RADIO ACTOR'S TOOLS

- MEET THE MICROPHONE . . . How you use it! LEVEL HEADS AND ZERO LEVEL . . . You and the engineer!
- BALANCE YOUR VOICE TO BALANCE YOUR BUDGET . . . How to do more with your voice!
- THE DIRECTOR . . . Meet your new boss! VOCABULARY PANTOMIME . . . Watch the glass booth!
- MAKING YOUR MARK . . . How a pencil can improve your acting!
- COFFEE AT COLBEE'S . . . Listen and learn!
- A POINT OF VIEW . . . How to get your job!
- THE MARKET PLACE . . . Where to get your job!
- A BOARD OF EXPERTS . . . What do you need to win?
- SUMMING UP . . . 10 points that make or break an audition!
- RADIO ACTOR'S DICTIONARY
- RADIO ACTOR'S WORKSHOP
- FOR THE WOMEN . . . Test yourself with these scripts!
- FOR THE MEN . . . What can your voice do?
- FOR THE ANNOUNCER OR COMMENTATOR . . . Take the poise test!

NOW! MEASURE YOUR RADIO "KNOW-HOW!"

- | CAN YOU: | YES | NO |
|--|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| —Mark a script? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| —Follow director's hand signals? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| —Find the people who might use your ability? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| —Plan your audition? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| —Analyze your shortcomings? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| —Time your audition? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| —List the 10 practical pointers? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

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Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$2.50 plus postage.

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SEND NO MONEY

**ORDERS SHIPPED
SAME DAY RECEIVED!**



2 HOURS OF STARS

A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL ON THE BIG HOLIDAY SHOW.

Each Thanksgiving and Christmas Day, Elgin puts on a big two-hour radio program, featuring most of the top personalities of the nation. Here are a few sidelights on what goes on behind the NBC scenes.

Ken Carpenter is pleased, but can't top Don Ameche's big grin, so why try?



Lauritz Melchior coaches Cass Daley on how to enjoy smoke, but not for her!



Garry Moore wasn't any more thirsty than Vera Vague—but found big cup.



Hollywood

On The Air



"Leave It To The Girls" panel: (l-r) Sylvia Sidney, Constance Bennett, Robin Chandler, Binnie Barnes.

by Favius Friedman

MIKE SIDE

When you come to think of it, radio, which is a slave to the clock, can do more tricks with a timepiece than almost any other form of entertainment. Everywhere else in the world a half hour is a half hour. But in radio, those miraculous thirty minutes can be either greased lightning or cold molasses creeping up a hill, depending upon the quality and the caliber of the entertainment flowing out of your loudspeaker.

If it's a good show, that half hour seems to be the fastest in the world. If a poor one, the minutes crawl and time never seems to come to an end. Listen to a Jimmy Durante, a Fibber McGee and Molly, a Jack Benny or any other top-flight program and the sign-off comes while you're still hungry for more. But listen to a cluck (out of the goodness of our heart we decline to name them) and the end seems as distant as a mirage, and a thousand times less enchanting.

That's why radio creates its own time — good, bad or indifferent as the ability and talents of the people behind the mike make it. And what radio probably needs, now more than ever, is more of those faster half-hours. This is one medium where "Fast time" can meet with a welcome from everybody.

★ ★ ★

Eddie Cantor, that veteran of show business, really has something when he makes a plea for the young, up-and-coming performers who get chopped off the air because, according to the sponsor, they "didn't produce."

"Networks and sponsors," says Eddie, "must give newcomers more than an initial thirteen weeks to 'make good or else.' Let's give

them more than just a few months to become known, to develop their radio personalities, to make friends with the millions of American families whose sole source of entertainment is radio.

"Today, radio is a not-so-merry merry-go-round of change-your-sponsor, switch-to-another-network, change-your-time-slot . . . and all of it based on Hooperatings. What a waste! Not only of time and money, but of talent.

New talent should be given every opportunity to express itself. Let's not throw ourselves off balance by keeping one ear glued to the radio and one eye peeled toward the program ratings. Let's not have them make a big entrance and a big exit."

To which we say, Amen. Give new, fresh talent a real chance and radio will be all the better for it.

★ ★ ★

SEEN AND HEARD

Over at ABC they're telling about the big radio producer who met a friend at a party and began describing his newest idea for a radio program. After he finished, he asked his friend what he thought about it. "I don't know anything about radio," the friend said, "so frankly, I don't know whether it will make a good program or a bad program." "Thank you," said the producer. "Why can't I get constructive criticism like that from my own employees?"

★ ★ ★

Chatting with Garry Moore, we were amused to discover that his crew haircut is strictly a superstition—but he'll never give it up. Seems that he got his brush-style job the day he landed a radio spot in Baltimore, following a long stretch of ill luck. **Continued on Next Page**



Chantmaster Arno Tanney, Glenn Darwin and Evelyn Knight chat with Mark Warnow.

Arthur (Dagwood) Lake Penny (Blondie) Singleton laugh with neighbor Frank (Woodley) Nelson.

Bob "Stockholder" Hope helps WJW's Jimmy Dudley root Cleveland home in game with Athletics.

It's an orchid for vivacious Marian Hutton given by Choral-Master Jeff Alexander.

Hollywood On The Air

Now Garry thinks that crew-cut on his noggin is his lucky piece and he aims to keep on wearing his hair that way until he's seventy.

Mutual's "Masked Spooner" caused quite a furore this week when he was photographed at the Vine Street Brown Derby. The character appeared in full regalia—mask, hood, opera cape and grey gloves—while photographers snapped him trying to eat spaghetti. Quite a place, this Hollywood!

CBS' "Suspense," now under new sponsorship, plays each week to empty seats, just because producer Tony Leader has ruled against studio audiences. Leader's idea is that the tense who-dun-its can be presented most effectively to the at-home dialers without the distracting sounds and reactions that a live audience would cause.

There was a big laugh backstage at NBC, when a director, putting a young actress through a scene, told her, "Honey, you were great." In fact, you were sensational. But let's try it again, for I'm sure you can do better."

This we caught at ABC's "Comedy Writers' Show." Leonard Stern was telling it. "I overheard two hunters talking the other day," quipped Stern. "One said, 'I'm a big dame hunter.' The other one said, 'No, you mean big game hunter.' 'Look,' said the first guy, 'you hunt for what you want and I'll hunt for what I want.'"

DIAL SPINS

If they don't stop her, Jane of "mr. ace and JANE" will soon have the King's English in a snarl the like of which has never been seen on land or sea. Of a well-dressed gent the CBS zany is likely to say, "He looks like a page out of Escrow." She tells her husband he's a "ragged individualist," rebukes him for being such a "tight-rope" and is sure she has him in "the hollow of her head." Maybe she has, at that... It's rumored now that Dinah Shore may rejoin a certain big comedian this coming season if she can get a release from her present contract... In line with current popularity of radio giveaways, a movie producer is rushing production of "Miss Mink of 1949," based on the adventures of a family who find themselves winner of a \$10,000 fur coat in an air show... Of-All-Things Department: A Spokane organization is holding its annual golf tournament for the benefit of Bing

Crosby, because "El Bingo is having trouble earning another million dollars"... Scripts of CBS' "Doorway to Life" are being used by the Big Brothers organization as a basis for discussion of problems encountered in their work with young boys... Even the musicians who play the "Stop the Music" Mystery Melody don't know the title. The only designation the selection has on their manuscript music is "Vagnoni," which is the name of the man who hires the musicians... Composer Gordon Jenkins is telling the story about the talent agent and the talking dog who were leaving an important producer's office. The dog glared at the agent for a moment, then said, "Okay, wise guy! Next time I'll do the talking!"... According to one big nationwide survey, what people really want in the way of radio fare is the "homey" type of entertainment... Little Norma Jean Nilsson, who plays "Cookie Bumstead" on CBS' "Blondie," is the same moppet you used to hear as the "Neighborhood Kid" on the Jack Carson program.

Stage actress Helen Hayes, who debuts in the new "Electric Theatre" early in October, has been asking radio editors for suggestions as to the type of plays they'd like her to do... Despite all you hear, the Federal Trade Commission has found fewer causes for complaint in radio commercials than in any other form of advertising... Dennis Day's newest fan club has named itself the "Dennis Day Swoon-Goons!"... Pretty Louise Erickson, of NBC's "Date With Judy," has a passion for sending telegrams collect... Look for a new and different format on NBC's "Take It or Leave It" this coming season... According to John Murray, there's a sponsor now considering a new radio program which will star a sultan and his harem. They'll call it "John's Other Wife, Other Wife, Other Wife, Other Wife"... Thought for the day: A dentist, according to Sam

MORE ->

Spike Jones played it straight when he married his band's lovely songstress, Helen Grayco.

Cowling, of ABC's "Breakfast Club," is the only person who makes money by looking down in the mouth... Gloria Breneman, 18-year-old daughter of the late Tom Breneman, is being auditioned by orchestra leader Frankie Carle. They say the gal has real talent... Add ambitions: "All I want," says Hollace Shaw, of CBS' "Saturday Night Serenade," "is to be glamorous in a nice, comfortable way"... Just in case you didn't know, the real name of Jay Stewart is Jay Fix... Luscious Marie Wilson got a bonus check of \$5000 for her work in Ken Murray's Blackouts, which has just celebrated its seventh anniversary. It couldn't happen to a sweeter gal... Something to look forward to: "Command Performance," a flicker cavalcade of the radio industry... Have you heard about the big name radio actor who told his sweetiepie, "Marry me and I'll give you everything you want. We'll live in an ivy-covered cottage. And, who knows, if things get better, we may even have walls!"

★ ★ ★

They're saying that Red Skelton has signed a new deal with his soap sponsor that will bring him enough moola in the next seven years to call for a couple of box cars just to haul it away... Most jittery stars before a radio mike are Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Deanna Durbin. That little black box just paralyzes them... Larry Stevens, Jack Benny's one-time vocalist, has been doing nicely on the night club circuit... Educational note: Inmates of the county clink in Louisville, Kentucky may soon be going college by radio, if the mayor of the town has his way... Congratulations to Spike Jones, who took pretty Helen Grayco as his bride recently... Visitors to CBS' Vine Street Theatre will find it completely refurbished when they watch "Lux Radio Theatre" there this season... Doodles Weaver, comedy singer with Spike

Mrs. Bessie M. Lawrence of Iowa gets a kiss and \$30,000 in prizes from Lou Costello.



"A Date with Judy" family portrait: Judy Foster (Louise Erickson) seated between Randolph Foster (Dix Davis), and Oogie Pringle (Dick Crennal) while parents Dora Foster (Myra Marsh) and Myron Foster (John Brown) beam proudly.



Hollywood On The Air Continued



Bebe Daniels' pinch-hitting for Louella Parsons wins Ok from hubby Ben Lyons and Marvin Miller.

In fact, he's going to sit right at home and watch it... Recommended for the brainiest star of the week: The fellow who, when he heard that the plane he was going to take was going to fly on instruments, took along a saxophone, a clarinet and a trumpet.

WHAT'S WITH THE SHOWS

The incomparable James Durante will turn cigarette salesman come October, when he plants that Schnozzola* before the NBC mike for Camel cigarettes... A mere one thousand per minute—dollars, that is—will be all Walter Winchell will take home under his new contract for 1949-50. A motor car manufacturer is signing the commentator under a two-year deal that will give Winchell \$1,352,000... Looks like Dick Haymes has the inside track on a brand new series of musical comedy adaptations just about ready for sponsorship... Der Bingle will be back on ABC again this Fall for Philco... Long-timers: CBS' "The Romance of Helen Trent," now in its 16th year, and NBC's "Front Page Farrell" which is already in its eighth year... Andy Russell is out of that Revere Camera show and Marion Hutton stays in... CBS has built a new house show called "Our Miss Brooks" around that swell comedienne Eve Arden which shapes up as one of the Fall season's better entries... You'll be hearing "Ozzie and Harriet" on NBC just before Jack Benny when those Autumn leaves come tumblin' down. It's a move-over from CBS... Jack Carson replaces



"Those Websters" take time out for a bit of barbecue and fun. That's Williard Waterman (Dad Webster) doing the honors.

Danny Thomas for General Foods, who never really got a fair shake his first time out. Thomas is miles better than he showed up on the air.

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD

Where the most famous city in the world—Hollywood itself—really does not exist, so far as the Rand, McNally maps and the post-office are concerned. A quarter million pieces of mail are picked up daily in Hollywood but they all go out with a Los Angeles postmark... Where dog star Lassie, now earning around \$1000 a week, was originally given to her current owner in payment of a \$10 board bill... Where Hans Conreid, the zany, loves to get anonymous letters—because he doesn't have to answer 'em... Where a bake shop, patronized by the stars, has a sign in the window reading, "Pies like mother used to make before she learned to play gin rummy"... Where Perry Como was in a Sunset Strip night spot with his wife, who was admiring an actress at a nearby table. "Look how modestly she dresses," said Mrs. C. "High-necked gown and no make-up." "Hmmm," sniffed Perry "some people will do anything to attract attention!"... Where they're advertising coin collecting—numismatics—as the "Hobby of the Stars" for those who can't save money any other way... Where a barber on Vine Street, says ABC's Sy Fischer, claims he can do wonders with your hair. He doesn't regrow the stuff. He shrinks your head down to fit what hair you have left... Where an actor refused a role in a new picture, because the part called for him to play in an eight room house—and he had just finished an important role where he had acted in a twelve room house... Where the words "night" and "evening" may mean the same thing—until you note the different effect they have on a gown... And where you're just nobody unless you have three swimming pools: One for people who swim, a wading pool for people who just like to get all wet, and an empty pool exclusively for people who don't swim! * END



George (gorilla) Barrows tells Mutual's Ben Alexander "It's A Living."

Crooner Gordon MacRae gets a light from his wife as they lunch at the Hollywood Brown Derby.



Winners of "Queen for a Day" vacation prize, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Campbell relax in trailer which transported them across country.



A RADIO BEST

Real Radio Romance!

Make Believe Wife

READ THIS TRUE
STORY OF ONE
OF RADIO'S TYPICAL
"MR. AND MRS." TEAMS
COMPLETE IN
THIS ISSUE!

A New Monthly
Bonus Feature



**They were
'Mr. and Mrs.'
on the air,
yet the cup of breakfast coffee
they shared was a bitter potion
in which she sought to drown
the loneliness and frustration
of a broken marriage.**

With the phone clutched desperately in both hands so it wouldn't go away with the voice she was certain she'd heard, Sarah looked for a place to sit down. It was a cinch, she knew, that she couldn't stand up. Her heart already was beating an uncontrollable tattoo as hearts will before their more inhibited owners are willing to admit facts.

She cleared her throat and summoned her pleasantest voice to answer, "Yes, this is Sarah, Bob." You can't make a voice behave when your heart's all jammed up in your throat somewhere cutting off your breath. The sentence was a high squeak.

"Something's come up I think we'll have to talk about. Do you think you can meet me somewhere this afternoon? It won't wait." Bob spoke impatiently.

Darling, she thought, I can meet you anywhere in the world at any time you say! "Of course I can. Today's not busy. D'you want to have coffee somewhere? You decide because you know where you'll be and so forth." *Continued on Next Page*

Sarah Ever's eyes
turned backward—
back to that day ten years
ago when she and Bob were
the happiest bride and
groom in the world. 23

THE CAST
The pictures for this radio story were posed by vivacious Patsy Campbell, young bride in real life who plays the title role of Terry in CBS' dramatic series, "Second Mrs. Burton," and Dwight Weist, who plays the role of Stan Burton in the same series. Background scenes are through the courtesy of the Biltmore Hotel in New York, photos by Bill Warneke.

It was Bob's voice—cold and impatient, perhaps, but his! Her heart was beating a tattoo. Yes, she would be glad to meet him, glad for a chance to see him again.



The little black suit was neat; and the little pink hat was crazy. She recalled Bob's burlesqued scream and hug when he first saw the hat. But he was all business now—hard and detached.



He didn't wish to be reminded of their quarrel and left.



Empty pillows do not answer, nor do they come close for a kiss. But you instinctively clutch it.

THEIR MARRIAGE WAS CONFINED TO LOVE-ON-THE-DIAL!

