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TV
& Television Magazine

OCTOBER
25¢

RADIO BEST

Arthur Godfrey
&
Janette Davis



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KATIMS

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Arthur
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AUGUST 6

Wilfred
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AUGUST 20

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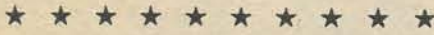
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Mr. Showbusiness himself, the hilarious Milton Berle is the cover and feature story subject in the next issue of RADIO & TV BEST Magazine. The story will reveal things about the king of TV you've never known before. Watch for it!

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★ OFF THE AIR

Gossip About the Stars

★ MUSIC ON A PLATTER

by Sammy Kaye

RADIO BEST TV

& Television Magazine

OCTOBER, 1950 Vol. 3, No. 5

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Romantic Leads . . .
Draper and DeSantis



AS LIZ DENNIS, the heroine of CBS' "Brighter Day," Margaret Draper has realized the ambition conceived when she was a child in kindergarten. Playing the other romantic lead on the program is Joe DeSantis, Margaret's husband, who was recently cast as Liz' admirer, Nathan Eldridge, a role he plays with sincere conviction.

Margaret was just becoming accustomed to the new world of the kindergarten when a scout from the University of Utah's drama department came in search of a little girl for a minor role. She still remembers her debut in the Salt Lake City Opera House.

There were few opportunities during the years at school to nourish her dream of becoming an actress but one evening shortly after her graduation from the University, some friends who were setting out for New York by car the next morning invited Margaret to go along. Convinced that fate had provided this free ride, Margaret said goodbye to her parents, brothers and sisters, and thoughtfully provided herself with a backlog of \$38.

Shortly after her arrival in New York, the scholarly young blonde won a membership in the Chekov Theatre and later, she played in summer stock and understudied Celeste Holm in the Theatre Guild's road company of "Papa Is All."

During the war, Margaret was introduced to radio on the Armed Forces Network. In 1946, she volunteered for an office job with the American National Theatre and Academy, which promotes the professional theatre throughout the country. When a CBS director telephoned, asking ANTA to recommend an actress with stage experience, Margaret was suggested. Her role in "Joe Powers of Oakville" was the first of many in major radio and television productions.

Margaret and Joe DeSantis, who has appeared in numerous Broadway plays, movies and radio series, were married in May, 1949. They live in an apartment which they themselves have completely decorated, not shying away from painting and making or refinishing furniture. Their mutual hobby is the study of foreign languages via records. Loud speakers pipe Russian, Italian and "good English" lessons into every room of their home.



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this month's
disc jockey



Meet Pat Heron

PAT HERNON is one of those lucky fellows who can be described as "tall (six-foot-three), dark and handsome" without anyone's thinking it's a snide remark. A 26-year-old disc jockey stationed at WKOW, Madison, Pat has taken "The Nation's Dairyland" (Wisconsin, that is) by storm.

Testimony to Pat's popularity with WKOW listeners are his numerous record shows, scattered all over the station's daily schedule: two 15-minute shows in the morning, one hour-long show in the afternoon and another at night—all this in addition to a two-hour show on Saturday afternoons.

Pat has a pleasant voice and he knows how to introduce a platter—like any other disc jockey—but he owes his wide following in the milk-and-cheese-land to his extensive know-how of the world of popular music. Unlike many another disc jockey, he knows what he's talking about and he likes to hold forth on jazz, bands, sidemen, trends and the like. His listeners tune in to hear his records and to catch up on the latest information from Tin Pan Alley. The nation's top band leaders and vocalists know about Pat and many of them — Spivak, Kenton, Krupa, the Dorseys, Herbie Fields, Elliot Lawrence—have stopped by to chat with him and be his guest on one of his shows.

Among Pat's regular fans are such widely-assorted folks as farm residents, teen-agers, city dwellers and a huge segment of University of Wisconsin students.

A charter member of the WKOW organization, Pat got his start as a disc jockey at WIND while still in college. After a tour in the Army, which included spinning records at KZRH, Manila, he got his degree (in psychology) at the University of Wisconsin, and joined WKOW in 1947.

letters to the editor



A Problem, Mr. Anthony

To The Editor: Why, oh why, isn't John J. Anthony on the air anymore? Thanks, though, for featuring his engrossing material in your wonderful magazine.

HAZEL RUTTENBURG
Memphis, Tenn.

● Mr. Anthony is heard locally in New York on WMGM.

Calling Young Dr. Malone!



Jan Miner
as "Lora Lawton"

To the Editor: "Backstage Wife" offers many problems that "Aunt Jenny" can solve with the help of "John J. Anthony" who can always confer with "Papa David Solomon" who has proved that "Life Can Be Beautiful" for such people as "Stella Dallas" and "Lora Lawton" and though he's no "Lorenzo Jones" he can find solace in widow "Ma Perkins" whose two daughters find "When A Girl Marries" she becomes part of "One Man's Family" with the trials and tribulations of "Pepper Young" who ought to meet up with "Young Widder Brown" who can teach "Portia" how to face life with "Today's Children" on the "Road to Life."

GLENN SINCLAIR
Granite, Md.



Quick Opinion

To The Editor: It's good to have Bob Montgomery on TV—but he's proved that he's a better television producer than actor. Maybe that is why handsome Bob is now a radio newscaster.

THOMAS ATLAS
Hollywood, Cal.

Loves That Mel

To The Editor: The king of the sportscasters is Mel Allen. He's alive, glib, virile and handsome. I know he copped the "Michael" award and I can think of no one who better deserved the distinction. How about that?

KATE ROSMAN
Bronx, N. Y.

Editorial Policy

To The Editor: I can't understand your constantly growing coverage of the daytime "soap opera" stories. In my opinion your many features dealing with these daytime programs reflects on the low intellect of your readers and of course I can not really blame you for catering to your reader's needs. But I've always considered your magazine the best of its kind in the field and simply can't see how you can get yourself to publish soap opera tripe at the same time with your splendid reviews which you call "Seat at the Dial." The purpose of your magazine should be to evaluate radio and television programs together with some interesting sidelights on the stars and the personalities behind the scenes.

J. K. H.
Kansas City, Mo.

Likes Features

To The Editor: Thanks for giving us those wonderful full length fiction stories based on popular daytime dramatic shows. Your wonderfully posed picture stories make splendid reading, too. Keep up the good work.

RHODA FLEISCHER
Riverdale, N. Y.

Log Problem

To The Editor: I am looking forward to the time when a magazine such as yours can carry an up-to-the-minute listing of all radio and television programs. While your program log is now satisfactory—it often fails to list important programs on local stations and even some of the network programs you list are sometimes off the air or incorrectly listed as to time and day. How about doing something about it?

HELEN MACOVER
Reading, Pa.

● Magazines published monthly or bi-monthly, cannot offer a program listing service on the same basis as your local daily newspaper. Magazines are sometimes printed a few months in advance and programs often change from day to day. We're endeavoring to furnish readers with as complete and timely a Log as is possible under the circumstances.

Address letters and pictures to Editor of RADIO BEST, 9 West 57th Street, New York 19. Only signed comments will be considered for publication.

shopping with Kathi Norris

Famous WNBT-NBC Television Shopper



FIRST I want to tell you how happy I am that Editor Ed Bobley asked me to chat with you in every issue of **RADIO and TELEVISION BEST**. Many of you have been nice enough to write to me about my television shopping show and, from reading your letters, I really feel I know many of you personally.

I hope you will be as enthusiastic as I am about the items I'll be telling you about in the column and that you'll let me know how you like them and about any special news you would like to read about.

Many people have asked me how I came to start a television shopper show and why I enjoy shopping so much. I think it all dates back to the time I was four years old and the youngest errand girl in Newark, Ohio. Mother permitted me to go on my own to the stores a few feet from home. One of my earliest experiences at a store is still being told there by my family. Even then I knew about counting my change, it seems.

My family tells me that one morning the clerk in the bake shop was a bit rushed and handed me what looked like a fake dime in change. Being a veteran bread-shopper, I held up the strange-to-me coin and protested in a loud voice: "Mister, this isn't a real dime!" And I was right!

As I grew up, I found myself shopping for everyone in my family as well as friends. I guess that's why I enjoy my television shopper show. I'm the neighborhood shopper again—with a difference. Now I'm in touch with a vast number of manufacturers who are constantly introducing wonderful new products that everyone wants to know about.

Take the new lucite FLOBAR, for instance.

At home, a brother of mine used to have a standing bit of repartee with



my mother. It went something like this:

Mother: "Who left the soap all dirty?"

Brother: "I did. The soap's supposed to clean me. Why should I clean the soap?"

That question used to strike me as

hilariously funny until I became Chief Petty Officer in my own household. Being in charge of such petty things as keeping our soap and soap dishes clean is one of the things every woman automatically finds her own problem when she says "I do."

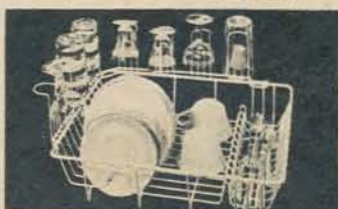
However, I have found a way to keep soap and soap dish clean without "cleaning the soap." Perhaps you would like to try it, too. I use **FLOBAR**, a cake of soap that isn't a cake of soap. It's lucite, shaped to fit the hand. You fill the hollow with a creamy, lanolin-containing liquid and then, when your hands go through the washing action, enough of this cream soap oozes out of the push-button top to create a foamy lather.

FLOBAR may never completely replace the old-fashioned cake, but it's worth a try if you have a dirty soap problem and a family crew that wants to know why they should wash the soap. **FLOBAR** is one dollar a lucite cake and a dollar for six packets of soap. It's available at Lewis & Conger (45th Street and 6th Avenue, New York City).

Speaking of soap, if you have a **where-can-I-dry-my-clothes problem**, Sears, Roebuck and department stores throughout the country have the answer that is a boon to apartment house dwellers and rainy-day launderers in the shape of a dryer that folds up like a parasol. With rubber-covered legs that automatically adjust to any width bathtub, its rope lines total 44 feet. The dryer is so light that even a child can carry it. (I hope my four-year-old daughter, Pamela, doesn't decide to bring it into the living room when intimate apparel is hanging on it!) It opens in one easy push-pull movement like an umbrella and requires no more storage space than a fishing rod. Ask for the **KAMKAP Straightline Dryer**. It sells for a conservative \$4.98.

Another dryer, this one for dishes, made its bow recently and lets you follow that unwritten law of my sorority—The Dishpan Hand Girls—about washing glasses and silver first.

(Continued on page 57)



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June Allyson tells husband Dick Powell where to put the portable grill as they prepare for a backyard barbecue.

Off the air...

by Wini Moore

LUCILLE BALL thinks that Hollywood had more color in the old days when the movie queens made stately entrances wherever they went. Our Hollywood scout tells us that Lucille's entrances even today are not exactly quiet. When the beautiful Hollywood queen arrives at the CBS studios to do her show, "My Favorite Husband," she's usually carrying an armful of clothes, with her mother on one side and her maid on the other. In the front and back are agents, a public relations man, friends and fans. Two of Lucille's dogs, nipping at her heels, complete the scene. Colorless?

* * *

Kathi Norris, the new RADIO & TV BEST columnist, has been besieged with offers from leading agencies to accept modeling assignments. But Kathi, one of television's busiest emcees, is nixing all offers. She's too occupied with her own shows, catering to her director-husband, Wilbur, and bringing up daughter Pamela. Besides, she just doesn't give a hoot about modeling as a career.

* * *

Charles Forsyth, sound effects man on CBS' "Lux Radio Theatre," misplaced his one and only recording of hailstones beating on the ground. Looking through his sound files one day he discovered that he had but a single recording of the sound of ocean waves at a beach. Now convinced of the danger of having but one recording of a particular sounds effect, he took his equipment to a local Los Angeles beach to pick up some sounds of ocean waves. Suddenly, a hailstorm started. Now he has one of the nation's few authentic recordings of hail.

* * *

Zeno Klinker, head writer for Edgar Bergen, makes the most of those nights when (Continued on page 10)



(Left) Surrounded by a large assortment of small fry, Smilin' Ed McConnell enjoys the circus clown's story.



Daytime serial actors honored at a luncheon introducing the new "Daytime Drama" dresses: Sandy Becker, Teri Keane, Margaret Draper, Lesley Woods, Anita Anton, Don McLaughlin, Peggy Lobbin, Mason Adams, Claudia Morgan, Joan Tompkins.



Robert Montgomery goes over a script for his show with Madeleine Carroll.



It's no laughing matter; Bob Hope and Bing Crosby ponder their teams' chances.



A singer poses with his mother, who listens daily to "The Lanny Ross Show."

Emcee Jack Carter laughs and Dorothy Clair is in stitches at Don Ameche's act on NBC-TV "Saturday Night Revue."



Gail Borden, Guy Kibbee and moderator Bill Slater swap tall stories — fish and otherwise — on "Sports For All."



