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Radio [★] and TELEVISION

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APRIL 1949

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THE RADIO
& TELEVISION
PICTURE
MAGAZINE



DICK CONTINO
and Star-maker
HORACE HEIDT

IN THIS ISSUE



**Nation Acclaims
RADIO BEST'S
OPINION PANEL**

The Story of BOB HOPE
On the High Road to Comedy

How LUCKY Can You Get?



Amusement Enterprises presents

DOROTHY LAMOUR BRIAN DONLEVY CLAIRE TREVOR

in

"THE LUCKY STIFF"



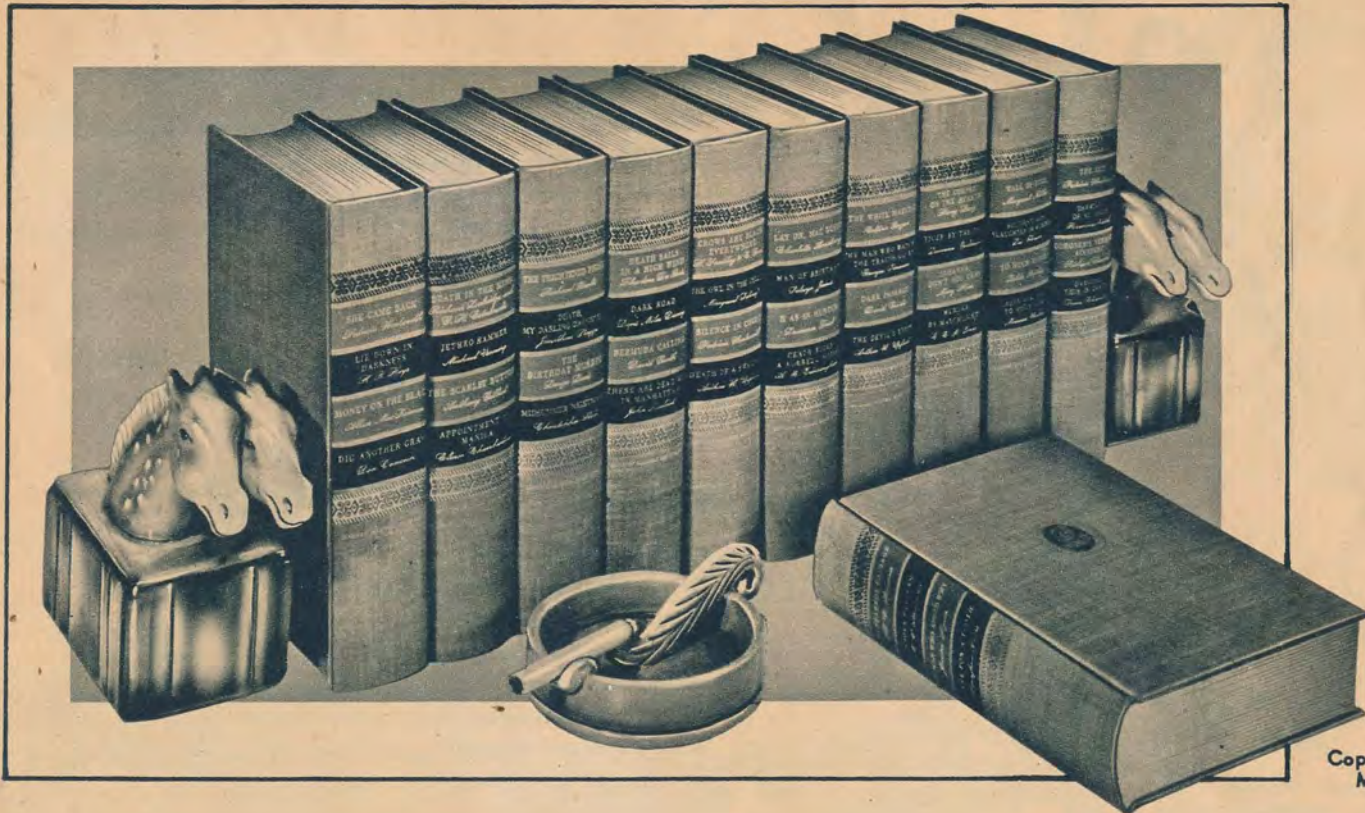
with IRENE HERVEY · BILLY VINE · MARJORIE RAMBEAU · ROBERT ARMSTRONG DIRECTED BY LEWIS R. FOSTER

Screenplay by Lewis R. Foster
Based on the novel By Craig Rice
Released thru United Artists

It's a rollicking mystery-comedy based on the popular Craig Rice character (and we do mean "character") Mr. Malone

Are You A Mystery Novel Fiend?

*An Invitation to One Thousand
Radio and Television Executives*



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Mystery Book Club

AN INVITATION to join the Unicorn Mystery Book Club comes only rarely. That is because we are not a mass organization, and do not widely open the door to new members.

Instead, we are a small, select band of mystery devotees, closely attached to our club, which strives to reflect our exact tastes in selecting and publishing mystery books for us exclusively.

Each month the club chooses four new mystery and detective novels, adjudged to be the best of the current crop, and then publishes them in one, large, handsome volume, a special edition for members. The monthly volumes are beautifully printed from the original plates, and uniformly bound to make a magnificent set of modern mystery fiction.

Our club gives no book bonuses, or free books, but the value to members is immense. The four novels selected each month are currently selling at not less than two to three dollars each in bookstores. The charge to club members is only three dollars for all four—nearly a four-for-one value.

Further, a member pays no dues or fees, makes no promises to buy any books at all, and can resign at any time. That makes it easy for a new member to try one book, and then resign if he is not satisfied.

But we are not looking for new, temporary members. Most of the original members who joined two years ago are still with us—enthusiastically with us. For a short time again we are opening membership rolls, to delight people like the man who wrote us recently that he had tried six times, unsuccessfully, to join the club, and what does he have to do to get in?

THE CLUB CREED. The club has under ten thousand members, but that membership includes people important in business, in finance, in government, and in the learned professions. The club has no wish to become a

mass producer of mystery novels for the popular taste. To do so would destroy its essential quality.

We pay a large enough royalty so that nearly every publisher sends in his newest to-be-published mystery books for consideration. *We read them all.* While we make our choice solely on the value of the story, our list of published authors reads like a blue book of mystery fiction—and each selection is a badge of honor for the author chosen.

GUARANTEE TO MEMBERS. When we contract for a novel we insist upon a minimum six-month clearance. The original publisher must agree that no cheaper edition will be printed during that period. Thus we can guarantee our members a genuine minimum eight-dollar value—that the four novels we distribute each month cannot be bought elsewhere for less than two to three dollars apiece.

We do not bar serialization of the novel in a magazine. Nor do we bar magazine publication of a condensation, nor sale for moving-picture production. These are ordinary trade practices. We do ban publication in full in a single issue of a magazine during our clearance period.

UNICORN MYSTERY BOOK CLUB BROOKLYN 1, N. Y.

I am happy to accept your invitation to become a member of the Unicorn Mystery Book Club.

Each month hereafter you will send me the current four-in-one club volume containing four complete new mystery novels. Each month I will remit \$3.00 plus 20¢ mailing cost within a few days after receiving the volume.

It is understood I may resign from the club at any time at all, or have you stop shipping me volumes for any period, merely by giving you notice of my desire.

FOUR NOVELS EACH MONTH. We take the four novels selected each month, make a special printing of them, complete and unabridged, from the original plates, and bind them into one big, handsome volume for members. The club volumes are uniformly bound. Thus a member may build a set of the finest modern mystery and detective fiction.

The paper, printing, and binding of each volume is in nearly every case superior to that of the original editions, equal to many eight and ten-dollar books. But the member pays only **THREE DOLLARS** for each four-in-one book, plus 20¢ postage cost.

Club RULES. The rules are simple, as the club gives no free books or book bonuses. As a result the club does not exact from members a promise to buy a specified number of books. A member can join now, stay in the club as long as he wishes, resign at any time at all, and even skip books by letting us know in time to stop shipment.

We invite you now to join our enchanted inner circle of mystery enthusiasts. If you are a mystery novel fiend—and who isn't?—this is your opportunity of a lifetime. Send in the application form today!

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Radio [★] & TELEVISION

THE RADIO & TELEVISION PICTURE MAGAZINE



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LAMOUR ON MAY COVER

Beautiful, glamorous Dorothy Lamour changes from sarong to bathing shorts for her RADIO BEST cover debut in the May issue.



STORY OF BOB HOPE

Favius Friedman profiles a favorite American comedian who is forever on the high road to comedy. Accompanying pictures date back to old vaudeville days.



ARE TEN-INCH TELEVISION SETS OBSOLETE?

RADIO BEST asked the nation's leading television experts for the truth about television receivers. Are ten-inch screens obsolete? What about the quality of sets made by small manufacturers? These and other salient questions are frankly answered in an authoritative article appearing in the May issue.



OTHER FEATURES

Seat At The Dial
Hollywood On The Air
Memory Lane
Tele-News and Views

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RELAX

with enjoyable music and popular stars



TED STEELE

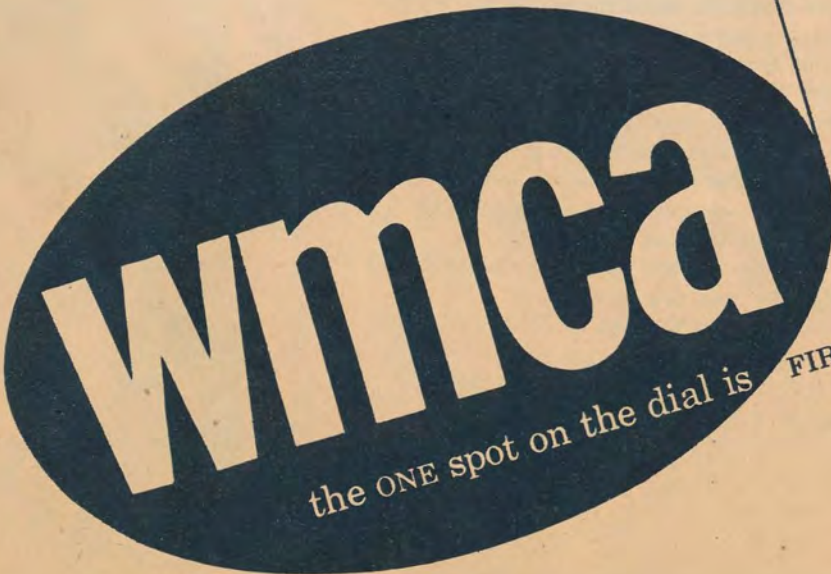
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2:00 to 4:00 PM
Monday through Friday



MR. & MRS. MUSIC

12 Noon to 2:00 PM
4:30 to 5:30 PM
Monday through Saturday
10:00 AM to 12 Noon
Sunday

570



New York

the ONE spot on the dial is FIRST on the dial

Cover
Profile



Contino and his accordion rest after another musical triumph.

A star at 19, Dick Contino is still the same ambitious, handsome, personable kid who came out of Fresno, California, to prove his accordion "was more than just an old squeezebox." Dick's musical arguments were persuasive enough to convince thousands on his cross-country trip in the Horace Heidt talent cavalcade. Dick presented his clinching argument in the grand finals when he walked away with the big \$5000 first prize. Apparently Dick is an old hand at getting votes for himself and his accordion. Back at Fresno High—not so very long ago—he conducted a successful campaign for the class presidency in much the same musical way as certain of our Senators and Congressmen. The only difference was that Dick really had musical talent.

Dick tried college after high school but quit to pursue his career with his accordion. He played in combo bands until that fateful day he was accosted by Horace Heidt's advance man who arranged his first audition. Horace Heidt was sufficiently bowled over to sign him up for his very first talent show to go on the air. The rest is history. But more remains to be written for, it's said, Dick plans to reveal a new side of his talents very soon. This will be his debut as a singer once his vocal teacher says he's ready.



LETTERS to the editor

Glad to Help

TO THE EDITOR: Many thanks for your continued series on "How to get into radio." Such features, including the regular departments of your magazine, are very helpful to those of us who are desirous of entering the field of broadcasting. I like your "College Campus" picture stories very much.

Mabel Thorgenson,
Detroit, Mich.

We Agree

TO THE EDITOR: I want to recommend a Silver Mike to radio's greatest attribute, the one and only Fred Allen.

Madaline Fischer,
Chicago, Illinois.

All Sales Final

TO THE EDITOR: I wasted 25¢ on your publication. I picked up a copy near the station the other day and all I found in it was a lot of words. What a waste of my good money.

Rosalie DeMarci,
Cliffside Park, N. J.

Billy Monro

TO THE EDITOR: Reading your mag for January, it is with great interest that I refer you to Harry Link's column regarding "one hit" songwriters. The first song he mentions, "When My Baby Smiles at Me," composed by Billy Monro. I am sure that Mr. Link will be glad to hear that Billy Monro is still kicking around. But he is a piano player and plays every night at "The Bal Tabarin." Yes, sir, it's the same Billy Monro. Billy is always requested to play his song. He also plays over station CKVL, Verdun, 3 nights a week, and Billy is a giant size Jimmy Durante, because he is always clowning at the piano. He is a great showman and I believe that he now has the song copyrighted in his own name and will be published again.

Al Perry,
Montreal, Que.

Poor Substitute

TO THE EDITOR: I was happy to read the following by Saul Carson in your January issue: "Prudential Family Hour has replaced a program of fine music by second rate drama." These are my sentiments exactly and I'm glad to see that I'm not the only one who hated to see this program, long a sign of fine music on the networks, replaced by just another play. Thank you, Mr. Carson. Thank you, RADIO BEST.

Miss Joanna Morgan,
Hickory, N. C.



PERRY COMO

Profile and Voice

TO THE EDITOR: As long as you seem to be so obliging in regards to Miss Rosenstein's letter, I just have to put in my request. I think sales will take an upward leap if you simply dropped your many pix of Sinatra and tried using some more pictures of a really handsome gent who can sing, Perry Como.

Miss Theresa Beovich,
Chicago, Illinois.

Honest Mistake

TO THE EDITOR: I don't like the idea of you omitting the picture of Perry Como in your "Favorite Vocalist Poll." Don't tell me you think he doesn't rate?

Vivian Schwarz,
Brooklyn, New York.

Poll Mr. Hooper

TO THE EDITOR: How about a poll to determine how many people across the nation have ever been called on the telephone by Mr. Hooper. I've got a host of friends, but not one has ever had the pleasure of a Hooper call. How about it?

Mrs. Helen Sands,
North Bergen, N. J.

Turn for the Better

TO THE EDITOR: At first it was a little disturbing. But one gets quickly accustomed to a better alternative. Turning my dial on Sunday evening from NBC to CBS was at first peculiar, but, believe me, I'd turn dials all day to get Jack Benny in my living room.

Albert Basserman,
Brooklyn, New York.



JACK BENNY

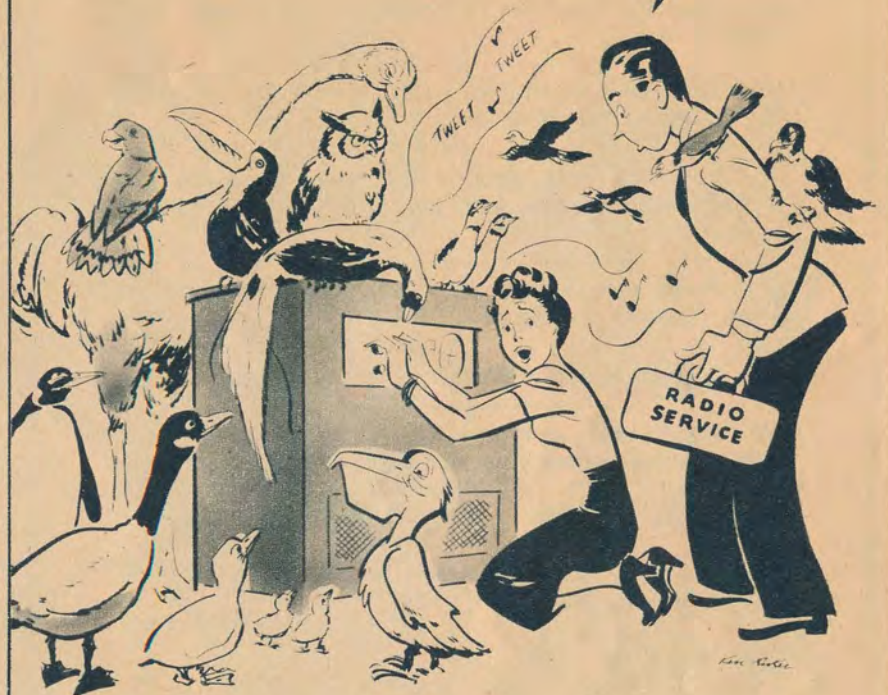
(Continued on Page 8)

Can you top this?



RADIO BEST Tribute. This publication has inspired any number of constructive ideas during its lifetime. But our hats are off to Claire Gibson, who conducts a very wide awake woman's program for WONS, Hartford, Conn. In addition to her broadcasting chores, Claire has a definite flair for creating unique chapeaus. Her latest masterpiece was contrived as a tribute to this journal, symbolizing its first birthday celebration. On the basis of early returns the women are all for it and the men strongly opposed — the usual division of opinion that augurs complete fashion acceptance. So John Fredericks had better copy. ★END

IT'S THE BIRDCALLERS' CONVENTION, AND I CAN'T TURN THIS OFF!



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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 Harold Parr, the singer on the Horace Heidt show, really blind? Where was he born and how old is he?

May Savitt, Newark, N. J.

A. Yes. He is a graduate of the Nebraska Institute of the Blind, where he became interested in radio at an early age. He was born in Omaha, Nebraska, and is 23 years of age.

Q. Recently I heard Fred Allen describe his opinion of Mr. Hooper's poll. What were his exact words?

Herbert Schall, Hartford, Conn.

A. "It's like a guy taking a bite out of a roll and then trying to estimate how many poppy seeds there are in the country."

Q. Please give me the name of the program and station which features singing canaries.

Sarah Gaylord, New York City.