Make Believe Wife
A New Monthly Bonus Feature

continued

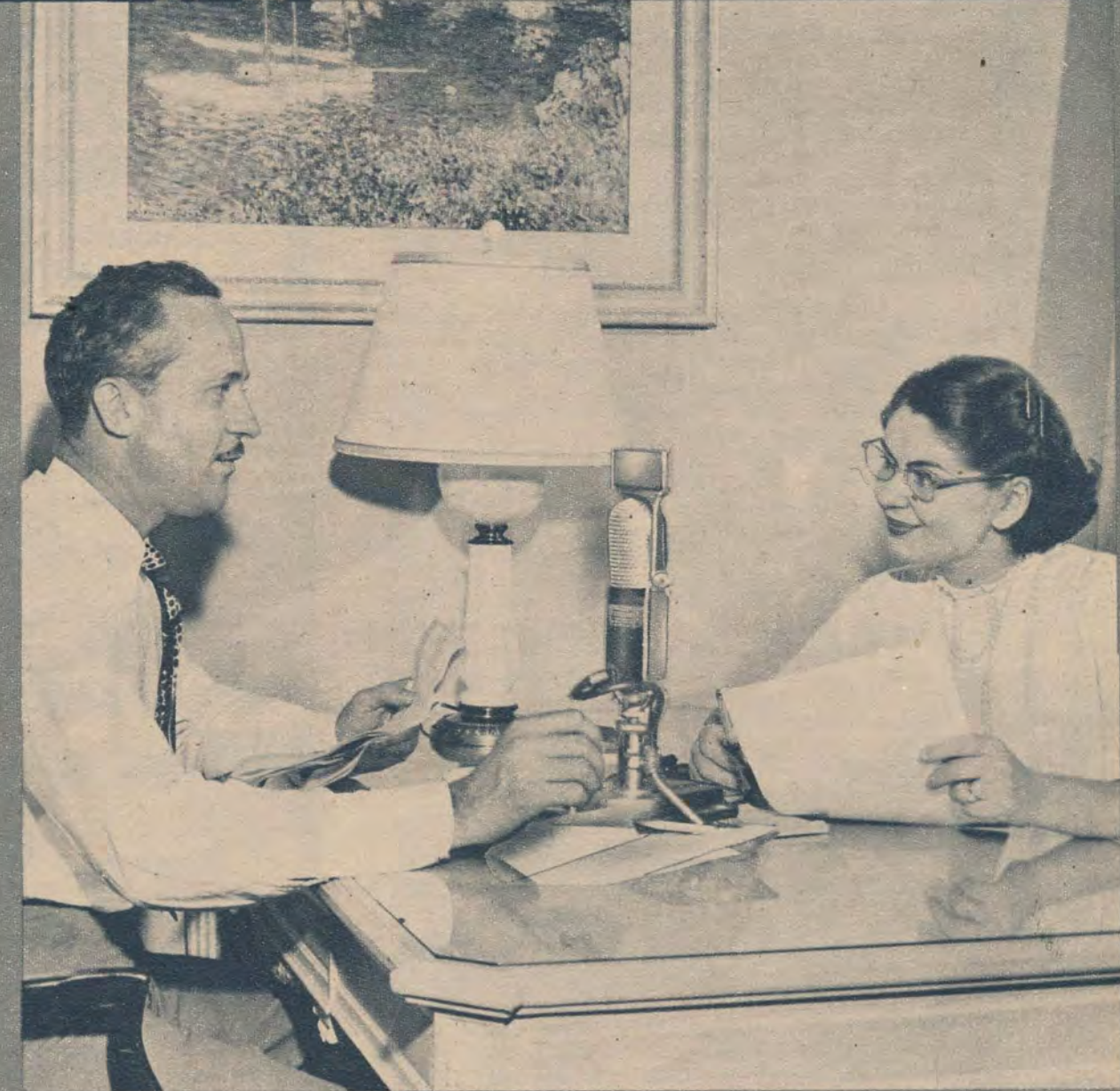
"Okay, make it Hershey's. Say four o'clock?"
How very, very absurd, her heart told her. Sarah and Bob Evers — married ten years and now talking so formally — like strangers.
tious not to ask him what it was all about for fear he'd decide to tell her and not meet her for coffee. Her chance to see him again would be lost; to see him again, and tell him again that she had been wrong and knew it. Love has little pride. It wouldn't be the first time she'd tried. You hear a lot about girls who get married at seventeen. How they miss all the dates and dances and excitement due a young girl, and begin to realize it after a few years of being Mrs. Economically things had been tough for a few years. Happy years. Things had then started to

go well with Bob. Now, at thirty-five he was recognized as a top radio announcer. Sarah was twenty-seven. No children had come so she'd turned to writing to keep herself occupied. Reams and reams of rather frothy short stories. The stuff had gradually found itself a fair market.
The day passed in a frenzy. A thousand times Sarah planned what she'd say. As many times, she knew it would end up with her just saying what she could. She'd been a fool. She loved him. Wouldn't he . . . couldn't he see that she would rather die than hurt him. They had quarrelled and she had been stubborn — so stubborn that he had walked out. Oh, if she could only take it all back. If only he would understand. no good because you wasted thinking time and you got nowhere. Life and living and loving were Bob. This glared in your mind as huge, real and bright as the biggest sign in Times Square.
Sarah was in Hershey's before four. The little black suit was neat; and the little pink hat was crazy. When she first wore that hat, she recalled Bob's burlesqued scream, and his hug. "You are sweet feminine simp. Your hats are nutty and I love you." Probably men didn't remember things like that that made pictures re-

turn again and again to the minds of women who loved them.
Bob came in. Everything that had been in Sarah's mind was gone. It does, when you see the other half of your heart walking toward you.
A stiff little booth provided fair privacy. Coffee ordered, Bob turned to Sarah. "Sorry I had to ask you to see me, but I had to tell you about this . . ."
Sorry! In all this mess, Sarah knew, just one fact was missing. Since their very foolish misunderstanding, Bob had been entirely different. The eyes she'd once been able to read so well were simply blank. "Do you still love me, Bob?" she'd asked and he had suggested only that it wasn't talked about. That one fact—his love or the lack of it — meant her world and she
Bob went on. "Clark called this morning. He's got the Hallrich account. They want a Mr. and Mrs. show and saw that ad of ours. They brought us up specifically, Clark says. It wasn't a case of any couple doing."
Mr. and Mrs.! Sarah didn't want to think. She wanted her mind to stop until Bob finished. Mr. and Mrs. . . . with me in the apartment and Bob at a hotel. What did you say darling? Did you tell him yes? But you couldn't. That's why you had to see me. Dizzy with

thoughts, she listened.
"Of course he doesn't know anything. About us, that is. Guess it hasn't reached him yet or he wouldn't have called me. Anyway, I told him I'd give him our answer tomorrow."
Darling . . . darling . . . you didn't say no! That means you still think we could do a show together. Or at least you didn't say no right then and there. We always wanted to do a show—that's why we put the ad in the Annual —and now it comes up and I've been an idiot and killed a great big dream. Her mind was the track for a neck and neck race between Hope and Despair.
Tonelessly, Bob asked "How do you feel about it?"
"It sounds wonderful." Oh you dope! You dumb dope! There is an answer that says exactly nothing. It sounds so much like nothing that maybe he'll decide it can't be done and he'll leave now and tell Clark tomorrow. . . . "I want to do it terrifically much! Do you Bob? I hope you do. Do you?" That was better. At least he wouldn't go away, because he had to say he did or didn't.
"It won't change the present set-up at all. I can come over mornings if they want to set it up in the apartment, or maybe they'll prefer it from the studio at the station." Bob's voice was husky

and his eyes avoiding.
"Then we'll do it, won't we?"
"I'll tell Clark tomorrow."
"Bob . . ." Oh please let this come out right . . . "I wish you'd come back. I didn't mean it and I know I was all wrong and crazy and I can't explain it except that I'm sorry." Her words rushed out. "I love you and I have for a long time darling. Don't you still love me? Did I hurt you so that ten years just don't mean anything at all? I know it was your pride and your faith in me that got all broken up, and I deserve all this. There's usually an excuse or a reason or something but I haven't any. I just have to tell you I love you now, and I always have." For a second she hesitated. Then, "I'm on my knees, dearest."
"I can't talk about all this Sarah. I wish you wouldn't. Will you try to skip it for the time being please" He was ill at ease and obviously under a strain. "Look, I'll phone you tomorrow and we'll have to set things up and scratch out some outlines. There'll be some transcriptions to make before we start so we can look for weak spots, too. I'll phone you."
As she left, Sarah realized that her pride had hit a new low. Nevertheless, at the same time hope was riding considerably higher than it had since the miserable day Bob moved to the hotel. This



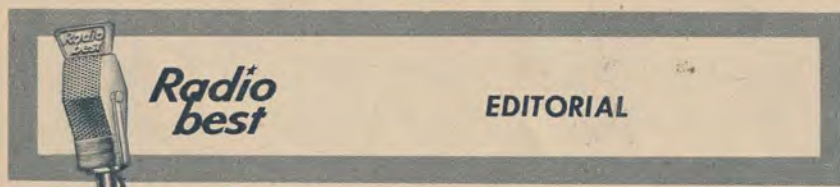
Half an hour before air time, each morning at 8:30 Bob came to the apartment. They planned their program heads together and it was good. The fans loved Sarah and Bob Evers. They were a success even though she was only a make-believe wife.

Continued on Page 60



Seat On The Dial

IEWS & REVIEWS OF CURRENT SHOWS



Before this department takes off its wraps for the real bout ahead, we want to get in one final tune-up round at the expense of the summer shows. But, even before we begin pushing this old punching bag around, we want to say several words in fairness to all concerned. Somehow we feel that radio and television critics are prone to be a lot tougher on the shows they review than their movie and stage brethren, notwithstanding the very tough guy reputations many have earned in these fields. This may be because we are young and so more impatient with failures and near failures. After all the movies and stage have been around for many more years and time does have a mellowing influence. They take their failures with more or less equanimity. A bust is a bust. It follows reason that if every product were good there wouldn't be much room for comment, or, for that matter, for critics? That's not to say that a good solid spanking doesn't frequently boil out of their steaming typewriters. They have their boiling points, too. The radio critic, by and large, however, does seem to have a much lower boiling point, but we expect that will probably change with time.

So while we don't want to revise our general estimate handed down last month about the run of the summer shows, we do want to count carefully up to ten before closing the book on these shows as representing a season of unmitigated failure. There was much, very much that was good and very good about the hot weather products. Below you will find reviews of some seven more shows that made their debut this season. And, remembering these reviews were not handpicked to prove a point, just count off the good sendoffs against the bad and you will find three winning a four ding dong salute, one at least deserving of three ding dongs, another no worse than two, and two running out of the money. Now just think of seven movies you saw last and stack up the records. We think you'll find the comparison is all in favor of the radio products. It's our considered guess that Hollywood produces more flops any season any year, and on a percentage basis the same applies to Broadway's legitimate theater. Which doesn't wipe radio's slate clean, nor is it meant to. We can always use a dozen and more toptotch shows. And we know radio is capable of turning them out, if only the quiz show would drop dead in its tracks.

HEARD ON
NBC
Saturday
5:00 pm



DIZZY DEAN

Class will tell
and Old Diz has it.

Jerome H. Dean

If anything, Dizzy Dean is even more himself on the air than sports-lovers remember him on the diamond. Diz has no fear of the word "ain't" and turns in a down-to-earth job of broadcasting that is sure to make him even more popular with fans than his ability to fog through that high, fast pitch. The dizzy one is informal, maybe a little blasphemous of the greats and near greats of the sports world and has

a breezy style that sneaks up on you as you park yourself at the other end of the broadcast medium. The show is part anecdote (of which Dizzy has an inimitable collection), part answers to letters and part advice to youthful baseball aspirants—which certainly should be a winning concoction. The handling of commercials on Diz's show also is a delight to hear and the whole thing adds up to a weekly fifteen minutes that will not only please sports fans, but even make a few folks who can take their baseball et al, or leave it alone, sit up and show a renewed interest.

—CC

HEARD ON
NBC
Tuesday
8:30 pm



**MEL TORME
SHOW**

All this lad needs
is an original script.

Mel Torme

To be young, and yet well on the way to radio stardom, can be an unhappy lot in this broadcast medium. Here we have the case of Mel Torme—a young fellow whose ability to "sell" a song is right up there with the best of them. Not only can Mel sing a hep song, but he's a natural actor and a guy who can get an audience right into the palm of his hand. . . . with the right material. The rub, as is so often true on radio's "comedy" programs, is that there really aren't enough comedy writers around, who are funny enough, or conscientious enough, and Torme seems to have gotten himself a couple of fellows who are simply content to dig into their files for the gags, with hardly any effort at giving them an original-seeming twist. In the meantime, Torme does the best he can with the material they give him, and it is probably entirely to Mel's credit that the show stacks up as well as it does against the other summer efforts. This reviewer, who is fast becoming notorious for smoking the sponsor's product as he quarrels with the sponsor's programs, would like said sponsor to get a couple of new writers for Torme, add some new situations in the script, give the young fellow a chance to sing a few more songs and keep the revised effort on the air for the coming winter. This situation is driving your reviewer to schizophrenia!

—JSG

HEARD ON
CBS
Saturday
9:00 pm



**MOREY
AMSTERDAM**

New comedy show hits
top of laugh meter.

Morey Amsterdam

This is one of the more promising of the summer premiers, bringing to a nation-wide audience the uninhibited, anything goes brand of zanyism that Morey Amsterdam can do so well—and has been doing, on New York's WHN and at his Sixth Avenue saloon. The network, which more than used to be customary, has been building its own programs (instead of letting advertising agencies and sponsors carry the ball all the time) has really come up with a good one, this time. Amsterdam is surrounded by a top-notch cast of stooges and comedy characters, with folks like Shirley Mitchell, Charlie Irving, Betty Garde and Millard Mitchell contributing greatly to the fun. Vocals by Ginny Powell are solidly listenable as is the music of Hank Sylvern's orchestra. All in all, the *Morey Amsterdam Show* adds up to something we'd like very much to see around on the network in the fall and winter. Irving Mansfield, director-producer, comes up with a splendid job.

—EIB

HEARD ON
NBC
Mon.-Fri.
7:00 pm



SUPPER CLUB

Now they won't let
you dine in peace.

Sammy Kaye


Sammy Kaye's *So You Want To Lead A Band* formula is one of those hybrid things that scarcely hits the top for listener interest as either a good musical program or an exciting contest. Kaye, who is a good enough emcee and intelligent enough not to treat his contestants unfairly or patronizingly, would rate higher, however, in this reviewer's opinion, if he would concentrate on doing a good musical job, as do the folks he replaced for the summer—Jo Stafford, Perry Como and Paul Weston and Orchestra. The jackpot for listening leaves us cold, even if it is estimated at something in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars

worth of loot. In addition, there are a lot of other devices, or "gimmicks" which are supposed to sustain listener interest. For those whom it seems interesting, fine. As for us, we'll be glad to welcome back the solid musicianship of the Jo Stafford, Perry Como, Paul Weston trio of good, straightforward entertainment.

—JSG

HEARD ON
MBS
Saturday
9:00 pm

THREE FOR THE MONEY



Just another entry in phone sweepstakes.

Bud Collyer

We're still at it—being expected to listen to programs not for the entertainment or relaxation it might give us, but for the cold, hard cash we might win. Mutual's entrant in the listener-who-answers-the-telephone sweepstakes is neither better nor worse than the others and enriches pretty much the same people—the telephone company and listeners who happen to be in a winning streak. Just how much the A. T. & T. is making out of these telephonic giveaways is anybody's guess—and of interest chiefly to stockholders. But the listener, if he is lucky enough, can come off as much as five-thousand-eight-hundred dollars to the good. If he's only moderately lucky, he is still a hundred dollars ahead of the game. So there you are. Tune in, if you think you might be called. But don't expect to be either amused or learn anything. On this program it is pure guesswork. You won't even learn how to spell Antidisestablishmentarianism. See. We didn't either!

—ML

HEARD ON
NBC
Wednesday
8:30 pm

JACK AND CLIFF



The Baron is back and Charlie's with him.

Jack Pearl

Strictly from nostalgia is Jack Pearl's new program which returns the famed "Dutch" comic to the air. Once the biggest thing in broadcasting as the *Baron Munchausen*, old timers will gloat over again hearing a familiar voice and style. Pearl and Cliff Hall still do a slightly terrific straight-man-comic routine better than almost anybody we know—even if the style is a wee bit dated. The fact that the *Baron* has changed his name, but not his characterization, can be expected to be a source of delight to those of us who used to be his most ardent fans in the days when radio was somewhat younger. There's a succession of freak comedy stooges on the show, but its mainstay is still the two-way byplay between Pearl and Hall. This is recommended listening for folks who really enjoy a stroll down memory lane, but some of the younger generation of listeners may find it leaves them cold. Oh, well, they'll just have to bear with us and our heart-warming memories which Jack Pearl succeeds in reawakening.