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| 4. Lana Turner | 31. Groucho Marx |
| 5. Perry Como | 32. Alan Ladd |
| 6. Al Jolson | 33. Richard Widmark |
| 7. Bing Crosby | 34. Mickey Rooney |
| 8. Howard Duff | 35. Dorothy Lamour |
| 9. Betty Grable | 36. Ray Milland |
| 10. Arthur Godfrey | 37. Paul Douglas |
| 11. Bob Hope | 38. Linda Darnell |
| 12. Marie Wilson | |
| 13. Doug Fairbanks Jr. | |
| 14. Cary Grant | |
| 15. Robert Montgomery | |
| 16. Robert Young | |
| 17. Elizabeth Taylor | |
| 18. Phil Harris & Alice Faye | |
| 19. Eddie Cantor | |
| 20. Lanny Ross | |
| 21. Abbott & Costello | |
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Off the air...

sleep eludes him. He has a dictaphone beside his bed, so that he can record gag and situation ideas that occur to him as he tosses and turns.

Fans of Jack Owens, who won fame as the popular "Cruising Crooner" on the "Breakfast Club" program, can stop worrying about his lack of radio assignments. Jack and his family eat quite regularly these days. As a top songwriter, the handsome crooner nets a handsome income from royalties on such song hits as "Cynthia's In Love," "Hut-Sut Song," "Louisiana Lullaby," "How Soon," "You're the Only One I Care For," and many others. Besides, his nationwide personal appearance tour, a huge success, added more than extra pocket money. So don't worry.

* * *

An old adage is gradually taking on a new form along Actor's Row. It now goes, "If at first you don't succeed, try 'Young Dr. Malone.'" The popular daytime drama includes in its past and current cast log such now-famous names as Mercedes McCambridge, Evelyn Varden, Berry Kroeger, Gary Merrill, Billy Redfield and Richard Widmark. Dr. Kildare, take notice.

* * *


Every week after the "Talent Scouts" simulcast, there is usually a mob hanging around the stage door to get a look at Arthur Godfrey. His custom is to open the door and make a mad dash through the crowd to his limousine, which is parked right there. Recently, we joined the mob to watch the famous tea and soup salesman make his usual dash to the safety of his car. After a brief wait, we saw Godfrey slowly open the stage door and run madly through the crowd, only to find his impetus carrying him half way across the street. Slightly disgusted, Arthur nearly crawled back amid a burst of cheers and laughter. He finally responded with that infectious Godfrey grin.

* * *

Richard Widmark's bad shoulder has been acting up again. The former NBC page boy has been warned by his physician to have it (Continued on page 69)



Quiz Kid Harvey Dytch gets a birthday kiss from a new pal.



CLOSEUP OF A STAR.

Faye Emerson

by Judith Cortada
an intimate picture
of the glamour girl
of television

Impressions: Faye Emerson smiles readily — a friendly, open smile — when she talks, and she likes to talk, straying frequently into conversational bypaths. She's the kind of celebrity who can be yanked back to the main road without any apologies but it requires a firm hand to keep her there. She likes people, lots of them all the time, and people like her. Our conversation at the
(Continued on next page)



closeup of Faye Emerson

...television favorite



Barberry Room of New York's Hotel Berkshire was occasionally interrupted when she called a greeting to a friend or had a brief chat with someone who came up to the table.

* * * *

Faye (her middle name is Margaret) was born in Elizabeth, Louisiana, on July 8, 1917 . . . "No sense in being coy about it, everybody knows it anyway." She grew up in Texas, her parents' home state. Asked about other members of her family, she counted five brothers and sisters, including those she acquired by later marriages of her parents, and refused the suggestion that she count only natural brothers and sisters . . . "They're all my brothers and sisters, aren't they?" She is five feet, four inches tall, weighs 128 pounds and has

brown eyes and blond hair which her fans don't like in a short bob, any more than they like her in demure dresses. As pictures testify, Faye makes a nice "outdoor girl," with windblown hair and tailored blouse, but her fans demand the sophisticated haircomb and lowcut dresses.

* * * *

Her new apartment is on Park Avenue, near Central Park, which she likes because "it's nice for the boy," her nine-year-old son (by her first marriage), Scoop Crawford. . . "Sure, the boy lives with me, I made up my mind about that a long time ago." She had no idea why she called him Scoop until years later when she remembered that it was the name of the cowboy hero of her first professional play. Her son goes to St. Bernard's, a private school for boys.

Scoop's father is William W. Crawford, Jr., who is in the automobile

business. Faye and Crawford met while they were both students at San Diego State College. They were married for three years. Faye met Elliott Roosevelt at a dinner party in Beverly Hills in 1943. They had "a lot in common to talk about"—politics, for example—and they both like the same kind of books, the same kind of people and the country. They were married the following year, while Faye was making the movie, "Hotel Berlin," and divorced in 1950.

* * * *

At the time we talked with Faye she was looking forward to furnishing her apartment and expecting "lots of fun in doing Scoop's room." If she had a hobby, it would be interior decoration because she likes to choose colors and the "perfect piece" for a certain place. But "my work and my life are my hobby" and on the whole she thinks that hobbies (Continued on page 63)

Faye, sponsored by Snowcrop frozen food products, is telecast on NBC-TV, Wednesday, 8 p.m.



With Craig Stevens, motion picture actor, in Washington



Actor Lee Tracy has been a guest on her program



With her son, "Scoop" Crawford.



Singer Lawrence Tibbett was another celebrity guest



Faye and Elliott Roosevelt, who were divorced in 1950, had much in common

*Another famous heroine of a daytime serial
tells the readers of Radio and Television Best
about an absorbing experience in her life.*

She Threatened My Happiness

by Rosemary



YOU KNOW, I suppose, that I was brought up in Springdale and my life has been pretty much like that of any other small town girl's. I've never been involved in anything that would interest a newspaper editor, except perhaps the society editor of our local paper. She made a big stir over my marriage to Bill Roberts.

But almost every married woman, no matter where she lives, has been faced at some time or other with the problem of the "other woman." Whether she's real or imaginary, she always represents a threat to someone's happiness. And I think you'll understand when I say that the time when I had to tackle this problem was one of the most crucial periods in my life. It would have been so easy to do the wrong thing and wreck my marriage.

We're always absolutely "sure" that our husbands couldn't possibly be interested in any other woman. When we hear the gossip about some husband who's been "running around," we have plenty of sympathy for his wife—"the poor soul, how she must feel"—but we never think of her as a woman just like ourselves. Her husband's unfaithfulness sets her apart from us as if she were a woman in a foreign country where customs—and wives—are entirely different. Then one day it dawns on us that Joe hasn't been so affectionate lately and he's been going out a lot at night. And didn't somebody say something once about seeing him at lunch one day with a pretty girl? We laughed at the time but now we begin to wonder whether it was really funny. That's pretty much the way it was with Bill and me, except that in our case I didn't have to wait for an outsider to tell me anything. I got it all from Bill himself.

You probably remember that Bill was a war veteran and that he was sent to the hospital in Springdale to recover from amnesia. I was working in the hospital at the time and that's how we met. When he had fully recovered, we got married. Bill got a job with the Springdale newspaper and I kept my job at the hospital.

I say Bill "fully recovered." His memory had come back to him, of course, but he was not entirely the same man he had been before the war. His illness had robbed him of his self-confidence and he was as shaky as a boy setting out to get his first job after high school graduation. It made him very unhappy too that I had to work because his job didn't pay very much.

For the first two years or so after our marriage Bill worked at the paper. As his health improved, he kept thinking of getting a better job, in New York if possible, and finally he decided on a plan of action. He began to prepare a report for a New York advertising agency which, so he had been told, could use someone with his knowledge of farms and farm products.

One of our neighbors at the time was Jane Springham, a teacher in one of the local schools. She was young and quite pretty. While she was visiting us one evening, Bill started to talk about his plan for getting a job. He

could think of nothing else, you know. Jane not only offered to help him with it but she had some very good ideas on drawing up the report.

My first reaction, when she began to work with him after school in the library, was gratitude. I knew how important this report was to him and I would have been grateful to anyone who helped him with it. But as Bill began to spend more and more time on it, with Jane all the time of course, I began to worry.

At first I told myself that I was very silly, that the relationship between Jane and Bill was "purely business" and that there was no personal interest between them at all. But Bill talked about her constantly—her intelligence, her writing ability. She would make a fine wife for some man, he said. And while he talked, my jealousy grew. I was cut off from a part of his life—a very important part—that she was sharing with him. Many wives have had the same feeling toward their husbands' secretaries. It was the old conflict of the office wife against the home wife, and right now Bill's life at home, where he had me at his side, was much less important than his work, in which Jane shared. Her hold on him was much stronger than mine. Can you blame me for being suspicious, for wondering if his love for me was weakening?

As for Jane's attitude toward Bill, it didn't seem to me that a girl would give a man so much of her time if she didn't have a great personal interest in him. But I didn't know for sure—until she came to dinner with Brad Boyden on the night of our wedding anniversary. She and Brad had been going out together, and Brad, a friend of ours, had asked if he could bring her to dinner. I couldn't refuse although I didn't like the idea of entertaining her in my home.

I don't think any woman, even if she weren't jealous, could have failed to notice the look in Jane's eyes as she watched Bill that evening. It wasn't only admiration. She looked at him the way a woman looks at a man when she's thinking that he's the most wonderful creature on earth. I sort of feel that way about Bill myself and there's no room in a man's life for two such women.

When we finished dinner, Brad toasted our happiness and while he was speaking, I happened to look at Jane. I was astonished to see the look of misery on her face and, as he finished, she burst into tears. Later, she explained that she had been working too hard and she went home early. After she had left, we talked about her display of emotion and Brad guessed that there was "another man" in her life. He wasn't happy about it because he was in love with her. I knew he was right and that the man was Bill. To hear Brad talking about our happiness was too much for her.

Shortly afterward, the report was finished and mailed to New York. Mercifully, they didn't keep us waiting very long. Within two weeks or so Bill received a letter asking him to go to New York and virtually assuring him of a job.

There were no limits to Bill's enthusiasm for Jane



Bill talked constantly of Jane's intelligence and writing ability, and as his enthusiasm grew, Rosemary began to feel jealous of this "other woman."

now. He had gotten a job on the basis of a report she had helped him to prepare and he felt deeply indebted to her. I knew he didn't realize that she had fallen in love with him and that this love was preventing her from getting interested in a man—Brad—who really loved her. What worried me was Bill's feeling of gratitude toward her. He still had very little self-esteem and he felt he owed his life (Continued on page 64)

RADIO and TELEVISION BEST invites readers to submit their own ideas as to how this situation should have been handled or to describe similar situations in their own lives. There will be a prize of \$25 for the best letter, and five additional prizes of \$5 each. Letters, which will not be returned, should be limited to 100 words, and should be addressed to Rosemary, RADIO and TELEVISION BEST, 9 W. 57th St., New York 19, N.Y. The opinion of the editors is final; your letter must be postmarked no later than midnight, September 30, 1950. The coupon below must be attached to your letter.

Name

Street or Box

City or Post Office.....State.....

"Rosemary," sponsored by Ivory Snow, is heard on CBS, Monday through Friday, at 11:45 a.m., EST.

AS THIS column is being written, significant trends are blowing around the neighborhood still called by the old-fashioned name of "Radio Row." Important is this fact: NBC is fighting back.

Along in the Spring of 1949, when CBS had made its deepest inroads into NBC's "properties"—after taking Jack Benny and the rest of the steam out of NBC's Sunday night line-up—this pontificator said some things about NBC that nobody in authority there liked. What was told here happened to be the truth—which is always vile when it affects you. NBC was asleep in its dignity. Now it has come out in its fighting trunks. It's trying to use both imagination and money to bolster its position, not only in television—where it has been strong from the beginning—but in radio as well. That's all to the good. The harder a network tries—the better will be the programs that you and I will be able to pick up on our sets at home. When the networks are awake, we don't fall asleep at our dials.

NBC has already bought Groucho Marx (for something like \$2,250,000). Maybe by the time this is read, Jack Benny will be back in the NBC stable. Plans are being made to wrap up programs embracing such notables as Bob Hope and Fred Allen for television (see review of Bob Hope show below). There are at least 32 programs all set, ready for the air—and every one of them brand new.

I must do one bit of boasting. I pointed out in my critique of NBC that, if the network had real sense, it would go in for the type of programming that has made a certain New York station highly successful. The New York outlet to which I referred is WNEW, a broadcaster wearing no network's chain but always out front in programming (which means in profits too). Well—that programming on WNEW was the job of one of the most imaginative fellows on the broadcast scene, one named Ted Cott. I'm not saying that a couple of NBC executives—their names happen to be Charles Denny and James Gaines—

rushed out and bought Cott as soon as I had opened my oracular yap. But the fact is that they have hired Cott now. And the hiring of Cott is itself symbolic of the almost-new NBC. A couple of years ago, they would have sniffed at the very notion of trusting a guy like Cott—known as he is for his ability to think of the listener first, instead of the profits.

I refer here to NBC as "almost new." I mean just that. It still has to prove itself—not by ratings (important as those are) and not by a profitable balance sheet (and who begrudges a fellow who makes a dollar, as long as it's earned honestly?)—but by programs that are meaningful to you and me. I know that Cott will try—which means that NBC's new president (remember: I hinted there would be a new one), and NBC's Denny and Gaines, and the other brass hats must let Cott try. Over in its public service department, NBC also has a new line-up. Sterling Fisher has quit after heading that department for a few years. In his place, NBC has offered the job to Professor Kenneth Bartlett, dean of the College at Syracuse University, head of the radio-television center at Syracuse. I don't know whether Bartlett will be in that job by the time you read this. But I do know that merely thinking in terms of offering such a job to a really important educational broadcaster like Bartlett is a point in NBC's favor.

Good luck!