A. "American Radio Warblers," heard on MBS.

Q. What's the name of the chap who sings the "Frenchy" in the singing commercial for a wine firm?

Thomas G. Grant, Augusta, Me.

A. Irving Kaufman.

Q. How long has the "American Album of Familiar Music" been on the air?

G. H. Clarksville, Tenn.

A. Since 1931.

Q. What is the name of the advertising agency handling the show on NBC called "Joyce Jordan, M.D."?

Hilda Mayball, Dayton, Ohio.

A. Dancer-Fitzgerald-Sample, Inc.

Q. When and where were Ozzie and Harriet married?

Betty Jane Reilly, Durham, N. C.

A. They were married in the home of Ozzie's mother October 8, 1935.



Q. Is Ralph Dumke still on the air?

H. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. The veteran Broadway and radio actor is now frequently seen and heard on television.

Q. Will you please publish the picture of Les Brown?

René Darcy, Memphis, Tenn.

A. Here he is.

Q. Is Fred Allen serious about quitting radio for a year?

Emil Coleman, New York City.



A. Fred has said it before, but this time many are taking him seriously. He says he needs the time to rest, think up a new radio formula or maybe an idea for television.

Q. Which record, in your opinion, was the most popular on the air last year?

Herman Mannheim, Germantown, Pa.

A. According to a survey conducted by the trade magazine Billboard, *Manana*, sung by Peggy Lee, was tops with the nation's disc jockeys. *I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover*, played by Art Mooney's orchestra, was voted the top band record; *A Tree in the Meadow*, sung by Margaret Whiting, top female vocalist, and *Love Somebody*, sung by Buddy Clark, top male vocalist.



LETTERS to the editor

(Continued from Page 6)

Playing Favorites?

TO THE EDITOR: I've noticed that since your magazine promoted Gordon MacRae last year, you haven't failed to run a picture of him in every single issue. It's true that Mr. Gordon is a fine singer, but it gets a little monotonous seeing his profile so darn often. By the way, you seem now to be hitching your star to accordionist Dick Contino. Please don't make the same mistake. Enough is enough.
Kate Munsheim,
Kansas City, Mo.

Berle Critic

TO THE EDITOR: Unless comic Milton Berle stops getting into every act I predict that he will fall as quickly as he rose to stardom on television. In my opinion Milton possesses a great talent but he is too deliberate in projecting his personality at the slightest provocation. It becomes embarrassing, not only to the viewer at home, but also to the artist on the program. Recently, I've experienced this feeling with Evelyn Knight and Gracie Fields. I think Berle made a fool of Miss Knight with his very unfunny tuba blowing. Also, I sense a complete lack of writing, direction and rehearsing, all of which are reflected in the skits and blackouts. Don't get me wrong, Berle is tailor-made for video. But even his best friends should tell him that his present suit doesn't fit.
Hal Manning,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Wants Both

TO THE EDITOR: I enjoyed your article "Has Fred Allen Stopped the Music." The author was fair in the treatment of both sides but I couldn't help wonder why Mr. Allen doesn't let well enough alone. Apparently the listeners enjoy the thrills of quiz shows just as they enjoy Mr. Allen's smart humor. I say there's room for both.

Simon Hoffman,
Closter, N. J.

Take a Bow, Denis

TO THE EDITOR: Recently, one of the letters in your column mentioned the leading N. Y. critics, and suggested a Silver Mike to critics, too. I am in favor of that. Good radio critics are rare and should be encouraged. My favorite is Paul Denis of the Post Home News.

Mrs. Nora Papson,
New York City.



HORACE HEIDT

Our Heidt of Folly

TO THE EDITOR: It seems to me that in one of your past issues you put forth a criticism of the Horace Heidt show. You must know by now Horace Heidt has the number one spot on NBC and certainly hasn't been placed there for nothing. I'm sure I'm not the only one who feels that way. After seeing him perform on the stage in Minneapolis, I'd say his show is one of the best.

R. Rosenwald,
Norwood, Minn.

Harold Peck Fans

TO THE EDITOR: We have read with interest the article on Horace Heidt and also the picture of Richard Melari along with a letter sent in by one of his fans. However, we believe one of the best performers on the Heidt show has been overlooked. Namely, Harold Peck, boogie dancer. We're enclosing a picture of Harold with the high hopes of seeing it in print in your magazine. He hails from Long Beach, California. We'll be very much disappointed if Harold's picture isn't in RADIO BEST very soon. You won't find any performer more deserving of the privilege of having his picture published. So may we send along our sincere thanks in advance.

Bunny Zier, Shirley Smith,
John Zier, Richard Zier,
Hyattsville, Md.



HAROLD PECK

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



*This Month's
Beauty
on
the Air*



Paulena Carter

Lovely, talented, teen-age Paulena Carter's piano wizardry continues to captivate listeners to the Meredith Willson show. At the age of 9 when most kids were still trying to master the art of braiding pigtails, Paulena was romping through Rachmaninoff with enough finesse to win a scholarship at the Philadelphia Conservatory of Music. Willson predicted her rise to stardom when he heard Paulena during one of her many USO appearances during the war. Her keyboard virtuosity has certainly proved Willson a first rate talent scout. ★ END

Radio ^{TELEVISION} best PIX QUIZ



1. He and his partner constitute NBC's newest comedy show. What's his name?



2. Here is the "Great Gilder-sleeve" and other members of the cast. Name the actors and roles they portray.



3. These serious chaps are featured with what comedian?



4. Name this "Grandma" of the "widdle kid."

ANSWERS

1. Jerry Lewis. 2. Hal Peary (center) plays "Gildy," others left to right: Arthur Q. Bryan, who plays Floyd, the barber; Ken Christy, Chief of Police Gates; Earle Ross, Judge Hooker; and Richard LeGrand, who is Peavey, the druggist. 3. The chaps are Harry Von Zell and Bert (Russian) Gordon, and they support the Eddie Cantor show. 4. She's Verna Felton and the "widdle kid" is Red Skelton.



Is NBC Finished?

When their star boarders chug-chugged over to CBS in Jack Benny's old Maxwell, the struggle for network supremacy took on all the drama of the first Louis-Conn fight.

The challenger has riddled the champion's defenses seriously, but a knockout is problematical.

by Saul Carson



THERE is a peculiar sound in the air. It is static, but not the ordinary kind. You may not hear it too clearly as yet when you turn the dials of the radio at home, but it's there just the same. Don't bother calling a man to check the tubes or dissect the condenser. This trouble is subtle, beyond the repair of a mere mechanic. As yet, it is only the voice of premonition, the eerie beep of a presentiment. We know it comes from Radio Row. But just exactly where in the world's capital of broadcasting does that ominous noise, the sound-effect of possible doom, originate?

Could it be NBC—the National Broadcasting Company?

Has CBS—Columbia Broadcasting System—not only pre-empted NBC's claim as the Nation's No. 1 Network but also given the *coup de grace* to its giant rival? And if that is true—is that good?

To be sure, a certain Mr. William S. Paley might not mind such a situation. He happens to be chairman of the CBS board of directors, the big man atop the CBS heap. Dr. Frank Stanton, president of CBS, could presumably also stand up under the burden of sweet success. But the rise of one network to a superior position need not mean the

Radio TELEVISION
best

APRIL 1949
Volume 2, No. 5



Ozzie and Harriet Nelson



Bing (Throat) Crosby



Amos 'n' Andy



Red Skelton



Edgar Bergen & McCarthy



Jack (Pennywise) Benny

Nation's top radio stars who made the switch-to CBS

eclipse of another of our coast-to-coast broadcasters. If it does—that's serious. *That's very serious for us, the listeners.*

If NBC is done, will we get better programs, and more of them? Where will they come from, and will those better programs reach into our homes or become mere sounds in the night? And what of the two remaining networks in radio, American Broadcasting Company (ABC) and Mutual Broadcasting System (MBS)? And what, further, of the television situation where it appears that we shall probably have as many as six national networks by 1952 or 1953?

It is certain that NBC has been shaken, badly. Part of that radio static heard by those whose ears are attuned to such signals comes from the gnashing of teeth on the sixth floor of Radio City in New York. There, NBC's executive offices are located. There, anguish is accompanied by anger. And the anger is directed at CBS. For CBS, this year, has wounded NBC.

Being rich and strong of purse, NBC has a whole corps of doctors studying the situation. The communiques coming from the sick room are, of course, optimistic. Sometimes the physicians fail to admit that

the wounds inflicted by CBS are more than mere scratches, only superficial breaking of the outer skin. But we, the customers huddled at our radio sets, have reason to wonder: Are the NBC doctors telling us the entire story? Is the CBS-inflicted injury deeper, perhaps affecting the heart itself?

Consider that Sunday night fiasco. Jack Benny has been bought by CBS—stock, yak and hoke. There he stands, as always of a Sunday night at seven, his retinue as of old but his Hooper rating higher than ever. Rave and rant, if you will, against the habit of counting program popularity by the reports of Mr. Hooper's telephonic snoopers. The fact remains that these horrible Hooper points are being computed no differently today than they were a few short months ago. There is only one difference: Benny is now on CBS and not on NBC.

"B.B. came A. & A." No, that's not a fancy formula but a statement of fact. Before Benny there was the case of Amos 'n' Andy. When CBS took this pair away from NBC, it was the beginning of the revolution—but NBC refused to recognize the fact. Now A. & A.

Continued on Next Page



Is NBC Finished? *Continued*

Battle for network supremacy continues as stars flock to CBS banner.

are on that CBS Sunday night lineup. Edgar Bergen has packed Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd into the toy chests, and is bringing his family to CBS.

Al Jolson is threatening to desert radio—and NBC.

Then there is Fred Allen. He had been slipping for a couple of years anyway. By reorganizing his Sunday night tour, at the opening of the 1948-'49 season, forsaking his old Alley for a walk down Main Street, he acknowledged that a refurbishing of his comedy apparatus was in order. He rolled up his sleeves. He not only tried to inject fresh humor into his situations, he also battered that wise old head of his against a wall. But the wall was built of solid gold being coined on the ABC network by "Stop the Music." Allen wanted to Stop that Nonsense. But he was no Joshua, and Jericho's fortress did not fall. Someone was stopped cold—but it was not the musical quiz on ABC. It was Allen in person. He became sour. NBC's own press department admitted that fact. Said NBC's public relations boys: "Talk to Fred Allen and he'll tell you, *a bit sourly*, that today's humor reflects the age we live in." Those italics are mine, but the philosophy comes straight from the horse's mouth at NBC. This awful age "we live in" seems to have been unnoticed until the CBS carnage had begun to hurt. Allen's time was changed, but his decline was not braked. And that augured little good for NBC.

If you can stand further sorrow, let's go on with this roster of NBC calamities. Horace Heidt was taken from his relatively safe spot of Sunday night at 10:30, and moved into Jack Benny's former time on NBC. The network made a great-to-do about this being radio's No. 1 spot. It became radio's No. 1 tragedy for Heidt. He was secure where he had been. Pitted against Benny on CBS, Heidt was like a Golden Gloves winner put into the ring against Jack Dempsey. Sure—the one Jack, like the other, is a tired old battler, while Heidt has youth on his side in more ways than one. But even in his dotage, the old master can show faster footwork and swing a punch more deftly than any amateur. Heidt, no amateur himself, acts only as master of ceremonies presenting hopefuls. They couldn't stand a single round against Benny on CBS. Again, the loss in audience was NBC's, the gain was CBS'.

CBS did not stop with the break-up of NBC's Sunday night roster. It went after everybody in sight—with large wads of Uncle Sam's soundest currency. Red Skelton was signed up. Fibber McGee and Molly were wooed. Duffy's Tavern was eyed. Having tasted blood, CBS went after more—again, and again, and again. Indeed, it went beyond NBC. It went after everything else that's big, and profitable, on the air. Paley himself went to Hollywood to tackle Bing Crosby, who has been doing his stuff on ABC. NBC tackled Crosby. ABC tried hard to hold on to Crosby. They fought for him as if—well, as if he were Bing Crosby. CBS won. The loss was not only ABC's—which can ill afford such damage. The CBS-Crosby deal affected also NBC.

NBC's failure to get Crosby symbolized all the trouble facing this network. It was in deep trouble. And it had much to lose. NBC was a very profitable organization. A network's profit comes from various sources. One of these sources is the quality and popularity of its talent. When you, *the listener*, tune in on Network A, preferring it to Network B, the advertiser wants to give *his* biggest business to Network A. But there is another important consideration—the ability of any network to reach you at your radio receiving set. That ability depends on the locations of its transmitters and on the amount of power behind those transmitters. A 50,000-watt transmitter located in a large metropolitan center like Kansas City can reach more listeners—and sell them more of the advertiser's goods—than a half-dozen transmitters operating at 10,000 watts in smaller cities like Keokuk or Topeka. Well, NBC was in the network business first, before CBS or any of the others. NBC had behind it the backing of Radio Corporation of America—

it is still a fully-owned subsidiary of RCA. NBC used to have two national networks—the old "Red" and "Blue." When the federal government forced NBC to sell one of these networks—that one is ABC now—NBC took the *best* locations and the *majority* of 50,000-watt transmitters.

As you can see without the aid of a table of logarithms, the network with the best affiliate stations around the country stands the best chance of making the most money. That was the position of NBC. But if CBS should prove to advertisers that it gets and *keeps* more listeners than NBC? The advertisers would, then, switch mostly to CBS. Many affiliate stations would, then, want to switch also. Do you see how a blow at NBC's Benny, followed through with a punch at ABC's Crosby, could weaken the heart of a network?

How many more punches has CBS up its sleeve? And if it should land a few more—would it bring about the death of NBC? Would the empire crumble?

Don't get the idea that NBC is in complete coma. It has been knocked down, but it isn't out. It's still in there trying. How hard it tries—and how successfully—upon these factors depends the answer to our prime question about the possible demise of NBC.

A long time ago—back in the summer of 1947—Niles Trammel, president of NBC, assured me in all sincerity that NBC doesn't make any money out of its network operations anyway. He said its profits come from the stations which it owns and operates. Shortly after he had told me that, there was an amusing incident at a labor-management conference in which the four networks were negotiating a contract with the Radio Writers' Guild. Every time the Guild representatives asked for more money in a certain department, the NBC man spoke up in protest. The NBC man insisted that NBC makes no money out of its news department, makes no profit on dramatic programs, earns no dividends on soap operas—in short, NBC is starving. The union rep finally spoke up: "What *do* you make money on—the Radio City Guided Tours?"

Trammel didn't go quite that far. He admitted that NBC did make money on six individual stations which it owns. But his bosses—at RCA—might ask: "Then why bother having a network? Let somebody else have the network headaches, and we'll just run our own stations."

Actually, NBC started thinking about tightening up its network programming some time before Mr. Paley of CBS started lading gold

out of his rich pans. For a number of years, NBC programming has been very smug, afraid to experiment, afraid to try any new tack. Then a new program vice president was appointed. His name is Ken R. Dyke. He didn't move very fast. But he had begun to do something about programs by the time CBS opened its war.

Dyke did not exactly go after brand new ideas with the hunger of one who knows he must eat to live. NBC was still eating. But he did give NBC's "University of the Air" more freedom. He did finally let NBC concede that the documentary form is here to stay, and thus NBC started its fine "Living: 1948" program (which is now, of course, "Living: 1949").

But when CBS brought out the heavy artillery, new life came suddenly to the NBC program department. The complacent giant

opened his doors wide open to all who might have fresh ideas or talent. Dyke set up a special unit to consider new programs, and the word went out that anyone with an idea could have it considered at NBC. Overnight, ideas began pouring in. They came, for a while, at the rate of 50 or 60 a day. Dyke's new program unit set aside 52 new programs for detailed consideration in the first three weeks after Benny had moved to CBS.

Naturally, NBC was not telling what those new ideas were. When Gimbel's is ready to tell Macy's—it's through full-page ads informing the customers that the goods are actually on the counter. But for once, NBC was really in the market—and for people with program ideas, the seller was on the favorable side.

NBC was also trying to fight fire with more of the same, jingling its coin against all comers. It lost on Crosby, but it did try to get "Theatre Guild on the Air" away from ABC, and stood ready to buy anything that's proven successful. And NBC did go one step further. It actually developed a brand new comedy team, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis.

In preparation for this jeremiad, I looked into the forthcoming Martin and Lewis show. The principals are young men who met up in an Atlantic City bistro and found that Lewis' squeaky comedy voice

Continued on Page 48



Allen vacations as NBC boils

He's said it before, but this time Fred Allen's notice that he will quit radio for at least a year upon completion of his current Ford dealer series, is accepted in trade circles as definite. For NBC, Allen's voluntary vacation is another unforeseen wound that will need some quick healing.

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.

Radio
best

Silver Mike Award

April for Outstanding Performance

to FRED ALLEN



Fred Allen receives Silver Mike from famous Broadway columnist, Earl Wilson (left).

When Fred Allen made his first broadcast in 1932, O.O. McIntyre said he sounded like "a man with false teeth chewing on lead pencils." After 17 years on the air the same Mr. Allen has proven to the satisfaction of all that his "bite" was pretty good for a man with borrowed dentures. Many vice presidents "in charge of waving their fingers at radio comedians" are mindful of this man's scathing wit.

A sworn enemy of trivia, frauds and the smug, Fred has never hurt anyone maliciously. His respect for the listener is inherent in the brand of adult comedy he has brought to radio, a brand far beyond the comprehension of the dime-a-dozen comedians who have come and gone in the Allen era. Mr. Radio has announced his intention of letting us get along as best we can while he takes another leave of absence from the microphone. It's a tough assignment but bearable as long as we know he'll be back. "Stop the Music" may have dented Allen's Hooper, but then as he has so often said "Woolworth does more business than Tiffany's." And RADIO BEST takes pride in presenting its Silver Mike to a guy who'll never tarnish, to a comedian who has enriched the listening pleasure of America's millions far more than any quiz money can buy. ★END



King & Queen



Bing Crosby

Doris Day

Crosby is King again!

**Doris Day is chosen new Queen of the air
in Radio Best Vocalist Poll.**

Bing Crosby made it in a walk again. The RADIO BEST reader's poll named the famed crooner the nation's favorite male vocalist.