—EIB

HEARD ON
CBS
Friday
9:00 pm

MY FAVORITE HUSBAND



This one will tickle your funny bone.

Lucille Ball

CBS has really come through with a worth while comedy program on this one. Here is adult, intelligent radio that manages to amuse the folks at home, as well as the spellbound customers in the studio audience—and always manages to do it in good taste. Probably most of the credit should go to writers Frank Fox and Bill Davenport, who are the same fellows that put *Ozzie and Harriet* in our book of required comedy listening. The series is adapted from the very funny "Mr. and Mrs. Cugat" novel-magazine series and Lucille Ball has probably surprised a great many of us by doing a far better job of radio than we have grown to expect of so many Hollywood personalities. The entire cast is excellent and director Gordon Hughes may take a lot of credit for that, since even the best performers can be fouled up through poor handling from the control room. Any listener who finds himself a wee bit fed up by what passes for comedy on many top-rating and much publicized shows should do himself a favor and tune in for a half hour that helps restore one's faith in radio.

—HE

Radio best **OCTOBER**

SILVER MIKE AWARD
For
Outstanding Performance
to Ed Sullivan

Silver Mike Awards honor the month's outstanding contribution to the advancement of radio and television. Every broadcasting craft is eligible for these honors: actors, writers, announcers, commentators, technicians, producers, directors, etc.



Ed Sullivan accepts Silver Mike Award from editor Ed Bobley as director Rolland (Bill) Gillett approvingly looks on.

ED SULLIVAN, who for many years has conducted his well-known widely syndicated column *Little Old New York*, is almost equally famous for the talent he has discovered and helped put on top and for the radio shows he has originated. At the same time, Sullivan is highly popular as an emcee of special vaudeville shows. As a star-maker, emcee and featured writer, Sullivan has earned an enviable reputation, which the new medium of television seems bound to enhance. In his video program *Toast of the Town* broadcast weekly over CBS television, he brings his three-fold talent into play and puts on a video show which features some of the people he has helped make famous and some of the younger star performers he has more recently discovered. Many Ed Sullivan proteges have literally become "The toast of the town" hence the name of the television show he now emcees.

In addition to being a break for talented young people in show business, *Toast of the Town* is a big break for the television viewer. In recognition, therefore, of his services rendered in developing radio personalities, giving the entertainment arts full and interesting coverage for so many years, and doing a fine job as emcee of his new television program, this month's RADIO BEST Silver Mike Award goes to Ed Sullivan.

help keep that "youth sparkle" in your eyes

Beauty demands that eyes be bright... vivacious... sparkling. And you can start right now to help keep that "YOUTH SPARKLE" in your eyes. Give yourself a 5 minute eye-beauty bath with Dr. Harris special-formula Eye Lotion.

Just saturate 2 of the cotton pads enclosed in the package of Dr. Harris Eye Lotion and place gently over each eye for 5 relaxing minutes while you are lying down. Then notice how this soothing lotion helps rest and refresh your eyes. Dr. Harris Eye Lotion is a scientific preparation beneficial for adults and children.

TAKE ADVANTAGE of our special **\$1. INTRODUCTORY OFFER**

We will send you our large 8 oz. package of Dr. Harris Eye Lotion which sells for 89c and Dr. Harris Eye Drops regularly selling for 49c—you get both for only \$1.00 and you save 38c. This offer for a limited time only!



Dr. Harris Eye Lotion
9 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—
Please send me your special offer consisting of the large Economy Size package of Dr. Harris Eye Lotion with eye-cup and eye pads and a package of Dr. Harris Eye Drops with eye dropper. ALL FOR \$1.00. I am enclosing

Cash Check Money Order.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Quiz on Kids



Thumbing through their own family albums RADIO BEST has procured a fine collection of today's stars as only their family and childhood playmates knew them. From this collection, we select three more of these tykes for our own "little" quiz. With the help of the accompanying clues see if you can name them, but if they baffle you, too, turn to page 46 for all the answers.



← CAN YOU NAME HIM?

Think back to the very earliest days when he was one of your favorite announcers. He's now enjoying another day in the sun after a lapse of years. His identifying greeting is "How do you do, everybody, how do you do. This is..."



CAN YOU NAME HIM? →

This young man is now custodian of one of radio's most lucrative gold mines. He asks the questions and hands out the coin of the realm with exciting abandon. If you haven't "struck" it this time, try the next one.



"L'SEE NOW—I LIKE JUDSON'S HAIR TONIC BECAUSE..."

radio stars



Susan Douglas keeps in character.



Ethel Barrymore just daydreams.



Eddie Cantor makes like a Diva.



Burgess Meredith unlatches a grin.



Dizzy Dean is now wired for sound.

have such interesting faces



Howdy Doody does some emoting.



Andy Russell turns on the appeal.



Lauritz Melchior hears pet program.



Franchot Tone sticks to the script.



Sammy Kaye rests his weary baton.

so you want to get into radio

The gateways to stardom are high, wide and varied in this greatest of all talent fields. There are no set rules for admission. Follow this series of those who travelled the road to radio fame.



ROSEMARY DeCAMP, screen and radio actress, had a childhood ambition to become a doctor, but the closest she has come to this early dream is her weekly appearance as Judy Price — secretary to radio's Dr. Christian. Born in Prescott, Arizona, the daughter of a mining supervisor, Rosemary spent her childhood in various desolate sections in Arizona and Mexico and thus didn't start school until she was nine. By then, she was an avid reader, and had changed her ambitions to things theatrical. She promptly started playing Easter Bunnies and Angels in grade-school productions. Later, at Mills

College, she appeared in the plays of Shakespeare and Ibsen. Following her graduation, with a B.A. degree in speech and an M.A. in psychology, she was instructor at the college for a year. Finally, she went to Hollywood, where she made a brief appearance before microphones in a small part on *One Man's Family*, then toured the United States with a road company of *The Drunkard*—portraying the part of "mad Agnes." With the aid of Martha Scott, who had become her best friend and booster when they worked together on a radio serial, Rosemary got her start in movies. From that time on, radio and film work developed concurrently. On the air, she has appeared, in addition to her weekly chore on Dr. Christian, with Orson Welles in *Tale of Two Cities*, with James Cagney in *Night Must Fall* and many other roles.

EDITH OLIVER, who digs up the questions contestants try to answer on *Take It, Or Leave It*, entered that field by merest chance. Back around 1938, Miss Oliver, then a struggling, young radio actress, heard that a new program called *True Or False* was going on the air. Hoping it might just possibly need an actress, Edith lost no time in telephoning the one person she had met at the advertising agency which was producing the new show. He told her that this program was strictly for amateurs—in other words, studio contestants. However, her agency acquaintance had an idea. Would she wait twenty minutes until he called back? She would! When he telephoned again, he asked her if she thought she could write questions and answers for the new program. They were in a spot and needed about a hundred bits of quiz fodder promptly—by that evening. Edith managed to have them ready on time and was immediately launched upon her new career. Since then, she has written several top quiz programs, doing *Take It, Or Leave It* from the time it first met a microphone. In addition, she has held various key agency positions—at one time being in charge of auditions for the radio thespians whose ranks she once tried so hard to join. Now among radio's upper bracket writers, Edith Oliver feels her greatest asset is in remembering the small things most people forget.

WATCH THE COLLEGE GIRLS



they start the trends

Look to the girls at college for a preview of things to come. These youngsters are tradition-free, so their ideas and their ways are fresh and stimulating to others. ... Take the case of Tampax. The sales of this monthly sanitary protection soar in women's college towns—showing that an improvement has been discovered for a troublesome part of feminine life!

You wear no belts, pins or external pads with Tampax. It is a simple and efficient internal absorbent made of surgical cotton compressed in a dainty applicator. Your hands need never touch the Tampax and you do not feel it when in place. Insertion is easy. Changing quick. Disposal no problem.

No hampering bulk with Tampax. No "edge-lines" or chafing. No odor. You're as free from these annoyances as at other times. Nothing about Tampax to worry you or lower your self-assurance. ... You buy Tampax at drug and notion counters. Three absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior—for varying needs. Average month's supply slips into purse. Use it "next time." Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

TAMPAX INCORPORATED RB-108-T
Palmer, Mass.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Life Begins Again
FOR **Jane**

*T*HE LONG path upward to a full and happy life is rarely an easy one, but to Jane Froman, it has meant fighting tenaciously against a sadistic fate that seemed to take malicious delight in giving her one thing—only to deprive her of another. Yet, if anyone has deserved happiness and success, it has been the dark-haired, blue-eyed, decidedly not plain Jane, whose courage in the face of overwhelming obstacles has been an inspiration to her friends and to millions of people who know her only from afar.

Born in St. Louis, Missouri, Miss Froman was christened Ellen Jane. A beautiful child, as she now is a beautiful woman, little Ellen Jane seemed endowed with good fortune. But an envious fate did not take long before striking the first blow. Her father died when she was only five and Jane was sent to a convent in Clinton where she remained until she was twelve. After her father's untimely death, her mother, who was an organist, became director of the music department at Christian College, and in due time, Jane attended that school, where the groundwork for her musical career was laid.

Then she entered the University of Missouri to complete her education. Until that time, she had

planned an operatic career, but she became interested in newspaper work and decided to major in journalism. At the same time, her rich, clear voice won her singing leads in college musical productions. Upon graduation, armed with a B.A. and a B.M. degree, she assailed city editors to no avail, and at length entered the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

Having made up her mind that a career in music would be won only the hard way, fate stepped in and made it look easy. At a party one night, Jane was invited to sing. Among those present was Powell Crosley, owner of WLW, the Cincinnati NBC affiliate. Crosley offered her a program, and within a year, Jane was singing

MORE →

**THE STORY OF A BRAVE GIRL
WHO RETURNED FROM THE
SHADOW OF DEATH...**

A touching moment when Jane and John Burn, the pilot who saved her life, walked to altar.



Jane held on firmly to her brave pilot's hand in Miami wedding performed by Dr. N. Schaff.



After twenty-five operations Jane still used crutches to reach Miami scene of her wedding.

Froman

twenty-two broadcasts a week! Success suddenly stopped looking easy.

It was while she was singing over this station that bandleader Paul Whiteman first heard her, while playing at a Chicago hotel. He invited her to the windy city for an audition. But when the invitation arrived, Jane was in the hospital, convalescing from a tonsilectomy. She had been told by physicians not to sing for a year, and it looked as if she was going to have to miss her big chance. But Jane, who readily admits she's "stubborn as a Missouri mule" traipsed off to Chicago, where she proceeded to slip and break an ankle, immediately upon arrival. Fate really seemed to be working hard to prevent Jane from doing what she wanted. However, despite the intense pain, she sang for Whiteman, landed the job—and then went to the hospital.

For a while, it looked as if fate had just given up trying to hold her back, since nothing seemed to daunt her. Six months after joining the Whiteman band, NBC gave her a program of her own. The next few years were crowded with important radio shows, movie-

making and tremendous successes on Broadway and in first rank Night Clubs.

When war came, Jane was anxious to go overseas and help entertain Uncle Sam's boys. Finally, she completed all the details necessary, and started out on a trip overseas for the U.S.O. Probably there is no one in America today who does not know the story of that trip. The transatlantic clipper on which Miss Froman was traveling crashed into the Tague River at Lisbon on February 22, 1943. But Miss Froman was one of the luckier ones, for despite serious injuries she survived.

Continued on Next Page



A very lovely Jane accepts the first piece of wedding cake from the hand of her hero-husband after Miami ceremony.

**...TO SING AGAIN
FOR THE MILLIONS
WHO LOVE HER!**



Life Begins Again FOR Jane Froman

**THE STORY OF A BRAVE GIRL
WHO RETURNED FROM THE
SHADOW OF DEATH...**

continued

Among the twenty-three passengers who lost their lives in the crash were dancers Roy Rognan and Tamara. Gypsy Markoff and Miss Froman were seriously hurt, while the other two entertainers aboard the plane, Jeanne Rognan and Yvetter miraculously escaped practically unscathed.

For weeks after the crash, Jane lay in a hospital in Lisbon. Her right leg and arm had been crushed, and doctors debated amputation of the leg. A series of twenty-five operations followed, when Jane was well enough to be brought back to the United States. For five years, there was uncertainty whether she would ever be able to walk again.

The same fate that took away Jane Froman's ability to walk, gave her something precious in return—love. On the day her plane crashed in the Tague River, the pilot was not the regular man on that run. Pilot John Burn had been assigned to take over when the man scheduled to make the flight became ill. If all had gone well, and the plane had landed safely, Jane might never have even learned the pilot's name. But instead, as the great clipper came in for a landing, something went wrong. No one quite knows what it was, even now. Perhaps they hit a sudden air pocket—perhaps it was something else, a bit of driftwood as they touched water, but one wing dipped too low, struck the surface of the water with tremendous force, and the great plane

Continued on Page 46



Jane's voice reaches out again to the millions who love her.



Undaunted by the crash and her injuries, Jane rehearsed for Broadway show in wheelchair—then back to hospital suite.



Jane as she appeared at the N. Y. World Fair with her mother and former Mo. Governor Louis Stark.



Andre Kostelanetz had Jane on his show—dedicated the program to her gallantry and courage.

Reducing Specialist Says:



LOSE WEIGHT
where it shows most

REDUCE
most any part of the body with

"Thanks to the Spot Reducer I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

SPOT REDUCER

DOCTORS PROVE BY ACTUAL TEST THAT THIS EASY TO USE SPOT REDUCER HELPS LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES WHERE IT SHOWS MOST. Yes... Doctors say that this method of reducing will help you lose weight easily, pleasantly, safely. Nothing internal to take, no pills, laxatives or harmful drugs. Just think of it you can lose weight in SPOTS, just in the places it shows most. All you do is follow the instructions of this amazing, new, scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER.

HOW "SPOT REDUCER" WORKS
The "Spot Reducer" uses the age old principle of massage. It breaks down excess fatty tissue, tones the muscles and flesh and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat economically, simply, pleasantly. In a recent Medical Book, edited by the chairman and two other members of Council on Physical Therapy of AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, the following is stated on page 34, Chapter 12, Vol. 3: "Beyond all question something can be done by massage to reduce local deposits of FAT... There can, however, be no question that massage applied to the region of the HIPS can and does, reduce the amount of fatty deposits in this region." This book is a reliable unbiased source of information and many doctors refer to it for the last word in Physical Therapy. This prompted us to develop and have doctors test the SPOT REDUCER.

HERE IS PROOF POSITIVE THAT THE "SPOT REMOVER" WORKS!



Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL!

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

FREE! A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

MAIL COUPON NOW!

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept RB-10
871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey.

Send me at once, for \$2 cash, check, or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

SENT ON APPROVAL!

HOMER FICKET discovers that as a thespian he makes a good director.



Recently, Lawrence Langner, co-director of the Theatre Guild, was looking around for someone to play two small bit parts for his summer-playhouse production of "Lysistrata '48." He spied the perfect type in a neighbor who lives near the Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. The native son turned out to be Homer Ficket, famous radio director of The Theatre Guild On The Air.

The picture above shows thespian Homer Ficket as a rather perfect "Bacchus." In another role Mr. Ficket played the part of a conscientious boy scout. P. S. Homer Ficket is back on the job as a director.



If YOU want to enjoy that **SLIM 'TEEN** SIZE feeling..



Does a bulging tummy make you look years older than you really are? Are ordinary girdles uncomfortable to wear... do they fail to flatten out your abdomen the way you want? Then here at last is the answer to your problem! SLIM-MODE, the wonderful new adjustable health supporter girdle is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel like a "Slim Sixteen".

So why go on day after day with a tired back that needs posture support to bring relief? Why look droopy and beyond your years because your mid-section bulges and your clothes don't fit right? Read below why SLIM-MODE brings you vital control where you need it most... how it helps to "harmonize" your figure to more stylish lines... why it's so comfortable to wear. And remember, you can have a SLIM-MODE sent to you to wear on FREE TRIAL. See our offer in the coupon.

\$3.98

The Adjustable **"SLIM-MODE"**



LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING TUMMY
SLIM-MODE has a built-in front-laced panel. Adjust the laces to your own greatest comfort. Your tummy is lifted in to shape, flattened out... yet you feel truly comfortable.