Out of the flock of NBC's new shows, I pick three—two in radio, one in television—which I think are worth your attention. Chances are they will be on the air by the time you read this—or shortly thereafter. They should be. Of course it is impossible as yet to tell you when—that is, what night or what time. But watch for these.

The Truitts

Sunday, 3:00 p.m.

Here is very good situation comedy, done with high (Continued on page 70)



seat at the dial

by Saul Carson



"I'll remember," says Lucille Ball to Richard Denning, "that you're 'My Favorite Husband'—except when Desi's around."



Menasha Skulnik plays the role of a Charlie Chaplin—Yiddish version—in his TV show, "The Magnificent Menasha."

what makes Godfrey t*i*c k?



by Peter Rogers

Pretending to swoon at grand opera when it really bores you or pretend to l-o-v-e the Russian Ballet when you honestly prefer a Billy Minsky burlesque show, is a universal form of sham and pretense that many of us have practiced from time to time. A few years ago it was "smart" and "intellectual" to "enjoy" the satirical humor of Henry Morgan. Unfortunately the trend to the high-level humor of Morgan did not register on the Hooper chart of popularity. Folks just l-o-v-e-d Henry Morgan but

what makes
Godfrey tick?

The "croaky" voice you hear belongs to that man Godfrey on the right. The other two chaps, Crosby and Como, are pretty good singers too, but it's Arthur Godfrey who leads all comers in nation-wide ratings.



they tuned in Bob Hope and Red Skelton.

Today, the trend calls for Arthur Godfrey and for the first time within the realm of memory, the "smart set" has come up with a winner. Arthur Godfrey is "way up there" in the Hooper and Nielsen ratings; he copped top honors in countless popularity polls and finally went home with a "Michael" awarded by the Academy of Radio & Television Best Arts and Sciences. Moreover, he earns more

money than you'd ever want to count. There's no pretense about it, Arthur Godfrey is today one of the biggest names in broadcasting.

So if you really l-o-v-e Arthur Godfrey and shout it from the rooftops, you needn't fear any recriminations from your conscience. It'll help, however, if you'll answer this one question, "What Makes Arthur Godfrey Tick?"

To answer that question, you must first find a place for The Third Man

with the "Ookulele" in the magical world of showbusiness. Bob Hope, for example, is a comedian. He is not an announcer, he doesn't read commercials and never wears earphones. He's a topnotch actor whose specialty soared him to stardom. Perry Como, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby and Vic Damone are vocalists, first rate vocalists. Milton Berle, a genius at rapid-fire comedy, has an innate ability, developed by a lifetime of stage experience, to get into every act. Jack Benny is a master in timing lines and playing situation comedies. Sid Caesar, the newest of TV stars, has been acclaimed as the finest pantomimist since Charlie Chaplain. Edgar Bergen has his Charlie McCarthy. George Burns has Gracie Allen, name them all and you'll quickly recognize the entertainment (Continued on page 69)

Godfrey's voice may resemble a frog's but his croaks pull in mail by the tons.



Walter Winchell is credited with first discovering the magic of Arthur Godfrey's radio technique. Today, Godfrey, whom Fred Allen calls the "Huck Finn" of radio, is the busiest performer in broadcasting. His five radio and TV programs occupy almost nine hours of broadcast time per week, require the services of five full-time secretaries. One of the Treasury Department's best paying customers, there's enough left over to feed the fabulous redhead's famous horses, raise prize herd on his 800-acre Virginia farm and buy gasoline for his privately owned planes.

With Mugs Richardson and Silver Mike.



Secretarial staff.



Students of the "Ookulele."



Portrait of an actor.





My Idea of Security!

by Sandy *“Young Dr. Malone”* Becker

“Young Dr. Malone,” sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Crisco and Joy, is heard on CBS, Monday through Friday, 1:30 p.m., EST.

IT WASN'T until I was in college and studying to be a doctor that I began to worry about the future. I find it very pleasant to don young Doctor Malone's white jacket every day, even though sometimes it requires hard work, but it's an altogether different kind of work from what was required of me as a pre-medical student. That was a tough grind and I began to wonder what would happen to me if I didn't make the grade as a doctor; my uneasiness expressed itself in vague fears for the future.

The whole trouble was, of course, that I didn't want to be a doctor. I had decided on this career very much as a little girl decides she wants to be a movie actress—because of its glamour possibilities. I saw myself speeding through the dark of night to save the life of a little child or standing in the center of the operating room of a great hospital with all eyes upon me as I performed a crucial operation.

My studies at New York University awakened me to the facts of life: there was little glamour and much hard work in the life of a doctor and, what was more important, it was the kind of work I did not care for.

Throughout high school, where I appeared in school theatricals and subsequently, in summer stock performances, the “ham” in me had been growing and it took complete control finally after my second year in college when I left school to take a job as an announcer on a Long Island station. My parents, particularly my father, were dismayed. They had gratified every wish of their only child and had always dreamed of the day when he, in cap and gown, would receive his degree from a university. The fact that my father was a self-educated man, who had worked hard to pass the civil service examinations as a police lieutenant, intensified his disappointment.

The announcing job was a challenge; I had to prove myself in my chosen career, as opposed to the career my parents preferred. After some time at WWRL, where I did some announcing, some acting, some poetry-reading

—anything to satisfy that “ham”—I auditioned at NBC and won the chance at an announcing job at an NBC station. Although I should have welcomed this as a triumph, because it was a tribute to my ability, I hesitated because I had decided by now that I wanted to be an actor, and this was strictly an announcing job. After losing many nights of sleep, I took the job, at Olean, N.Y., and by the time, a year or so later, that I went to a much larger station in the south, my desire to earn as much money as possible had become much stronger than my hopes of being an actor.

My idea of security at that time was a large and steady income, and when I married, while still in the south, and my wife gave birth to our first child, I definitely turned my back on anything so unstable as acting. My responsibilities as a husband and father were foremost in my mind. I wanted the safe thing, the sure thing, and that meant announcing.

I was still thinking along those lines when I returned to New York to become established as a commercial announcer. My income was quite satisfactory and I was providing very well for my family. I should have been very happy, but I began to sense a feeling of dissatisfaction. It usually happens in the reverse, but this feeling grew as my income increased. Thinking that I was concentrating too much on my work, I took up various hobbies—sculpture, painting and such—but they did not provide the outlet I was seeking.

Despite my steady income, I did not feel at all secure. By stifling my desire to act, I was living only half a life. Maybe it was around this time that I heard about a friend, a graduate of New York University, who had established himself in business in Washington and then, at the age of 25, gone back to school to study to be a doctor. A man of 25 is still a young man, but not so young for a beginning medical student, and I knew it required courage to give up his business and start in all over again. This was evidently what he wanted to do, however, and when I heard of him he was a successful

ear, nose and throat specialist.

I don't recall making any resolutions but I did begin to look for small dramatic parts in which I could demonstrate my ability as an actor. It wasn't too easy. By this time I was definitely classified as an announcer and, what was even worse, the work had robbed me of the flexibility that is one of the actor's chief attributes. After being a “verbal signboard” for so many years, I found it difficult to register emotion again.

Slowly, the stiffness of voice and mannerism began to recede and the number of bit parts increased. When I won the leading role in “Young Dr. Malone” after auditioning against scores of competent radio actors, I knew I had won and finally I knew what it meant to be secure. I achieved security when I achieved my goal as an actor.

Financial security alone, as I know now, is never completely satisfactory. To have held on to my job as an announcer would have been to destroy part of myself, and I know that I would have gone through life thinking that I was a complete failure even though all the time I might be earning a good income.

Even if my income as an actor should slip below what it was as an announcer, I would not regret having changed and I hope to be even more successful financially as an actor because that's very definitely where my heart is.

RADIO and TELEVISION BEST invites readers to submit their own ideas as to the meaning of security. There will be a prize of \$25 for the best letter, and five additional prizes of \$5 each. Letters, which will not be returned, should be limited to 100 words or less, and should be addressed to Editor, RADIO and TELEVISION BEST, 9 W. 57th St., New York 19, N.Y. All decisions will be final.

Sandy Becker reads to his daughter, Joyce Diane, while his wife, Ruth, holds baby Curtis George, and their dog, Pete, watches the camera.



“this is *My* life”

RALPH EDWARDS

is always dodging
the consequences

What this country needs,” says Ralph Edwards, “is a good course in pie-throwing.”

Fame carries its penalties and most celebrities suffer in proportion to their popularity. Autograph hounds and charity seekers bedevil them, and the public as a whole is constantly intruding on their private lives. Edwards, however, is probably the only celebrity who must take his punishment in the form of pies, which are aimed at his face but usually wind up on his clothes.

As emcee of “Truth or Consequences,” and of “This Is Your Life,” Edwards has devoted all his time and energy for the past ten years to the devising and executing of practical jokes. The truly extraordinary nature of the consequences “taken” by the participants on his program has occasionally made them a subject for newspaper stories, all of which have contributed to Edwards’ reputation as a clown of the first order. It is only natural, perhaps, that everyone who comes into contact with him now should think of making him the butt of a joke. The only trouble is that the amateur “wits” have none of Edwards’ ingenuity. Their minds invariably run to pie-throwing; the very thought of meeting him excites only a vision of Edwards with a pie full in his face.

“I wouldn’t mind so much,” says Edwards, “if the pies always landed on my face, but they seldom do. They usually go all over my suit. People don’t seem to realize that pie-throwing is an art and it requires lots of practice. Just ask any old-time vaudeville actor.”

Ask Edwards, for that matter, and he will demonstrate the proper pie-throwing (Continued on page 66)





Walter Winchell, chairman of Runyon Cancer Fund, gets check for \$23,000 donated by Ralph's listeners.



Charlie McCarthy, seated on Edgar Bergen's lap, got a kiss from Maureen O'Sullivan when Ralph reviewed his life story.



Ralph interviews Bud Westmore and Ann Blythe, who wore her famous mermaid costume for a "TorC" stunt.



A typical "consequence"; Ralph reports on the reactions of a contestant, dressed in long underwear and dunked.

Ralph's wife Barbara, is probably the only person who thinks his face deserves a kiss—not a pie

"Truth or Consequences," sponsored on CBS Tuesday at 9:30 p.m. and by Philip Morris cigarettes is heard on CBS-TV Thursday at 10:00 p.m.



John J. Anthony,
founder and director of the
famed Marital Relations Institute

Dear Mr. Anthony



The case of V. B. and the meeting of a mother and daughter.

Hollywood,
Calif.

Dear Mr. Anthony,

At the age of 18 I married my childhood sweetheart who was about to graduate from medical school. Four months after our marriage my wonderful husband was killed in an automobile accident. The details of my suffering at this time are not important except that I was bearing his child. My parents had died when I was a youngster and I was brought up by an aunt. So, at the age of 18 I found myself alone in the world and soon to become a mother.

The problem of providing for a young child by my own efforts was frightening and the loss of my husband was a tremendous emotional shock, and as a result of this I took the advice of a distant relative who was childless and wealthy. She pointed out that if the child, when it was born, were to be placed in her custody and eventually adopted, it could have every possible material and spiritual comfort. There was no question about her being correct in this, for she was a very fine woman married to an exceptional man.

My daughter was born and at the age of eight months the adoption papers were finally approved, and I left my home in the midwest to travel to the coast in the hopes of finding a place for myself in order to earn my own livelihood and to get away from the scene of my great unhappiness.

The Fates were kind to me. I found an excellent position in the motion picture industry, and as the years rolled by, my responsibilities and income increased.

All this time I kept hearing about my daughter, but never seeing her. I subscribed to my home town newspaper and as her foster mother was a civic and social leader in the community, there was always something to read about the family, including my daughter. While it was a joy to read about my baby's participation in her high school plays and to see photographs of her in the newspaper, the pain of her not being with me was always there. I never remarried, though I had many opportunities, and so for the past nineteen years I have worked and assured myself of at least partial security in life.

My position in the picture industry today is a permanent one. I have made a great deal of money, and this year a story on which I collaborated with one of Hollywood's best known writers was purchased and I was assigned to work with the producer. Four weeks ago I walked onto the set and—yes, there was my daughter! The director of our production was a friend of the family (of course, I didn't know this) and on a visit to the home of my daughter promised her a bit in his next picture, and here she was!

I pleaded some indisposition and left the set. I kept wracking my brain, "What am I to do now?" and I revealed my dilemma to my collaborator. It was at his suggestion that this letter was written. Would it be fair to my daughter to meet her mother? She knows she was adopted, but she doesn't know who her

(Continued on page 68)

RADIO BEST

Will Pay

\$25

to the person whose problem letter is chosen by Mr. Anthony. Each issue the world famous John J. Anthony answers questions on marriage and human relations, except problems of health and law. The editors and Mr. Anthony will be the sole judges in the selection of the best letter submitted; their decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than Sept. 25. No letters will be returned. Address John J. Anthony, RADIO BEST Magazine, 9 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Winners will be notified by mail and names of winning letters will be omitted upon publication for obvious reasons.

THE "ROAD OF LIFE"



A "dead" woman's return to life results in heartache for Dr. Jim Brent and imperils the success of his work

CAROL BRENT has left her husband and daughter to pursue a career with a cosmetic firm in Paris. During her absence, her husband, Dr. Jim Brent, undertakes some highly secret and important government experiments. When Kurt Rockwell, an international gangster, meets Beth Lambert, an unsuccessful actress who resembles Carol, he decides to use Beth in his scheme to get the formula Jim is working on. After studying Carol for a year and undergoing some plastic surgery, Beth is ready to impersonate her as Jim's wife. Then Rockwell murders Carol. Beth had not realized that Rockwell's scheme involved murder but she is forced to go ahead with the plans. Jim, who had been led to believe Carol was killed in a plane crash, is astounded to hear she is returning to Merrimac.