Doris Day emerged Queen of the gal vocalists in an excitingly close race, just topping Peggy Lee. Dinah Shore, who finished first in last year's poll was a neck-in-neck third with Jo Stafford. Closest runner-up was Evelyn Knight. In the race amongst males, Crosby's early lead was never challenged. Newcomer Gordon MacRae barely nosed out Frank Sinatra, Perry Como, Al Jolson and young Vic Damone in a close scramble for second place. Biggest surprise of the contest was the 60-year-old mammy singer who scored a tremendous vote among the nation's teen-agers.

Jolson surprises in bid for Crosby crown, as Dinah Shore relinquishes her throne to Doris Day in 1949 Vocalist Poll.



Gordon MacRae
Finished Second



Peggy Lee
Nosed Out by Doris



Frank Sinatra
Bowed to MacRae



Dinah Shore
Relinquished Crown



Perry Como
Scored Big Vote



Jo Stafford
Tied for Third



Al Jolson
Teen-age Vote Getter



Evelyn Knight



Vic Damone

ROY SHUDT

"NATIONALLY FAMOUS"



HERE'S WHY...

Roy Shudt is *more* than the Capital District's favorite sports announcer. He is called upon again and again to broadcast such nationally famous sports events as:

- The Hambletonian, Goodtime Park, Goshen, New York*
- (The Kentucky Derby of Harness Racing)*
- The \$60,000 Little Brown Jug, Delaware, Ohio*
- Santa Anita Harness Race Meeting, California*
- Hollywood Park Harness Race Meeting, California*
- Saratoga Running Harness Races, Saratoga, New York*
- Invitation Basketball Tournament, Madison Square Garden, New York*
- New York State Basketball League Games*
- Siena College Basketball Games at Home and Away.*

These are just a few of the more recent sports events Roy has handled during his 18 years experience as newspaper sports editor and Radio Sports caster.

Every weekday night at 6:15 Roy Shudt reports the News of Sport on the Stanton Sports Parade over WROW. His all-around coverage of both local and national events, his interviews with sports personalities plus "Roy Shudt's Feature Story of the Day" make this program one of the most popular sports programs on the air.

WROW

59¢ FIRST
on your dial

in ALBANY, N. Y.

A BASIC MUTUAL AFFILIATE

Jack Eigen, Radio's Most Imitated Showman



Fred Allen looks down fondly at "his boy" Eigen whom he helped launch.

A Disc Jockey with a Broadway flavor, he's a one-man show at New York's Copacabana.

THIRTY-FIVE year old Jack Eigen has become the nation's most imitated disc jockey. But the imitations are confined to *format* only since no one has successfully captured the *Broadway* personality that the five-foot-five showman projects on his seven day, midnight-to-dawn broadcast from New York's Eigen-famed Copacabana. A survey, recently conducted by the trade magazine *Radio Advertiser* claimed that Eigen has captured 80% of the New York night-time audience.

The program originates from the bar and lounge of the East Side night club which, thanks to Eigen, has become a gathering spot for the brightest stars of radio, television, stage and screen. Since his first broadcast on April 24, 1947, Eigen has emerged as a phenomenon in the turbulent world of show business: he has increased the average gross weekly intake of the Copa's bar and lounge from \$1300 to \$12,000; he has interviewed more top stars over a given period than any emcee in show business history; he has influenced more than fifty imitators; he was the only disc jockey in the nation who was able to demand \$2000 a week for a personal appearance stand at New York's Strand Theatre; he has appeared in two Columbia full length pictures and a number of movie-shorts with Louis Prima and Buddy Rich and



ELLIOT ROOSEVELT and his charming actress-wife Faye Emerson say hello to host Eigen.



MR. AND MRS. ANDY RUSSELL desert Hollywood for trip East and Eigen's Copa lounge.



LINDA DARNELL, another visitor from the movie colony, greets her New York fans.

pocketed \$1000 for a brief appearance on the Fred Allen show. In addition Eigen stars on a weekly DuMont television show.

Eigen's biggest headache is provoked by irked listeners who have accepted his open invitation to "meet me at the Copa" only to find a not too hospitable reception by club-wise captains and headwaiters. However, seasoned night-life enthusiasts who have the "know-how" find little difficulty in obtaining "ring-side" tables and special services.

Known for his intimate revelations of stars' marital troubles, Eigen stays close to his one and only girl, former actress Dorothy Jeffers, whom he married thirteen years ago in whirlwind double ceremony. The other couple was Broadway columnist Lee Mortimer and actress Pat Whitney, who decided to call it quits within three hours.



TALLULAH BANKHEAD watches comic Joe E. Lewis handle mike as though it were an atom bomb.



OZZIE AND HARRIET NELSON enjoy informal chance to say hello to their radio fans.



JACK BENNY delights in chance to tell about the high cost of night life in New York.



JANE RUSSELL dropped in to tell a couple of anecdotes about "Paleface" Bob Hope.



JIMMY DURANTE had a "million of 'em" to tell Eigen's audience of stay-up-laters.



JOHN GARFIELD has frequently guested for Eigen on his trips to his native New York.



GARY COOPER looked the part of the small town lad on his first visit to the big city.



JOE E. BROWN in a rather subdued mood tells the folks how glad he is to be in town.



PEGGY LEE comes in to hear her recordings on Eigen's all night disc jockey session.



BOB MITCHUM'S friendly voice was a treat to his many ardent fans in this area.



MILTON BERLE vies with Carmen Miranda for radio audience as Frank Gallup enjoys contest.



EDDIE CANTOR shares Eigen's famous booth with the very lovely song thrush Monica Lewis.



MARTHA RAYE surprised a few callers when she substituted at telephone for her host.



AL JOLSON simply couldn't face a mike without breaking out into unrehearsed song. *END

Seat at the Dial

Radio **TELEVISION**
best

Views & Reviews
of
Current
Shows



by Saul Carson

With the stretching of the coaxial cable as far as St. Louis, tying in the east coast television networks with the Middle West, it becomes necessary to re-review some programs. I shall do so, from time to time, mentioning programs that have been reviewed here before as well as new ones. This time, I start with the programs dedicated to the younger generation.

Seen On
NBC
Monday-Friday
5:30 p.m.

HOWDY DOODY

Life Begins at 5:30 for the younger TV set.
Bob Smith

By all odds, Howdy Doody is still the leader for the younger age group. In any family, for that matter, where there are both youngsters and a television set—life begins at 5:30 when a bunch of kids, led by Bob Smith, sing out lustily, "It's Howdy Doody Time!"

Bob Smith is videogenic. He has charm, warmth. He has more than that—the ability to play with kids on their own level, yet remain an adult. If you think that's easy, try it sometimes. His puppet, Howdy Doody, is as amiable as the boss.

Howdy is freckle-faced, his big lips move in the same way no matter what he is supposed to be saying, and his strings show. But he is now the hero of a young generation which sets its supper-eating habits by his show. There is also, as a regular of the cast, a clown, named Clarabelle, who is mute and blows a horn. Between Smith, Clarabelle and Howdy, with an occasional guest—sometimes a seal, sometimes a film short—the half-hour goes by rapidly and a grand time is had by all.

Smith preaches little homilies to the kids sometimes, but he does it so neatly that they don't know it. Once in a while, Smith will pull a crack clearly intended for whatever adults might be peeping over the tousled heads of the darlings. But Smith is never preachy, nor is he ever too clever for the kids. They "get" him all the time, and he "sends" them just as often. He deserves his leadership.

Seen On
DuMont
Monday-Friday
6 p.m.

SMALL FRY CLUB

Charlie Chaplin still a big hit with kids.
Bob Emery

Bob Emery conducts the Small Fry Club. I think it was the first kid show to appear regularly on the eastern video networks—certainly it was the first in wide popularity. Some of that popularity is understandable. Emery relies mainly upon films—old animated cartoons, old silent Charlie Chaplin pictures, and such. Now he is bringing out also some pictures just specially made for the program, and he is unveiling a new puppet also. These factors may help him keep that early popularity.

However, Emery is stern in appearance, as far as youngsters are concerned. And his constant, heavy-handed preaching is no help, either. I like the idea of my 6½-year-old learning the Pledge of Allegiance from Emery, and I like to have my youngster told that he mustn't cross the street when the lights are red against him. But if Emery would

listen in to his Bob Smith competition some evening, before his own show, he'd learn how those things can be done neatly.

"One objection I have to Bob Smith's 'Howdy Doody,' as well as to 'Small Fry Club,' is their involvement of the kids into helping them with the commercials. I think that is not fair, either to the children or to the producers of the shows. Nor is it fair to the sponsors, in fact. I hope both these programs—and others, as well—drop that practice soon. After all, television is growing up. Involvement of the children in reading the commercials is juvenile practice.

Seen On
CBS
Monday-Friday
6:45 p.m.

LUCKY PUP

Puppets are fine, show is second rate.
Doris Brown

This show uses puppets made by some of the finest experts in that field, the Bunins. The puppets are a slick job—much smoother than Bob Smith's "Howdy Doody" and more expertly manipulated. There is also a girl on the show—live. Her name is Doris, and she adds that live touch which the program needs. The principal puppets are Pup, one called Pinhead, one named Foudini. They work beautifully. But the story they have to tell is something else.

The mistake on this program is its "story line." The story is about how Pup found five million dollars, and Foudini, assisted by Pinhead, are trying to take the dough away. This "plot" constricts the action. Foudini is not a lovable character, nor Pinhead a bright one. The story demands that they be brought in constantly—in fact, the Pup, and the live girl, hardly have anything to do. The show is loud, sometimes seems "scary" to youngsters, and altogether innocent of genuine understanding of child psychology. It proves that it takes more than fine puppets to make a good puppet show.

Seen On
NBC
Monday-Friday
7 p.m.

KUKLA, FRAN AND OLLIE

Everyone has fun including ma and
Fran Allison

Here is a program that combines expert puppeteering with showmanship and good sense. There is a sizable crew of puppets on this program. Fran Allison, who faces the cameras, is a young lady of charm (this word simply has to crop up every time one approaches the problems of videogenic personalities). She also sings well. Behind the puppets is their creator, Burr Tilstrom. But it takes more than slick puppets and a girl easy to look at—to make a good show. This one has that additional component—good sense.

The show has been on television, over WBKB (Chicago) for a year and a half. Of course, I didn't catch up with it until the coaxial cable got itself stretched as far as Chicago, so that we could peep in on doings originating in the windy city. "Kukla" and his cohorts were worth all the trouble and expense.

There is no effort on this program to be overly clever. It goes along at easy pace, Kukla and the "monster" Ollie and some of their make-believe pals exchanging mild jokes and little family gags with their friend Fran Allison. Once in a while, Miss Allison sings. On the night of the show's debut for the east, she had Lanny Ross as guest—and showed herself capable of carrying a tune neatly with him. She doesn't try too hard—which is fine. Neither do the puppets. They are all having a good time—with the result that not only the kids watching the show, but their parents as well, enjoy themselves. This is puppeteering at its best.

Seen On
CBS
Wednesday
8-9 p.m.

ARTHUR GODFREY AND HIS FRIENDS

Video entertainment for the entire family.
Arthur Godfrey

Here, at last, is television's answer to Milton Berle. Until now, NBC-TV has ruled the wavelengths when it came to visual comedy. While I don't agree with the labeling of Berle as television's "No. 1

Star," I do think he is the new medium's first comedian. But Arthur Godfrey's new one-hour show is certain to give Berle stiff competition when Mr. Hooper makes his surveys.

Godfrey's hour-long pitch is directed strictly to the family trade. The difference between Berle and Godfrey is this: Berle takes you out of the living room into a night club, and you have lots of fun; Godfrey comes into your living room, neighbor-like, and makes with the homey humor. Berle romps around, gags and mugs all over the place, and shoves the show along at a fast, furious pace. Godfrey is quiet, easy-going, amiable, lovable. One is brash, and makes you like it. The other is just a member of the family, but the most clever member of that family.

There are other differences. Berle is sure to have a different cast every week, Godfrey is sure to have the same group from week to week. On the whole, Godfrey's people are as amiable as he is—except for Jeanette Davis, who seems to lack the human warmth that all of Godfrey's other people possess. Godfrey sits at a desk, sometimes takes off his coat to show his suspenders, brings everyone into the act—from Crooner Bill Lawrence and announcer Tony Marvin to Archie Bleyer and his orchestra. Even "Mug" Richardson, Godfrey's secretary who sits besides him, gets into the act. So, for that matter, do the cameramen themselves. This show was made for television—chiefly because Godfrey was born for the purpose.

Seen On
ABC
Thursday
8-9 p.m.



Vaudeville was never as mediocre as this.

Jack Carter

ABC's "Minstrels" have been thrown into the ring as another claimant for the Berle crown held by NBC. It flops just as badly as CBS's Ed Sullivan child, now rather irreverently called by those in the know "roast" of the town.

Pick and Pat, a pair of blackface comedians, are supposed to be the backbone of this minstrel show, with Jack Carter as master of ceremonies. I have seen Carter, and heard him, do much better. This kind of emceeing is just not his type of job. He looks the part—but somehow his script doesn't hold up. Nor does the material which he has to introduce.

The only person of genuine freshness and vigor on the opening show of the "Minstrels" was singer Mary Small. Pick and Pat themselves were embarrassing. The Calgary Brothers, who do a "slow-motion act, are no longer funny. Smith and Dale, doing their familiar routine (not the "Dr. Krankheit" bit for which they are really famous) seemed to be repeating themselves.

If "Minstrels" is intended to revive vaudeville, it has failed. This is vaudeville—but not of the Palace type, rather right off a small-town Main Street in the days of vaudeville's decline.

Seen On
CBS
Friday
10 p.m.



Professors can use a course in television.

Dr. Roy K. Marshall

There has been one excellent educational program on television for some time now. That is NBC's "The Nature of Things," which puts on a man named Dr. Roy K. Marshall from Philadelphia. Dr. Marshall explains scientific matters to the layman. He neither talks down—nor up. He can tell you—and show you—all about sidereal time, and make you understand it and like it. But the CBS "Science Review," originating at Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, has not learned from Dr. Marshall.

The Baltimore program is stiff, unimaginative, and contributes neither to television nor to education. One guy—who acts one moment as if he is a simpleton, yet indicates a split-second later that he knows all the answers—acts as interlocutor. Another professor explains for the "simpleton." The naive fellow fools no one; but the knowing one doesn't increase the horizons of knowledge.

When they need visual assistance, they depend upon simple charts or pictures. Once they brought in a man for a lie-detector test, to explain that gadget. If he wasn't an actor, he was dishonest. You understood a little—too little—about the gadget when this demonstration was over, but as a viewer you resented the flim-flam that the educators were trying to peddle.

Johns Hopkins is a great institution. It should learn to use television—or hire someone who knows how.

HEARD ON
ABC
Saturday
9 p.m.



Amiable ex-con turns detective

Bill Quinn

"Little Herman" is an ex-crook with a heart of gold and fingers nimble enough to crack the most complex of safe combinations. He is devoted to the welfare of humanity, and is helping show up crooks. He knows how, having graduated from several prisons.

The ABC network hailed the show as 1949's "first," which was correct technically since Herman opened his mouth for the first time on New Year's night. It is not "first" in the sense of originality. But it does contain a switch. Not often does radio play upon the theme of the reformed con turning detective. That's what "Herman" does.

Writer Howard Buerman has gagged up his show somewhat, so that sometimes the chuckles obstruct the action. But on the whole, Herman is an amiable little guy whom you can listen to—especially on Saturday nights, when there is so little that's heavyweight on the air (including television). Bill Quinn does a good job with the material he has as "Herman." The early airings indicated that the people behind the program might improve it sufficiently to warrant a decent-size listenership.

HEARD ON
NBC
Sunday
8:30 p.m.



A pitiful excuse for radio drama.

John Ford

All you have to remember is that Sundays at 8:30 is Fred Allen's former time, and you can sympathize with NBC for this one.

When Benny deserted to CBS, and Edgar Bergen took a powder (which may also land him on CBS next season) NBC had to shuffle the Sunday night cards rather quickly. Allen was moved down a half-hour, to 8 o'clock. NBC had something called "Command Performance" scheduled for the 8:30 time. But too many people failed to obey that command. So the first Sunday of the new year saw a quickly-patched job of news review shoved into that 8:30 slot. Then came "NBC Theatre." It wasn't much better.

"Theatre" is put on with the help of the Screen Directors Guild. The idea is supposed to be that a great film director will bring one of his great film dramas to the air, plus great stars, etc. Even on paper, it sounds like just a rehash of the idea behind Lux Radio Theatre. On the air, it was even less than that.

For the opener, John Ford brought "Stagecoach" to this new program. The play may have had excitement on the screen. But on the narrow canvas of a 30-minute radio airing, with the story eviscerated, nothing was left but blood-and-thunder and lower-level melodrama.

The whole thing was just too tragic, and there may be something else in the period—there should be—by the time these remarks face you. The tragedy is not only NBC's, however. Sunday night at 8:30, which is peak listening time for many millions, deserves top programming. Let's hope NBC finds it.

HEARD ON
NBC
Wednesday
8:30 p.m.



Alan gives stock comedy lift it needs.