NATURALLY CONTROLLED S-T-R-E-T-C-H
SLIM-MODE is made of two-way S-t-r-e-t-c-h wonder cloth—it stretches as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

HEALTH SUPPORTER GIRDLE

HEALTHFUL, ENJOYABLE FIGURE CONTROL — ALL DAY LONG!

You can wear SLIM-MODE all day long. Will not bind or make you feel restricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front-laced panel brings you perfect personalized fit. The design of SLIM-MODE is based on scientific facts of healthful figure control. Made by experts of quality materials. Comes with detachable crotch of rayon satin material; also 4 detachable garters. (Remove garters when not wearing stockings.) Color: Nude. All sizes. Only \$3.98 in regular sizes. Sent on Free Trial. Give measurements asked for in coupon below.

FREE "Magic" Plastic Laces. For your extra added comfort you get a pair of Plastic laces that stretch gently as needed. Try them in SLIM-MODE instead of regular laces. See which you prefer.



SEND NO MONEY YOU TRY IT BEFORE YOU BUY IT!

RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. 5310-A
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a SLIM-MODE. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) (sizes 38 and over \$4.98) with the understanding that this payment is only my evidence of good faith and is not to be considered a final purchase unless I decide to keep the garment. In 10 days I will either return SLIM-MODE to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is..... Hips are.....
My height is.....
Name.....
Address.....
City & Zone.....State.....
 Save Money. We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Same FREE TRIAL and refund privilege.
No Canadian or Foreign C.O.D.'s

*Mr. Johnson
Builds His
Dream House.*

by **ERSKINE JOHNSON**
Hollywood Commentator



A picture visit with Mr. Blandings' new neighbor as he erects his nightmare.



1 I've got company. There's Cary Grant, Melvyn Douglas and Myrna Loy. Just make believe they're not around. I'm much too busy to listen to advice. Got this radio program and column besides a trivial job of putting up a house.



2 Could this be right? The stairway has to end somewhere, but it looked so much prettier on plans.

3 The contractor said there'd be a lot of firewood left over. Oh yeah! Eight little pieces and one big hunk which a carpenter later took!

4 The man said the furnace goes in right here. It didn't look right so I measured it. He was perfectly right. Tell me, why do I worry so?



5 Thought I'd paint the siding before it went up—save myself some money. I did it back and front but missed some spots.



8 What the heck is this for—a cable that doesn't go anywhere? "Relax," they said, "It's for the light over the fireplace."



11 Like Garry Moore, I had shingles. Half a million shingles. But the man who was to nail them up went fishing—or something.



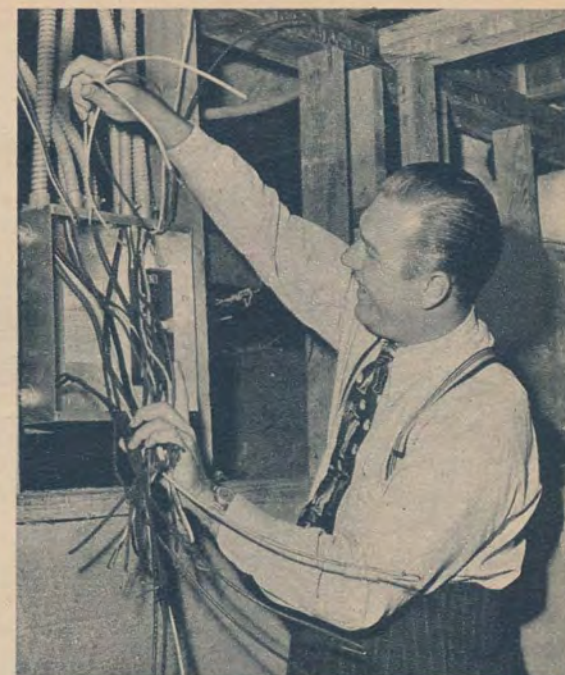
6 I should have known this would happen to my thumb, but I guess it isn't too bad. I don't need a thumb on the typewriter.



9 After falling into this ditch four times I was ready to be buried in it. I tried to fill it, but they stopped me. Rules.



12 I got bricks. I got bricks to burn. But bricks don't burn. But bills do. Now if Louis Jordan would only strike a match.



7 Hmmm. This is a nice mess. Millions of wires. "Don't worry," they said, "Every little wire has a meaning all its own."



10 "It will be just a little wall," the man said. But it turned out almost six feet high with half ton of reinforcing steel.





Ed Sullivan's name has long been synonymous with Broadway. His intimate and breezy columns about the Main Stem have been must reading on most all America's Main Streets. Now, as master of ceremonies of the new hit video show "Talk of the Town," Sullivan has added new lustre to his fame. In this feature, a Radio Best exclusive,

Sullivan now puts down his views on video's future and just what the Broadway stars think about the new entertainment vehicle.



by Ed Sullivan

I've never worked so hard nor had so much fun as you get in television, which supplies thrills all its own.

"I got 117 wires after your show," said Joey Adams, a dazed look in his eyes. "Every place I went that night, the Copa, the Latin Quarter, people said they'd seen us. I've never gotten that kind of a reaction before; it's sort of a combination of movies and vaudeville." Jackie Miles was stunned by the reaction: "How many people are watching television, Ed?" he asked. "No matter where you go, people tell you they saw the show. I was in an open convertible, in traffic. Whenever the red light halted the line, people in other cars were yelling out to me: 'Saw you Sunday night, Jackie.'"

It is that spectacular mass public reaction that makes television a blend of movie fame and radio-vaude. Performers are delighted with it, because their talent is refreshed and refueled by applause, and television supplies a continuous roar of applause, wherever they go. Movie stars have enjoyed this but the vaudeville and musical comedy performer never has had it, because once a theatre emptied, the applause died away. Television is more flattering—store clerks, traffic cops, shoeshine boys, bartenders, waiters, doctors—each of them adds to the applause the next day or two days later.

"This is for us," said Billy Kenny, of the Ink Spots. "I've got me two television sets and I don't move away from them. After your show, Ed, our phone rang steadily for hours, with people calling up to say they'd seen us. That's never happened before."

On my CBS "Toast of the Town" show, certain facts about this new medium have been revealed—certain "do's" and "dont's" which may be of interest to you readers and to performers.

Brevity certainly is the soul of wit on television. Acts that can build up applause all the way through a 15-minute vaudeville appearance, are a smash hit in seven to nine minutes on a television screen. Beyond that point, the television audience is apt to get restless. In a theatre, where you're playing to perhaps 6,000 people at the Roxy, that restlessness doesn't occur, I think, because the laughs of those around you keep you keyed up. Television audiences are comparatively tiny—eight or ten people in a living room, or a couple of hundred in the Copacabana Lounge or a place like that. You're not playing to a theatre audience, but to little "islands" of people. So cut it short, keep 'em laughing and get off while they're still laughing.

It is a picture medium. Any bit of business that supplies a good picture or creates a picture in the mind of the television audience is to be preferred to straight talk, or lyrics. A Gracie Barry, at Bill Miller's Riviera, needs no setting for her "Sunday Kind of Love" song. On our show, we created a Sunday living room set for her, with a "husband" sitting reading the Sunday funnies. It was good television, because it was good camera.

Television is a great medium for performers, many of whom were barred from radio despite their night club and vaudeville eminence. For instance, Gautier's "Bricklayers," greatest dog act in show business, couldn't make a dime in radio for obvious reasons. On "Toast of the Town," they were a tremendous hit because the camera is made to order for any such representation. Milton Berle never could click big on radio; he's proved a four-star smash on television.

This is the hopeful side of television as it affects great performers, because television is made to order for them. It is the medium which is now, and will continue to be the answer to the decline in vaudeville. Television will not only put vaudeville stars back to work; it will develop a new audience for these acts and will persuade theatres to return to vaudeville policy and take advantage of the publicity and fame which will accrue to these performers.

Jack Benny, in vaudeville, was a \$1,000 act. Radio extended his fame and vaudeville then paid \$25,000 a week for the same Jack Benny. It will happen to television performers. Vaudeville will beat a path to their doors.

As I said, starting this article, I've never had so much fun as "Toast of the Town" has supplied. Each show is a weekly challenge around which you can build your whole week's efforts. Television has opened a whole, new, wide, wonderful world to all of us who love the theatre because now the theatre and its people can invade the living rooms of American homes and win converts. That happened once before, when radio caught hold, but television is radio plus pictures.

The sky is the limit in this new field. There are no limits to what can happen because there are no limits to eye or ear.

So a toast from CBS' "Toast of the Town" to the guy who invented television.

RADIO BEST

Television
Best

continued

CBS TOAST of the TOWN

Ed Sullivan brings Broadway to the American home.

ED SULLIVAN, whose columning style is familiar to millions of readers of his daily syndicated column, *Little Old New York*, now is fast becoming a familiar figure to Tele-viewers via his CBS-TV program, *Toast of the Town*. Sullivan, long known as a discoverer of top-flight radio and night-club talent, brings some of his discoveries and other top-flight performers before the video cameras. RADIO BEST sent a cameraman to cover the new Ed Sullivan show, and here are a few sidelights on emcee Sullivan and some of his present and future stars in the entertainment world firmament. *Continued on Next Page*

RADIO BEST

Television Best

continued

TOAST of the TOWN is a



Sullivan greets Rodgers and Hammerstein who joined in songs from their famous hit shows "Oklahoma," "Allegro," "Carousel."



Monica Lewis enjoys a bit of verbal give and take with Sullivan before delighting audience with her warbling on the star-studded television show.

Ed Sullivan emcees star-



Lena Horne came direct from stage of New York's Capitol Theatre for her act. Skitch Henderson is at the keys.



Three show stopping acts: (left) comics Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis; (center) popular Chinese dance team, Toy and Wing; (right) Sullivan greets fight referee Ruby Goldstein.

Yes, vaudeville days are



Illinois Jacquet and his Seven Men gave the television audience a very warm notion of what a jam session can look and sound like.



The video receivers were immeasurably brightened when the lovely ballerina, Katherine Lee of Broadway's musical comedy hit "Allegro" arrived on scene.

video best.



Night club comedians Joey Adams and Mark Plant engage in shenanigans for video cameras.

studded acts.



Brooklyn post office quartet: Leo Pamregiano, Philip Nicosia, Peter Zaccaro and Fred Walker.

here again.



Sullivan introduces the great Joe Howard who treated lookers with renditions of old hits.

RADIO BEST

Television Best

continued

More goes on behind the scenes

of **TOAST of the TOWN** than before the video cameras.



Even a famous columnist needs "priming" for the television cameras and here he is helped prepare for appearance by Blanche Hunter, CBS-TV make-up artist.



Rehearsal breaks and Ed talks things over with Bob Crosby who was among the guests so far featured on the Toast Of The Town series.

Back to the rehearsal and the columnist-emcee goes over the musical score with orchestra conductor Ray Bloch as air time approaches.

Continued on Next Page

Sullivan congratulates singing fireman John Cocoman, on his performance. Just leaving the stage is the June Taylor chorus, who appear regularly on the program.



RADIO BEST
Television Best
continued

More goes on behind the scenes

of TOAST of the TOWN



The week's show over, Skitch Henderson talks things over with Ed Sullivan as they hold a brief "post mortem" on the program which also featured Henderson as a guest.

Sullivan relaxes by swapping stories with Bill Robinson, one of the greatest dancers of all time. Director Roland Gillette and vocalist Ella Fitzgerald listen attentively to Sullivan, Robinson "yarns." * END





**VIDEO
+
CLINIC**

by Lawrence Phillips
Director, DuMont Television Network
☆☆☆

"How many companies are manufacturing television receivers?"

J. A., Louisville, Ky.
The number of set manufacturers has been mushrooming rapidly during the last two years; today there are over 70.

☆☆☆
"Has a television receiver ever worked in a moving automobile?"

Mrs. L. S., Duluth
In at least one instance, yes. A few weeks ago a television receiver was installed in a Chicago taxicab. According to reports, reception was good; so were the cabby's tips.

☆☆☆
"Do people who have television sets quit listening to the radio?"

E. W., Philadelphia
Several recent surveys indicate that people who have both, seldom if ever listen to radio when television programs are on the air. According to a survey made by Stromberg-Carlson, about 90% of the people who own both radio and television say they prefer the best television to the best radio program.

☆☆☆
"Are films ever used on television?"

Mrs. P. A., Sacramento
Films are used frequently. Most of the films now used on television, however, are old and not particularly good. This does not apply, of course to newsreels. News events are regularly filmed for television and with excellent results.

☆☆☆
"Can a portable television set be taken on a picnic?"

Miss F. E., Los Angeles
Portable television sets are portable only in the sense that they can be picked up and carried from one electric outlet to another. They are not equipped with built-in batteries as are portable radio sets.

☆☆☆
"Which makes a stronger impression, radio or television?"

R. A., Eugene, Ore.
The average person receives about 85% of his sense impression through his eyes, only about 10% through his ears — in other words, television makes the stronger impression.

☆☆☆
"Where do they get the models for the Fashion Show on WABD?"

L. T., New Haven
Conover Cover Girls model the clothes and accessories on the WABD program, "Fashions on Parade." About fifteen different models appear on each program.

☆☆☆
"Do television actors require special make-up?"

E. J. B., Pasadena
As a general rule a pancake make-up such as theatrical performers use is sufficient for television. Occasionally actors require a touch of brown lipstick or brown rouge.

Take Pictures Day or Night Indoors or Outdoors

For production reasons this well known manufacturer has changed designs . . . that is why this amazing nationally advertised camera with flash attachment for inside and night picture taking is yours for but a fraction of the intended price! It's a once in a lifetime offer . . . and we invite you to take four inside pictures and four outside pictures at our risk. Picture size 1 1/8" x 1 1/2". Mail Coupon today!

Complete with
4 Super Flash Bulbs \$5.95
and Roll High Speed Film **TAX PAID**

This amazing Minicam camera uses standard No. 127 film you get at any drug store, but the first roll of high speed panchromatic film is our gift . . . for your testing convenience. The camera is built of indestructible stainless aluminum. Has 50 mm. universal focus with precision ground and polished fluorida coated lens; no guessing. Just aim through the optical type eye level view finder and press the button. Take indoor or outdoor, day or night pictures. Yes, you'll get pictures impossible to take with ordinary outdoor cameras. Camera takes color pictures just as easy. But let home trial offer convince you. Mail coupon today.

FLASH
ATTACHMENT
LIKE PRESS
PHOTOGRAPHERS
CARRY

**TAKE 16
PICTURES**

AT OUR EXPENSE

Mail coupon and we'll send camera together with four nationally advertised flash bulbs, plus a regular 16 picture roll #127 film. Deposit \$5.95 plus C.O.D. postage through postman on arrival. Keep camera 10 days. Take four flash pictures indoors or at night and take the remaining pictures outdoors. Have your film developed and if you then don't agree you've made the camera buy of a lifetime, return camera and we will refund not only your \$5.95 price of the camera but the developing cost as well! The pictures are yours.

AND THAT ISN'T ALL! Each and every camera is unconditionally guaranteed perfect mechanically by the manufacturer. There's nothing to wear out, nothing to get out of order. A lifetime of picture taking, indoors and outdoors, day or night, dark days or bright days, even pictures in color, is yours for the asking on an offer that defies comparison. Mail coupon today.