1. (Left) Dr. Brent meets his "wife" at the airport. Beth, masquerading as Carol, tells him she was badly hurt in an accident. This explains her long absence and slight physical differences.





The
"Road
of
Life"

2. Although Jim had fallen in love with another woman since Carol's disappearance, he accepts his "wife" unhesitatingly and Beth takes up her role as Carol. In the months that follow, Beth begins to feel a genuine love for Jim and his daughter, Janie, and she tries to evade her gangster employer, Kurt Rockwell, who has planted one of his agents in Merrimac to see to it that Beth follows his orders.

3. Now that Beth is in love with Jim, she doesn't want to spy on his experiments, although Rockwell has promised to pay her a large sum of money. Rockwell calls her frequently and she gives him false information. Gradually, he comes to realize that she is lying to him and he determines to punish her. He makes several attempts on her life, once trying to push her into the path of a speeding automobile.



IN THIS picture story, based on an episode in "The Road of Life," the characters are portrayed by the same actors who play the roles on the air:

Dr. Jim Brent.....Don MacLaughlin
 Beth Lambert.....Barbara Weeks
 Kurt Rockwell.....Barry Thomson
 Dr. Olin Ferguson.....Bernard Lenrow
 Dr. Joel Clark.....Alvin Sullum

"The Road of Life," sponsored by Procter & Gamble Company for Crisco, is heard on NBC, Monday through Friday, at 3:15 p.m.



4. (Left) Beth wants to continue as Jim's wife, but she lives in constant fear that Rockwell or his agent will do away with her. 5. (Above) In desperation, she tells the whole story to Joel Clark, one of Jim's laboratory assistants at Wheelock Hospital, who has become fond of her. The story is so fantastic that Joel does not believe her.



6. But Joel cannot overlook anything that might endanger Jim's experiments. He tells Beth's story to the hospital director who calls in the FBI. An agent, Dr. Olin Ferguson, comes to Merrimac to watch Beth and finally confirms her story with the help of the FBI files.



7. When Beth gets a letter from the cosmetic firm Carol had worked for, Ferguson advises her to take the opportunity to evade further attempts on her life by going to New York. His motive is his hope that Beth will lead the FBI to Kurt Rockwell while she is in the big city.



8. In the company of an FBI agent, Beth leaves Merrimac for New York. Jim has not been told of her deception because it would disturb him and affect his work. Beth has decided to escape while in New York; Jim will eventually learn her true identity and she cannot bear to face him.



9. In New York, Beth is given a chance to escape, to Boston, and there she learns that Jim was seriously injured when Rockwell attempted to blow up the hospital laboratory. She feels she must return to see him, no matter what the cost.



10. Beth is brought back to Merrimac and in the hospital, where Jim is recovering, she confesses to him. At first, he is unable to believe her story but his bitterness grows as he realizes what this will mean to his daughter who has accepted Beth as her mother. Furthermore, the girl he gave up when Beth came to Merrimac has married another. Beth is led away by Dr. Ferguson to await her trial.

The "Road of Life"
The End



"Having A Wonderful Time"

by Johnny McPhee

(Regular Panelist on RONSON'S "Twenty Questions," heard Saturday at 8:00 p.m. on the Mutual Broadcasting System)

One Saturday night last September a very nervous Johnny McPhee was standing backstage waiting for eight o'clock and his first broadcast with "Twenty Questions." I found time to wonder just what I was doing there and once the show was over I don't doubt that many people had similar thoughts. Perhaps I should explain.

Bobby McGuire and I were very close friends in high school. Through my friendship with Bobby I soon knew Fred Vanderverter and Florence Rinard. Often we played "Twenty Questions" together.

Then the time came when Bobby had to choose a college. Not two miles from his home in Princeton, N.J., is one of the greatest universities on earth. The roar of the tiger was loud in his ears but he turned away. Instead he chose a very fine "little" southern school called Duke.

Bob recommended me as his successor and it was decided that I should be given an audition. All of this transpired while I was on a canoe trip in the Adirondack regions of upper New York State with a group of boys from the Keewaydin Camps (Salisbury, Vt.), where I am a counsellor in the summertime. We were straining through a short portage when I remembered that the day was my mother's birthday. I found a phone in a little cabin and called home. I learned about my new opportunity and several days later I was in New York auditioning. (Continued on page 69)

Bet you can't guess it!

But you can try—and it's fun to compete in the "Twenty Questions" quiz contest

FINAL CONTEST

Twenty clues, submitted by Johnny McPhee

SUBJECT IS ANIMAL

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Is it a whole animal?..No 2. Is it part of a human being?Yes 3. Is it part of a man?..Yes 4. Is he living?.....No 5. Is he fictional?.....No 6. Was he American?...No 7. Did he live in the Eastern Hemisphere?.Yes 8. Was he European?...No 9. Was he Asiatic?.....Yes 10. Was he an Oriental?.No 11. Did he live in the Near East?.....Yes | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 12. Was he a Biblical character?Yes 13. Is he mentioned in the Old Testament?..No 14. Was this part of his body above his waist?.Yes 15. Was it above his neck?Yes 16. Was it his head?...Yes 17. Was he one of Jesus' disciples?No 18. Was he a relative of Jesus?Yes 19. Was he closely associated with Jesus?...Yes 20. Does his head have any particular significance?Yes |
|---|---|

TWENTY QUESTIONS CONTEST RULES

1. Contest is open to all readers of Radio Best, except members of the Mutual Broadcasting System, anyone associated with the program, Twenty Questions or the sponsor, Ronson Lighters.
2. Clip the coupon which contains your answer and fill in your name, address, age and occupation. On a separate sheet write, in 50 words or less, why you enjoy "The Twenty Questions" program. Then mail at once to Contest Editor, Radio Best Magazine, 9 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York. All entries become the property of the Contest Editor and winners will be judged by the Editorial Staff of Radio Best.
3. The first winners will receive a Ronson Mayfair pair, valued at \$16.50, plus tax. The next four winners will receive a Ronson Standard Tortoise, valued at \$7.50. All winners will receive in addition, a Ronson Service Kit.
4. This contest closes Oct. 15, 1950, and entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of that date.
5. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given. No entry will be returned, and decisions of the Contest Editor will be final.
6. This is the fourth and final Twenty Questions contest conducted by Radio Best Magazine. The first winner in each contest will compete in a 4-category Twenty-Question game, the winner receiving the Grand Prize of a Ronson solid gold Adonis, valued at \$200.00 plus tax. The three runners-up will receive a handsome Ronson Mastercase valued at \$10.00.

▶ The answer is.....
(Print your answer)

TWENTY QUESTIONS CONTEST ENTRY

Name

Address

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

Age..... Occupation.....

(Be sure to indicate your answer in the space after the 20th question. Please print your name and address above and mail this coupon to Contest Editor, Radio Best Magazine, 9 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.)



Censors suggest: **TEN**
COMMANDMENTS
FOR "TV"

1. Murdered Man
2. Defeat of Law
3. Bosom Exposed
4. Gambling
5. Lace Lingerie
6. Inside Thigh Exposed
7. Use of Narcotics
8. Brutality
9. Excessive Drinking
10. Gun Play

"Ten Commandments for TV" is a staged RADIO AND TV BEST photograph showing 10 "don'ts" which censorship advocates hope to embody in an official code for television producers. Regulation or censorship, except in the most extenuating circumstances, has always proved to be a harmful ingredient when mixed with entertainment art. Television, the newest mass enter-

tainment medium, has much to learn about what is, and what is not good form and taste. But the consensus of opinion among telecasters is decidedly against any codes calculated to regulate TV morals or hamper video's growth and breadth of expression. Pictures below (and the next page) illustrate strongest "violations" of proposed censorship code.



Excessive brutality, another "don't" is shown in this typical scene played by Howard Duff (right) Radio's Sam Spade.



Cleavage between women's breasts would be banned, but a tight sweater as worn by actress Jackie Jordan, would be O.K.



Unwed motherhood would not be projected, thus this scene from "The Scarlet Letter" would be frowned on.



Picture of actress Joan Diener, showing too much bare bosom would not be permitted by proponents of new TV code.



Scenes of passion would be acted so as not "to stimulate the lower and baser emotions" of the nation's TV audience.



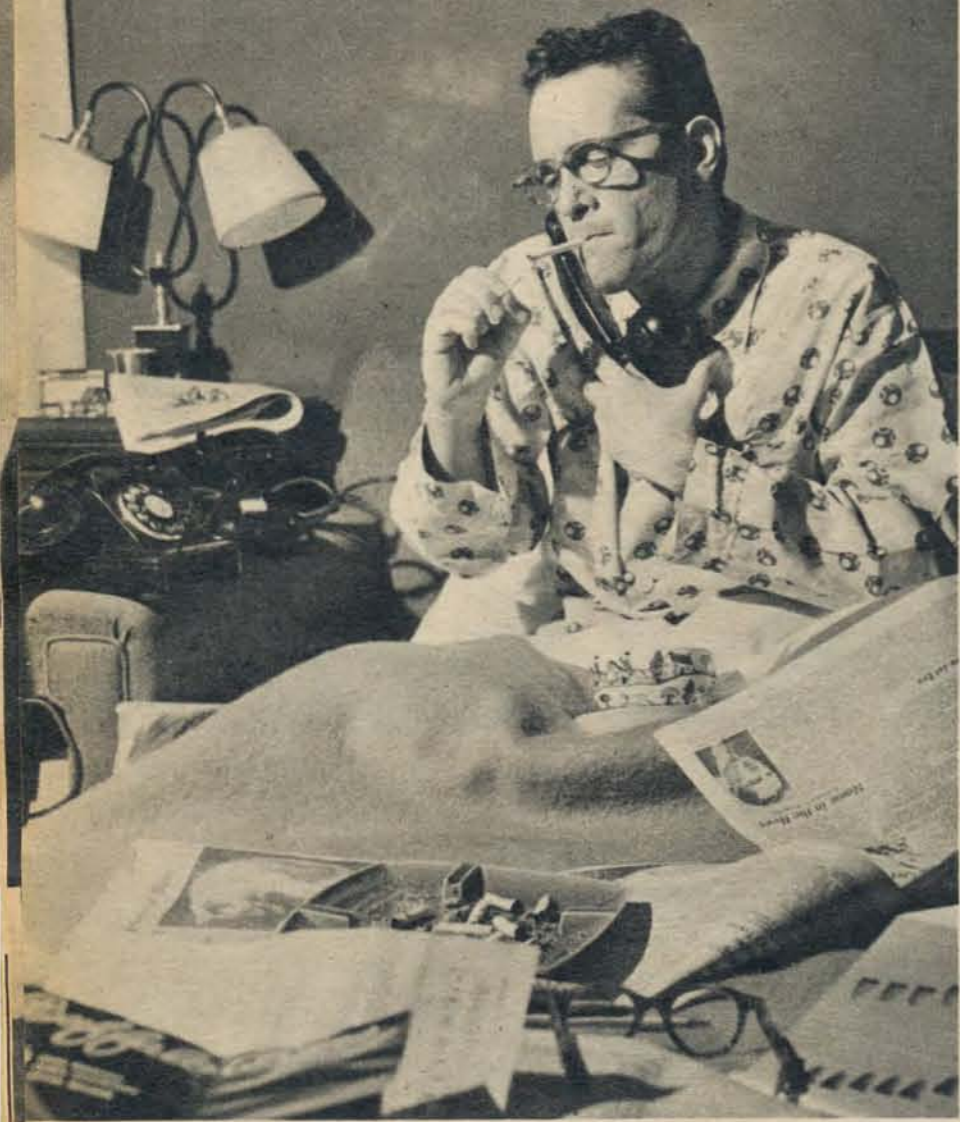
Faye Emerson, one of the best liked TV personalities, asked her fans to decide moral taste of wearing low cut gowns.

Censor photo posed by NBC actress Jackie Jordan.

LIFE SINGES

Revue de Heros & Cella

Noon Saturday begins in Bob's New York apartment with coffee in bed, under the old French posters, a few phone calls and plenty of cigarettes.



from high noon till midnight with—

BOB Q. LEWIS

"The Show Goes On," sponsored by Columbia Records and American Safety Razor, is seen on CBS-TV, Wednesday, 8 p.m., EST; Lewis replaces Bing Crosby through Sept. 27 on "The ABC's of Music," sponsored by Chesterfield cigarettes, heard on CBS, Wednesday, 9:30 p.m., EST. CBS photos by Bob Stahman.

...A BACHELOR'S LIFE



1:30 pm After working on his "Show Goes On" script, Bob hangs his treasure, a Picasso given him by a friend.



3 pm Hanging drapes is a dangerous business for a fellow who doesn't believe in exercise—except for his vocal chords.



3:30 pm No need to tire yourself with housecleaning. Put the dust from the living room under the bedroom rug.



4:30 pm Time for a light snack; Bob makes himself a sandwich, using a grill on a small electric stove in the pantry.



6 pm A cocktail party gets under way; singer Jack Russell (kissing wife), Bob-by Lucas playing "Spin the Bottle."