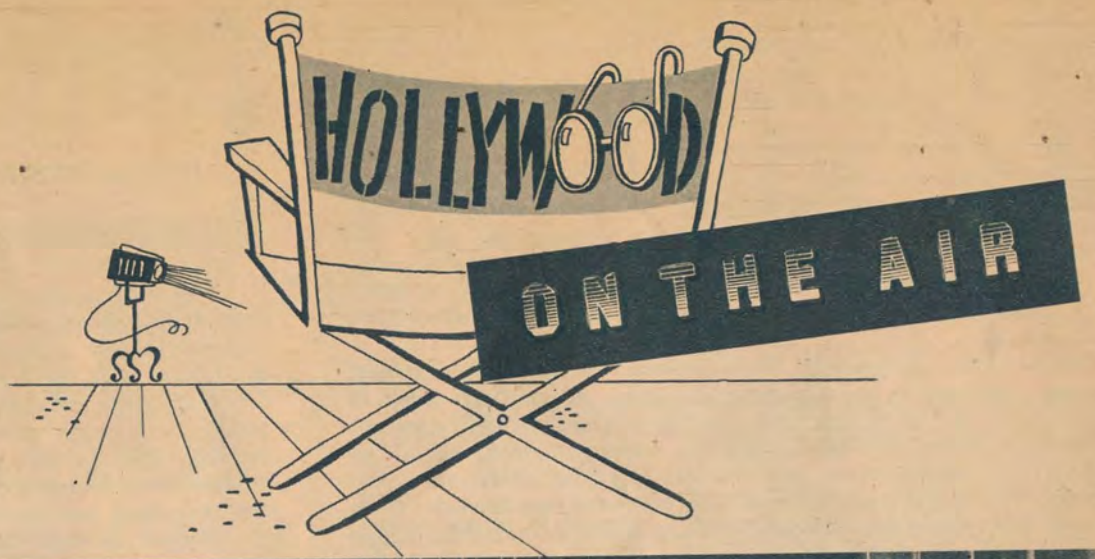
Alan Young

Alan Young has been kicking around the kilocycles long enough, since his arrival from Canada, to learn the intricacies of radio comedy. He showed his neat hand as his own "Story" hit the air on NBC.

The characters on the show were strictly from the stockroom. Young, after a slow start with a script which led him finally to Hollywood and the determination to become a picture star, found a dame. She fell in love with him. A rich guy loved her. Her father wanted her to marry the fellow with moola. Certainly there wasn't much promise in that kind of cliché-filled situation. Yet Young gave the material a lift with his delivery, and there was promise that his "Story" might yet build into a good situation comedy.

Chiefly because of Young's own proficiency, this is a program worth watching.

★ END





AUDREY TOTTER, RED SKELTON AND ESTHER WILLIAMS EDIT SCRIPT FOR SPECIAL ARMY BROADCAST.

MAUREEN O'HARA AND JOHN PAYNE DURING REHEARSAL TIME OF RECENT LUX RADIO BROADCAST.



THAT INDIAN HEP KITTY, KAY STARR, GOES OVER SCRIPT WITH PRODUCER TED TOLL.



PENNY (BLONDIE) SINGLETON POSES FOR PICTURE WITH JEFFERY (ALEXANDER) SILVER AND JOAN (COOKIE) ROSE.

by Favius Friedman

WHAT paper d'ya read? Radio is being murdered by television. Radio isn't worried about television. The giveaways and the who-dun-its are taking all the audiences away from the comedians. The comics are stronger than ever.

Radio is up; it's in the doldrums because it's not developing new talent; it's forging ahead because new shows are being created almost every day.

In other words, radio is either a miserable, dying invalid, or a roistering, healthy young giant, depending on which critic you listen to.

Few other arts, industries or businesses support so many prognosticators who are so often wrong (including this one) as radio, or have had the last rites said over it so regularly, only to come back stronger than ever in the affections of its adherents.

After all, just the fact that the critics can't "leave it da heck alone," as Jimmy Durante would say, indicates that radio has something no amount of "master-minding" can kill. Somehow or other, the report of its death appears greatly exaggerated.

SEEN AND HEARD

Candidates for "Queen for a Day" have some weird requests but there was none stranger than that of a young bride from Oklahoma. She wanted a hotel room because she and her husband were spending their honeymoon in the back seat of a car driven by another pair of newly-weds!

* * * * *

On a recent Groucho Marx show, *The Moustache* was interviewing a painter as a possible contestant. "Do you paint by hand?" asked Groucho. "Oh, sure," said the man. "That's the best way." "Why don't you try using using a brush?" Marx dead-panned. "Then you won't get your hands so dirty."

* * * * *

Mike-fright hits your favorite radio performers just like it does ordinary people. Right after air time you'll find Louella Parsons taking a quick nap to relax, Edward Arnold, ABC's "Mr. President," indulging in a couple of cups of coffee to calm his nerves, and Jimmy Fidler playing a bit of piano before he gives out with the Hollywood news.

* * * * *

Now a regular member of Paul Weston's orchestra, which is heard on the Jo Stafford program, is hot trumpeter Ziggy Elman, considered the dean of all modern trumpet players. But Ziggy's zig-zagging days are over and there'll be no more one-night stands. "Too strenuous a life," he says. "Zig just ain't gonna zag no more."

← VIVACIOUS MARGARET WHITING AND CBS YEEPEE HUBBELL ROBINSON, JR., A FEW MINUTES AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE IN THE LITTLE CHURCH OF THE WEST IN LAS VEGAS, NEVADA.

Eve Arden was chatting with William Bendix about his early days in Brooklyn. "Is it true you were brought up in a tough neighborhood?" Eve asked.

"Tough?" echoed Bill. "Why, in our neighborhood a cat with a tail was a tourist!"

* * * * *

One of the biggest laughs on a recent "Take It or Leave It" show occurred when Garry Moore asked a lady contestant what gift she had received. "An Eversharp pen and penicillin set," said the gal.

DIAL SPINS

Now that CBS has bought all those big names for so many millions, Ed "Archie" Gardner has put himself on the market, along with "Duffy's Tavern." But so far, says Ed, the only action he has had is from a hospital which offered \$35 for his body... Not all the gal stars on the air go in for the glamor routine. There's 18-year-old Paulena Carter, brilliant young pianist heard on ABC's "Meredith Willson Show." Paulena passes up night club dates in favor of going trout fishing with her father. She's been an expert with the rod and reel ever since she was nine... Dick Haymes has not only separated from his wife, but he's also broken with his long-time manager and mentor, Bill Burton. Friends think Haymes is at a critical point in his career... Alan Young and your Hollywood correspondent have collaborated on a humor article which ran in Canada's biggest magazine and is being picked up here by one of the digests... Time Marches On Dept.: The late Tom Breneman's restaurant is being given a new name—The Empire Room—and is now exhibiting a variety of hot bands... Mighty nice thing Al Jolson did, donating his Hollywood home to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital for experimental work... Frank Sinatra has himself a new tub-thumper or press agent. He quarreled with his old one... Anna Roosevelt, with her own program on ABC, has just been made Editor of "The Woman" magazine... Newest Hollywood marriage is that of songstress Margaret Whiting to Hubbell Robinson, Jr., a CBS vee-pee. Maggie and her husband plan to live in New York... Abe Burrows comes up with a wonderful idea for gift-giving—money. "It's practical, durable and may be obtained at all the smarter banks," says Abe... And talking about the filthy stuff, it's Frank Morgan who claims "A fool and his money are good to have around."

* * * * *

Top gal singer for the eighth consecutive year, according to a poll of the country's radio editors, is an up-and-coming little songstress called Dinah Shore... They'd have you believe that Kate Smith's cocker spaniel Freckles knows Kate's broadcast time so well that he brings his leash to the maid at exactly 11:45 a.m.—just at the right time for him to take a stroll while his mistress is broadcasting... You lads who like to work with tools—and it's a growing and enthusiastic fraternity—should relish CBS' "Get More Out of Life," a program that talks intelligently on hobbycraft... Just in case you didn't know it, radio's operating costs absorb 79 percent of every (Continued on next page)



JACK BENNY AND MARY LIVINGSTONE
IN A GET-ACQUAINTED TOUR
OF THEIR NEW CBS "HOME."



Continued

radio dollar, according to a report to Washington... Swell line from Judy Canova: "Live your life so that you'll be proud to have Don Ameche play it some day"... And CBS' Robert Q. Lewis says, "I don't understand it—Archimedes became famous for discovering what happens when a body is immersed in water. That's pretty silly. Everybody knows that when a body is immersed in water the telephone rings"... The Jubalaires, smooth singing group on the "Amos 'n' Andy" show, report that their name is taken from Jubal, Biblical figure who is called the father of all harpists and organists... If you haven't yet heard Edward R. Murrow's narration and the historic voices on that Columbia record album, "I Can Hear It Now," you've missed one of the most magnificent pieces of recording since the invention of the phonograph... Lucille Ball is one gal who doesn't mind telling the truth about her early days. When people ask the red-head what her first job on Broadway was, she tells them, "A soda jerk in a drug store"... CBS is really opening the bankroll for promotion on the Benny show. They're out to keep him on top, regardless of cost. As for Benny's competition, NBC is reported not too happy with what Horace Heidt has been able to do in Jack's former Sunday night spot, and there may be changes... When someone asked Arthur Godfrey why he wears earphones during the telecast of "Talent Scouts," he cracked, "That's so I can hear what's going on, on the other networks."

* * * * *

One of the most-decorated shows in radio, "Suspense," has just been voted the best mystery on the air in a recent editors' poll... And Lionel Barrymore, of Mutual's "Mayor of the Town," received a scroll-testimonial from the American Municipal Association, a group of mayors and civic leaders representing 9,500 municipalities in the country... They've asked Jimmy Durante to come over to London and appear at the Palladium next summer. Jimmy says it will be a pleasure... St. Louis busses and street cars are being equipped with radios to furnish riders with music and newscasts. A fellow can't even catch a little shut-eye in a street car any more... It's 15 years on the air for NBC's Ma Perkins... According to Lou Holzer, producer of ABC's "California Caravan," he knows a Hollywood writer who refused to join Alcoholics Anonymous because they wouldn't give him name credit... Emcee John Reed King of CBS' "Give and Take" reports that he's hit the million dollar mark in giveaways on his Saturday quiz program, with prizes ranging all the way from a completely furnished house to an electric tooth brush... One of Hollywood's handsomer actors,

always reported out with a new glamor gal, has a favorite greeting. It's "Who's new with you?"

WHAT'S WITH THE SHOWS

It's more than a rumor that Bob Hope will eventually join the parade over to CBS. If this keeps up much longer, NBC will be known as the network "I left behind me"... Reports have it that "Ford Theatre" will broadcast from Hollywood for the remainder of the season... That's Louise Erickson, formerly of "Date With Judy," whom you now hear on the Alan Young stanzas... Have you noticed the new format on NBC's "Take It or Leave It?" It gives listeners a chance at the jackpot... Remember "Hollywood Hotel"? The famed program, which did so much to glamorize Hollywood on the kilocycles, may soon be revived for television as well as radio... Cancellations are hovering over "Leave It to the Girls" and "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round"... "Gangbusters," now in its 14th year, has moved to CBS... Roy Rogers' pretty Missus, Dale Evans, heads up a new Western musical series on Mutual... There's a new sponsor and a new time slot for ABC's "Counterspy." It's now heard Tuesday and Thursday nights over the full network... Wish we had the moolah NBC is spending to build up its new young comedy team of Dean Martin and Jerry Lester. The NBC boys think they really have something.

THE SEEING EYE

Television, says Harry Ruby, is only a passing fad that's here to stay... Jack Benny will carry the characters and format of his radio show into video as soon as it's ready for him... Some of the big local super-markets are following the lead of the taverns and installing tele sets to lure the patrons... NBC is going ahead with the first major television network in the field of daily education for children. It has the blessing of the National Education Association... Seems the video medium has been hurting the juke box trade but plenty. The take is down at least 50 percent... Now they're after comedian Danny Thomas for a video show, and a good thing it is. Danny's comedy is perfect for the visual medium... They're calling personalities who are doubling in radio and tele "eye and ear stars"... The way Sam Bischoff tells it, the worst obstacle television has to overcome is the high cost of people who drop in on you.

PERSONALITY STUFF

When CBS' Marie Wilson first went looking for a job in Hollywood, all she had was a worn mink coat, a stock of canned goods and an overdrawn bank account. She registered with Central Casting, with her mink coat hiding a house dress, and wearing tennis shoes. When they asked her why the unusual footwear, Marie explained they were the only comfortable shoes she owned, and besides she might be standing around a long time... Jack Benny's Mary Livingstone has a sharp sense of humor. Right after their marriage, the Friars Club was giving Jack a big stag dinner. In the midst of the endless speeches eulogizing Benny, a telegram from Mary was read. "When you come home tonight," it said, "be sure to take out the garbage"... Little Anne Whitfield, of NBC's Phil-Harris-Alice Faye show, is only ten, but she's already a veteran of more than 500 broadcasts... Tallest gal in radio is Irene Beasley, the singing quiz-mistress of "Grand Slam." She's five feet ten... Lionel Barrymore is not only a fine actor, but he's also an artist and musician of great talent. His etchings have been



EVERYBODY WAS LAUGHING WHEN THE ANDREWS SISTERS AND DANNY THOMAS GOT TOGETHER WITH EDDIE "ROCHESTER" ANDERSON. BET THE JOKE WAS ON JACK BENNY.



BURT LANCASTER AND BETTY LOU GERSON GET FINAL CUE FROM BEARDED PRODUCER-DIRECTOR WILLIAM SPIER, CENTER.



MARIAN (MOLLY) JORDON, LEFT, FINDS DOROTHY LAMOUR'S STORIES AMUSING. POOR FIBBER DIDN'T HEAR A WORD.



DAN DAILEY AND HOST GENE AUTRY EXCHANGE "LIDS" DURING A BIT OF HORSEPLAY ON WEEKLY SHOW.



FILM STAR CLAUDE RAINS IN A TENSE MOMENT DURING "SUSPECT" BROADCAST.



EMCEE GARRY MOORE PICKS A NAME FROM THE GOLDFISH BOWL ON "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT" SHOW.

widely acclaimed and his original music has been performed by major symphony orchestras... That fellow Art Linkletter, the master mind of "G. E. House Party," is rated one of the ten best handball players in the country... After 17 years in show business, Artie Auerbach, the man who plays Mr Kitzel on the Jack Benny program, isn't sure his work is permanent. So each year he has his leave-of-absence renewed from the New York Daily News, where Artie was once an ace photographer. Figures this way he'll always have a job to go back to... Danny Thomas swears that he is the only well-known virtuoso on the Mizwiz, an obscure Syrian instrument which you play by simultaneously inhaling and exhaling... An actor himself once upon a time, producer-host William Keighley of "Lux Radio Theatre" thinks it remarkable how well people remember. Not long ago a woman listener who heard him on the air wrote and asked him if he wasn't the same Keighley who had once played Shakespeare in an old theatre in Virginia City, Nevada. She was right—it was one of Keighley's one-night stands as a member of a travelling theater group.

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD

Where one of the big movie studios is trying to cook up a picture with dialogue so loud you'll be able to hear it above the popcorn and candy bar wrappers... Where chanteuse Peggy Lee discovered why they called a certain character a lady-killer. It was because he bored them to death... Where things have been so tough that one well-known actor decided not to replace his worn-out toupee, because he was cutting expenses to the bone... Where Hattie "Beulah" McDaniel claims they have something very special in the way of a

PEGGY LEE HELPS DAUGHTER NIKKI BARBOUR WITH THE FAMILY PICTURE ALBUM.



SPIKE JONES SHOWS HIS NEW PRETTY MISSUS THE FORMER HELEN GRAYCO, WHAT TO DO WITH A FRENCH ROLL.

new perfume. It's called Taboria—a cross between Tabu and ammonia... Where it's Groucho Marx who says traffic is so bad, many of his friends complain of pedestrian sickness. They feel run down... Where one of the town's thriftier citizens registered a beef because his laundry woman lost some of his best towels—the ones with "Waldorf-Astoria" on them... And where Dottie Lamour recalled the time she walked into an agent's office and found the gent reading the life of Abraham Lincoln. "Did you get to the assassination part yet?" asked Dottie. "Shhhh!" the agent replied, "don't spoil the ending for me!"

★END

millions of women

have learned to trust Tampax



NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Only a short time ago, who would have thought it possible that millions, actually millions, would soon be using a product as downright revolutionary as Tampax in the field of monthly sanitary protection for women?... Here is a complete reversal of the traditional practice. The traditional form is external; Tampax is internal. The traditional requires belts and pins; Tampax requires no support. The ratio of bulk is: traditional 9, Tampax 1.

The success of Tampax is based upon other facts as well... You can wear it in your tub or shower—or in swimming. Being worn internally, it can cause no bulge or ridge under clothing. Insertion is quick and easy, by means of neat applicators (your hands needn't touch the Tampax). No odor, no chafing, no disposal difficulties...

Doctor-invented, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton. A whole average month's supply will slip easily into purse. At drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies. Look for Tampax Vendor in rest-rooms throughout the United States. Compare the price of Tampax now with other forms... Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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RADIO BEST introduces this new series of *witness stand* interviews with parents, wives, husbands and children of radio stars. Questions are submitted in writing and are calculated to reveal the more intimate phases of the star's family ties, philosophy and personal habits. First witness on the stand is the wife of Vaughn Monroe, famous vocalist and band leader. Photos of the Vaughn children have been omitted in accordance with Mrs. Vaughn's special request.

SUBJECT: *My life with Vaughn Monroe*

WITNESS: *Mrs. Vaughn Monroe*

Examiner: Staff Reporter



His tours range from 3 to 5 months.



The children recognize daddy's voice.



Q. How often is Vaughn away from home?

A. Much the greater part of the year. He's home about 10 weeks a year. His tours range from 3 to 5 months during which he flies in for a few hours here and there. Vaughn now plans vacations (hopefully) every 3 months—of a week or so.

Q. How do the children react to his long absences?

A. During Candy's infancy she was always with us. Christina flew to California at the age of 6 weeks. The children followed him when spots and accommodations were right until they entered school. Candy reacts strongly to his leaving—she idolizes her father. She anxiously awaits each mail delivery and is very much upset when circumstances prevent Vaughn's nightly phone call to them.

Q. Do the children listen to him on the air?

A. Yes. And they recognize all his songs and arrangements.

Q. Do they have records of his voice?

A. Yes. They have a copy of each Victor record for their own. He has also made a special set of records for them in which he sings all their favorite nursery rhymes and tells stories in between—finishing with a good night song and telling them he wants them to be good.

Q. Are the children aware that their father is a famous person?

A. No. It means nothing to them. We do not believe in them feeling he is anything but the



Vaughn named his plane after the two girls.



Vaughn prefers hamburgers to steak.

usual "Daddy." He merely goes to work at night instead of daytime—and leaves home simply to provide for his family.

Q. Do you and the children ever travel with Vaughn on tours?

A. At one time they used to go constantly. Now that they're in school I travel more alone. We normally travelled in our own plane. Now they beg for a train ride for something different.