**EVEREADY
CARRYING CASE**

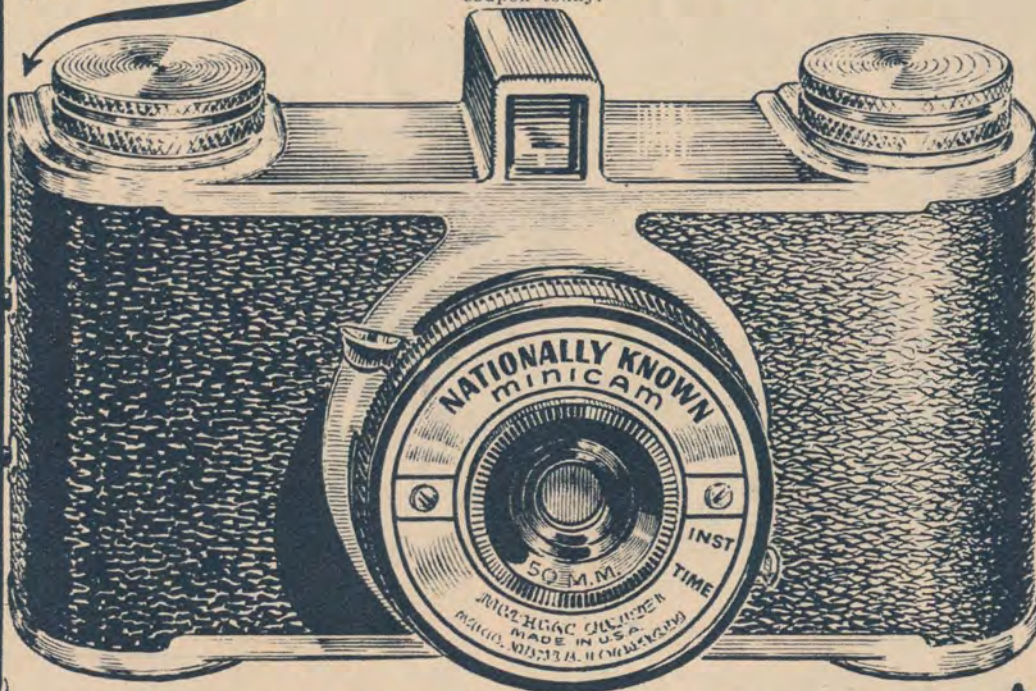
with Your Name in Gold letters

SPECIAL at only \$1.50

Heavy simulated leather with shoulder strap. Print plainly on coupon name you want in gold letters. Sold only with camera purchase.

MARTINS-DAVID CO., Dept. 476M
179 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Ill.

FLASH
ATTACHMENT
DISCONNECTS HERE
INSTANTLY, FOR DAY-
TIME OUTDOOR USE



SEND NO MONEY: Mail Coupon Today

HOME TRIAL OFFER

Send Minicam Camera, Flash Attachment, 4 flash bulbs and 16 picture roll film. I'll deposit \$5.95 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival on guarantee I can return camera in 10 days and you will refund purchase price plus film developing costs. I can keep pictures for my trouble. (Send \$5.95 with order and we pay postage.)

For \$1.50 extra send imitation leather shoulder strap carrying case imprinted with this name in gold letters. (No refunds on case)

MARTINS-DAVID CO., Dept. 476M
179 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Ill.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

NAME.....



Beauty On The Air...

JACQUELINE SUSANN

obviously meets with the first prerequisite for appearance in this column, namely, that of beauty. But that far from completes the story of this very talented young actress and playwright. Yes, indeed, Miss Susann has proven herself a successful hand at both. First with appearances in Broadway and radio plays to her credit. And again this past summer as the author of the CBS comedy show "It's Always Albert" which featured Jan Murray, Pert Kelton and Arnold Stang.

Among the Broadway plays in which Susann has appeared include such hits as "The Women," "Cry Havoc," "Watch on the Rhine," "Banjo Eyes," "The Lady Says Yes." Susann is heard daily as Jean Winters in the daytime serial "Hearts and Harmony." All told, we'd say that she's a young lady a husband can be very proud of, and, in this case the husband is the celebrated producer-director Irving Mansfield. This happy, talented couple will insist, of course, that we mention their common pride and joy, their 18 month old son, Guy.

SAUL CARSON'S

Report to the Listeners

continued

The significance of a successful play like "Long Distance" is, of course, not only in the personal success of Junkin or Miss Miner. In the first place, the applause this premiere drew should encourage the network to continue "Radio City Playhouse" on the air. There is no reason why "Playhouse" tenure should fold with the falling autumn leaves. I think the network will continue "Playhouse" on its schedule for some time to come. If it doesn't, rise up and sound off. Then there is the matter of casting, not only for "Playhouse" but for other radio drama as well. There are other Jan Miners around Radio City, in Hollywood as well as in New York. There are many competent, and some great, actors and actresses whose training has been primarily in radio. If more of these were given the big, fat roles—and fewer of those roles were assigned to glamor-pusses out of Hollywood—we would have not only a healthier radio but a better radio.

A few years ago, when I was still in the *Variety* salt-mines, I had the temerity to point out that Laurence Olivier is *not* a great radio



LAURENCE OLIVIER

actor. I forget the play he assayed on the air. Whatever it was—he happened to be *the thing* on Broadway at the moment—he did it in English that sounded meticulous, mellifluous and melodic enough. It was also, unfortunately, English that was meaningless, innocent of microphone technique and as exciting as the great Olivier himself would be were he to appear onstage with script in hand. As a radio actor, in short, Sir Laurence was a swell teacher of elocution. When I said so, I stood condemned of lese majeste.

Olivier got the role in question because he was a *name*. Too, too often, radio feeds us names when it should give us actors. The habit is called the "Lux Formula" by some. Because Lux Radio Theatre, on CBS, has given us marquee prominents for so long, and has

kept its high Hooperating for so long, everybody else in radio seeks names. Some of the big-shots are good—not because they have done a movie or a stage play well, but in spite of that fact.

I give you one who belongs in the latter category—Helen Hayes. She, in spite of her success on Broadway, was probably the greatest radio actress in the business. I speak of her in the past, because this very season you can check up on whether her last legiter, "Happy Birthday," has spoiled her for the air. Before the advent of that stage success, Miss Hayes played on CBS in a program called "Textron Theatre."



HELEN HAYES

Week after week, she put in a performance that was unusual for its perfection. Realizing that radio demands a special technique, she took her air work with great seriousness. She studied the microphone and its attributes. She worked to the microphone—that means to one or two listeners seated at home, and not to a theatrical of people. Most of the time, she refused to do radio work before a studio audience, playing her role behind a screen, unseen by anyone but her fellow actors and the staff working on the show.

Her new vehicle is called "Electric Theatre." Watch, listen, and comment. Radio—yes, even networks—like bouquets too. If Miss Hayes still has her old power before the microphone, applaud—by telephone or mail. If not—you know.

That matter of spotting stars from other media, instead of depending upon regular AFRAITES (members of the American Federation of Radio Artists, the union to which all radio actors belong) may hit another CBS show this season. I refer to "Ford Theatre," which has gone over from NBC. As the commercial plug says—"compare." Hear for yourself, and judge whether in radio you want brilliant names or brilliant acting. CBS' "Studio One" started with AFRAITES and switched to spangles. I don't think that made "Studio One" a better program. I don't think "Ford Theatre" needs the Hollywood crown. On the basis of her "Long Distance" performance, I'll match Jan Miner against Bette Davis any time. Any takers? *END

The Stars Come Out for a "Block" party.



★
★
★
★
★
★

Hollywood Toasts Disc Jockey Martin Block.

All Hollywood loves a party, particularly a "Block" party such as the one the film colony and radio row threw in honor of disc jockey Martin Block. A million dollars worth of talent dropped in to shake the hand of radio's famed platter spinner. The four fiddlers serenading their host are (l-r) music masters Mischa Novik, Paul Weston, Xavier Cugat and Dave Rose. That's Martin and his wife, Esther, flanked by the fiddlers' bows. *Continued on Next Page*



Eddie Cantor shows Dick Humphreys and Block how to "open wide" when offered a cookie by pretty Margaret Kerry. Margaret and Dick are young pair who put on that great dance sequence in Eddie's picture "If You Knew Susie."



Margaret Whiting and Lina Romay exchange confidences behind expanse of Bill Eythe's back at Hollywood party.



The Stars Come Out for a "Block" party.



Lina Romay, Mr. and Mrs. Xavier Cugat look longingly at cake — just couldn't wait to dig into it.



Block joins Jo Stafford and maestros Paul Weston and Benny Goodman for round of stories about their experiences in music world, which is to be expected fare when the stars turn out for a shindig.



Mischa Auer is quick to give advice to up and coming young singer Art Lund (right) when he visited big "Block" party. Mr. and Mrs. Block are all ears, as is Harriet Lee.



Yvonne De Carlo came with Hurt Hatfield to say hello to Block at platter man's grand blowout.



Danny Thomas waxes smart as his host hands out smokes. The nice grin is Margaret Kerry's.



Platter spinner Block divides piece of party cake which Connie Moore offers to share with pretty Angela Lansbury, escort Peter Snow.



Mary Perry who has "Glass Menagerie" lead tells a funny one as evidenced by grins of Block, Bill Eythe and very cute Jane Powell.



Lovely Esther Block greets Tony Martin, Candy Toxton as they come to wish hubby best of luck.



Hoagy Carmichael steps up to the mike to address a few congratulatory words to his host while pal Kay Kyser does classy mugging.

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Jane rehearses with Percy Faith for her triumphant return as star of CBS show.

Life Begins Again FOR

Jane Froman

Continued

practically dissolved with a great rending of metal. A few moments later, pilot John Burn, his back broken, skull fractured, was trying to stay afloat in the water, where he had been thrown, when he heard a call for help. It was Jane, also severely injured, and as he located the direction of the cry, he saw her go down again. Despite his injuries, he managed to get over to her as she came up, and holding her with one arm, he

found a piece of driftwood and clung to it for what seemed an interminable time.

Fighting to remain conscious, it seemed hours later to John Burn, when rescuers finally picked them up, and by that time, Jane had lost consciousness. He had time to wonder if she were still alive as they placed him on a stretcher, and then he, too, succumbed to shock.

Some weeks later, John, whose back and fractured skull were coming along nicely, was permitted to use a wheel-chair, and promptly went visiting the beautiful girl he had saved — having learned that doctors were beginning to hope that she might live. After that, he came to see her often even after he himself was discharged from the hospital. There is a certain kinship between people who have come close to death in an identical manner, and it had not taken long

before it had ripened into full friendship. Later when John Burn returned to fly for Pan-American Airways, absolved of any responsibility or negligence in the crash, he always managed to be at Jane's side during each of her twenty-five subsequent operations.

Earlier this year, Jane received her final decree of divorce from singer Don Ross, having been estranged from him for some time. John Burn promptly proposed marriage, and Jane, just as promptly accepted. The Burns now maintain permanent residence in Florida, both of them quite busy with their careers. John flies the South America and Caribbean runs, while Jane flies, in voice, over a coast-to-coast network.

... And maybe this time, the fates will really stay beaten. Jane Froman's doctors expect her to be able to walk again before the year is ended. * END



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Musical LINKS

by Harry Link

There is an old saying around show business that everything runs in cycles and it has proven itself so many times it must be true, particularly where the music and song division of show business is concerned.

THE TRENDS OF THE POP SONG:

I remember years ago when "the Waltz" was the thing and ditties like Missouri Waltz, Naughty Waltz, I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles, and hundreds of other waltzes sold way up in the millions of copies and records. Suddenly, a guy called Whiteman



came from out of the West with a new kind of band that put the "Melody Fox Trot" up on top as the new trend—and even Whiteman had to keep playing the waltz, and his great orchestra was practically responsible for starting such waltzes as Three O'Clock in the Morning, Ramona, and In a Little Spanish Town, the glorious Mabel Wayne melody. Then along came the more exciting tunes like Valencia and other tunes in fast tempos and the waltz was again shelved—but not for long for Irving Berlin came up with "Remember," "What'll I do," "Always"—and bingo, the waltz was on top again.

The 10 Top ALBUMS	
1. IT'S MAGIC	Doris Day
2. ST. LOUIS MARCH	Tex Beneke
3. BLUEBIRD OF HAPPINESS	Art Mooney
4. MISSISSIPPI MUD	Tommy Dorsey
5. YOU CALL EVERYBODY DARLIN'	Art Lund
6. WM. TELL OVERTURE	Spike Jones
7. BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME	Guy Lombardo
8. A FELLA WITH AN UMBRELLA	Skitch Henderson
9. UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES	London
10. LOVE IS A DANGEROUS GAME	Don Reid

As orchestras started to develop in instrumentation and men were added and instead of nine or ten men in a band the different instruments were added, the arrangers started to develop. They wanted the more sophisticated type of tune and again the plain old waltz was shelved. This time for many years.

When swing came along it was impossible for the writer to break through with a waltz for the bands and singers of that era wanted "rhythm." Throughout the war years and until the last few months this was the vogue until the skies opened up and out fell "The Waltz Again."

In going over the current list of best sellers you will find "You Can't Be True, Dear," "My Happiness," "Now Is the Hour," "Cuckoo Waltz" and "It's a Most Unusual Day"—to say nothing of a new waltz now on the press recorded and started by Don Reid called "Love Is a Dangerous Game." The strange part of the above mentioned waltzes is that one became a hit as a result of a music-publisher promotion. They were started by records and in many cases recorded as well as written by comparative unknowns on Tin Pan Alley—which means only one thing: "The Public" made up its mind again that it wanted the waltz back and it is good news to the writer and publisher for the waltz usually outsells any other type of pop songs.

SONGS I Predict
Will Reach Hit Stage

1. YOU CAN'T BE TRUE, DEAR
2. A FELLA WITH AN UMBRELLA (EASTER PARADE)
3. IT ONLY HAPPENS WHEN I DANCE WITH YOU (EASTER PARADE)
4. LITTLE WHITE LIES
5. YOU CALL EVERYBODY DARLIN'
6. BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME (EASTER PARADE)
7. IT'S MAGIC
8. A TREE IN THE MEADOW
9. BABY, DON'T BE MAD AT ME
10. IT'S A MOST UNUSUAL DAY

With the "Melody Type" of bands like Lombardo, Martin, Morgan, Henderson, Kaye, Heidt, Kassel and many others in vogue again it looks like the waltz is here this time to stay.

I have checked ten of the new shows coming into New York this season to find in each musical score at least one waltz and in some of the new shows as many as three.

In trying to find a reason for the waltz coming back, possibly it came with the "New Look" and the women inspired it—after all a gal in a long dress looks more romantic waltzing than she does jitterbugging.

Records of the Month by Les Merman

Best Girl Vocal

New Star of the Month:

Janette Davis sings rings around her competition with a bluesy "Just a Shade on the Blue Side" backed by a provocative "Put the Blame on Mame" (Columbia 38223).

Up-Coming:

Coast has a gal to watch in Lorry Raine as she warbles "Leave It to Me to Remember" (8042). Margaret Whiting, in her finest fettle on "It's You Or No One" (Capitol 2792), will bring out the same goosepimples that responded to "It Might As Well Be Spring."

Peggy Lee

is capital on Capitol with two sizzling discs, "Baby, Don't Be Mad at Me" (15090) and "Why Don't You Do Right" (15118).

Dinah Shore

gets interesting duplicate-voice-echo-chamber effects on "I Get Along Without You Very Well" (Columbia 38201).



Best Boy Vocal

Frank Sinatra

is his old sigh-inducing self on "Just for Now" (Columbia 38225) and the bobby-sockers will appreciate this offering.

Perry Como

could use a hit but "Rambling Rose" (Victor 20-2947) isn't it, this being a case of the singer being better than his material.

One of the better

tunes, "It Only Happens When I Dance With You" by Irving Berlin falls into the capable hands of Andy Russell and he does alright by it for Capitol (15086).

Torchy stuff

is "Music From Beyond the Moon" and Tony Martin handles it romantically and with good voice and feeling (Victor 20-2914).

Buddy Clark

continues his fast pace as he offers some forthright balladeering on Columbia's "I'm a Slave to You" (38241).

Best Children

Muscraft,

in a noble attempt to get Junior off to a fast intellectual start, has adapted two classics in albums. Attractively packaged, they are "The Nutcracker Suite" (74) and "Peer Gynt and the Trolls" (77). Nice gifts for that birthday party.

Irving Caesar's

"Songs of Friendship" (MGM 14) is on the constructive side, and entertaining, too.

Also recommended:

Decca's unbreakable pair of discs featuring Fred Waring's orchestra and chorus in "The Nutcracker Suite."



Best Girl Vocal (Blues)

Pearl Bailey

was the rage in England as this was written and her latest "Old Man You've Been Gone Too Long" is a worthy addition to the repertoire that knocked London on its staid ear (Columbia 38228).

Nellie Lutcher

is a stylist and a capable musician. Her best side this month is apparently "Imagine You Having Eyes for Me" which boasts a winning beat.

For some real authentic

and knocked out blues give a listen to Beulah Frazier's "Change Everything But My Man (Apollo 1123) and Mabel Scott's "Don't Cry Baby" (Exclusive 1192-3).



Best Vocal Group

Among orthodox vocal groups, The Satisfiers can usually be counted upon for lovely blending and unique arrangements. They're on the beam this month with "Takin' Miss Mary to the Ball" (Victor 20-2868), a professional ballad that is nicely sentimental.

Those who like

the Mills Brothers or the Ink Spots should give a listen to The Beale Street Boys who are of the same genre. "Baby, Don't Be Mad at Me," on MGM 10197, is a typical sample.