6:30 pm The laundryman makes a call and stands by in bored indifference while Faye Emerson collects shirts.



8 pm Maybe it is late, but girls are always anxious for dates with bachelors. Am I disgusted! She really said NO!



Midnight They all said NO. What's the world coming to when an eligible bachelor has to spend Saturday night, alone?

television
history
in the
making

ALTHOUGH television productions are still not completely free of confusion, the atmosphere surrounding the second anniversary performance of "Ford Theater" in mid-October will be peaceful as compared with the premiere on October 17, 1948.

"Ford Theater" was the first major hour-long show to be sponsored on CBS-TV. At the time, it had the highest budget (\$25,000) of any television show. Like all subsequent shows, the first program, "Years Ago," listed several famous names in its cast—Eva LeGallienne, Raymond Massey (who incidentally were making their TV debuts) and Patricia Kirkland. CBS assigned its top technical crew and turned over its largest studio to the show.

In 1948, television was still a new baby which had scarcely put legs to the ground (it's still toddling and occasionally stumbling). For both actors and directors,

the television camera was an unfamiliar mechanism which demanded that they exercise their skill within certain fixed boundaries, which brought actors uncomfortably close to their audience and caught them blinking or staring if they were not careful.

As if the apprehension induced by the strangeness of the new medium were not enough, CBS' largest studio—No. 41 in the Grand Central Terminal Building which is still being used—was then in the process of construction. The star cast rehearsed "Years Ago" in the company of painters, plasterers and concrete mixers in a studio which boasted as yet only three walls. They breathed plaster dust and the penetrating odor of paint while overhead the concrete was being laid and next door, where Studio 42 was also under construction, the riveters were busily hammering away at steel and concrete. The dressing rooms were lean- (Continued on page 36)

TWO YEARS OF "FORD THEATRE"



Above, during mock camera rehearsal at rehearsal hall actors wearing name cards help cameramen identify characters in play; right, Walter Hampden and Basil Rathbone rehearse a scene from "On Borrowed Time."



"Ford Theatre," sponsored by the Ford Motor Company, maker of Ford, Lincoln and Mercury cars, is presented on CBS-TV on alternate Fridays at 9 p.m., EST.



Director Marc Daniels instructs Judy Holliday, Richard Hart, Marsha Hunt, Paul Stewart in "She Loves Me Not."



Above, the first "Ford Theater" production starred Raymond Massey, Eva LeGallienne, Patricia Kirkland; below, director and cast of "Room Service" work on a problem.



Say It In Poetry

by Shelley Keats

THE following poem submitted by Miss Randall (with apologies to John Massfield) is the winning poem for this month.

T-V FEVER

I must get home to my T-V set, to those fashions that please the eye,
And all I ask in my video, and some peace to see it by.
And an easy chair, my pipe alight, with enjoyment as my goal,
A frosted glass and jovial friends for flicker-free control.

I must get back to my set again, for the thrill of a major fight
Is a wild call and a deep call that lasts me all the night.
And all I ask is a good ball game with close teams in there pitching,
And the crowd's mad roar, and the changing score—and my meal ready in the kitchen!

I must get back to my tele-vue, to the stay-at-home now life
To Berle's mad way, and the give-away, where the prize never comes to my wife.
And all I ask is a gripping play with the actors right on cue,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long view's through.

—Virginia D. Randall
Newtonville 60, Mass.

TIME has a way of beautifying those whom we really love.

TIME HAS CHANGED YOUR GOLD TO SILVER

Time has changed your gold to silver,
Still we're sweethearts yet today;
Like the song foretold we'd wander,
O'er the sunset trail we stray.

Silver threads I'm sure are blessings
For they make you look so sweet;
Time has changed your gold to silver,
Time has made our love complete.

—Raymond A. Jenkins
Lima, Ohio

POET Louella Waterman really took us at our word when we asked for short, short poems.

ONLY SMILES

Pencils write,
Lips speak
Only smiles
Make hearts
Skip beats.

—Louella Waterman
Crogan, New York

A HOUSEWIFE registers a complaint against the average husband who thinks he is the only working member of the family.

MY WOE

I straighten up from morn till night,
I feed the dog and cat.
I fix the stove and scrub the floors.
On rugs I use a bat.

Then hubby comes home hungry,
He's tired, cranky too.
I get so doggone angry,
When he says, "What did you do?"

—Rose Carroll
Rocky Point, L. I., N. Y.

ALL of you women know what a new hat will do for the spirit!

THE SPUR

A hat can be
A saucy thing,
With wisp or bow
Or tilted wing.

Oh, what a spur
To low morals
When perky hat
Meets working gail!

—Kathryn Wright
Appleton, Wisconsin

OH, don't we all feel this way?

I never expect to attain
Great wealth, or the glory of fame.
But I dream as I write
Of a beautiful sight—
It's a check made out in my name.

In a poem there's a "bird that sings"
Of "undying love" and great Kings.
But where no one will buy
Then I wonder why
We miss with the gosh darn things.

My writing will not fill my purse,
This one couldn't be much worse;
But it's true, every word,
And if truer you've heard
Please just send me that verse.
—Ruth C. Volk
Beaver Falls, Pa.

HOW much happier we would all be if we took the advice Miss Harris gives in this poem.

COMPROMISE

Take only what the Gods decree
And ask no more,
Though it's not quite the treasured thing
You've waited for—

Be happy with your fated lot
Nor question why,
The lovely sun-kissed garden rose
Must ever die.

—June B. Harris
New Albany, Ind.

TEN DOLLARS For Best Original Poem

Here's a chance to pocket a fresh ten dollar bill for writing the best original poem not exceeding 25 lines. Send this notice along with your contribution to: Poet Editor, RADIO BEST Magazine, 9 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Keep a copy of your poem because none will be returned.

two years
of Ford Theatre

tos and tents with wash basins and to get to them for a wardrobe change during the show, the cast had to leap nimbly and quickly over odds and ends of construction equipment.

Since that first show, the "Ford Theater" has produced 31 television dramas, all adapted from famous legitimate plays which at one time or another have been hit productions on Broadway. The program began on radio in 1947 and shifted to television in 1948 on a once-a-month basis. In October, 1949, the show went on a twice-a-month schedule. Plans for a weekly production are in the talking stage.

The two years have seen a noticeable change in the attitude of well-known actors toward all television programs. At first, they were extremely wary of lending their talents to a medium which had not yet proven itself; they might damage their reputations. Glamour girls particularly hesitated because they were afraid of what the camera might do to their pretty faces. Radio actors did not like—and some have not overcome their dislike—the long intensive rehearsals and were not accustomed to memorizing an entire dramatic script.

But the constant improvement in the quality of television production has stilled the fears of some actors and its growing popularity has forced others to accept it. "Ford Theater" has been the vehicle for the TV debut of a number of famous stars (in addition to those in the first production) such as Jack Carson, Brian Aherne, Fay Bainter, Fredric March, Geraldine Brooks, Eddie Albert and Judy Holliday.

"Room Service," starring Jack Carson, presented an interesting example of the realism demanded by television, as compared with radio, and the consequent sufferings of the actors. In one scene, the shoestring producer, played by Carson, and his staff were supposedly famished and were served with a meal of eggs, toast and potatoes. The eggs were represented by half apricots on trimmed white bread and the potatoes by diced apples; the toast was real. Time after time, during the long rehearsals and the actual show, Carson and the other actors had to eat, ravenously, as if they were enjoying the food.

The smooth production which marks each "Ford Theatre" program is preceded by about 70 hours of rehearsals. Rehearsals start two Mondays before the show and up to the Thursday before show day (on Friday) are held in the rehearsal hall, a huge room in an old building on East 59th Street, to eliminate studio costs. The outline of the set is painted on the floor of the hall and ordinary wooden folding chairs are placed where the real furniture—tables, beds, easy chairs—will be placed on the set.

Technicians—including cameramen, engineers, supervisors—join the cast at the rehearsal hall on the Wednesday of show week for a

(Continued on page 54)

TV Roundup

of TeleVisions, Sights & Characters

by Joe DiGiovanni



Ed Sullivan—Intense, nice guy whose Toast Of The Town is crumbless. Always tickling to see him dash onstage with the look of a guy desperately determined to please, and fearful of being shot if he doesn't; to see his smile and his frown battle for possession of his face; to see the surprise in the smile when it wins; and to see him standing onstage, after a particularly good act, nodding and gulping and grinning—like the cat that's swallowing the frog. Some of the comics who kid him should be so tickling.

Arthur (Wolfgang) Godfrey—Has earned the nickname with his frequent displays of enough "wolf" for a gang of them. And it's my suspicion that Godfrey IS a gang: triplets, or quads, maybe. "Tea-Hee Man" and "SOUPERMAN" of TALENT SCOUTS; "Movement Man" of his Wednesday night TV Cig session. Professor of the



ukelele on an orange juice show; all in addition to being Mr. BIG of Lord knows how many radio sessions. If Godfrey isn't three or four, then he can't be human either. And if the thought didn't frighten me, I'd voice the suspicion that he's one of science's greatest secret inventions; a human-appearing plastic robot with superhuman resources of energy and everything else that's required to make a Godfrey.

Most Boxing Commentators—Perpetual talking-machines, about as informative as alphabet soup. Would do better in pet shops, giving diction lessons to backward, low-priced parrots.

Milton Berle—The Paradox Kid. Mama's boy with a tremendous sock. An admitted gag larcenist who believes honesty's the best policy and confession's good for the soul of a wit, which he proves by getting some of his biggest laughs when confessing his guilt. A laugh-lifter whose used gags are always plenty original—because there's only one Berle.

Kyle McDonnell—The beautiful canary who thrills even when she isn't



trilling. Makes a guy understand how a cat must feel about canary cages.

TV Movies—SCHMOTION pictures.

Eloise McElhone—The most unconvincing actress on TV. Likes to talk as though she thought men were low creatures she had no use for. But, look at the glint in her beautiful eyes, and you're sure that should some nature-magic turn men into spiders, she'd want to be among the most murderous black-widows. Then, look at the rest of her—and turn on a cooling fan.

Jerry Lester—The mad merry jester. Beauty-loving hepcat who always seems loaded with catnip.

Wrestling—Burlesque at its worst, but respectable enough for the ladies—who seem to be the most avid fans. I'd give a pretty penny (even two) to know exactly what happens in the ladies' minds to excite them so, as

they watch the blubber-boys carrying on like hysterically aroused lovers with a touch of sadism.

Dorothy Kilgallen—Panel performer per excellence. The kind of gal sensible men want to marry.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis—A mirtherous pair who'll never have to



worry about making a pile of dollars. If worst ever came to worst, they could always make a good living giving testimonials for private insane asylums.

Studio Audiences—Most of these are the laughingest, uproariest mobs on earth. They laugh so hard and long and loud at everything and anything and nothing, as to make one suspect that, before they're admitted to the studios, they either are fed a good dose of laughing gas, or must have taken an intelligence test and failed it.



Dick Kollmar—Sensible man. (He married D.K.) Conducts "Talent Search," on which you find plenty of it, including his own.

the friendship between FRAN WARREN and Barbara Belle
is a powerful factor in their success

THEY
KNEW
WHAT
THEY
WANTED

by
Jan Forsythe





Left, Barbara, "the brains," and Fran, "the voice," represent an ideal partnership that had its beginnings when the two were children (below).



FRAN WARREN was nine years old and was living with her family in a tenement in New York's East Bronx when one day a neighbor came in to borrow a glass of milk for a little girl who was visiting with her foster parents. Fran herself presented the milk to the visitor, eleven-year-old Barbara Belle. The two children saw each other once in a summer camp, but it wasn't until they met again eight years later that their casual friendship began to develop into a business and personal relationship that has ripened, miraculously, in the highly competitive atmosphere of theatrical Broadway and Tin Pan Alley.

Today, at 22, Fran has her own program, "Fran Warren Sings," sponsored cooperatively on 300 stations, she is a favorite guest star on radio and television programs and is RCA Victor's top female vocalist. She is the only "pop singer" who has a Broadway show ("As The Girls Go") to her credit. Behind her in her career and forever at her side as manager and intimate friend is Barbara, who at 24 has won a reputation as one of the most astute business women in the music profession.

Fran often refers to Barbara as "my brain," and (Continued on page 53)

Fran, who was once president of a Tony Martin fan club and now sings with her idol, goes into a dance with him at recording session.





the story of—**BURL IVES**

The wayfaring Minstrel who sang for his supper

in shabby restaurants now performs in the nation's
most elegant night clubs and concert halls

—by Helen McNamara



“... **T**HERE was a large map on the side of the wall, a map of the United States. As the teacher's voice grew dimmer, the map became more luminous. In my imagination I saw the mighty mountains, silver rivers and wide sweeping plains, magnificent cities, a nation of people I knew nothing of. . . .

“Before I realized what I was doing, I rose and started for the door . . . I went to my room and packed a change of clothes, got my banjo and started walking down the road.

“Soon I found myself on the open highway headed east. The cool wind blew in my face and all at once I felt as if I had shed dullness from myself. Before me lay a long gray line with a black mark down the center. The birds were singing. It was spring. My heart jumped for joy. Life, excitement, experience were on this long road.”