Q. Is it true that Vaughn's airplane is named after the children?

A. Yes. We call the plane "Cantina V" which combines the first part of Candace's name and the last part of Christina's.

Q. Since Vaughn is such a good cook himself, is he hard to please in the cuisine dept?

A. Not at all. He loves most anything except sweets. He never has desserts. Never eats candy, cake or pies. Prefers hamburger to steak. He adores Chinese food and will eat it 3 meals a day until I begin losing weight since I don't particularly care for it.

Q. Does he have decided preferences in women's clothes?

A. Yes. He likes man-tailored suits. We have many made of the same material. He prefers dresses in dark colors minus frills. He loves furs providing they're not showy.

Q. Does Vaughn like makeup?

A. No. I only use lipstick—no other makeup. He detests plucked eyebrows and nail polish.



His an excellent athlete.

Well let children choose own careers.



Q. Has Vaughn taught the children any sports?

A. Yes. Vaughn is an excellent figure skater and is good on skis, too. He is now in the process of teaching the girls. Vaughn is also giving Candy horseback lessons. He excels at this sport also. The children are a bit backward about swimming.

Q. Are the children interested in a musical career?

A. They have a childish desire to be Daddy's girl singers. We are not encouraging anything more than a normal musical education and certainly hope they won't pursue a professional musical career.

Q. What type of careers would you like the children to choose?

A. I have no preference. I hope with proper schooling and guidance it will not be the entertainment field. I do insist on a complete education after which they can choose for themselves.

Q. Do your plans include a college education for the children?

A. Yes, they do. I hope both will at least secure a college degree and pursue further specialization depending on their course of study. I have a college degree and a master's degree hence my insistence on a fine education. Its values can not be exaggerated.

Q. How much time do you spend with the children?

A. I try to divide my time equally between Vaughn and the children. When away we call every night from wherever we may be and talk with them.

Q. Does Vaughn have any pet theories about raising children?

A. No, except that he prefers reason to punishment. He's not very strict with them since he's home so little and likes to enjoy them.

Q. When Vaughn is at home does he read stories and comic books to children?

A. Not often and comic books never. They have lots of them but look at pictures only.

Q. Do the children ever ride with Vaughn on his motorcycle?

A. No. Neither of us permits it.

Q. Who takes care of the children in your absence?

A. For the first six years we always had a special nurse. Now that they are at school, we have an excellent couple who take care of the girls and the house.

Q. Do you entertain much at home?

A. Very seldom. We "try" to have the little time we have together at home alone.

Q. Have you both been able to keep up contacts with old friends?

A. As much as we are able when we're not travelling.



Q. How did you meet Vaughn and where?

A. We went to high school together in Jeannette, Pa. We began dating in our senior year. He went on the road with bands shortly thereafter. We kept in close touch through letters, phone calls and brief visits whenever possible. My family adored him.

Q. Do you have a picture of Vaughn as a child?

A. Yes, indeed. Here it is.



Off to Boston two days after our honeymoon.

Q. How long did you know Vaughn before you were engaged?

A. Our school dates began in 1928. We became engaged in 1940 and were married 3 months later in April of 1940. Our honeymoon consisted of one night in New York. The band started two days later in Boston.

Q. Describe a typical day in your life when Vaughn is at home?

A. Our home life is the same as that in any normal household. The only difference is that Vaughn and I start our day at 12 noon when we have our breakfast with the children's lunch. We also have dinner together and enjoy a playtime period with the children before they go off to bed and Vaughn off to work.

Very handy with tools.



Q. Does Vaughn have any special hobbies?

A. He likes to tinker and work with tools around the house. He is also handy in the garden not to speak of his skill as a chef.

Q. Do you ever have vacations together?

A. So seldom. In 1946 we enjoyed a 10 day stay in Bermuda together, in 1947 a week in Lake Placid, in 1948 a brief 5 days in Pinehurst. We still plan to "get lost" some day in the north woods—no telephones, no music, no people—just ourselves and our children on a long, delightful holiday.



Enjoys all Winter sports.

Q. What sort of books do you and Vaughn like to read in your spare time?

A. Vaughn likes mysteries, while I prefer current best sellers. Usually Vaughn's eyes are so tired from the spotlights, he can't read much.

Q. Is it ever annoying to have Vaughn surrounded by female admirers of all ages?

A. Not ever. Their adulation means his continued success and popularity. I must take exception, however, when some unthinking admirers try to invade the only privacy we have—our home and our children.



Do not mind Vaughn's popularity.



I divide my time equally.



He loves motorcycling.



The Cowboy and his Lady!



A *Radio Best* Visit
with
Roy Rogers
and
Dale Evans



A youngster visiting Hollywood would consider his trip a total loss unless he had a chance to gawk at that rambling big house in Hollywood's hills for a chance glimpse of the world's most famous cowboy, his leading lady, and, perhaps, the three children he envies most in the whole universe. For the master of the house is Roy Rogers and the mistress, Dale Evans, hero and heroine of dozens of Westerns under the banner of Republic Pictures, who are now teamed once more on the air Sunday evenings over 520 Mutual network stations in the "Roy Rogers Show."



A Cowboy's Family. Roy, Jr., 2, nicknamed "Dusty," sits on his doting Dad's lap, while Dale and the two girls, Cheryl, 9, and Linda, 6, wear identical dresses.



Housekeeping. Roy helps Dale put up curtains in their big rambling manse in the Hollywood hills.



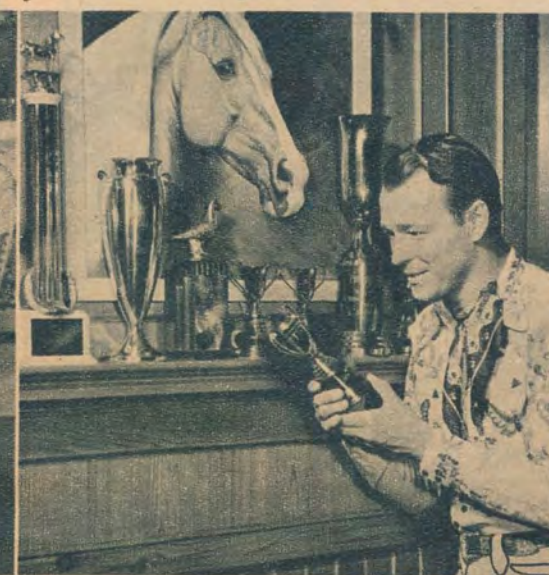
Papa Roy. At the table Dusty insists on sitting alongside Daddy for a bit of personal attention.



First Aid. Cheryl watches closely to see that Dad does a good job on sister Linda's stubbed toe.



Guests. Edgar Bergen and Mortimer Snerd visit often. That's the comedian's daughter, Candice, behind Dusty.



Trophies. Roy admires one of cups he's won racing homing pigeons. On wall is painting of Trigger.



Roundup. Foy Willing, Scotty Harrel, George "Gabby" Hayes, Roy, Dale, Johnny Paul (l-r) join in rousing airtime finale.

★ END



Patrice handles needle and thread with as much dexterity as high "C's" in her operatic roles.



The "Babe of the Met" has grown up but she's still partial to saddle shoes and bobby sox.



Pat forsakes dates to spend much of her time at her musical studies, still her first love.



Pat participates in Easter services just as she so often did back in her home town of Spokane, Oregon, when she was in her early teens.



Pat's dazzling debut in "Mignon" had audience agreeing it was a pleasure to listen to a soprano with your eyes open.

**The
Met's
New
Princess
of
Glamour
Patrice**

If Jimmy Durante requested an opportunity to appear on the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air, the venerable gentlemen who make up the board probably wouldn't bat an eye lash. They've come to expect almost everything in the way of shattered precedents, after the startling experience of seeing a 17 year old girl with all the attributes of a Powers model appear before them in bobby sox, skirt and blouse and then hearing her sing in a voice as luscious as that of Lily Pons. This was Patrice Munsel's introduction to the grand opera scene, an introduction which netted her a Metropolitan Opera contract, \$1000 in cash, and another \$1000 for further study. The rest of the story is well

Munsel

known, her sensational debut in "Mignon" in which she stopped the opera cold with a six minute ovation, her signature to a two year radio contract on the Prudential contract and subsequent guest appearances on practically every one of radio's top flight musical stanzas. There is one revealing incident about her opera debut that has still to be told. While the audience was screaming its approval, the "baby of the Met," bowing demurely, was mentally wording a telegram to a former school chum in Spokane, Washington. The wire that went off read:

"You owe me fifteen cents."
It all had to do with a performance of "Madame Butterfly" in her home town six years earlier which Pat had attended with Mary Jo Williams. As they left the auditorium Pat announced that some day she was going to sing at the Met. Mary Jo expressed her doubts with an offer to bet fifteen cents. The wager was duly recorded on the back of a match book. Today, the fifteen pennies hang framed in Pat's bedroom while the match box is similarly enshrined in the home of Mary Jo. ★ END



The Met's 5'5" nightingale with 119 Powers modelled pounds draws admiring glances from expert fishermen and beauty connoisseurs.

DEMONSTRATING the rapid progress of network telecasting, "The Admiral Broadway Revue," television's newest full hour show, is shown simultaneously over the combined East-West DuMont and NBC stations in 31 cities. It is the first television show organized as a permanent stock company complete with technical and administrative staffs. While similar in format to Broadway productions, the Friday evening shows have no formalized story continuity, each production centering around a different subject and featuring songs, dances and satirical and comedy sketches. The permanent cast is headed by Sid Caesar, recent star of "Make Mine Manhattan"; Mary McCarty, musical comedy player; Imogene Coca, satirical comedienne; Marge and Gower Champion, famous husband and wife dance team; Roy Atwell, double-talking comic; Estelle Loring, leading musical comedy singer; Bobby Van, comedy hoofer, and Ronnie Cunningham, Broadway comedienne.



Estelle Loring, Sid Caesar and musical director Charles Sanford go over opening number.

TV's Newest Variety Show

"The Admiral Broadway Revue"



Camera catches satirical mood of comedian Sid Caesar, Mary McCarthy and Imogene Coca.



Choreographer James Starbuck demonstrates step to be interpreted by dancing stars Bobby Van and Ronnie Cunningham.

Marge and Gower Champion, Mr. & Mrs. dance team, are highlight feature of *Broadway Revue*.





Claire Neisen of radio's soapier "Backstage Wife" goes over screen test scene with Director Hamilton.



Donald Murphy poses for camera identification before start of his Hollywood screen test.

Ellen Mahar of "I Remember Mama" makes up for her test alongside guest star Mary Anderson (right).



Hamilton asks for more realism from radio actress Abby Lewis and guest actor Donald Buka.

Met opera star Mimi Benzell waits for her test with Buka, seen most recently in "Street With No Name."



SCREEN TEST ON "TV"

Audience
helps pick
tomorrow's
Hollywood
stars



The television onlooker who professes to be a judge of talent now has a chance to match his skill with that of the experts thanks to WJZ-TV's engaging new program "Hollywood Screen Test." Each week the viewers are taken behind the scenes of an imaginary studio lot for at home closeups of professional performers with established reputations in their special fields of radio, theater and night clubs as they take the screen tests that may pave the road to Hollywood.

The tests, directed by Neil Hamilton of picture fame, consist of specially written dramatic, comedy or musical sketches best suited to the talents of the performers who are supported in their tests by well known guest stars.

Interest in the show as a talent source is evidenced by the numbers of Broadway and Hollywood scouts, directors and producers who show up in the studio audience. Final decisions are often influenced by the mail response presenting the immediate reactions of the home audience, an advantage Hollywood has never enjoyed.

To date "Screen Test" can take credit for launching three of its performers on their way to film careers. Allied Artists grabbed up Joel Marston, handsome young Broadway leading man, on the strength of his video test, while Hal Wallis enlisted the services of attractive Rita Colton. The third to savor film fame was Robert Quarry, who affixed his signature to a Paramount contract. ★ END

Neil Hamilton, with over 400 screen roles to his credit, is well qualified for his role as Director of TV's screen tests.



←
Rita Colton
Born Oct. 23, 1927, New York City. Returned to New York three years ago after travelling country. Worked as sales girl before landing job in Copacabana chorus. Entered video via Conover modelling. Signed by Hal Wallis after her TV screen test.



←
Bill Lipton
Born July 13, 1926, New York City. Plays "Skeezix" on radio's "Gasoline Alley" and is a regular on "Let's Pretend." Has also been heard in soap operas. Seen on Broadway in Oscar Serlin's "The Family."



←
Joen Arliss
Born Oct. 14, 1923, Norfolk, Va. Started as ballet dancer before doing Little Theater work in home state. Has been seen in seven Broadway shows, among them "New Faces" with Van Johnson, and "Who's Who" with Sonny Tufts.



←
Craig Kelly
Born in Atlantic City. Came to New York after fling in advertising field. Played opposite Laurette Taylor in "Outward Bound." Most recent role in "The Heiress" with Wendy Hiller and Basil Rathbone.



→
Donald Murphy
Born Jan. 29, 1920, Chicago, Ill. Faced his first Broadway audience in "The Moon Vine." Has appeared since in any number of Broadway plays. TV screen test impressed 20th Century-Fox. May see him on screen soon.



→
Toni Joyce
Born in Pennsylvania. Has been modelling since she was three years old. Has made the covers of several women's magazines. Has also been employed as dancing instructor at the Barbizon School for Models.



→
Robert Quarry
Born Nov. 3, 1924, Fresno, Calif. Received training in Actor's Lab on West Coast. Has appeared on "Lux Radio Theater," "Dr. Christian" and "Date With Judy." Signed by Paramount the morning after his TV screen test.



→
Joy Geffen
Born June 19, 1926, New York City. Toured overseas with USO production. Has appeared in number of Broadway plays. Has been seen on Kraft Television Theater and other WNBT shows.



←
Monica Lang
G. I. war bride from London, now appearing in "Anne of the Thousand Days." Played in British stock and radio before romance brought her to these shores. Discovered in an NBC elevator by "Hollywood Screen Test" producer.



↑
Joel Marston
Born March 30, 1922, Washington, D. C. Received training in Pasadena Playhouse. Made Broadway bow in "Good Morning, Corporal." Has completed two films for Allied Artists since taking his TV screen test.



Musical LINKS

by Harry Link

WITH television making such rapid strides I have been asked many times to give an opinion on the new medium's effect on show business, music business, song and script writing.

I PREDICT THAT show business of twenty years ago will return with a new look but the formula will be the same. The actor who will click on television will have to be an actor and not just a character with a pleasing voice who reads from a script with a couple of hours rehearsal as is the case in radio. He will have to be photogenic as well and will have to have the ability of a motion picture star to click in a big way.

THE SCRIPT WRITER will have a field day for it will be much easier to write visual gags, "bits" and sketches to get laughs, tears and pathos. The television actor will be better able to describe "the story" with the aid of facial expression than he can in radio where the voice and its use are the only instruments the actor has to project his lines to the public.

I'M SURE THE audiences enjoy the talented Milton Berle much more on television than they do on radio. For Berle, a dynamo on a stage, knows how to "milk" an audience much better when it can see his face and crazy antics. This goes not only for the comics but for all television performers and I predict that the good stage performers will really come back to their own and many old stars will shine again.

REGARDING SONG writing and music publishing, television will turn this profession upside down, and thank Heavens for that! Instead of the tripe we have been hearing in the last decade, writers will now have to write lyrics and not just mere words strung together and set to some kind of a melody. The writer for television will have to write "ideas"

and by that I mean lines that can "stop the show" for the actor and lyrics that lend themselves to visual production. They will have to go back to the days when a headliner on the stage would solicit the writer and publisher for a certain type of material that had a clever comedy or novelty idea which the actor or singer could build into a show-stopping scene or situation. And the song writer of today who has vision enough to try to write a song with an idea that creates a visual situation should have very little trouble placing his wares with the music publishers. Publishers, in their efforts to get hit-songs, will have to submit songs to the television performers that first say something, and second, have production possibilities.

THERE IS A TYPE of song writer in Tin Pan Alley who will have a "field day." Writers like Jack Yellen who for twenty years has been writing all those side-splitting lyrics for Sophie Tucker. You will be hearing again from Lew Brown, who wrote many of the great hits for George White Scandals, including BIRTH OF THE BLUES, I'M ON THE CREST OF A WAVE, LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF CHERRIES, THIS IS THE MISSUS, MY SONG, THE THRILL IS GONE and THAT'S WHY DARKIES WERE BORN, and who retired a few years ago with a fortune. Writers like Harry Woods, Mort Dixon, Arthur Johnston, Buddy De Sylva and Ray Henderson (the latter two collaborated with Lew Brown on most of his hits) will be having the number-one songs of the future Television Hit Parade. For they were "idea men" and that's what television will demand.

SO HERE'S A NEW field opening up, writers, and it can "open the doors" for you if you will concentrate on visual ideas in song or story.

THE AJAX CHEESE PROGRAM



"... and now, a message from one who has tried and enjoyed our product ..."