Tex Beneke



Tony Pastor

Best Big Band (Sweet)

All the tried-and-true elements being present, namely, his voice his girls and the strings, Vaughn Monroe should have another pleasant best seller in "Give a Broken Heart a Break" (Victor).

Lovers

of the sweet big bands never look for anything to jolt them out of their seats, so the following are recommended as being easier on the ears than most of the month's product: "Look for the Silver Lining" by Tex Beneke & Orch. (Victor 20-292); "Hankerin'" by Hal McIntyre & Orch. (MGM 10221); and "The Boy From Texas" by Tony Pastor & Orch. (Columbia 38207).

Best Small Band

The advantage

of a miniature orchestra is that you get a sharper focus on instrumental soloists and, ensemble wise, a great amount of flexibility and expression.

Brightest example

of this is Red Norvo's Nine doing "Under a Blanket of Blue" (Capitol 15083) with some outstanding work by Bobby Sherwood, Arnold Ross and Benny Carter.

In similar vein,

the Gene Krupa Jazz Trio breathes new life into two oldies, "Stompin' at the Savoy" and "Body and Soul," thanks to some breath-taking solos (Columbia 38214).

By contrast,

Bert Shefter and his String Octet play carefully conceived stuff on the familiar "Fiddle-Fiddle" and "Jazz Pizzicato" (MGM 10200) producing some nice tone colors.

In the two-beat,

or Dixieland class, Ray Bauduc and his Bobcats revive memories of the old (circa 1939) Bob Crosby bunch as they feature many of the soloists of that respected band in a tasty version of "When My Sugar Walks Down the Street" (Capitol 15131).

Stan Kenton

progresses to be-bop giving a pretty good imitation of the real (or Gillespie) thing on "How High the Moon" (Capitol 15117).

Woody Herman's

"Keen and Peachy" (Columbia 38213) is out of the same world.

Ray McKinley

piles up the points with his vocalizing and drumming, heading some nice Eddie Saunter arranging on "You Came a Long Way" (Victor 202913).

Best Classical

Leonard Bernstein

is brilliant in two RCA Victor albums, conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra of London through Ravel's "Piano Concerto" (DV-15) and members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in two rarely-heard Stravinsky compositions, the "Octet for Wind Instruments" and the ballet music of "L'Histoire du Soldat" (1197). The Ravel opus is masterly and inspiring and brilliantly played. The Stravinsky pieces are diverting and vigorous, despite the fact that both were written some twenty-five years ago.

Stravinsky

himself conducts an orchestral suite "Divertimento" culled from his ballet "Le Baiser de la Fee," pacing the RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra (RCA Victor Album 1202). This ballet was created to commemorate the thirty-fifth anniversary of Tchaikovsky's death and is based on the latter's work. The music is quite stimulating and the performance excellent.

For the original

Tchaikovsky we refer you to Victor album 1205 comprising selections from the "Sleeping Beauty" ballet. Twenty-five brief musical episodes are played by Leopold Stokowski and his orchestra, most of them piquant, indeed.

Best Latin American

Noro Morales

gets on an authentic kick with an MGM release featuring "Morena," a beguine, with a Nita Del Camp vocal; and "Llegaste," a guaracha (10203). The maestro plays these straight, with the usual dance compulsion.

Chuy Reyes

pilots a competent band of rhythm pounders, his special distinction being a humorous trick of interpolating familiar melodies into the theme. "El Mosquito" is based on the standard scale and "Los Hijos De Buda" features some hep American licks but despite the high jinks its ankle-genic Latin-American dance music (Capitol 15125).

Radio
best

This Month's
Disc Jockey

WLW's

Bill
Nimmo

BILL NIMMO, who conducts the nightly *Platter Time* over WLW, Cincinnati, Ohio, is a firm adherent of restrained comment — or as he puts it — "a maximum of platter with a minimum of chatter." Bill, who came to the program about a year ago with a wealth of musical background has a unique collection of records, many of them rare discs from Europe. Nimmo has more than a nodding acquaintance with music, having studied at the conservatories of music in Cincinnati and Minneapolis. In addition, the young baritone well knows what 'gives' with vocalizing, having sung in opera and light opera in Cincinnati before the war. He was good, too. Nimmo long ago learned the knack of doing everything he tries a little better than average. During the war, for example, he entered the army as a private in 1942. Four years later, Bill emerged as a major. It was while in the army that he met his charming wife, Helen. They first saw one another in Berlin when Bill was in the infantry and Helen was a Red Cross official. They knew, in short order, that this was it, and as a matter of fact, were married in the German city.

Returning to the States, Bill came home to his native Cincinnati, and shortly took the helm of *Platter Time*. Since then, his life, like that of all turntable talkers, is juggled to meet his program times. He breakfasts around four in the afternoon, usually retires right after the show sign-off. For recreation, he reads plays with his young son — and plays records.

BMI Pick-up Sheet

Radio's Best Hit-Tunes

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO (Mellin)

Art Mooney	MGM
Peggy Mann-Eddie Heywood	Victor
The Four Tunes	Manor
Les Brown	Columbia

DELILAH (Encore)

Glenn Miller	Victor
Buddy Clark	Okeh
Horace Heidt	Columbia
Mills Brothers	Decca
Dick Jurgens	Okeh

FOOLIN' (Jay-Dee)

Francis Craig	Bullet
Ed McMullen	Crown

HIGHWAY TO LOVE (BMI)

Pied Pipers	Capitol
Helen Carroll & Satisfiers	Victor
Tommy Tucker	Columbia

I WANT TO CRY (Excelsior)

Savannah Churchill	Manor
Dinah Washington	Mercury
Criss Cross	Sterling
Phil Reed	Dance-Tone

IT'S SO PEACEFUL IN THE COUNTRY (Regent)

Mildred Bailey	Decca
Charlie Spivak	Okeh
Harry James	Columbia
Jan Savitt	Victor

JUST BECAUSE (Peer)

Frank Yankovic	Columbia
Lone Star Cowboys	Victor
Sheriff T. Owens	Mercury
Dick Stabile	Decca
Eddy Howard	Majestic

SERENADE — MUSIC PLAYED ON A HEARTSTRING (Duchess)

Buddy Clark-Ray Noble	Columbia
Bob Eberly-Russ Morgan	Decca
Jan Garber	Capitol
John Laurenz	Mercury
Jerry Wald	Commodore

SOMEONE CARES (Porgie)

Vaughn Monroe	Victor
Frankie Carle	Columbia
Art Lund	MGM
John Laurenz	Mercury
Mills Brothers	Decca

SPRING CAME (Republic)

Sammy Kaye	Victor
------------	--------

TAKE IT AWAY (Pemora)

Enric Madriguera	Decca
Xavier Cugat	Columbia
Emil Coleman	DeLuxe
Edmundo Ros	London

TIME AND TIME AGAIN (London)

Buddy Clark-Wayne King	Victor
Eddy Duchin	Columbia
Tommy Tucker	Okeh

WALKIN' WITH MY SHADOW

(Johnstone-Montei)

Four Knights	Decca
Monica Lewis	Signature
Jack McLean-Wayne Gregg	Coast

YOURS (Marks)

Xavier Cugat	Victor
Vaughn Monroe	Victor
Tito Guizar	Victor
Eddy Howard	Columbia
Benny Goodman	Columbia
Andy Russell	Capitol
Jimmy Dorsey	Decca
Roy Armengod	Decca

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LILLIAN and DOROTHY GISH came before the microphone all bedecked in the "new look"—circa 1926. Doesn't look so old-fashioned at that!



Back in 1933, Rubinoff and his violin were bigger to many listeners than the string section of N. Y. Philharmonic.



JULIA SANDERSON and FRANK CRUMIT used to make the electronic welkin ring like anything.



JOE PENNER'S ubiquitous cigar brings "wanna buy a duck" echoing down the years.

RADIO'S MEMORY LANE.



RADIO BEST, once again has dug deep into its files, and gone nosing around the cherished memory books of old-timers, to come up with this batch of pictures taken when the broadcast medium was very, very young—and maybe a little callow. This time, as before, it was a highly satisfactory experience—with nostalgia enough for the entire staff and probably most of our readers. For days, we sat around with a far-away look in our collective eye—and we'd like to share that pleasant feeling of hearking back to the salad days of radio, when just about anything went on the air, and when getting a favored personality clearly enough to be understood was something to brag about, all over the neighborhood. We've decided that the best way to share the fun is to promise publication of all sure enough old-time pictures of radio stars of long ago, or present days stars when they were just starting in the new medium. Send 'em in, please. We promise to get just as dreamy eyed over your pictures as we did over our own collection.



FANNIE HURST foreshadows crooning mike clutchers as she delicately fingers the old-fashioned tin-can microphone

Another
Philadelphia
"RADIO
BEST"

WPEN has Philadelphia's Most Exciting Treasure Trove "WPEN CALLING" with Don Frank as Call Boy

Interesting, yet easy questions lead to a host of prizes you can have when Don Frank calls. "WPEN CALLING" offers electric and household appliances, jewelry, and many *other* valuable awards each day.

Don Frank calls can enrich your daily living if you know the answer when he 'phones. Listen every day to "WPEN Calling"—your answer is your "open sesame" to an exciting treasure trove.

EVERY DAY AT 10:05 A. M.

950

WPEN

THE SUN RAY DRUG STATION IN PHILADELPHIA



"Rancho Amor" in lovely San Fernando valley houses the "Cinderella" story of a 28 year old crooner.

Radio best Calls On ANDY RUSSELL

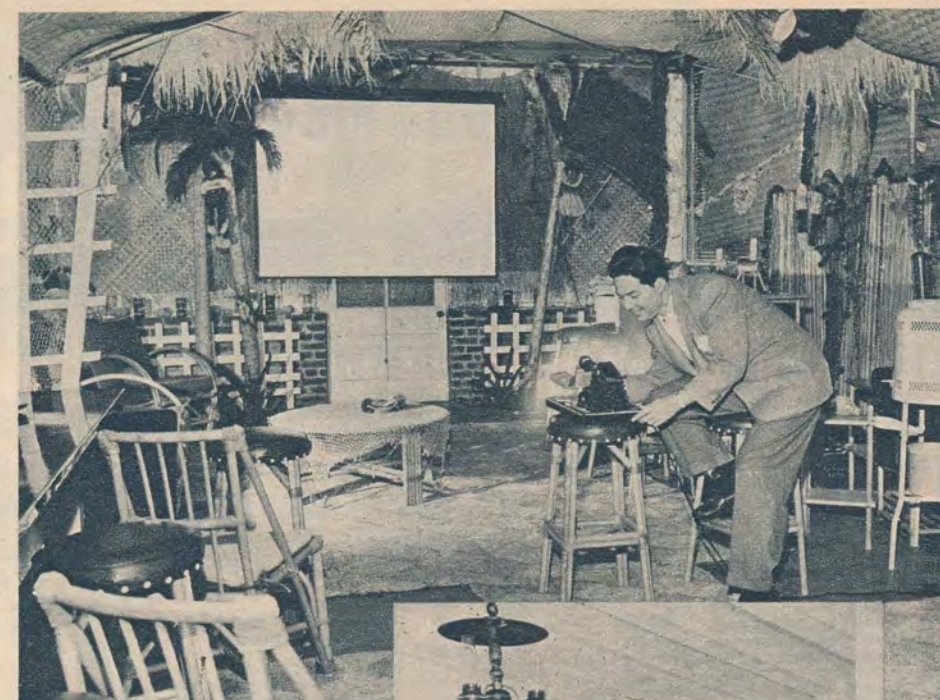


EVERY LAD has his dreams, Andy Russell, born the next to youngest of eleven children, used to dream of a big uncrowded house. When he joined a band at 16 as a drummer and vocalist, this dream was still far away. Then one day Paul Whiteman heard him sing and a new world opened to him. It wasn't long after before Andy was able to get that big, beautiful home with space to breathe and room to croon in California's San Fernando Valley to which RADIO BEST pays a visit today.

You drive up a long oleander-lined driveway. At the end of the driveway is a whitewashed brick wall which surrounds one of the loveliest gardens and homes in beautiful San Fernando Valley. It is Andy Russell's "Rancho Amor" and there framed between two exquisitely hand-painted doors taken from an old palace in Venice are the crooner and his lovely wife, Della, awaiting your approach.



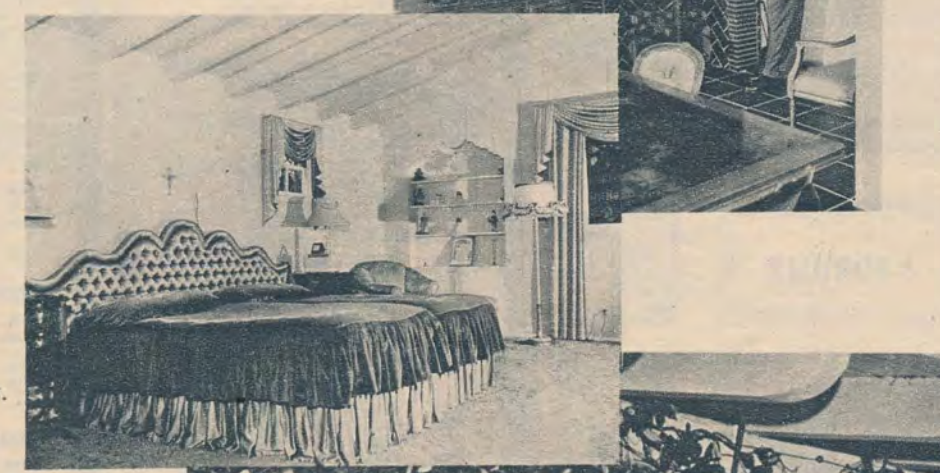
Andy is very fond of this projection room — play room. Because the room was a greenhouse, the glass windows provide wonderful acoustics. Directly behind Andy is a red leather bar which Andy has for his friends since he doesn't drink himself. Fiber rug, bamboo matting on ceilings and walls give a comfortable feeling to the room.



The beamed ceilings painted beige like the walls and fireplace in every room give the Russell home an authentic California ranch house flavor. The dining room fireplace is a focal point of interest. Visitors admire its graceful lines and handsome design.



The principal accent in the bedroom is the huge bed — really twin beds which give the appearance of one because they are tied together with a huge pink satin quilted headboard which matches the large flounce on the bed. Pastel walls blend nicely.



In the comfortable living room Andy and Della sit at baby grand at which they do considerable practice. Della, who used to sing professionally, accompanies her husband. Della has been offered motion picture contracts, but Andy says no — careers and marriages don't mix.

Andy drops into sofa at other end of living room with its mirrored walls and books. The beamed ceilings add much to the homey atmosphere. At the right just out of the picture is a huge floor-to-ceiling window which overlooks an informal garden, over a heated swimming pool to a row of ivy-covered arches separating the garden from the walnut groves beyond.

Andy and Della come out to watch you off as Uncle Arthur, Andy's favorite bull mastiff, rests at his master's feet.



Kid Quips- from Juvenile Jury



by Jack Barry

- Q. "My little five year old runs around so strenuously in the afternoon that he always falls asleep at the dinner table. What can I do?"
- a. "Just feed him corn toasties. They'll crackle and keep him awake."
- Q. "My baby sitter eats everything we leave in the ice box. How can I stop this?"
- a. "Leave only cans in the ice box and be sure to take the can opener with you."
- Q. "What can I do about my six year old daughter who keeps tugging at her hair so that she's practically bald in some spots?"
- a. "Maybe she believes in the old saying, 'hair today and gone tomorrow' . . . Shampoo her head with beer. Then even if she hasn't a hair on her head, she'll have a head on her hair."
- Q. "What can I do about my son who stays in the movies so long I have to go in and look for him?"
- a. "You should hide away in the movies some day and make him look for you. Then he'll see how terrible it is to be all alone."
- Q. "My daughter wants to wear mama's clothes and use her lipstick to look real 'grown up.'"
- a. "Tell her you're only young once but you're big a long, long time."
- Q. "My son digs holes in our garden all day and I'm frantic."
- a. "Encourage him to dig holes. I saw men digging holes for the subway and heard they got \$30 a day. Maybe if he practices hard enough, he'll get a telegram some day saying, hole digger wanted, \$30 a day."
- Q. "What can I do about my little boy who won't go to sleep unless he's allowed to wear his hat in bed?"
- a. "Maybe someone told him a secret and asked him to keep it under his hat."
- Q. "My son keeps climbing fences and tearing holes in his pants."
- a. "Tell him to take his pants off whenever he feels like climbing a fence."
- Q. "My year and a half old son is ruining his play pen by gnawing at the railing."
- a. "It's a free country and maybe he doesn't like the idea of being caged in."
- Q. "My little girl insists on curling her hair. How can I prevent it?"
- a. "Why doesn't she get a peppermint wave?"
- Q. "I'm a baby sitter with one youngster who just won't go to sleep."
- a. "Read Shakespeare to him. He'll go to sleep."