With his banjo on his back and fifteen cents in his pocket, Burl Ives left college to become a wayfaring minstrel, hitching rides, singing for his meals, performing for evangelists and politicians, learning new songs from hoboos and bartenders. Burl still sings for his supper, in the Persian Room of New York's Hotel Plaza and other swanky night spots; he is the first ballad singer to perform in a major night club.

The vagabond who was thrown out of restaurants and chased by railroad cops has become America's leading ballad and folk singer, a star of radio and television, and is in constant demand for records and concerts. He has appeared in five motion pictures—“Sierra” is the most recent—and portrayed leading roles in some ten plays on the legitimate stage.

“Everyday living is a dull business,” says Burl, trying to explain his unpremeditated decision to take to the road. “College had become very dull and I must always have something new and exciting.”

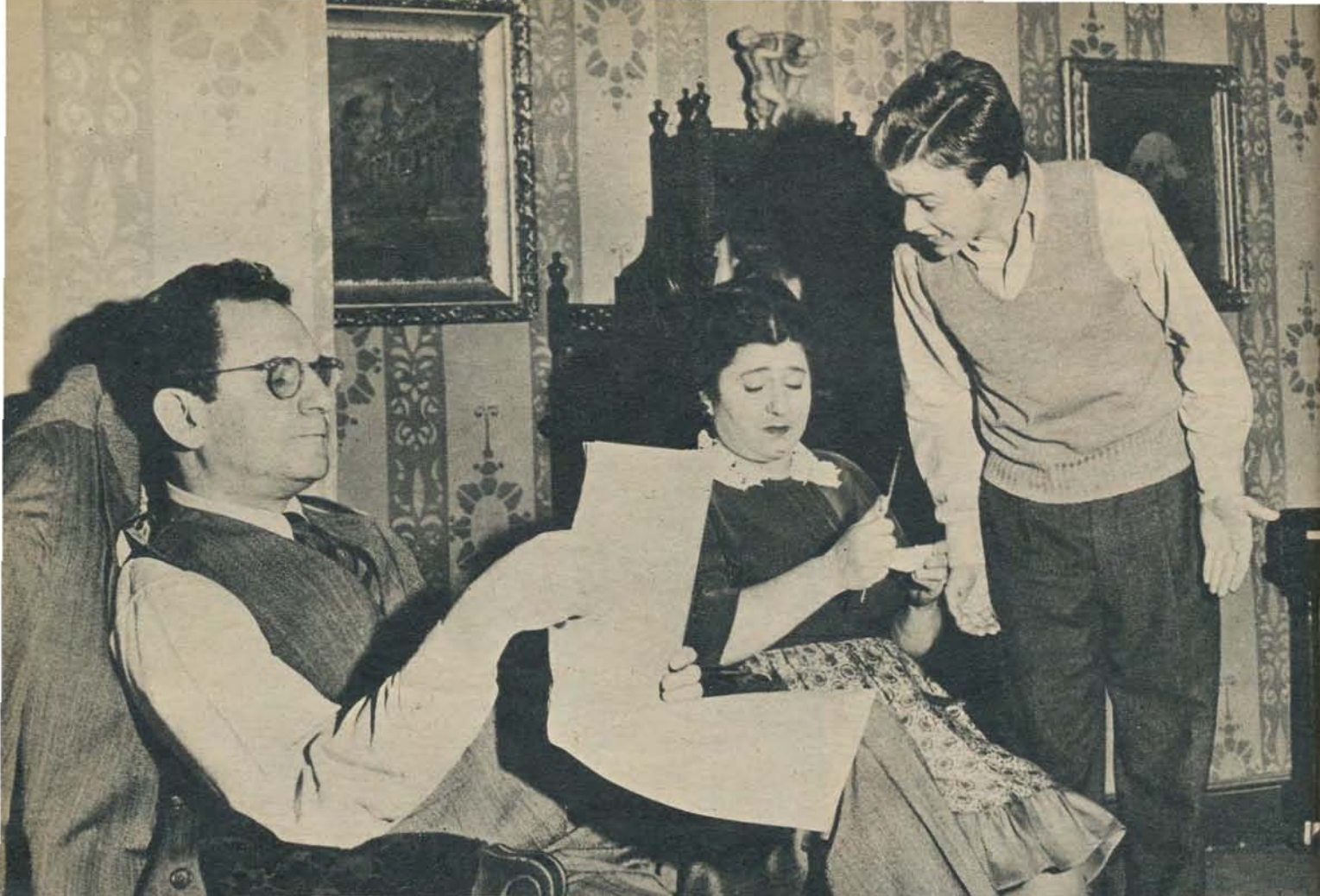
Burl Ives is 40 years old now, a tall, sturdily-built man with a capacious midriff. His face and his nose are broad and fleshy; his chin is covered by a short beard. Although he says that he loves “melancholy things,” like his folk songs, there is a twinkle in his eyes; his smile is broad and his laugh is hearty.

“It takes a lot of nerve—like wearing a beard— (Continued on page 55)

Left, Burl and his wife, Helen, relax in the patio of their ranch in Van Nuys, California; right, with their son, Alexander, in their Manhattan apartment.

Photo of Ives and family by Larry Colwell, courtesy of Parents' Magazine.





"The Goldbergs," running high in the program popularity poll conducted by the RADIO BEST National Listeners Panel, in a typical scene showing Philip Loeb as "Jake Goldberg," Gertrude Berg as "Mollie," and Larry Robinson as their son, "Sammy."



Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, best liked in NBC's "Saturday Night Revue."



National Listeners
Panel Chooses Top Twenty
TV Programs

op wenty

Report from
the RADIO BEST
Listeners
Panel



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Texaco Star Theatre, Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, Godfrey's Friends, Toast of the Town, The Goldbergs, Lone Ranger and the New York portion of Saturday Night Revue, topped the list of favorite television programs reported by the RADIO & TV BEST National Listeners Panel. The poll was made prior to the usual summer hiatus of TV programs. The top 20 programs follow in order of popularity. The poll was confined to panel members in TV areas.

- Texaco Star Theatre
- Godfrey's Talent Scouts
- Godfrey's Friends
- Toast of the Town
- The Goldbergs
- The Lone Ranger
- Saturday Nite Revue
- Stop the Music
- Howdy Doody
- Philco Playhouse
- Lights Out
- Studio One
- We, The People
- Man Against Crime
- Aldrich Family
- Ford Theatre
- Gillette Cavalcade
- Private Eye
- Camel News Caravan
- Mama

Milton Berle and guest Rudy Vallee clowning on "Texaco Star Theatre."



Long a radio hit, "The Aldrich Family" is now a big click with TV audiences. Shown are House Jameson (father), Bob Casey (Henry), Jackie Kelk (Homer).



"Toast of the Town," Sunday night CBS vaudeville show, voted top TV variety program. Here's emcee Ed Sullivan, Sunny Tufts and dancers.

SUNSHINE

and

SHADOW

A "Life
Can Be
Beautiful"
Novelette

by
Audrey
Ashton



Ralph Locke
portrays
Papa David



Teri Keane portrays Chichi



*A cowardly murder opens the
door to a new life for
an elderly spinster*

IT WAS six o'clock in the evening and Papa David's book store, never a busy place, was empty except for Papa David himself, seated at his shabby old desk in the rear of the store, and Chichi, who was walking restlessly back and forth between the tables piled high with books. Occasionally she stopped to pick one up, glance unseeingly at its title and then put it down again. Once she picked up a rag from beneath a counter and carefully dusted a few books. Aware that Papa David was watching her, she tried to stand still and watch the crowds hurrying past on their way home from work, but the sight of them only made her feet itch again.

She was relieved when Papa David finally spoke. "If you need exercise, Chichi, maybe you should go for a walk in the park."

Chichi could see that his eyes were twinkling. She laughed and flung herself into the rickety old armchair at the side of his desk. "It's just that I've got that job on my mind, Papa David. And Barry Markham keeps arguing against it—and I feel that you're not too crazy about the idea either."

"You mean the one with Miss—what's her name—Miss Mandelbush?"

"Vandenbush," Chichi corrected him patiently. "Barry wants me to marry him and settle down but I want to live my own life, have my own career and earn my own money. Be free and independent—and happy!"

(Left) A partnership is launched; Jim Swanson, a drink in his hand as usual, reminds Christine Vandenbush that Miss Victoria's art treasures are extremely valuable.

Uncle David pulled at his chin for a few seconds. "People can be happy, leben, only when they are a part of somebody else's happiness. Escape from friendships and love—if you can—but you'll be lonely. A woman lives only when she loves and is loved."

"Like Alice Swanson, maybe?" Chichi asked quickly, and was sorry when she saw the pain on the old man's face. "I don't want to hurt you, Papa David, but Alice loved Jim Swanson and lived with that bum—hanging around her neck like a ball and chain—until he disappeared and she thought he was dead. Then she falls in love with Doug Norman and is married to him only three days when Jim turns up again after almost seven years, alive and as much of a bum as ever. Do you think she's happy?"

Chichi paused for breath. Her eyes were flaming with anger now and she ran her fingers through her hair. Papa David shook his head. "All right, Chichi. I won't argue with you about it. You'll have to find out for yourself. What about this Miss Mandel—excuse me—Miss Vandenbush?"

Chichi got up again and began to walk back and forth in front of the old man's desk. "That's another reason why I'm all confused. She's a cranky old lady—about seventy, I guess—rich as Rockefeller and they say she's very stingy. She's got queer ideas. Never goes out of her room, keeps the shades down. Barry says she once threatened to sic the dogs on her father because he's a doctor and she hates doctors and refuses to take medicine."

Papa David held up his hand. "Leben, would you please to sit down. I get dizzy watching you. There that's better. Now



SUNSHINE and SHADOW

"Life Can Be Beautiful," sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Tide, is heard on NBC, Monday through Friday, 3 p.m.

this old lady—from what you tell me, should you be so anxious to be her companion?"

"It's the funniest thing, Papa David," Chichi said, cocking her head and frowning thoughtfully. "I told her I was a slum girl and that I'd been living with you ever since the night I ran in here—when I needed a place to go, in a hurry. I told her if she wanted somebody la-de-da and prissy—with 'culture,' like she said—she wouldn't want me. She snapped at me and bossed me around and told me I didn't have any manners. But somehow I got a feeling that she likes me, and even when she makes me mad, I like her. And—"

She paused as the door opened and Alice Swanson and Doug Norman came in. Alice looked as if she had been crying and Doug was holding her by the arm, trying to comfort her but his despair was evident in his face. Immediately forgetting her own problems, Chichi sprang to her feet and grasped Alice's hands.

"It's Jim again, isn't it?" she cried. "What's he been doing now?"

Alice sank into a chair and shook her head. "Not very much," she said bitterly. "It wasn't enough that he moved into our home and put Doug out. Now he threatens to accuse me of bigamy unless I give him half the profits of the newspaper that Doug and I have worked so hard on for a year."

Papa David arose and moved around the desk to Alice's side. "Surely he can't do that," patting her comfortingly on the shoulder. "He can't take away—"

"He certainly can," Doug interrupted. "Legally, Alice's half of the East Side News is his and—what's worse—Alice is his wife."

Alice sighed wearily. "He has us over a barrel. And he doesn't care about me or the newspaper. All he wants is the profits so that he can get drunk every day."

It seemed impossible to believe but Chichi knew that what Doug and Alice, their friends and neighbors for many years, were saying was the cold, hard truth. Half of the News, that Doug and Alice published in the building next door to the book shop, be-

longed to Jim. The depressing quiet that fell on them was broken by the sound of the door opening. Chichi was so absorbed in her mental search for some avenue of escape for Doug and Alice that for a moment she didn't recognize the woman who entered the store.

"Good evening, Miss Conrad," the woman said.

The voice was familiar and suddenly Chichi remembered where she had seen her. "It's Christine Vandebush," she whispered to Papa David. "She's the wife of Miss Vee's nephew, Paul Vandebush."

She walked toward the front of the store where Christine was standing, waiting for her. "Hello, Mrs. Vandebush," she said, politely. "Did you want to see me?"

Christine was playing nervously with the catch of her handbag. She might be pretty, Chichi thought, if she didn't look so anxious all the time. "Miss Vandebush—my husband's aunt, you know," Christine said, "asked me to tell you that she's changed her mind and has decided she doesn't want a companion." She paused and smiled apologetically. "You know how these eccentric old ladies are—changing their minds every minute."

It occurred to Chichi that Miss Vandebush was more the type to hang on to an idea once she had it, as a bulldog grips his teeth around a bone, but she said nothing. The telephone rang as Christine was making her way out of the shop and Papa David answered it.

"It was for you, Chichi," he said, when he hung up the receiver. "That lady wants you to go to work tomorrow."

Even Doug and Alice, absorbed as they were in the problem that Jim presented, were struck by the puzzling situation that Chichi was involved in. The telephone call had been made by Tula, the Negro maid who had been serving Miss Vandebush for thirty years; she was not likely to lie, or try to mislead Chichi in any way.

"It looks to me," Doug said, "as if this woman who came in here doesn't want you in the Vandebush home for some reason or other."

Papa David shook his head soberly. "I don't like it, Chichi. Why should you work someplace where they don't want you?"



Leona Powers
portrays Victoria Vandebush



John Gibson
portrays Paul Vandebush



Grace Coppin
portrays Christine

Chichi's chin went up. "I don't know, Papa David," she said, in a voice that indicated she had made up her mind, "but I'm going to find out what's going on over there."