Records of the Month

by Les Merman



EVELYN KNIGHT

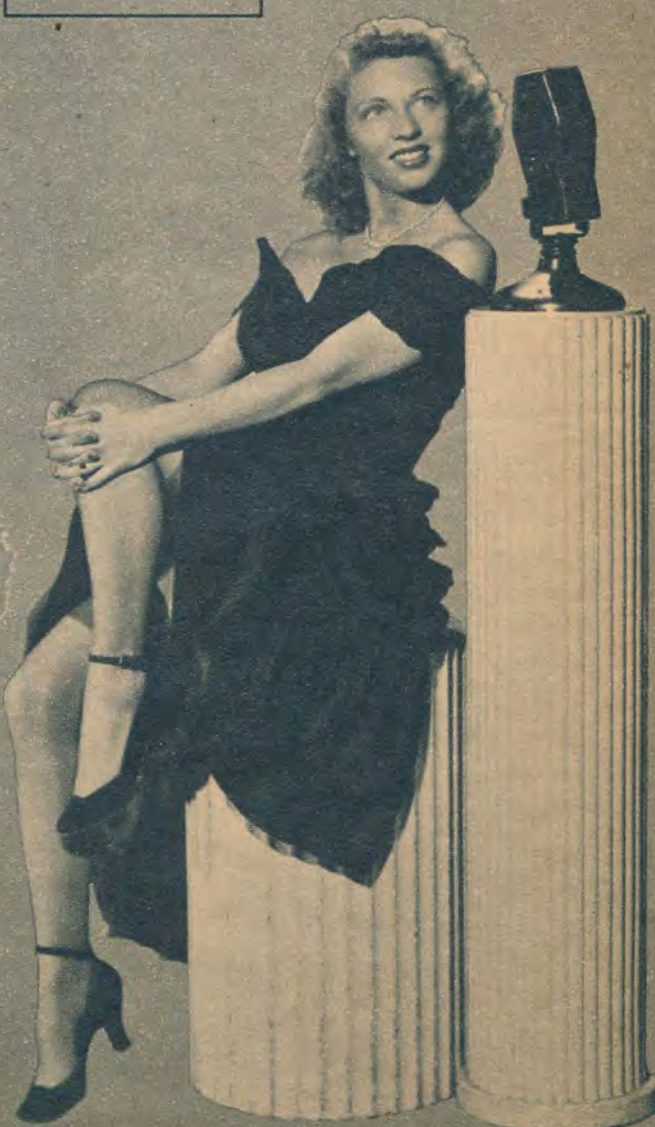
MOST of this month's more listenable diskings were fashioned by orchestras, a reversal of form in view of the fact that for the past year the singers have led the field. However, one chanteuse, by name Evelyn Knight, has made remarkable progress, etching four hits in a row—"A Little Bird Told Me," "Buttons and Bows," "Powder Your Face with Sunshine" and "Brush Those Tears From Your Eyes"—and if she makes a few more this will be a merry 1949, indeed, for la Knight.

MGM disc month's best

In a class by itself and by far the most appealing disk of the month is "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" (30174) as played by Lennie Hayton and the M-G-M Studio Orchestra. This rich Richard Rodgers show piece, revived for the current M-G-M musical "Words and Music" and basis

This Month's Disc Jockey

Lucille Small



RAY BOLGER



WOODY HERMAN



BILLY ECKSTINE



DORIS DAY

for the ballet originally danced by Ray Bolger, has a classic theme and I found myself playing it over and over... You'll probably do the same.

Getting on with the good stuff turned out by the bands, Vaughn Monroe, who is no particular favorite of this dept, has what should be another big commercial hit in "Melancholy Minstrel" (20-3319), which is easy and melodic and well tailored to the Monroe voice, the Monroe choir and the band... On RCA-Victor.

Great job by the "Herd"

Not particularly commercial but the most worthy example of instrumental virtuosity we've heard in quite a while is Woody Herman's waxing of "Everywhere" (38369) with Trombonist Bill Harris winning new laurels as a soloist of strength and brilliancy... On Columbia.

For Capitol, Sam Donahue flashes with a hot version of Victor Herbert's evergreen "Gypsy Love Song" (15340) that's very Basie-ish in drive and quality and interesting for that reason... And Count Basie offers a tasteful and rhythmic revival of "Sophisticated Swing"

Lucille Small, lovely disc queen of Station WWRL, N. Y., once dreamed of a career as a ballet dancer and practiced pirouettes for hours daily.

However, one night club engagement at the age of fifteen convinced her that dancing was a nice hobby, and should remain so. Lucille doffed her superficial sophistication along with her high heels and returned to school.

Sudden inspiration told Lucille her career would be RADIO—not soap operas, but radio engineering of all things. While wading through physics and calculus at Queens College, she took a part time job at WWRL—filing cards, editing the news, and ultimately writing scripts and continuity.

Then the fascination that is radio broadcasting lured her, and she auditioned for a morning woman's show. The program director (Fred Barr) just shook his head, saying her voice was much too young, but, at the same time, suggesting it might be just the thing for a teen disc jamboree. This time the okay cue was given. And thus began the transition from technical mike problems to problems of mike technique.

Lucille tries to learn the teen's taste in tunes by giving frequent penthouse press parties for editors of high school publications. She also covers special bobby-sox events with her on-the-spot wire recorder.

Eight months ago, she was given a "grown-up" status at the station. In addition to Teen Topics, Lucille now conducts "Show Business" three evenings weekly. She says she feels like she's now leading a double life—at night, the suave sophisticate; Saturday mornings—the tempestuous teen-ager.

At present this 5'4", 108 pound miss is studying piano, dancing and singing. And during the winter season, can often be seen in rather precarious positions on the ice rink at Rockefeller Center.

Personal Patter: Reddish-blond hair, blue eyes. Born in New York City 22 years ago.

(20-3255) good for listening and dancing.

One of the very best of the newer vocalists is young Tommy Roberts, who alternates between his own M-G-M records and chanting for the Sy Oliver crew. Or perhaps he's graduated from the band but M-G-M keeps popping up with the older Oliver disks. Anyway, Roberts soulfully wends his way through Sy's melancholy arrangement of "Sad Story Blues" (10335) to good effect.

On the Be-bop side

Be-Bop has its innings, as usual, with "Scamparoo" (4259) being a fine vehicle for Russell Jacquet and his All Stars on the King label... Some prodigious solos by Jacquet and the boys utilizing a relaxed rather than the usual frenetic style make this one an item for the goatee-and-beret set... The other two disks that fall into this category are both vocals—"A Bippity Be-Bop Pony" (1326) sung by Mabel Scott on the Exclusive label and "Chubby's Confession" (3199) for DeLuxe by Chubby Newsom... Miss Scott uses bop riffs and licks that sound authentic enough. Miss Newsom is a disciple of the blues-shouting school but she gets support from some good boppers.

Among the male vocal disks, Billy Eckstine comes up with another fine offering in "No Orchids for My Lady" (10340), which he sings with purity and distinction... A big Hugo Winterhalter band helps with its lush arrangements and this should be a winner. There's a very fine reverse side, too, in "Bewildered"... Herb Jeffries isn't quite as good as Mr. Eckstine but he's very much in the same groove and his big voice is very pleasing on "Baby, Won't You Please Come Home" (1197) on the Exclusive label.

Como scores again

Perry Como, it seems almost superfluous to say, is one of the most pleasing singers around. Give him the right tune, as RCA-Victor has done with "Far Away Places" (20-3316), and he'll bat out a record good for half-a-million sales... If this isn't a hit, then we'll stop making predictions... The reverse, "Missouri Waltz," is a good example of material even Perry can't salvage.

RCA-Victor is doing a lot of crowing about its new gal singer, Fran Warren, who caused such a stir with the job she did with Claude



FRAN WARREN

Thornhill's band singing "A Sunday Kind of Love." Unquestionably a thrilling singer with a fine range and interpretive sense and plenty of s-e-x in her voice, Fran can justify the buildup if she comes up with a hit. The first offerings, "Why Is It?" and "Joe" (20-3318), are very promising and here and there the red-haired miss reveals a poignant style that will catch on with the public as it develops... In "My Dream Is Yours" (38375), Doris Day demonstrates her intimate, beguiling style. On the Columbia label.

One of the best all-around records is "The Snowman Song" (JL102) sung by Tony Grisé, for this very catch and danceable melody is not only enjoyable for teen-agers and adults but a fine kiddie record as well... Starlight would be very wise to issue this each year as it could very easily become a perennial for the Winter season.

The Song All America Will Sing



Foolish Heart

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vocal by Tony Grise
music by Jimmy Lozito

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Mental

Cartoonist draws

popular disc jockeys



By Mel Graff
creator of
syndicated
comic strip,
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Doc Lemon WJR—Detroit...
This kid comes on like Geronimo. The airplanes jump and announcers, engineers and listeners latch aboard the bandy-wagon. Only a fat, toothy, curly-headed buffoon could commit such pre-dawn hi-jinx. But, Doc turns out to be un-fat and un-toothy. Zany photo shows Doc ready to bust the dawn for Detroit's Goodwill station.



Bea Kalmus WMGM—N.Y.C...
Bea is dyed-in-the-wool show folks and her nightly shows exude the same flavor. Definitely blond, I decided, and by golly I was right. I think I came pretty close, facially, too. Bea also has what it takes to go with a pretty face, although I didn't get much of it into my sketch.



Television

from the sound of their voices with odd results

Like many another cartoonist, I work with my radio close at hand. Faced by ever-haunting deadlines, my radio often sees 'round-the-clock service. Some of my very favorite listening is to the nation's record spinning chatter-jox. They keep me entertained... and awake. I was listening to WOV's Rosalie Allen, one day, and I got to wondering what she looked like. Picking up a scratch pad, I sketched my impression of Rosalie. The idea so intrigued me that I tried similar voice-impression sketches of other multi-talented jockeys. Comparisons between my impressions and actual photos proved very amusing. Here are a few...



Linn Burton WENR—Chicago...
Linn's infectious voice warms the ear and makes each record sound better. I imagined him to be a sharp dresser and I was right. I pictured a wispy mustache on his lively lip and I was right. But right there my impression strayed from reality. The flesh and blood Burton looks like the slick comedy relief in a movie about show girls.



Franklyn MacCormack WIND—Chicago...
When this pioneer poet of radio gives out, housewives pause, misty-eyed; bacon burns and doorbells go unanswered. I had pictured this good-looking Hibernian as the Leslie Howard type, blond wavy hair and sensitively featured. The face that Mrs. Mac sees through the hole in her breakfast donut doesn't match the one from my ink bottle.



Alix Blake WENT—Gloversville, N. Y...
Discateer and reader of poems. I wasn't going to be fooled by Alix's quiet, sincere delivery. This was a giant of a man who'd shipped on cattle boats and laid rails. Middle age had mellowed him into a pastoral purveyor of poetry and platters. How wrong can a pair of ears get? See right.



Paul Brenner WAAT—Newark, N. J...
Everyone agrees that Paul was one of the first record rotators. He has always sounded to me the way my hero, X9, would sound in real life. I even imagined that Paul looked like a red-headed version of my breadwinner. Surprisingly enough, there is a resemblance... dark hair, smile and all. I wasn't too far off, here.



Vern Cook WGY—Schenectady, N. Y...
Vern has a smart, fast way with words... the man in the street's Dave Garroway. He couldn't possibly look like he sounds, collegiate and suavely tailored. I took another close listen and came up with the lean, tousle-haired, bespectacled character at the left. But the actual Cook look calls my pen a liar.



Rosalie Allen WOV—N.Y.C...
Rosalie spins discs, plays the guitar and sings, hill stuff. I knew she just HAD to be lovely, but in my ear's eye, she was brunette instead of blond. Facially, she didn't match my impression, either, although she is definitely the type that men find so nice to come home to... and so hard to go to work from. ★END



IT'S
CLICKING
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THE
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JOCKEYS!

"The
Snowman
Song"



Vocal by
Tony Grise
Music by
Jimmy Lozito

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STARLIGHT
Records



by
Radie Harris

WHEN Rex Harrison made a guest appearance on the "Cavalcade of America" etherizer, the effect was slightly bewildering to the studio audience. Dressed in the royal raiment of "King Henry VIII," he was playing the role of "Thomas Jefferson." The reason for such an anachronism was because in order to make the broadcast and get back to the Shubert Theatre where he is currently enhancing Broadway with his magnificent performance in "Anne of the Thousand Days," he had to be in his stage makeup of "King Henry."

When Rex appeared on my "Broadway and Vine" series, he came in civilian garb and looked like a walking advertisement for the "sexy Remy" drooled over by movie fans. Now that he's in royal residence at the Shubert for an indefinite stay, does this mean an end to his screen career? Let Rex tell you himself: "I'm only postponing it. I'd love to do another picture with Preston Sturgis for whom I made my last film, 'Unfaithfully Yours,' and I'd adore to do a picture here in New York. I'm madly in love with your home town, Radie. To quote Gordon Jenkins' 'Manhattan Towers': 'I love the skyline after dark—the hansom in the park—the Bowery and the Bronx—the Harlem honkey-tonks.' I love looking out of my window and seeing the snow in Central Park, like a picture postcard. I love to walk with no place to go—I love to be an unidentified part of this pulsating, electric, marvelous city. I love the fact that my wife, Lila Palmer, has a play on Broadway, too, and that our son, Cary, is starting school here—so, Radie, if you know of anyone who'd like to buy a beautiful home in Hollywood, ours is for sale!"

BRAINS AND BRAUN

Another answer to the "booby sexers" prayer—Burt Lancaster, was also a visitor to "Broadway and Vine" during his personal appearance engagement at the N. Y. Capitol—and of all the screen heroes I've interviewed, I don't know of anyone who's reacted to such dizzying success with a saner sense of values. When I asked Burt how he has managed to escape the usual pitfalls that change so many Hollywood stars, he modestly replied: "It wasn't too difficult, Radie. When I came

to Hollywood, 2½ years ago, I was 32 years old. I had just come back from overseas where I saw the youth of the world being killed off. Before that, I had had 10 years eking out a living for myself as a truck driver, lingerie salesman, singing waiter and an acrobat. When you've gone through the school of hard knocks like that, and then the lucky break finally comes, you don't go off the beam the way you would if you were just a kid of say, 19, as so often happens in Hollywood—when suddenly, boom, without any preparation for it, you find the truth of that sub-title, 'And so, overnight fame.' When I lived in this town before, I couldn't even afford a cup of coffee at the Sherry Netherland. Now that I'm staying there, it strikes me very funny when the head captain instructs his waiters to be sure and keep Mr. Lancaster's coffee hot for him. I know that my coffee will stay hot just as long as I stay hot at the box office—and no longer!

"Hollywood has a thousand little traps to fit into your system," he continued. "You go to a restaurant where people are waiting for tables. You are content to wait, too. No good. The captain recognizes you, and with an obsequious bow, ushers you right through the mob. At the studio, you walk on the set and there's a prop boy, makeup man, hairdresser and press agent, all waiting to dance attendance on you. If you take all this seriously, with no sense of humor about yourself, brother, you've fallen into the trap! I was no exception in the beginning, but thank heavens—I quickly regained my perspective with the help of my wife, Norma. You see, Radie, like me, she's worked hard all her life, and the glamour and chi-chi of Hollywood mean nothing to her. She still does all her own cooking and takes care of our two youngsters, Jimmy and Billy, herself. And she's so fed up with other women who tell her how lucky she is to be married to Burt Lancaster, she's ready to belt them!"

YUK-A-PUK

If, like me, you've been wondering about the origin of "Yuk-A-Puk," wonder no longer. Morey Amsterdam, the perpetrator of this catch phrase which sounds like something out of a cross-word puzzle, explained the origin

of this "mystery melody" to me over a couple of yuks—I mean yaks at Colbee's.

Here, you habitués of the Golden Goose Cafe, is how it happened: One night, when Morey was doing his nightly patter over WMGM, he asked his orchestra leader, Joel Herron, for some background music. "Something simple with chords—like yuk-a-puk, yuk-a-puk." This got a tremendous howl from the audience, but Morey completely forgot about the incident until a few months later, when he was making some recordings for Apollo. He had finished three songs and had to fill in with a fourth when on a sudden inspiration he remembered "Yuk-A-Puk." He ad-libbed the verses, using "Yuk-A-Puk" as a refrain, and the number went over with such a bang that the phrase has now become as identified with Amsterdam as "I'd Love to Spend an Hour with You" is with Cantor.

Incidentally, the illusion the Golden Goose Cafe creates on his radio show is so real, listeners now feel there is such a night club. He constantly gets inquiries in the mail asking how to find the place. "These letters and calls don't come from phonies or quacks either," Morey earnestly added, "but from really high-class people!"

SCOOPING AROUND

Joan Loring, who won an Academy Award as the best supporting actress in "The Corn Is Green" and proves along with Luise Rainer that those gold statuettes may make very nice mantel decorations, but they don't mean a thing in furthering your career, is back in radio again where she started before Hollywood tagged her. Now she's so busy commuting between three daytime shows—"This Is Nora Drake," "Front Page Farrell" and "Big Sister," that she's the envy of all her former fellow players on the Warner lot who are on layoff because the studio, in line with Hollywood's current economy wave, is undergoing a forced shutdown... Watch for a big shakeup at Mutual within the next six months... Scuttlebut has it along Radio Row that Milton Berle wants to cut his hour video show to half because he finds it too much of a grind to sustain a comedy show for that length of

time each week... Even if this didn't happen, as NBC insists, it makes a good story: A few weeks ago, a young man tried to get into the Fred Allen show, claiming he was King Peter of Yugoslavia, and was promptly refused admittance. A week later, he was sent a set of complimentary tickets and a proper letter of apology when it turned out he actually was his royal "nibs."

OH, MY ACHING FEET!

Maggi McNellis claims that her daily luncheon etherizer emanating from New York's famous Latin Quarter is not only keeping her broke, but is giving her another radio occupational disease—ruined feet!

"You see," Maggi explained when I dropped in on her one recent noon hour, "the women who come to see my show always stay on for lunch afterwards. And since the whole thing is in the nature of a party, they usually dress up for the occasion. Naturally, the least I can do is to be properly turned out too. But here's the rub! Since I do the broadcast from the stage of the club, in full view of the audience, I can't very well turn up in a hat designed especially for me by Mr. John, and a Carnegie suit, and then sashay around the stage in ballet slippers for comfort's sake!"

So the result is that while Maggi is perfectly groomed from the ladies' point of view—judging by the number of inquiries she gets as to where she buys her divine clothes, it's raising havoc with her arches!

GONE ARE THE DAYS

Marge Morrow, who is casting director for CBS and knows whereof she speaks, confirms all those grim stories of how tough it is to get into radio today. Gone are the days, she says, when it was possible for young unknowns with little experience to get a firm foothold in radio and from there go on to fame and fortune either in Hollywood or on Broadway.

Marge sitting in her 14th floor office, in between the incessant ringing of the phone from earnest young hopefuls, recalled the days of the Columbia Workshop series back in '36, when people like Dorothy McGuire,

Martha Scott, Joe Cotten, Bob Walker and Orson Welles, just to mention a few, all got their first break on that program. And since most of them didn't know where their next meal was coming from, they were only too glad to work for whatever they could get.