The Lone Ranger GETS HIS REWARD!

THE LAST day in June of this year was a big day in the lives of a lot of soft drawlin', hard shootin' fellows from New York and down around Cheyenne. That was the day on which Cheyenne, Wyoming, changed its name to "Lone Ranger Frontier Town" in honor of the air. Beginning at noon, the rest of the day was given over to celebration as the city's 35-thousand inhabitants went "Wild West" in a big way to greet Brace Beemer, who plays the legendary figure on the air, and a bunch of key men from the ABC network and the sponsor's organization, including network president Mark Woods, sponsor L. M. Perrin and agency president H. M. Dancer. The town went all out on the celebration which also marked the ending of a nation-wide contest to aid crippled children which had been conducted through the Lone Ranger show. Lone Ranger Frontier Town, by official proclamation of the Mayor, Honorable Benjamin C. Nelson, even used a special post office cancellation stamp reading "Frontier Town" on all the city's mail. It was all done in real Old West style, except for one little anachronism—The Lone Ranger came to town on a special train at the Union Pacific station—but he quickly changed his mount to "Silver."



The famed "outlaw" needed an extra detail of police when he left Chicago enroute to Frontier town.



The Lone Ranger hopped a Union Pacific streamliner for the Frontier Town celebration.



The name of Cheyenne was officially changed to the Lone Ranger Frontier Town by official proclamation.

The "masked man" thanks Cheyenne's Mayor B. G. Nelson for the naming of Lone Ranger Frontier Town.



The Lone Ranger and Gov. Lester C. Hunt posed beside the birthday cake weighing three hundred pounds.

Preparing for the hero's visit were: Miss Frontier Days, Susan Murray, and friend Norma Jean Bell.



Little Tommy Sykes, representing the National Society for Crippled Children, was the envy of all the kids.



This mammoth-size postcard, signed by thousands of Wyoming youngsters, was Lone Ranger's gift.



Part of the crowd of 30,000 people in Cheyenne that turned up for the day of old, wild west festivities.



The Lone Ranger was inducted into the Ogallala Sioux Indian tribe by Princess Blue Water. Tonto liked it.



The parade featured a replica of the old time Union-Pacific trains used in old wild west days of Wyoming.

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Cover Entire Head
So Lifelike People Gasp
 Molded from the best grade flexible rubber, these masks are so real, so life-like, people actually gasp in astonishment and surprise. Cover entire head, yet you see through "eyes", breathe, smoke, talk, eat through mouth. Hand-painted for realism. Wonderful for every masking occasion. For adults and children alike.

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Instrument? _____ Have you Instrument? _____
 Address _____ Please Print
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Lewis Hotel Training School
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America's favorite
 cowboy greets
 America's youngest
 comedian!...



RADIO BEST reporters were assigned to find the nation's youngest and best comedian — the unanimous choice was five-year old Gregory Amsterdam who says he would gladly relinquish the honor in favor of Roy Rogers' horse. Roy's horse wasn't available so little Gregory settled for the famous cowboy's knee. The son of CBS' new comedy star Morey Amsterdam, the tiny comic has appeared on dozens of radio shows including, Juvenile Jury, Arthur Godfrey, We The People, Jim Backus' Great Talent Hunt and "Stop Me If You've Heard This."

LEG SUFFERERS
 Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used while you walk. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.
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Mail this coupon to RADIO BEST, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.



Uncle Bill Jenkins has himself a party all by himself. He can do it, too.

The Nation's Capitol Likes Bill Jenkins Corn.



Uncle Bill Jenkins, the earthy gabber who runs the WTOP (Washington, D. C.) early morning *Corn Squeezin' Time*, calls his sleep-groggy listeners "cousins" and they seem to take it seriously. Just as real relatives would do, they refuse to let Uncle Bill make any change in his name on the air. They really consider him one of the family, if their reaction to his proposed change was any indication. A few months ago, WTOP officials decided to re-christian Uncle Bill. They gave him a fancy ten-dollar name which they are now trying to forget. It seems "cousins" in five states immediately put up a storm of protest. Angry listeners wrote long epic poems, drew threatening pictures and composed pleading dissertations. One biblically inclined West Virginian "cousin" wrote, "The voice is Jacob's, but the hands are the hands of Esau. Bring back our homey, earthy Uncle Bill."

That did it. "Homey, Earthy" Uncle Bill was quickly restored to his former handle. Once again, his "cousins" were extremely happy—even if still sleepy. (He broadcasts six mornings a week from 5:30 to 7:00 a.m., reading their jokes, finding their lost dogs, and according to a recent (Crossley) survey, he has one-third more fans than any other morning man in Washington.) Now in his sixth year at WTOP, Uncle Bill Jenkins is outranked in seniority by only one of the four morning men—Arthur Godfrey. But then, who can remember anything before Godfrey?



Uncle Bill made newsreels when he ad-libbed "for 497 potatoes you can get a fur coat at Slotnick's" and a listener turned up at the fur shop with 497 spuds. She got the coat (after three days) too!

COWBELLS PAY OFF!



George Michael

Most people consider the Capital District of the Empire State a strictly urban area. True, the cities of Albany, Troy and Schenectady center upon the Area covered by the Mutual's W R O W, but fringing this thriving industrial market lie rich dairy, fruit and truck farms.

Bending every effort to SERVE the area it covers, W R O W put it up to George Michael to wrap up a Farm Radio Program that would be listenable, entertaining, informative. W R O W's Farm Radio Journal is the answer.

Opening with News at 6 A.M., George sings, plays the piano, spins records gives time signals, reports the weather, announces public doings, cracks jokes, sings and plays request numbers. In all this the Cowbell plays an important part for it punctuates each item.

Getting down to serious business at 6:45, the Ward G. Ackerman Feed and Grain Mill in Altamont, N. Y. sponsors George's reports on Market News from Regional Markets in Menands, Poughkeepsie, Newburgh and New York City; the Buffalo livestock report, the weekly Feed Market, the Chicago Grain Report and special agricultural weather advices direct from the U.S. Weather Bureau in Albany.

Fred and Carl Graziane, livestock dealers and auctioneers sponsor the 7:15 to 7:30 spot which is listened to by livestock dealers in 5 States. So strong is interest that consignments of stock have been attracted from as far away as 250 miles!

The Farm Folks like George Michael because he brings to his work a personal interest and spirit of cooperation which carries far into the ether; they like him so much that his 15 minute "recap" of Farm News, weather advices, and market reports on the morning's trading, broadcast direct from the W R O W Station in the Administration Bldg. at the Menands market, at 12:30 each noon, is one of the high spots in rural listening.

Yes, Cowbells, a little "Corn" and Cooperation Pay Off!

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Make Believe Wife

A New Monthly Bonus Feature

continued

She thought she was out of his life — until something happened.

with Bob she used the time to cover varied events. When there were none of those she buried herself in the library to reap new and unusual ideas. Late into the night she sorted notes and skimmed off the cream. Half an hour before air-time each day, at 8:30, Bob came to the apartment. His pockets usually produced a few scraps of scribble. Hastily then, heads together, they mapped out their production. And it was good.

"Happy day to you, people. This is Bob Evers and . . ."

"Sarah Evers. We'll be with you tomorrow."

This morning was dreary and soaked with rain that didn't sparkle.

"Have a real cup of coffee now, Mr. Evers, before you go out swimming?"

"Thanks dear, I will. Not much warmth and comfort in the clink of an empty coffee cup."

Sarah smiled. "Thanks for the 'dear.' Did you say it on purpose or forget we're off the air?" When you filled yourself so full of business you were tired all the time, you found you were even tired enough to be a little flip about a subject that usually hurt too much. A subject unbroached for over a month.

Four weeks of being a happy husband and wife for the radio audience—and four weeks of turning it off at the engineer's signal. Then the act had to be turned on again for parties and dinners and the like. Those came up often, and as far as Sarah was concerned, the oftener the better. Even a pretense is better than nothing. There still was no turning it off for her.

Deep in chairs, with feet on the table, they sat holding the old cups they'd bought years ago in tribute to lazy mornings.

Sarah stopped a gush of words with a big gulp of coffee. Don't talk now. You've managed to keep quiet since the day in Hershey's and . . . maybe, maybe . . . he isn't so stiff. He's got his dear big feet on the table and his eyes look

softish. Keep quiet lady because your love depends on it.

She did not see his eyes upon her as she reached for the sugar.

"We're big shots now, aren't we?" Bob leaned back and looked half content.

"I'll say. The Hooper went up a whole point. I guess we swiped it from the poor Elliots."

"They can spare it. That program never improved the great American mind."

"Does ours, do you think?" Sarah thought to herself that she didn't spend those hours in the library because she liked the smell of musty books. Nor because she cared seriously about improving anyone's mind. If their show wasn't good; if they slowed down on the sprinkling of odd, intriguing items; if people lost interest because there wasn't variety, there might be no show. No show—and no Bob. Harder than she'd ever worked in her life Sarah was working for the continuance of this relationship, however incomplete, with her husband.

Letting the question go with a

vague "I dunno." Bob turned suddenly to her, ready to speak, but for a few silent and sensitive seconds, not speaking.

Then, "Sarah . . .?" Whatever it was, this she knew: "It was important. An answer was unnecessary. She waited.

"Sarah, I'm going to stop this business of coming up here every morning at 8:30."

That was it. That was all. Here, then, is the end. No reaction was in her; just a dead, dead emptiness. She must say something. She knew that and so she said the obvious.

"Then the show is all over? We won't do it any more?"

"I don't want to come up here every morning at 8:30. I want to be here at 8:30. Let's not pretend to be married any more. We are."

He didn't get up, but held his arms straight out to her. Forgiveness was not necessary for understanding was there.

Suddenly the rain was gone and the sun shone warm and bright and happy—over the whole world, Sarah thought. *END

show which had at last caught itself a fish was a combination of new ideas patterned in the basic husband and wife radio routine. They'd put their picture ad into the Annual and had a couple of transcriptions in circulation. She blessed the oversight which had allowed this available show to remain on the market while its stars found their marriage on the rocks.

Strategy is difficult for a straightforward woman. As one of a big group of brothers and sisters, Sarah had had little chance for pouting, self-importance or self-pity, nor any rewards for subterfuge. You spoke what you meant; you played fairly and lived love without knowing what it was.

Oh Cleopatra, wise in the ways of men and the wiles of women—would that Sarah could borrow for a little while some of your womanly knowledge! What's the use, oh what's the use! One thing I've got to be is myself. Bob fell in love with me and not with a wily witch. Myself? I was to blame. I'm very willing to admit my blame. Wouldn't you be willing to forget it, Bobby? Sarah's hand instinctively clutched the empty pillow beside hers and shook it. Wouldn't you? Empty pillows do not answer, nor come close for a kiss. Finally, if restlessly, she slept.

The show started as fifteen minutes daily for Hallrich. A month later it went to half an hour. Sarah found she'd never in her life been so busy. Purposely. She applied herself intensely to every second of their time on the air. When it wasn't necessary that she be "seen" somewhere or other



It was raining badly this morning and Bob accepted Sarah's invitation to stay for coffee. Bob was perfectly relaxed. There he had his dear big feet on the table and his eyes looked softish. Keep quiet lady, Sarah cautioned herself, your love depends upon it.



Bob was talking: "Sarah I'm going to stop this business of coming up here every morning at 8:30." Was it over then? Sarah trembled. But Bob continued in his easy way: "No, Sarah, I don't want to come. I want to be here at 8:30. Let's not pretend to be man and wife any longer. We are!"



Yes, you can buy six new "Doughnuts" at WATL. They're the six new General Electric Frequency Modulation bays, mounted atop WATL's new 5,000 watt AM array, giving Georgia its most powerful FM signal.

If you're a radio buyer you know already that FM is catching on in the South faster every day. Rural areas are particularly receptive to the FM idea because it eliminates static so often present on farms where AM signal strength is insufficient to "ride down" background and atmospheric noise. WATL-FM has received unsolicited verification from four neighboring states and in the Atlanta area has the UNDISPUTED distinction of having the first and finest FM in Georgia's capital city. As one listener told us shortly after we began FM operation, "It's the best thing I've ever heard." Another wrote, "Thank you, WATL-FM for giving Atlanta and Georgia their first LISTENABLE FM station."

If you're a listener and own an FM receiver you've already experienced the finest thrill in radio—the life, brilliance and clarity of FM. And if you've yet to hear FM, don't miss it—but hear it at 97.5 megacycles, channel 248 . . .

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1380 KC	5,000 watts
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ATLANTA, GEORGIA

5000 WATTS	45,000 ERP
	
1380 KC	97.5 MC

WATL

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950

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LOOK WHAT 950 MEANS UP OUR WAY: it's the CBS spot on the dial . . . with plenty of popular WIBX shows too . . . and the power to serve Upstate New York's great Utica-Rome area well. If you live up our way, or just come calling . . . dial 950 for the best in radio!

WIBX

**950 on your dial • 5000 watts night and day
also WIBX-FM 96.9 mc. • UTICA, NEW YORK**



Final proof of love and devotion to Tom Breneman was evidenced by the tear-filled thousands who came to pay final tribute at services.

IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND...

Jack Benny), drifted to Hollywood and into pictures as an extra, made a stab at the infant radio industry and auditioned at a little station called KFWB, on the back of Warner Brothers studio lot.

It was there Tom met pretty Billie Dunn, who hired him to do two song and patter numbers for \$7.50 each. Shortly afterwards, Billie and Tom were married, and as Tom used to say later, "Billie has kept me working ever since."

After making his start in radio, Tom formed a singing team called the "Hallroom Boys" with Cliff Arquette, who was later starred on "Glamor Manor." He went back to vaudeville; returned to radio once again, creating a blackface act called "Tom and Wash," in which he played both roles. But the act, though comical enough, met with indifferent success. Radio already had one blackface team—something called "Amos 'n' Andy" and Breneman's creation languished and died.

Oddly enough, of the characters in "Bill Burton, now one of Hollywood's top talent agents. Burton played a Dutch comedian—for \$8.00 a week. "I asked Tom to raise my salary to \$10.00," Burton recalls, "but he declined, claiming he couldn't afford it. Just imagine where I'd be today if I had received that extra two bucks!"

Even then Tom's ability to ad lib was legendary. Although he could never learn to memorize a line, he could take over a show with hardly an idea in his mind, and hold an audience spellbound with his completely unrehearsed chatter. "Once on the 'Tom and Wash' show," Burton told me, "Tom got us all in a jam because he got the scripts mixed up. He used to write his programs himself, typing up ten copies of each

day's scripts. Tom used to keep his scripts two or three days ahead. One day, just before air time, he gave me the following day's script by mistake and we didn't discover it until a minute before air time. So there I was with the wrong script, while everyone else had the right one. But that didn't faze Tom. He just threw all the scripts aside and ad libbed a whole new show on the spot."

It was at station KFWB that he suffered the freak accident that almost cost him his career. He was trying to free a light cord caught in his desk when a heavy curtain rod fell, striking him on the back of the neck and knocking him unconscious. When he came to in the hospital, Tom had lost his voice. For two years he sat at a desk, twiddling his thumbs, certain that he would never again appear before a microphone. Only the good will and encouragement of friends like Jerry King, Cal Smith and some others kept him going.

Tom had tried almost every doctor in Hollywood but none could help him. Finally he decided to drive to Chicago, hoping that he could find someone there who could help. On the night of July 4, 1934, he pulled into Albuquerque, New Mexico, after driving all day through the desert, walked up to the hotel clerk, and without thinking said, "Give me a room and a bath, please." To his immense astonishment, his voice came out booming clear and natural.

That night Tom literally danced for joy. Within a few months he was back in Hollywood radio again, conducting a number of popular programs like "Feminine Fancies," "The Sports Huddle," "Answer Auction," "What's on Your Mind" and many others. Then came "Breakfast at Sardi's"

HE HELD THE AFFECTIONS OF MRS. AMERICA.

and the incredible success that followed.