Promptly at nine o'clock the next morning Chichi pulled the old-fashioned bell on the door of Miss Vandebush's home on Washington Square. Even as she waited, she thought about what Papa David had said and wondered if she was being wise, but the very thought that someone was trying to frighten her made her chin go up again and stiffened her determination. She was whistling, softly, to keep up her spirits when Tula opened the door.

"Praise the Lord!" Tula exclaimed, her round face breaking into a broad smile. "I'm so glad you come. I was sure she'd frightened you away."

"You mean Christine?" Chichi asked as Tula closed the door. "Why should she want to frighten me away, Tula?"

Tula smiled mysteriously. "Never you mind, honey. You'll find out. Now you just sit down here a minute while I go up and find out if Miss Victoria's ready to see you."

Chichi conquered an impulse to ask Tula not to leave her alone, and sat down in a chair. All her doubts and fears returned in double measure as she sat there in the old hall. The huge room was oppressively quiet and the immense stairway, with its carved balustrade, disappeared into the dimness of the upper floor. Certainly no breeze had disturbed the draperies on the windows for centuries and there wasn't even a ray of sunlight to brighten the gloom.

"Enough to give you the creeps," Chichi muttered to herself and jumped as she heard a voice.

"So you decided to come anyway," Christine was saying. Her voice was soft and the smile that played around her lips was anything but jolly.

Chichi held on to the arms of her chair. "Miss Victoria wanted me to come and I did."

Christine sat down in a nearby chair and leaned confidentially toward Chichi. "I didn't want to tell you but I see I'll have to," she began. "You see, Miss Victoria is a mental case."

"You mean she's crazy?" Chichi asked.

Christine nodded. "Exactly. She probably doesn't even remember that she wanted to hire a companion. Most of the time she's like a child but sometimes she gets violent and then it takes Tula—you can see how strong she is—or my husband, Paul, to handle her. I suppose you noticed the bolt on her door?"

"Yes, I did," Chichi said, meeting Christine's eyes squarely, "but I noticed it was on the inside—not the outside."

Christine was only temporarily disconcerted. "Well, we have to humor her, you know." She looked up as a man entered the room. "Oh, this is my husband, Paul Vandebush," she said. "Paul, this is the young lady your aunt hired as a companion."

Paul nodded and looked irresolutely from Christine to Chichi and back to his wife again, as if awaiting his cue from her. "I was just about to tell her," Christine continued, "that she should go away and forget about this job. She'll just upset poor Aunt Victoria, who doesn't know what she wants anyway, and we want to make her last days as peaceful as possible."

"Yes, oh yes—of course," Paul said quickly—too quickly, Chichi thought. "I'll pull up the shade for a minute," he continued. "I always like to see who I'm talking to—especially when it's a girl."

He pulled up the shade and in the light from the window Chichi could see Christine's narrowed eyes. "She's leaving now," Christine said.

Paul was looking at Chichi, an expression of pleasure on his face. "Say, you're younger than I thought you'd be—and you're pretty."

Chichi blushed. She was very uncomfortable, with Paul admiring her so obviously in front of Christine, whose expression was positively murderous now.

She was very glad to see Tula come down the broad stairway.

"Miss Victoria is ready to see you, Miss Chichi," Tula called, her smile disappearing as she caught sight of Christine and Paul.

Chichi took a deep breath. "Maybe you two are (Continued on page 58)



No matter what Papa David says, Chichi is convinced that Jim Swanson has some sinister motive in working for the very wealthy old spinster.

Your **RADIO BEST** Monthly Bonus Feature

Hazel Shermet as the feather-brained Miss Duffy and as her own sound-minded self



Radio's Dizziest Dame

... the boss' daughter may be Archie's downfall

by Ed "Archie" Gardner

As Miss Duffy of "Duffy's Tavern," Hazel Shermet plays what has been considered the least coveted role in radio. She is the fifteenth Miss Duffy, the thirteen who preceded her having failed to measure up to the standards set by Shirley Booth (now starring in a Broadway play), who established the role in 1941 and played it for five years. Hazel's continued appearance as "radio's dizziest dame" means that she has won the approval of Ed Gardner, a notoriously tough critic.

Hazel has appeared with many other top comedians, including Jack "Baron Munchausen" Pearl, Maxie Rosenbloom, Goodman Ace and Arthur Godfrey, and is already a veteran television performer. An attractive young woman who writes for a hobby, she is unmarried and is willing to let it be known that she is an excellent cook, specializing in "mad dishes" of her own invention.

"Duffy's Tavern," sponsored by Blatz beer, is heard on NBC, Thursday, 9:30 p.m., EST.

Miss Duffy has had many interpreters through the years



Archie may think that Duffy's daughter, portrayed here (in 1947) by Margie Liszt is dumb, but then, a man doesn't have to look at a girl's brains.

WRITING ain't one of me better fetishes, but when I am asked to tryptograph a article under me own by-sign about whom is the dizziest dame in radio, then writing can't be no tougher than reading Esquire. To me there is only one dizzy dame of my acquaintanceship. And even if I ain't as oral at writing as me pal Crack-pot O'Toole, the imminent author and forger, perish forbid I should pass up the chance.

Ladies and gents, leave me present Miss Duffy. For sheer, unpremitigated dizziness, Miss Duffy has no pere, even though there's time her old man, Duffy hisself, makes it a photo finish.

The Miss Duffy to whom I anent, of course, is that dim-witted dame which, just because she's the daughter of the establishment, is sort of cashier and Distaff of Duffy's Tavern. I am the manager, or Falstaff, for a mere 15 bucks per pittance. She watches the cash register like it was made of pure mink.

In a way, I guess I brought it all on meself. I shouldn't never have give in when Duffy dropped in that ill-winded day and blarneys me into taking her on. I should've suspicioned something was agog when he tells me to draw meself one and then don't blanch his eye when I rings up the No Sale sign.

"Archie," he whimpers, "me pride and jewel (Continued on page 68)



Above, Shirley Booth played the part for the first five years, starting in 1941; below, Florence Halop, her runner-up in length of performance.



Above, Gloria Erlanger as the boss' daughter, in 1947; below, Pauline Drake, immediate predecessor of the current interpreter, Hazel Shermet.



What's on the air—

All times listed here are Eastern Standard Time. For Central Standard Time, subtract ONE HOUR; for Mountain Standard Time, subtract TWO HOURS; for Pacific Standard Time, subtract THREE HOURS.

Editor's Note:

As this issue went to press, the nation's networks had not yet released the new fall evening shows scheduled to replace the leading programs heard during the summer season. Thus the regular evening listening log is omitted in this issue and will be resumed next month. The complete "daytime" schedule appears as usual. For complete, up-to-the-minute nighttime listings, refer to the radio page of your favorite newspaper.



ROY ROGERS

Roy Rogers, flanked by Dale Evans and Gaby Hayes, displays replica of his famous stallion, "Trigger."

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	String Quartet			Carolina Calling
9:00	World News Story to Order	Happiness Hour	Sunday Morning Concert Hall	News E. Power Biggs
9:15	Cameos of Music	Dixie Quartet	Voice of Prophecy	Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
9:30	D & H Miners	Religious Program		
10:00	Radio Pulpit	Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Religion in the News	Voice of Prophecy	College Choirs	Church of the Air
10:30	Morning Serenade			
10:45				
11:00	Music U. N. is my Beat	Back to God	Foreign Reporter Frank & Ernest	Bill Costello
11:15	News Highlights	Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	Howard K. Smith
11:30	Saltire Time			Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:45				

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45	Low Webb		Gems For Thought	Local Programs
9:00	Red Foley	Robert Hurleigh	Breakfast Club	This is N. Y. Barnyard Follies
9:15	Tell Your Neighbor	Tennessee Jamboree		Mrs. Goes A-Shopping
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	This is Bing Crosby
10:15	Faith in Our Time	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:30	Double or Nothing		Victor Lindlahr	
10:45				
11:00	We Love and Learn	Behind The Story	Modern Romances	
11:15	Dave Garroway	Heatter's Mailbag	Quick as a Flash	Grand Slam
11:30	Jack Berch	Bob Poole		Rosemary
11:45	David Harum	Doughboys		

Afternoon Listening

12:00	American Forum of the Air	Choir Series	Music	Invitation to Learning
12:15	Eternal Light	Chamber Music	Piano Playhouse	People's Platform
12:30				
12:45				
1:00	America United	William Hillman	Sunday Serenade	News Ermo Roper
1:15	Chicago Round table	Radio Warblers	National Vespers	Music
1:30				
1:45				
2:00	NBC University Theater	Music	This Week Around The World	Choralers
2:15		Bill Cunningham	Mr. President	You Are There
2:30		Veteran's Information		
2:45				
3:00	The Fruits	Treasury Varieties	Music	Invitation to Music
3:15	Quiz Kids	Juvenile Jury	Baptist Hour	
3:30				
3:45				
4:00	Cloak & Dagger	Hopalong Cassidy	Fine Arts Quartet	
4:15	High Adventure	Wm. Gargan	Milton Cross Opera Album	Symphonette
4:30				
4:45				
5:00	The Big Guy	The Shadow		Music for You
5:15	James Melton	True Detective	Think Fast	Earn Your Vacation
5:30				
5:45				

12:00	Echoes from the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks	Ladies be Seated	Wendy Warren
12:15	Hometowners	Lanny Ross		Aunt Jenny
12:30		Chucklewagon		Helen Trent
12:45		Lightcrust Doughboys		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Music	News	Baukhage Talking	Big Sister
1:15	George Hicks	Harvey Harding	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Take Fifteen	Music	Art Baker	Young Dr. Malone
1:45		Checkerboard Jamboree		The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Ladies Fair	Welcome To Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Live Like a Millionaire	Queen For A Day	Hannibal Cobb	Perry Mason
2:30				This is Nora Drake
2:45				Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom	Nona from Nowhere
3:15	Road of Life		Pick A Date	Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young			Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Surprise Package	Strike it Rich
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs	Happy Landing	
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	B & D Chucklewagon	Melody Promenade	Treasury Bandstand
4:45	Young Widder Brown		Ted Malone	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Mark Trail	Challenge of Yukon	Galen Drake
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Tom Mix	Jack Armstrong	Hits & Misses
5:30	Just Plain Bill			
5:45	Front Page Farrell			

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember		Gems for Thought	Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Red Foley Clevelandaires	Robert Hurlleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is N. Y. Barnyard Folies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	This is Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45				
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind The Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick as a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember Low Webb		Gems For Thought	Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Red Foley Clevelandaires	Robert Hurlleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is N. Y. Barnyard Folies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	This is Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45				
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Listening

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From the Tropics Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Misc. Programs Bands For Bonds	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon With Lopez George Hicks Take Fifteen	News Harvey Harding Music Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Talking Nancy Craig Art Baker	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood Hannibal Cobb	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom Club Time Pick a Date	Nona from Nowhere Hilltop House Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Misc. Programs B & D Chucklewagon Two Ton Baker	Surprise Package Happy Landings	Strike It Rich Treasury Bandstand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow B-Bar-B Riders	The Green Hornet Sky King	Galen Drake Curt Massey

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes from the Tropics The Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Chucklewagon Lighterust Doughboys	Ladies be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon With Lopez George Hicks Take Fifteen	News Harvey Harding Music Misc. Programs	Baukhage Talking Nancy Craig Art Baker	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Ladies' Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood Hannibal Cobb	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom Pick A Date	Nona from Nowhere Hilltop House Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs B & D Chucklewagon	Surprise Package Tune Time Happy Landings Ted Malone	Strike It Rich Treasury Bandstand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Galen Drake Hits & Misses

NANCY CARR
Lyric soprano
heard each Saturday night
on "Chicago Theater
of the Air."



EDDIE ARNOLD
Heard as the Tennessee
Ploughboy on "Checkerboard
Jamboree," Monday thru Fri-
day at 1:45 p.m.

JULIE BENNETT
Dramatic actress heard
on such shows as "Portia
Faces Life" and Grand
Central Station."



MARVIN MILLER
Raconteur, heard
Mondays thru Fridays
on Mutual's
"Behind the Story."

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember		Gems For Thought	Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Red Foley Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is N. Y. Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	This is Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45				
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember		Gems for Thought	Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Red Foley Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is N. Y. Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	This is Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45				
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Listening

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Music	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Chucklewagon Bands For Bonds	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon With Lopez George Hicks Take Fifteen	News Harvey Harding Music Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Talking Nancy Craig Art Baker	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood Hannibal Cobb	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom Pick A Date	Nona from Nowhere Hilltop House Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs B & D Chucklewagon	Surprise Package Happy Landings Ted Malone	Strike It Rich Treasury Bandstand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow B-Bar-B Ranch	The Green Hornet Sky King	Galen Drake Curt Massey

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes from the Tropics U. S. Marine Band	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Chucklewagon Lightcrust Doughboys	Ladies be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon with Lopez George Hicks Take Fifteen	News Harvey Harding Music Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Talking Nancy Craig Art Baker	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Ladies' Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood Hannibal Cobb	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Beb Poole	Bride and Groom Pick A Date	Nona from Nowhere Hilltop House Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs B & D Chucklewagon	Surprise Package Happy Landings Ted Malone	Strike It Rich Treasury Band
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Galen Drake The Chicagoans Curt Massey

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Mind Your Manners People Are Funny	News Misc. Programs	No School Today	This is N. Y. Barnyard Follies News Mrs. Goes A-Shopping
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Fred Waring Mary Lee Taylor	Leslie Nichols Helen Hall		Galen Drake County Fair
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Adventures of Archie Andrews	Marine Band Hoosier Hot Shots	Junior Junction Music	Let's Pretend Junior Miss

Afternoon Listening

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Arthur Barriault Public Affair Luncheon With Lopez	Man on the Farm Music	Ranch Boys American Farmer	Theatre of Today Grand Central Station
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Nat'l Farm Home Music	News Jerry & Sky Music	Navy Hour Roger Dann	Stars Over Hollywood Give and Take
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Recovery Story Musicana	Music	Met. Opera	Music
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Pioneers of Music		Music	Report From Overseas Music You Know
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Living—1950 Music		Music Treasury Show	Racing
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Air Force Hollywood Closeups	True or False Radic Harris	Tea and Crumpets	Philadelphia Orchestra

HILLARY HALL
Lovely femme
heard frequently
on "Nick Carter,
Master Detective" series
heard Sundays.