"It was so much easier in those days to get started," Marge elucidated, "because not only was the industry younger, but there were no Broadway names to offer competition in the way of experience and prestige. At that time, theatre people disdained radio as being beneath their dignity, and as an industry which wouldn't go far in the dramatic field. This was all to the good of the young people who were much more concerned about making a living than being selective about which medium they preferred to express their talents.

"Today, the situation is quite different, when the casts of most shows are filled with experienced Broadway actors who are only too glad to augment their salaries with steady radio work. As Maxwell Anderson had one of his characters say in the modern sequence of 'Joan of Lorraine,' 'If it weren't for radio, half the actors in New York would be starving to death!'"

As a result of the number of experienced people available for parts, the auditions Marge now holds for newcomers have been cut down from 75 to 20 a week. In looking over some of the cards in the filing cabinets, I was amused to come across Richard Widmark's name which was listed back in '40. It stated, among other things, that he had just graduated from college, had a good voice and was available as a type for the wholesome young American boy—with corn in his hair!

HOT UNDER THE "COLLYER"

Bud Collyer, in addition to emceeing his own show, "On Your Mark," and announcing "Winner Take All" and "Beat the Clock," also plays the lead in "Superman." I managed to track him down long enough for him to tell me that he wishes more people would realize what a terrific job Bob Maxwell, the owner of "Superman," is doing in this serial's preaching against intolerance. So mothers, if you think your small fry sometimes go off the deep end as a result of listening to hair-raising exploits, also remember that in one script out of every four, they are getting a story in which the whole plot hinges on tolerance winning out, and hatred and blind prejudice getting their just desserts. Because Bud himself feels very keenly the necessity for better understanding, especially among young people, he devotes a great deal of his leisure (?) time to appearing before school assemblies, Boy Scout groups and other young people's meetings. Here, without notes to refer to, and guided only by his passionate conviction for spreading the need for tolerance, Bud is proving himself a "superman" in real life too!

HATS OFF

To Jack Berch: One of the few people on daytime radio who has an audience at his show every day, even though he has nothing to give away except a cheery personality and an ingratiating way of singing songs.

To Horace Heidt: For covering more than 40,000 miles in all the 48 states, testing home-grown talent, because he believes the way to find new talent is to go out and look for it, when there are so many undiscovered personalities who can't afford to pull up stakes and head for the Big Time.

To Robert Q. Lewis: For attempting a 5 days a week half hour comedy show coast-to-coast, and ad-libbing his way through some inventive humor that doesn't depend on insults for laughs.

RADIO'S MEMORY LANE

Some will find this game a little more difficult than others, but young and old will enjoy these trips down memory lane. It has taken a lot of exploring through dusty files to come up with these old familiar portraits—that is, familiar to us . . . and, if our guess is right, familiar to many of you despite passing time. If their names escape you, see answers below.

CAN YOU NAME THEM?

1. They starred in a favorite daytime serial for many years. Recently, the show made a brief return as a Broadway vehicle and will soon be featured on television. Can you identify the players and the play?



CAN YOU NAME THEM?

2. Folks in the trade will recognize the chap on the right as a leading photographer. Every sports fan will easily recognize the virile profile of a former heavyweight champ. But what's the make of that early radio receiver?



Answers: 1) "Rise of the Goldbergs." Seated are James Waton and Gertrude Berg.
2) Naming Jack Dempsey was easy. The photographer is Harold Stein. The set is a "Federal" back in 1925.

BEST GAGS OF THIS MONTH

Lewis: While in Paris, I was able to make a careful study of the French franc, and I find that there is no basis for comparison between the French franc and the American weenie, or hot dog as it is called in financial circles.
—"Robert Q. Lewis Show"

Abner: Where in the world did you ever get the idy of elopin'?

Cedric: Well—the idy come to me the other day after I traded a sack of marbles for a old ladder. I jist hate to have sompin' kickin' around the house I ain't usin'.
—"Lum 'n' Abner"

Stewart: Jack, you took my fountain pen by mistake.

Jack: Oh yes, sorry. Here it is, Jimmy.

Stewart: I wouldn't be bothered but it's a lifetime pen and I'm not getting any younger.
—"Jack Benny Program"

Auntie: When a man stops being an employee and becomes a boss, he loses a certain something.

Amsterdam: Yeah . . . his unemployment insurance.
—"Morey Amsterdam Show"



Radio Stars

have such interesting faces



Ed Gardner tastes soft drink



Barry Fitzgerald as you like him



Jane Ace stumps the mr.



James Cagney in dramatic role



Jerry Lewis mugs for mike



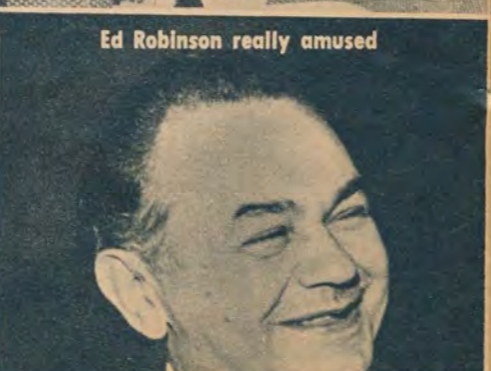
Dorothy Shay with glamorous look



Robert Trout serious reporter



Groucho Marx quizzes contestant



Ed Robinson really amused



Dorothy Lamour in sultry song

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.

Katharine Raht abandoned the teaching profession 12 years ago, to seek a career on the Broadway stage. Little did the woman who'd taught past history at the Bryn Mawr, Shipley and Foxcroft Schools and the present tense of "être" at the University of Chattanooga ever dream she would become the radio-mother of that embodiment of everything a teacher tries to suppress. However, each Thursday night on NBC's "The Aldrich Family," she tries to cope with the antics of irrepressible "Henry Aldrich," in the role of his understanding mother. Chattanooga, Tenn., was where Katharine first saw the light of day and her school marks were the light of her mother's eyes, for Kay studied hard while attending Miss Duval's and the Shipley Schools and, later, Bryn Mawr College, from which she received her AB and MA. However, she still found time to dabble in the production end of school plays and even sang solos in many Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. The lore of learning proved stronger than the lure of lights and Kay entered the teaching profession, but managed to grade her papers in double-time, allowing for intensive participation in Chattanooga's Little Theatre. Summer vacations, too, when other instructors were journeying to foreign shores and prowling the Louvre, found Katharine on the roster of many summer stock companies. Thus, when she thought she deserved a sabbatical year, even though no one else did, she took a through train to Broadway, where she's stretched her sabbatical a dozen times over.



Trying every conceivable way of getting a part in Thornton Wilder's "Our Town," she finally managed, on the basis of her singing ability, to be cast as one of the voices in the hit's unseen choir. Staying with the show throughout its Broadway run in a small part and as understudy for the important part of "Mrs. Gibbs," she played the role when the show toured to Chicago after its Broadway close. Through Thornton Wilder, Katharine met Clifford Goldsmith, creator of "The Aldrich Family," via his Broadway show "What a Life." When "Our Town" closed, "Henry Aldrich" had already made his radio debut, but they were still looking for a suitable mother for the squeaky-voiced "enfant terrible." At first, Kay demurred, figuring radio wasn't her forte because she'd tried with no results. However, upon learning Goldsmith had once been a teacher, she felt the fraternal bond might bring luck and she tried for and won the part. As Henry's long-suffering mother, she scored an immediate hit and has been on the show, now in its tenth year, ever since. However, her interest in the theatre still runs high and, only last season, Broadwayites saw Kay in one of the leading roles in "The Heiress," which co-starred Wendy Hiller and Basil Rathbone. *END

MORE GAGS

Irene Rich: They tell me your girl's figure looks like a million dollars, Herb.

Shriner: Sure does, but she's got an awful lot invested in the wrong places.
—"Herb Shriner Time"

Spike: Why, Professor, you're all slicked up. Don't tell me you're turning out to be a ladies' man.

Doodles: Turning out to be? I am a great lover. In the secret files of the Lonely Hearts Club, I am known as nature's answer to the pressure cooker!
—"Spike Jones Show"

King: What time is it, Honey?

Sapphire: It's three P.M., George.

King: Three? Why didn't you wake me up at noon like I tole yo'? Heah I is gone an' slept through my afternoon nap.

—"Amos 'n' Andy"

Autry: You two settle this argument in old fashioned western style—fight a duel.

Bond: All right, Buttram, what'll it be, pistols or swords, you skunk?

Buttram: Listen, if I was a skunk I wouldn't need a pistol or a sword!
—"Gene Autry Show"

Luigi: Miss Spalding, is true that is all mothers at Parent Teachers Association?

Miss Spalding: Well, the odds are that you'll be the only man among thirty or forty ladies.

Luigi: That's a wonderful odds!

—"Life with Luigi"

Amsterdam: Gee, Aunt Mamie, I'm just trying to work out this cross-word puzzle. Here's another tough one. A four letter word meaning to pull suddenly. Gee, I know that word as well as I know my own name.

Mamie: Jerk!
—"Morey Amsterdam Show"

RADIO'S *Best People* Behind the Scenes

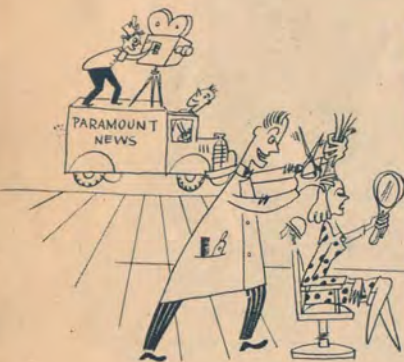


HOLLYWOOD DIRECTOR William Keighley



"If a man is a good motion picture director, he can't help being a good radio producer," says the impresario of the CBS "Lux Radio Theater." And Keighley ought to know. For ten straight years at least one of his productions has been among the ten top box office attractions. His entry this year is the thriller "The Street With No Name." Called upon three years ago to take the helm of the "Lux Theater," he's had no trouble keeping it at the top of all dramatic shows in the Hooper race despite the most intense competition in the program's 15 year history. Keighley brought more than a brilliant screen background to radio. As an actor he played in "Romeo and Juliet" with Ethel Barrymore. As a stage director he handled "Penny Arcade" with James Cagney and Joan Blondell, a play which launched both players. Keighley's screen successes include the the memorable "Green Pastures," "Each Dawn I Die," "G-Men," "The Prince and the Pauper" and dozens of other hits.

ON THE SCENE EXECUTIVE James Caddigan



After having had your hand in the radio, movies and stage, one is bound to turn to television. As director of programming and production for Du Mont's network and key station WABD, Caddigan certainly has his fill of the TV pie. He's not the usual behind-closed-doors executive, either. Caddigan likes nothing better than being in the thick of TV things. He'll be found on the set, in the control room, and if need be on the remote unit truck when Du Mont is carrying a special event. Nor is that the extent of his duties. Only recently Caddigan had to mildly take to task one of his favorite lady stars for cutting her hair, pointing out that a hair cut meant a change in television personality. How right he was was proven by the telephone deluge from viewers registering their strong objections to the clipping.

GIRL OF MANY TALENTS Joan Sinclair



Her talents seem to be inexhaustible. She has done about most everything in radio one can be called upon to do—and still has to give a disappointing behind-the-scenes performance. As assistant to Martha Rountree, producer of Mutual's "Leave It to the Girls," Joan counts among her various assignments that of director, talent-coordinator, promotion and publicity, and editorial direction. She also has the job of sifting and selecting those provocative questions used on the program from the hundreds of letters received from listeners all over America. As though all this were not enough to keep a young lady busy, Joan has four songs to her credit, writes poetry which has been featured by Ted Malone, has composed commercial jingles, and is busy in the production and direction of new shows waiting for air time. Before coming to radio Joan spent five years with Universal Pictures as a Jane-of-all-work, doing talent scouting for stars and stories as well as handling the New York itineraries of visiting Hollywood producers, directors and actors.

TOP MAN AT 27 Fletcher Markle



Only 27, he's hailed rightly as one of the outstanding personalities in the entertainment world. His brilliant productions on CBS' "Studio One" are still talked about as nothing less than perfection in radio drama. As director of the "Ford Theater" he continues to add to his stature. Now his gifts and talents as director and writer will be seen on the screen in "Jigsaw," which stars Franchot Tone as a fighting district attorney. Tall, dark, slim and handsome, Markle is a young man with an infinite capacity for long hours of gruelling work, often seven days a week. Markle was born in Winnipeg, Canada. At 18 he formed his own acting unit. An overambition presentation which struck a financial snag turned Markle and his group to radio. They did everything from Shakespeare to Mother Goose—and well enough to win Canadian network recognition. During the war Markle wrote and narrated the remarkable documentary "V-1" nominated for an Academy award. ★ END





As himself.

Robert Q. Lewis

One Man's Station

COMEDIANS who have had their differences with vice-presidents and sponsors will welcome the ingenious plan now being peddled by a member of their frazzled fraternity to the lowest bidder. Robert Q. Lewis, who operates on the CBS wave, bases his proposal on the theory that broadcasting stations are a serious traffic hazard with newscasters, soap opera stars, musicians and producers racing through corridors and inevitably clipping a comedian in progress. If only in self-defense Lewis recommends the one-man station, an assignment for which he is rehearsing in his spare hours as these candid camera shots reveal.

Lewis the director (at left) performs for Lewis the sponsor, who resembles a certain man of distinction.

ON THE AIR



As the daytime serial hero he has the sudsy look in his eye so appealing to soap opera fans.

Our hero has a little trouble with this assignment, but then everybody can't be a comedian. ★ END →



As long as the musicians can read notes, the Maestro has fun waving his hands around.



Commentator Lewis finds the morning newspaper a handy source of "exclusive" information.



Moderator George Cushing plays host to Adolph Menjou and Col. Walter Cole on WJR forum.



Grass Root Soap Box

Wide latitude of opinion program covers everything from Adolphe Menjou's views on communism, discussions on the Golden Rule — even how to bring up babies.



Sandra Smith, 5, sits on table to reach mike in interview with "In Our Opinion" moderator.

WHETHER it's Chief Pipi-Qua of the Ottawa discussing Indian problems, or Count Felix Von Luckner telling his experiences as a sea raider, or a panel of distinguished doctors debating the merits of the new against the old fashioned way of raising a baby—it's all grist for WJR's popular weekly forum program "In Our Opinion."

Moderator George Cushing, who originated the program eight years ago, purposely refrained from straitjacketing it with a set formula. As a result Detroit listeners are treated to unusual radio fare which combines the best features of public service, special events and interesting programming.

Given this wide latitude, Cushing will present Adolph Menjou one week to give his views on communism and will follow through the following week with an interview on current issues with five clowns from the Ringling Brothers circus. Again, Cushing will put through a special report on the Italian elections direct from Rome and follow through with a discussion of the Golden Rule by religious heads of three different faiths.

Does the public like the program? Listeners' response and Hooper ratings both answer in the affirmative. It will probably remain that way as long as "Executive" Cushing (he's now WJR's vice president in charge of news) prefers to be known as "Moderator" Cushing and keeps exploring the grass roots for all shades and levels of opinion while he keeps a trained eye open for the unusual news feature.

Acclaim & Applause

Greet

LISTENER PANEL

of
100,000



RADIO BEST's Listeners Panel received the nation's endorsement in an avalanche of mail from every corner of the land. Listeners praised the Panel for giving them an opportunity to say what they shall see and hear on the TV and radio wave lengths. Executives in the radio and television fields and the entertainment world's foremost stars endorsed the Panel as a constructive turning point in broadcasting history. The following letters represent a typical cross section of nationwide reaction to the Listeners Panel.

TO THE EDITOR: Your Listeners Panel is a splendid idea. Now, instead of gnashing our teeth, we finally get a chance to talk back. Maybe now we can find out what's wrong with radio.

Robert Freund,
Philadelphia, Pa.

• Your plan is commendable from several important viewpoints. I believe that the American public has some constructive thinking to offer the broadcasting industry. As a person connected intimately with radio, I can speak from experience and say that there has been a serious tendency on the part of the radio executive and sponsor to think of the listeners in terms of his lowest common denominator. I think the great radio audience seriously resents this attitude and will speak its mind forthrightly through your listeners' panel.

L. G.,
New York City



RALPH EDWARDS

• Your new Listeners Panel should give broadcasters a true picture of what the nation's listening audience likes and dislikes. For myself, I'm ready to accept the "truth or consequences."

Ralph Edwards,
Hollywood, Cal.

• I am a firm believer in "panel opinion." The wide scope of your permanent Listeners Panel of 100,000 is a tremendous undertaking but should benefit all of us concerned with radio and television. I congratulate you and wish your panel a long life.

Jack Barry,
New York City.

• It's Vox Populi—finally. And our family is all for it.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Morris,
Los Angeles, Calif.

• Radio ought to thank you for coming up with the Listeners Panel. It'll take all the guesswork out of knowing what the people themselves are thinking.

Louise Turner,
Maspeth, L. I.



KATE SMITH

• Serving the public is radio's first responsibility. I earnestly hope your projected panel of 100,000 American families will reflect the interests of the nation's listeners.

Kate Smith,
New York.

• If you lose a name on your list, or maybe add another, I would enjoy being a part of your panel.

Almeda Sandman,
Deer Park, Ohio.

• I would consider it a great honor and a privilege to serve on your Listeners Panel. Living in Statesville, N. C., I am strategically located in a radio center including such large radio cities as Winston-Salem, Charlotte, Asheville, Raleigh and others. Having worked as announcer-newscaster at WSIC and having been a radio editor, I could be of great assistance in helping formulate broadcasting policy and programming. Good luck in this magnificent radio idea.

W. E. Galbreath, Jr.,
Statesville, N. C.

• I have my doubts whether the public knows what's good for it any more than the soap manufacturers who practically run radio. At least the daytime programs. But, who knows? Maybe some good will come of it. I sincerely hope so.

Alice Bainbridge,
Jersey City, N. J.

• The Listeners Panel has my complete endorsement. May I suggest, as one of the first subjects on its agenda, consideration of the very vital subject of children's programs. There are many programs on the air not fit for the ears of growing boys and girls. Particularly obnoxious are the many crime stories, which I seriously believe contribute to juvenile delinquency.