Up until his last day Tom Breneman lived quietly and unostentatiously in the little town of Encino (he was honorary mayor) with his wife Billie and his two children, Tom, Jr., and Gloria Anne. As always his day began at 4:45 a. m. when his battery of four alarm clocks began ringing. Tom kept four clocks just to make sure that he would never oversleep. And as always Tom crept downstairs in the grey dawn to make his own breakfast, just before making the 13-mile drive to the Hollywood building that housed the business office of "Breakfast in Hollywood."

Tom did not have even a desk of his own, but kept his papers and such things under the blotter pad in an old roll-top used by one of the office secretaries. His lack of artifice and pretense was typically "Breneman." When the show's offices were later moved to a swank building on Hollywood Boulevard, they did give Tom a private office—and for a few weeks he was as excited as a kid about it. Then he started filling the room with cartons of the huge cigars he used to give away on his program—and his associates gave up. There was just no use trying to make Tom an executive!

On the day that he died, Tom had arisen as usual, tiptoed downstairs to prepare his breakfast and was in his dressing-gown when his wife was awakened by the sound of a heavy thud in the kitchen. She rushed downstairs to find Tom Breneman already dead from the heart attack that claimed his life. Although Tom had suffered from a heart condition for which he had been treated, a month's rest in Arizona had refreshed him, bringing him back to what seemed excellent health.

Even the night before in the circle of his family and his friends he was his usual jovial self.

Only the day before he had made a plea for funds during "Breakfast in Hollywood" with which to purchase television sets for hospitalized veterans. Tom had been approached by an ABC network employee, with the idea of providing sets "to get the boys through the walls of their wards." As always, Tom agreed heartily, and for the last few days of his life he had urged his restaurant audiences to contribute to the fund.

On Tuesday, April 27th, Tom faced an audience for the last time and succeeded in taking up the largest single collection with a total of \$104.57. In all, a bank account of over \$1500 was created for television sets for the veterans—through the good will of this Waynesboro, Pennsylvania American who was in every fiber a man of the people.

Something that even his close friends did not know was that Tom had donated 10 city lots to the Encino Community House Project before his death, which will now be known as the Tom Breneman Memorial.

Tom's great program still carries on, and his wife is now the editor of the Tom Breneman Magazine which he founded. There are literally millions to whom Tom Breneman will always remain the Good Neighbor—the man who made them laugh, no matter how perturbed he himself felt.

As his long-time friend Mrs. Bob Hope once said of him, in an introduction to a little booklet about the show, "Tom Breneman . . . bears up amazingly well. He's big enough to make himself the stooge to Mrs. America and he honestly gets just as much fun out of the daily 'Breakfast' as he seems to get. That laugh of his is as real as the hair he is content to pretend isn't real. And I hope that this . . . succeeds in capturing some of the spirit of Tom and 'Breakfast'—their wackiness and their tenderness, their morale-lifting genuineness, their throat-catches and their laughter."

Tom Breneman is gone, but the letter that a Hollywood postoffice employee once delivered to him unhesitatingly is probably the ultimate epitaph with which we can leave him. It was from a little lady in Indiana and all it had on the envelope was the one line:

"To the most unusual, finest, kindest man in radio."

That was Tom Breneman, Man of the People. MORE NEXT MONTH



"Tom was his usual jovial self on the morning of April 28th, and the alarm clock rang..."



The night before he died, Tom was his jovial self and entertained a circle of friends in the charming surroundings of his simple home.



Tom had arisen as usual, tiptoed down these stairs to prepare his breakfast. A minute later, he collapsed, never again to gain consciousness.



Tom had a battery of four alarm clocks just to make sure that he would never oversleep. They rang for the last time in the still of April 28th.

Tom Breneman

continued



Radio & Television Best — October 1948



The Radio & Television Picture Magazine

Don't Miss the second installment of "The Real Life Story of Tom Breneman" in the November issue of RADIO BEST — on sale at your local newsdealer October 8



Charlotte Cedar Shay gives Stuart Wayne an affectionate sales talk on why her cousin's (Dorothy Shay) recordings should be played all day long.

Disc Jockey With A Heart.

STUART WAYNE'S
"MUSICAL CLOCK"
IS A CHEERFUL SOUND
TO PHILADELPHIA
SHUT-INS.



Savannah Churchill salutes Stuart Wayne with gold-embossed record.

ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE thousand records ago a young announcer stepped up to the KYW microphone one August morning in 1945 to say for the first time: "This is the Musical Clock with Stuart Wayne."

A lot of disc grooves have worn thin since then, a lot of new records have become hits, and a lot of people have been made happy by the genial young man who is now famous for his penchant for "talking across the back fence" to early morning listeners in and about Philadelphia.

Take the time last summer, when Stu's regular secretary went on a vacation and filling in for her was a lovely young lady named Peggy Jo Dunn. Peggy Jo is just like any other young lady of 17 now. At one time, however, she was a seriously sick little girl, bed-ridden with rheumatic fever. Eighteen months ago a friend told Stuart Wayne of her condition. The first time he asked people to write Peggy Jo she received 400 letters; in a year's time she had received 14,000.

That announcement started a shut-in club that has grown to over a hundred members, a group that is constantly receiving cheer-up mail and cards. Wayne's fame for shut-in work has spread to such an extent that this year he was named radio chairman for National Shut-in Day.

Turning a "Musical Clock" into

a public service vehicle was a natural for Stu as picking hit songs.

It is no secret that Stu Wayne was first to recognize Jack Owens' "How Soon" as a hit and he sparked it to national popularity.

Getting up early (Stu starts his daily stint at 6:30 a.m.) is not new to Wayne. He was born and raised on a little farm in North Canton, Conn., some 34 years ago. At 21 he found himself in the automobile business. Then Mother Wayne answered a newspaper audition ad placed by a local radio station. Son Stu rose to the occasion and he's been in radio ever since.

Coming to KYW in 1942, Stu served as a staff announcer for three years before being assigned to the "Musical Clock."

Although Mr. and Mrs. Wayne have no children of their own, Stu is "Uncle" to a host of youngsters in Philadelphia. Each day he devotes the final ten minutes of his program to youngsters in a segment he calls "Tunes for Tiny Tots at Ten To Nine." The feature has been such a success that KYW has scheduled a special 15-minute "Tunes For Tiny Tots" Saturday mornings.

Radio keeps the Wayne family pretty busy. But week-ends will find Stu and his wife, Agnes, aboard their power boat, "Lucky II," or spending a quiet few days in Connecticut.



Popular songstress Jo Stafford stops in for an intimate chat with Stu on her recent visit to the Quaker town. Later she appeared on the show.



Peggy Jo Dunn accepts first batch of mail in response to Stu's mention on program. That's bandleader Ray Eberle with members of Dunn family.

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Flamless LEKTR°LITE Lighter
Nationally Advertised at \$1.50—OUR PRICE only



No Flint
No Wick
No Wheel



\$.98 each
JUST PUFF
It's Flameless



\$.98 each

You Get Both the LIGHTER and the FLUID

Lights up instantly!—even in the strongest wind. No wick to burn out. No flint to replace. No wheel to wear on your finger. In fact, nothing mechanical to get out of order to stall your service. Just insert cigarette into head of lighter, press the bottom and draw. Then presto—you've got the easiest light you ever had. LEKTROLITE the flameless lighter, is unconditionally guaranteed.

Pert Little HAND PIN

To DRESS UP your OUTFIT!

Set with 6 Sparkling Stones!

PIN & PEN
24kt. GOLD
PLATED •

**PIN DRESSES
YOU UP •**

**PEN ACTUALLY
WRITES!**

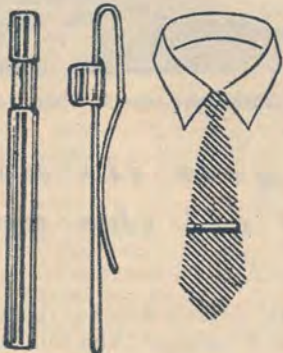


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TAX
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HERE IS A UNIQUE AND NOVEL LITTLE PIN!—Smart HAND SHAPE DESIGN with a HANGING BALL-POINT PEN which is both NOVEL and PRACTICAL. You can DETACH this pen and have it handy when you need to write. Pen is RETRACTABLE—DOES NOT LEAK—This Pin will prove a WORTH-WHILE addition to your wardrobe. Price is ONLY \$1.49 Federal Tax included!

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SAFETY BALL-POINT PEN!**



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GOLD PLATED
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**PEN IS
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Every MAN WILL WANT ONE OF THESE CLEVER TIE CLASP and BALL-POINT PEN COMBINATIONS. They keep the Tie FIRMLY in PLACE and give that WELL GROOMED LOOK at ALL TIMES. The Novel Pen is DETACHABLE FROM TIE CLASP and is HANDY TO WRITE with whenever needed—Each Pen is RETRACTABLE in LOCKED POSITION WHEN ON TIE CLASP—DOES NOT LEAK! Price is ONLY \$1.49 Federal Tax included!

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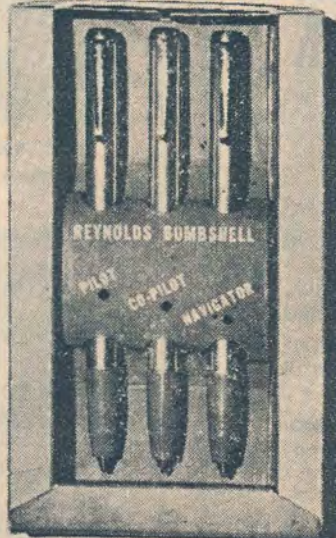
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STRIKING GOLD COLOR!

Pens work flawlessly—they write on and on. Lighter works unfailingly!—gives you a light when you want one. THE DUO-WRITER writes from both ends—one side writing in BLUE INK and the other side writing in RED INK. BOTH MODELS AVAILABLE IN LADIES' AND MEN'S SIZE in all GOLD COLOR. BE SURE TO SPECIFY MODEL YOU WANT WHEN ORDERING.

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**BLUE -
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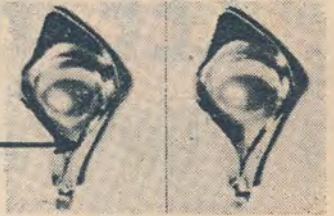
Here it is, folks—you've heard about them—you've seen them Nationally Advertised AND NOW YOU too can own a set for your very own WRITING PLEASURE. These pens are ideal for home, office and school. Precision writing instruments that write with ease. They literally "roll the ink on" and they roll it on dry—no blots or smears. Will write on any surface. Make perfect carbon copies. YOU GET 3 PENS. One to write with BLUE INK, one to write with GREEN INK and the third with RED INK. THESE PENS ARE GUARANTEED TO WRITE for 3 months to 3 years. Order several sets today.

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FAVORITE
PERFUME
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GIVEN WITH EACH PAIR OF EARRINGS !!!
YOU GET BOTH the EARRINGS & PERFUME !

EXQUISITELY DESIGNED EARRINGS—DELICATELY FEMININE!—These Wondrous New Earrings have built in pads that secretly HOLDS A SUPPLY OF YOUR FAVORITE PERFUME! DURING HOT WEATHER YOUR body gives off an acid that offsets the odor of perfume on your skin. WITH THESE NEW AND CLEVER EARRINGS this problem is eliminated. TO GET YOU ACQUAINTED WITH THESE EARRINGS WE WILL INCLUDE A 1 DRAM SAMPLE VIAL OF OUR NEW EXCITING "ROMANCE" PERFUME AT NO EXTRA COST—BUT ACT AT ONCE BEFORE OUR SUPPLY IS EXHAUSTED. EARRINGS come in striking gold color finish. PERFUME REFILLS AVAILABLE AT 98c.

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ENDEARING LITTLE BRACELET WITH HEART SHAPED LOCKET that HOLDS A PICTURE OF YOUR FAVORITE ONE!—Ball-Point Pen is DETACHABLE—easily comes off for smooth writing. Pen is RETRACTABLE and when in closed position is locked so that it does not leak! COVERS OF LOCKET protect photo at all times. Price is ONLY \$1.49 Federal Tax included!

SEND NO MONEY - - RUSH THIS COUPON !

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Rush me the following items — on arrival I will pay postman the sale price and C.O.D. postage charges with the understanding that I must be delighted in every way or I can return within 10 days for full refund.

ITEM WANTED: _____ AMOUNT \$ _____

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Through Rural Radio Network, WGHF now brings you programs keyed to the interests of every member of the family — special children's programs, practical programs for the housewife, devotional programs, music, drama — entertainment and education for all ages — featuring many of radio's leading personalities.

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CHARLES HODGES—foreign news analyst—an accredited United Nations correspondent. Complete summary of world news daily at 6:10 P. M.

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DOUGLAS WAY — highlights of the national news picture with special regional news of particular interest to New Yorkers. Daily at 6:00 P. M.



Everyone Listens to "LIZ".

Bill Elliot keeps news "hot" with last minute changes while on the air.



WLIZ' newsmen go direct to source: (left) Phil Jensen records exclusive interview with Mayor Jasper McLevy and (right) Police head John A. Lyddy.



Sports director Manning Slater checks wire reports while staff edits.

Bridgeport gets its news hot off the griddle!

IN BRIDGEPORT they say "Liz" doesn't wait for the news to happen. "Liz" is right there when it happens. And this is why everyone in this town is so enthusiastic about the future of WLIZ, this city's youngest station. Local events play the key role in the on the hour news reports carried on this station. And wherever possible the listener is right there when the story happens, thanks to a string of remote telephone wires, a special press wire and a highly efficient wire recorder. The entire news gamut is covered in the process from chasing the fire engines to reporting cocktail parties on the spot. When the announcer says "... this news was compiled by the WLIZ news service," you can really believe it.

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Creme Shampoo Adds Lovely Natural-Looking Color to Hair that is

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● This remarkable discovery, Tintz Creme Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull burnt, off-color hair a minute longer, for just a 22-minute home trial of Tintz Creme Shampoo will instantly recolor your hair so natural it defies ready detection. Leaves hair lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Get your shade of this easy to use shampoo, that gives fresh glowing color to your hair, today.

● **SHAMPOOING SPREADS COLOR EVENLY**

It's easy to enjoy complete success with TINTZ Creme Shampoo-Tint! The shampooing action insures perfect distribution of color. Clip coupon now . . . make the 22-minute home test that shows how easy it is to win fresh, glowing, natural-appearing tresses. Results must delight you or money back.

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When hair starts turning gray it often shrieks "you're getting old." There is no need letting gray hair handicap you and hold you back. Whether your hair is streaked, gray or graying, try TINTZ Creme Shampoo-Tint. Mail the money-back trial coupon today.

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Try TINTZ' amazing new home shampoo-tint for obtaining fresh, glowing natural-appearing, colorful hair. One 22-minute home test will convince you that at last you have solved your hair color worries. Then all you need is an occasional touch-up with TINTZ Creme Shampoo at the roots as hair grows out. TINTZ contains Paraphenylene Diamine, the best hair coloring agent known! It instantly colors gray, streaked, faded hair to a natural-appearing lasting color that matches and defies detection. Won't wash off. Will not affect permanent waves. Now being introduced from coast to coast at the amazing low price of \$1.25 plus tax, 8 beautiful shades to choose from.

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Don't delay—mail today. Caution: Use only as directed on label.

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**CHOOSE FROM THESE 8 LOVELY SHADES AND
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- Jet Black ● Dark Brown ● Auburn (Henna)
- Black ● Light Brown ● Blonde
- Med. Warm Brown ● Med. Ash Brown

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Canadian Office: Dept. 476-B, 56 1/2 Adelaide St., East Toronto, Ont

Send one full size carton Tintz Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring in shade checked below. On arrival I will deposit \$1.25 plus tax and postage charges with postman on guarantee I can return the empty carton for any reason within 7 days, and you will refund my money. (If \$1.50 (tax included) comes with this coupon, Tintz pays the postage.)

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Leading Nose and Throat Specialists Suggest...



"Change to
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HERE'S WHY:

Because PHILIP MORRIS is the ONLY cigarette proved definitely *far less irritating* . . . top-ranking nose and throat specialists suggest PHILIP MORRIS to their patients in cases of irritation due to smoking.

Remember: LESS IRRITATION MEANS MORE ENJOYMENT . . . the *perfect* enjoyment in PHILIP MORRIS of the fine flavor and aroma of the world's choicest tobaccos.

Yes! If *every* smoker knew what PHILIP MORRIS smokers know, they'd all *change* to PHILIP MORRIS . . . America's *FINEST* Cigarette!



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

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