Rose Nowack,
Cleveland, Ohio

• Listeners have been at the mercy of broadcasters and sponsors much, much too long. We need a Listeners Panel of the kind you are sponsoring. We buy the products the sponsors sell. So let no one tell you the public has no right to complain because it is getting free entertainment.

John Carter,
Denver, Col.

• Why so much fuss about another "Voice of the People"? Since when have they taken away our right to turn off any program we don't like?

Fred Lister,
Portland, Ore.

• There's good and bad in radio, just as there is in the movies. Except the movie makers have a sure way of judging through the box office receipts. Radio has its ratings. But after what happened to Mr. Gallup and Co., how close is Hooper to what the public is thinking? So, I agree with you. Let the listeners speak for themselves.

Harvey Patria,
New York City



GROUCHO MARX

• For many years I have attempted to earn a living as a comedian. At times I was successful. I'd now like to ask this question of your Listeners Panel: Am I in the right field?

Groucho Marx,
Hollywood, Cal.

• I have long felt the need for a permanent radio and television panel along the lines outlined in your February issue. Organizing a committee of 100,000 listening families is more than I hoped for. Today, with the rapid expansion of television, the thinking and opinions of the viewing public must be accepted as an important factor in helping us build the right kind of programs. I congratulate you for launching this great project.

Donald Geisy,
DuMont, New York City.



BEN GRAUER

• I am not acquainted with the methods and operations which will govern your newly projected panel of 100,000, but the idea itself should be supported by the radio fraternity. After all, broadcasting, the greatest of all mass mediums, belongs to the people and the people have every right to evaluate radio. How about getting an opinion on "jingles"? I've often wondered what the listener thought of singing commercials.

Ben Grauer,
New York City.

• Every person I have discussed your Listeners Panel with agrees that it deserves the support of every thinking man and woman.

Harold Materman,
Minneapolis, Minn.

• Congratulations and best wishes to your Listeners Panel of 100,000. I wish I get an opportunity to join its ranks. I know it will be a force for good.

Frances Levin,
San Francisco, Calif.

• For years we've had to put up with a lot of trash they've tried to pass off as entertainment. Maybe the Listeners Panel will dispose of the garbage.

Harriet Atterburg,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

• Why not a Listeners Panel in every city? Local stations as well as network stations can benefit from public guidance.

Samuel Chase,
Omaha, Nebr.

• This is a project radio should have carried out a long time ago. It's another first for RADIO BEST, the best friend the listener ever had.

Charles Connors,
St. Louis, Mo.

• Your Listeners Panel should help mould the future shape of radio and television broadcasting. I commend you in assuming this giant task which I hope will benefit all of us directly and indirectly associated with the responsibility of broadcasting.

Art Linkletter,
Hollywood, Cal.

• Reaching as it does into practically every American home, radio is not just an entertainment medium. It is a molder of opinion and must serve the public interest. It is my hope that your opinion panel will help project the importance of the public's rights and demand that the nation's broadcasters live up to their responsibilities.

Emcee,
Chicago, Illinois.



The day starts at 7 a.m. for Herb Shriner and his writer Norman Barasch, who pecks at script as Herb adds a quip.



Complete with harmonica, briefcase and unpressed suit, Shriner gallops into conference room.



Up to their shirtsleeves in scripts, gags and musical scores are (l-r) Raymond Scott, producer Al Hollender, announcer Durward Kirby, Barasch and our hero, Shriner.



Showtime arrives, finally, and Shriner cringes as guest "gunman" Eddie Albert puts him on the day's script-inspired spot.



Herb looks optimistic, but Barasch is glum as they listen to rebroadcast half hour later. Someone muff a line, Norman?



Herb Shriner

*Finds time
waits for
no comedian*

Herb Shriner led RADIO BEST's cameraman a merry chase following CBS' popular new comedian through a typical day. Apparently, more than an harmonica and an engaging personality are required to put on a successful five-day-a-week show.

It takes time—lots of time—as much as 18 hours a day to be exact. They call it "Herb Shriner Time" but to be cute about it there never seems to be enough time for comedy.



Herb and Norman get started on next day's script as our hero puts on greasepaint for his recent role in stage hit "Inside U. S. A."



And here's a portrait of two young men who have just put in 18 hours of work as they look ahead gleefully to the dawn of another 18 hour day. *END

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MAIL COUPON TODAY!



Is NBC Finished?

Continued from Page 12

complements Martin's handsome personality and pleasant singing. They went down to Miami, and Walter Winchell heard them there as a duo, and dubbed them "terrific." Hollywood put them into the filming of "My Friend Irma" (which is an air-package owned by CBS) and Arthur Godfrey gave the boys a big send-off on the CBS network (if that seems ironic, make the most of it).

I heard the recording of the program which Martin and Lewis did as an "audition" for NBC. I think they were very amusing. NBC will probably have them on the air by the time you read these lines, and NBC hopes some advertiser—on the basis of the same "audition platter" that I heard—will sponsor the new Martin and Lewis show. I wish NBC, and anyone who sponsors the program, best of luck. I think Martin and Lewis deserve a break, and I hope, profoundly, that they get it. But—

But Martin and Lewis are not the answer to NBC's loss of Jack Benny, plus the loss of Edgar Bergen, plus the loss of Red Skelton, plus the possible loss of Allen, plus the bruited loss of Jolson. *Nobody is that good.*

There is another point that's extremely important to us listeners. Suppose NBC does develop two, three, four teams like Martin and Lewis, and suppose they are judged tops? Will that amount to a new type of programming? The answer is: It will not. NBC is still thinking along old channels, still operating along old worn-out patterns. NBC could have shown courage, for instance, when its Sunday night lineup was broken up.

There is a non-network station in New York (WNEW) which practices a type of programming called by a fancy label, "counter-poise." All that high-falutin' name means is this: Do the opposite of what the other fellow is doing. Put another way, it means: If your competitor has the best mousetrap — don't try to outsell him on mousetraps, sell cats instead. NBC might have taken a lesson from WNEW. Then, instead of trying to put Heidt up against Benny, it would have made an announcement along these lines: "NBC has decided that the Sabbath hours from seven to nine shall be dedicated to the best of drama. We shall have two solid hours of the best dramas, performed by the finest stars in the world, in plays especially written for us by the greatest playwrights in the world, scored by the greatest musicians" . . . etc., etc., etc. That would have shown imagination and courage. WNEW has made a lot of money through



Leading figures in the battle of the Webs are (from left to right) Brig. General David Sarnoff, President and Chairman of the Board of Directors, of the Radio Corporation of

America and founder of NBC; Niles Trammell, President of NBC; William Paley, Chairman of the Board, Columbia Broadcasting System, and Dr. Frank Stanton, CBS President.

"counter-poise" imagination. NBC showed no such tendency.

By displaying lack of imagination and courage, NBC affected all of us listeners in more ways than one. It not only took from us the opportunity of getting really fresh, vigorous programs by tuning in on our local NBC affiliate. It also threatened to affect the programs of all other networks.

Mutual, which has more stations than any other network, has never been too sharp in developing new type of commercial programs (except in news). Its educational and religious department is also good, but has too few opportunities to show its stuff. NBC's lying down on the job was no shining example for Mutual.

ABC, staggering under the loss of Crosby and threatened with the loss of "Theatre Guild," had only one big league star left—Walter Winchell. ABC's slip, when it starts showing in public, is no prettier than any other dame's.

There was even danger that NBC's losses might affect CBS, although in a different way. CBS has been, for many years, the outstanding network for the creation of new types of programs, development of new types of talent. It has had more genuine artistic sense than all the other networks combined. It is CBS that electrified radio years ago with Archibald MacLeish's "The Fall of the City." It was CBS that took a young fellow off a local station and gave him his head—his name is Norman Corwin. It was the "CBS Workshop" that developed some of the most exciting shows ever heard on the air. It was CBS that first gave to radio an example of how music can really be integrated with drama in the work of composer Bernard Herrmann. Furthermore, CBS developed programs that were more popular—like "My Friend Irma," "Mr. Ace and Jane," "Life With Luigi," and many others. CBS developed the great radio documentaries, and set the pattern along those lines for the rest of radio to follow.

I recite these grand accomplishments here for one reason. Will CBS continue along those paths—or will it lie down, putting all its eggs into the Benny-Crosby baskets? There are ominous signs. The "Mr. Ace" show was taken off the air, a victim of Hooperitis. Quietly, Corwin's contract was terminated, and Herrmann was

not scoring any music for CBS. "Workshop" went the way of all Hooper flesh a long time ago. Let's hope CBS has not lost that old drive. Let's hope its increased profits from more popular programs will be poured right back into more, rather than less, experimental work toward better listening. But while we don't lose sight of CBS, let's keep that NBC situation in focus. If NBC was so far behind CBS innovation when it had all the big stars—what kind of NBC will we have now that the big money fellows don't live at NBC any more? Are RCA's accountants likely to step in and ask the worried brass at NBC: "Isn't there some way to turn an honest dollar in addition to the Guided Tours?"

The RCA accountants may have to take other factors into consid-

Radio listeners are being saved, for once, from a plethora of gags going the rounds. Unlike the White House porch or the Debacle of the Pollsters—these jokes are taboo, on any network. They happen to affect NBC, but the other nets would censor them also, regarding them as "unfair" attacks on a competitor.

A Hollywood star, arriving in New York for the first time in a year, deadpans: "It's so nice to see the Christmas spirit lasts here all year 'round. Yesterday, in front of Radio City, I saw Bill Paley, still singing a holiday number — 'Come All Ye Faithful.'"

NBC's new Sunday night theme song: "Stop that Nonsense."

Also, "Even Calvert has switched—to CBS."

eration. These include:

- 1) General David Sarnoff, head man of RCA, takes great pride in NBC. Sarnoff founded and developed NBC. He won't let it go by default without a fight. If he has to chop heads at NBC, from the very top, he'll do so. He is very sentimental about his NBC baby.
 - 2) RCA needs NBC in radio because RCA manufactures and sells not only radio receiving sets but also radio transmission equipment.
 - 3) Television.
- RCA has a tremendous investment, and a very large stake, in television. RCA's now very-

naughty baby, NBC, has done a great deal for the development of television — which helps, since RCA also sells television transmission equipment as well as television receiving sets. NBC developed far more imaginative and better television programming than anyone else in the field (including CBS, which is coming up now but made a late start because it had spent so much effort and money trying to develop full-color television in place of black-and-white video).

If all the Sarnoff sentimentality and the hard facts of accountants probing into NBC radio are not convincing enough, television makes it mandatory to keep NBC going.

But how will NBC radio be kept going? Where is that shot in the arm? It has the dollars, but it has had vast financial resources for a long time. That's not enough. Paley also has dollars, and is putting them to better use now. And if dollars alone cannot turn the trick, how will NBC's heart be kept going? And if the heart stops—

Is NBC finished?

To change the simile, the answer is this: There are two strikes against NBC, but the ball game isn't over.

RCA may throw in a new pitcher.

Or RCA may discover where that radio heart is.

The heart of radio is not in the counting house, nor in NBC's (or anyone else's) beautiful, streamlined, wonderfully-equipped studios.

The heart of radio is not in sponsors or advertisers.

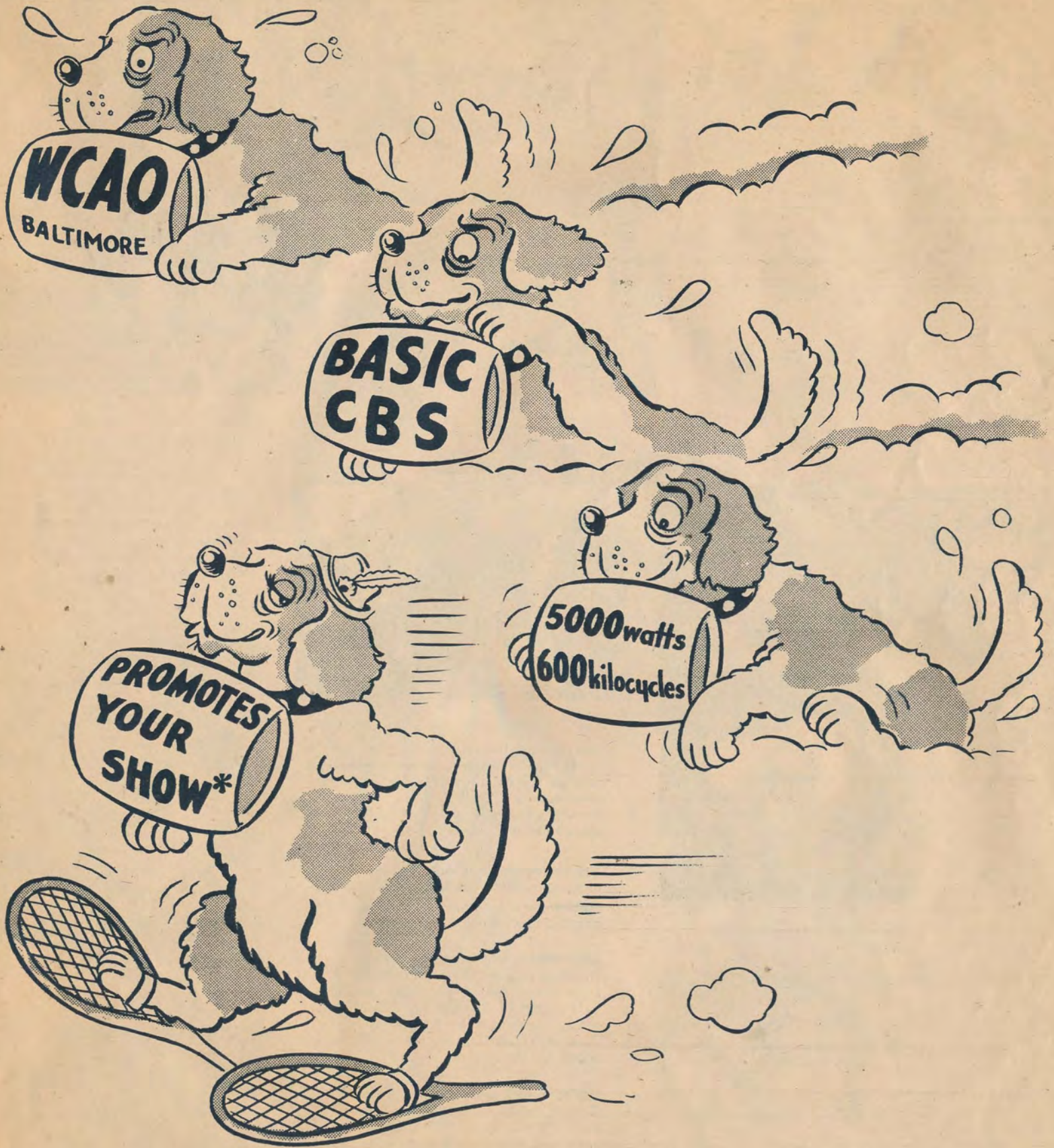
The heart of radio is not even in the stars.

The heart of radio is in the listener.

We, the listeners, can make radio toe the line and serve us because we happen to own the air which the broadcasters use through licenses which we give them through our Government.

We can organize our listening, through local councils, through the kind of listener-panels this magazine is establishing, through monitoring what's on the air, and through sounding off, talking back to the broadcasters.

Whether NBC is here to stay is important. But it is much more important to let all broadcasters know that the embattled listener is here to stay. ★ END



***Just ask your
Raymer representative**

**Radio
best**

PERSONALITIES

...ON THE

NATION'S

STATIONS ...



↑

Little Pamela Stark, daughter of DuMont's "Television Shopper," Kathi Norris, made her video debut on "Mommy's" program in celebration of her third birthday. Daddy, Wilbur Stark, radio and television producer, brought along this massive Merry-Go-Round cake prepared by the A & P Food Stores, a sponsor, no doubt.



↑

Sammy Solo, the armless war veteran, poses for the cameraman as he rehearses number for his regular Saturday night spot on New York's WMGM. Sammy's baritone crooning has scored big with local bobby-soxers.



← **The Incomparable Hildegard** stopped in to say hello to San Diego's KSDT's station owner, Charles E. Salik, on her recent cross-country tour.

Paul Barnes, who portrays Jerry → Browning on WGN's "Calling All Detectives," found this little one-and-a-half pound Chihuahua toy terrier in a candy box sent in by a local fan. Paul will train the ferocious feller for bloodhound chores.



One of radio's best known showmen, → John C. "Happy Jack" Turner, died suddenly on January 19th only a few hours before his regular morning broadcast over Denver's KOA. "Happy Jack," whose inimitable style of singing, piano playing and announcing of commercials made him the most popular local personality in the Rocky Mountain Region, was in his 27th year of broadcasting. He was 50 years old.

← **Virginia Tatum**, Home Editor of WTOP's (Washington, D. C.) "Country Journal," invited Dr. Loy Shrader of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, to share the "Chicken of Tomorrow" with her on a recent broadcast.





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“My Pop is the smartest man
in the world!”

Don't be too hasty to argue the point, because in a way Junior is quite right.

True, Johnny's father never won a Nobel Prize, and he isn't one of the learned few who can expound authoritatively on Einstein's Theory of Relativity.

But Johnny doesn't measure smartness that way. He has a more realistic gauge. Living in his own little world of awe-

inspiring wonders, Johnny has his own collection of everyday questions:

“What is lightning?”

“Why does it snow?”

“How does television work?”

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So never, never forget to accent your eyes, daytime or evening. Only be sure you use MAYBELLINE, the eye make-up in good taste—preferred by smart women everywhere.



- ★ MAYBELLINE CAKE MASCARA in beautiful, gold-tone metal vanity, \$1. Refills, 50c. Velvet Black, Brown, Midnight Blue. (Also in 25c and 10c sizes.)
- ★ MAYBELLINE CREAM MASCARA (applied without water) comes in handy leatherette case, \$1. (Also in 25c and 10c sizes.) Velvet Black, Brown, Midnight Blue.
- ★ MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL soft, smooth quality, fine point—so easy to use! Purse size, 10c. Professional size, 25c. Black, Dark Brown and Light Brown.
- ★ MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW smooth, creamy, in subtle shades: Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Green, Violet and Gray.

Maybelline
WORLD'S FAVORITE EYE MAKE-UP

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