EDDIE DUNN
Master of Ceremonies
of Mutual's
"True or False"
quiz show heard
Saturdays.



they knew what
they wanted—

(Continued from page 39)

as a rising young singer, her career is Barbara's chief concern business-wise. Their personal friendship is part and parcel of their cooperation in business. If Barbara should ever realize her dream of being a motion picture producer, there's no doubt that the star of her first film would be you know who.

Both girls deny that the poverty in which they were reared has been the driving force behind their success. The explanation, they say, is merely that "we just wanted." But in the deep and lasting quality of their friendship there is more than a hint of a mutual bond, forged no doubt of their youthful acquaintance with tenements and foster homes, and the eternal scraping for pennies and nickels.

Fran was one of five children, all of whom went to school regularly although their father (now a complete invalid) was seldom able to work. The family was supported by her mother who worked in a factory at night and brought home work for the daytime hours.

Fran laughs off any suggestion that the story of her life in a tenement does not make "good publicity" with the remark, "If it was good enough for Eddie Cantor, it's all right for me. Besides, I'd never be able to face those people if I didn't tell the truth."

In high school, Fran sang with the school band which appeared in dance halls during the summer, and shortly before her graduation one of the boys in the band told her that Art Mooney was forming an orchestra and might be looking for a vocalist. With a dime in her pocket for carfare, Fran set out to see Mooney. It was the second time she had left her own little world in the Bronx—her aunt had once taken her to Brooklyn to appear in an amateur hour—and the first time she had ever been in Manhattan. She got lost, found herself in Canarsie but finally made her way to Manhattan where she convinced Mooney that she was the ideal vocalist for his band.

Mooney's dance band played in hotels and one day during the summer, at a Manhattan Beach resort, where she met Barbara. The two girls had not seen each other since their meeting at the summer camp.

Barbara, whose father, a shell-shocked war veteran, and sick mother were never able to give her proper care, had been placed in an orphan asylum at the age of three and taken from there to a foster home. She knew seventeen different fathers and mothers before her family was finally reunited. Throughout the years with her foster parents she wore the "home clothes" furnished by the institution and one of her most vivid memories is of her meeting with another little girl, dressed in the same blue sweater and skirt, and knowing immedi-

music on a platter

by Sammy Kaye



THE NATION'S top ten tunes, as determined and tabulated by the well known trade magazine, Billboard, comprise the following: The Third Man, My Foolish Heart, Bewitched, Sentimental Me, If I Knew You Were Coming I'd've Baked a Cake, Hoop-Dee-Do, It Isn't Fair, Dearie, The Old Piano Roll Blues and Daddy's Little Girl. The list is not in order of popularity since I'm sure the tunes will change places by the time this column goes to press. In any event, it gives you a good idea as to which tunes the nation likes best.

Of the top ten tunes listed above, here are the records most played by your local disc jockeys: Eileen Barton, "If I Knew You Were Coming" . . . Ames Brothers, "Sentimental Me" . . . D. Cornell-S. Kaye Ork, "It Isn't Fair" . . . Perry Como-Fontane Sisters, "Hoop-Dee-Do" . . . A. Karas, "Third Man Theme" . . . Billy Eckstine, "My Foolish Heart" . . . Mel Torme, "Bewitched" . . . Jo Stafford-Gordon MacRae, "Dearie" . . . Mills Brothers, "Daddy's Little Girl" . . . Al Jolson-Andrew Sisters, "The Old Piano Roll Blues."



Helen Forest

THUMBNAIL REVIEWS: MARTHA TILTON-THE HEARTBEATS (Coral 60218) A warm ballad "No Dice," wonderfully rendered by the liltin' Miss Tilton . . . other side is "Arm With a Bow in Its Hand," a fine arrangement of square dancing music by Miss Tilton and George Cates' orchestra. SARAH VAUGHAN (Columbia (33) 1-627) A ballad revival, "You Taught Me To Love Again" easily sung by Miss Vaughan . . . backed up by "Just Friends," a torchy oldie. TONY MARTIN-FRAN WARREN (RCA Victor 20-3777) They come up with a sure-fire winner in "An Ordinary Broom," clever lyrics certain to catch on . . . never mind the other side.



Tony Martin

DENNIS DAY (RCA Victor 20-3789) Dennis gives the new vocal version of Sousa's famous march, "Stars and Stripes Forever" a great big boost, ably supported by Freddy Martin's fine instrumental tricks . . . other side projects Dennis' versatility as a mimic and dialectician. HELEN FORREST (MGM 10597) The thrush is her usual endearing self but the tune, "It Was So Good While It Lasted" will probably never make the Hit Parade . . . Helen falters somewhat with "Sweetheart Semicolon" on the other side. BENNY GOODMAN (Columbia (33) 1-642) The song is "Bewitched" and Helen Forrest is at her best. Ditto for Benny . . . other side is "Blues In The Night," a reissue of a famous Benny Goodman etching.



Sarah Vaughan

(Famous bandleader Sammy Kaye is featured on "Sunday Serenade" over the ABC network.)

ately that the other was also "from the home."

"The sweaters had yellow birdies on them," she says. "They were nice except that everybody wore the same thing."

Her foster parents saw Barbara through high school and she won a scholarship at New York University where she worked her way through with part-time jobs as waitress, sales girl and dancing teacher.

All the time Barbara was writing songs and, once out of college, she tackled the Brill Building, the habitat of a score of music publishers in the heart of Manhattan's Tin Pan Alley. She started at the top of the building and worked her way down, refusing to take the secretaries' brush-offs and leaving her songs behind her.

"Nothing happened for a while," Barbara says, "but one day a guy said, 'Hey, you can write!' and sent me over to see Louis Prima."

Prima discovered that in the pile of songs on his desk were eighteen of Barbara's, each one submitted by a different publisher, and that they were ideally suited to his talents. Barbara began writing Prima's songs and subsequently took on the jobs of publicity manager, road manager and finally, executive director of the Louis Prima Enterprises.

When the song writer and the singer

met at Manhattan Beach, their old friendship, casual and fleeting as it was, was enough to bring them together but the ideal combination of talents they represented suggested that a business partnership would be profitable. They began to room together and, not having very much money, they "ghosted" at hotels, only one registering and the two using the room. While Fran was singing with Charlie Barnett's orchestra in California she decided to "get out on her own" and the two girls cemented their partnership with a contract making Barbara Fran's manager. Fran had already recorded two songs, "A Sunday Kind of Love" and "Early Autumn," written for her by Barbara. Barbara's first big accomplishment for her client was to have her signed to a contract by RCA Victor and she has engineered Fran's every triumph since then.

There is no limit to the girls' ambitions but they build their castles on solid foundations. Fran's voice and Barbara's business acumen and talent as a song writer have won their stars in the entertainment world. With their personal friendship reinforcing their complimentary talents, they have reason to feel self-confident.

"Everytime we accomplish something we set ourselves a new goal," says Barbara. "We don't need New Year's Day for resolutions." THE END

two years of "Ford Theater"

(Continued from page 36)

mock camera rehearsal, during which they wear earphones and are directed, as they will be in the studio, from a sound panel. By giving the technicians an opportunity to become acquainted with the actors and the story line of the play, the "technicians conference day" eliminates the waste of expensive camera time in the studio. This practice is unique with "Ford Theater." Rehearsals on Thursday before show day and Friday are held in the studio with cameras—four now instead of the three originally used.

"Subway Express," presented in May, represented a new departure in television production. Except for a few seconds of film inserts, the entire show was produced from subway car barns in the Bronx. It was the first 60-minute dramatic show produced "on location."

Each "Ford Theater" program requires the services of about 100 people and, fairly often, of various animals. Two blue-ribbon Great Danes, a genuine East Indian monkey and six chickens have been featured. Eva LeGallienne's dog, which has also appeared with her on the stage, played a part in "Uncle Harry."

For one program, John DeMott, who is in charge of special effects, had to

figure out a way of making a fly walk across a table at a certain time to create a key dramatic effect. The fly (common house variety) was put in a refrigerator. When it was taken out and placed on the table, the heat of the lights thawed it out somewhat and it slowly crawled around for a brief time, long enough to give the desired effect, before it recovered and took off.

The history of "Ford Theater" during its first two years is the history of television, developing slowly into an entertainment medium which commands the attention of an ever-growing audience. Actors, writers, directors and technicians have "domesticated" the strange monster that was the television camera and become accustomed to its peculiarities.

"Ford Theater" has seen the actor swallow his fear of appearing "live" in the living rooms of millions of homes, just as it has watched the special effects man prepare a fly for its television debut. Conquering such assorted obstacles, "Ford Theater" has not only emerged as a leading dramatic program but has given impetus to the forward march of television itself.

THE END

Don't Miss: The Real Milton Berle

as told by Irving Gray, the man who knows him best. In the next issue of RADIO & TV BEST Magazine. Reserve your copy now.

what's on your mind?

the question & answer clinic

Q. Who is the creator and the "voices" behind the television program, "Kukla, Fran & Ollie?"

Jack Kravitz, La.

A. Burr Tillstrom, pictured here, is the voice and motivating spirit of the *Kuklapolitan Players*.



Q. Don't you think that radio should ban the broadcasting of race results and betting figures? Seems to me that air time should not devote itself to encouraging gambling.

H. K., New York.

A. I understand that FCC chairman Wayne Coy has called upon the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee to adopt legislation which would permit broadcasters to carry instantaneous coverage of races and other sporting events, but would ban any broadcasts of betting odds or prices paid.

Q. What's Gene Autry's wife's name and have they any children?

Rose Ransom, Vt.

A. Ina Mae Autry. No children.

Q. We don't have television here and I'm anxious to see what Johnny McPhee of the "Twenty Questions" program looks like. How about it?

Mary Cress, Mo.



A. Here's Johnny at the mike with one of his quick answers.

Q. Can you recommend a good book that would benefit a beginner in show business?

Robert Grace, Cal.

A. I like "Your Career in Show Business" by Paul Denis. Publisher is E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Also recommended are "Betty Cashman and You," published by Pama Press, New York; and "Your Career in Motion Pictures," published by Sheridan House, New York.



conducted by
Ben Grauer

Q. Please publish a picture of the actor who portrays Dr. Jim Brent in "Road of Life."

Rhoda Sansone, N.J.

A. By a happy coincidence, there are several pictures of Don McLaughlin in the "Road of Life" picture story in this issue.

Q. How old is Alan Young and is he married?

R. H., Texas.

A. Mr. Young is 29 and is married to former vocalist Virginia McCurdy.

Q. Are you married?

G. T., New Mexico.

A. No. Too busy.

Q. I've been away from the "Rosemary" program for quite a while and have just found out that "Rosemary" has a new sister. Who is she and what does she look like?



L. B., Conn.

A. Perhaps you mean Miss Peggy Lobbin who plays the role of "Patty" in the "Rosemary" daytime series.

Q. Is Arthur Godfrey a comparatively new performer in radio and TV?

Sam Jackson, Ore.

A. Where have you been? Mr. Godfrey has just celebrated his 21st anniversary in broadcasting.

Q. Will you please tell me if Jack Carter is married? Do you know if he will be on television again next season?

—Barbara Sullivan, Illinois

A. Mr. Carter is married and he can be seen as the MC on the first portion of Saturday Night Revue.

All answers are confined to this column. Do not send stamped envelopes. Send all questions to Ben Grauer, Radio Best Magazine, 9 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

the story of Burl Ives

(Continued from page 41)

to leave home and go out on your own," he continues. "At home you belong to something, but when you go away, you don't belong to anything and nothing belongs to you."

Burl's love of excitement and adventure, of something new, showed itself a long time ago when he was a boy in Southern Illinois. He was one of six children of a man who gave up farming—"a man works himself to death and he don't get anything for it"—to become a successful bridge contractor. Burl remembers sleeping in a bed with his two brothers and how they squashed him between them when they rolled over during the night.

"I'd hammer them on the back and my father would have to quell the riot. Then my father suggested that I sleep at the foot of the bed. Occasionally I would get a good kick in the ribs or the nose but in general it was better than being the meat in a sandwich."

The boy often visited his grandparents on a nearby farm—Cyrus White, a sternly religious man who thought all songs, except hymns, were sinful, and his wife Kate, who loved her husband but didn't agree with him. She believed, as Burl puts it in his autobiography, "The Way-faring Stranger," in "taking it easy and adoin' what was right and alettin' it go at that." When her husband was in the fields where he could not hear her, Grandma White would sing by the hour—"Barbara Allen," "Pearl Brian" and many others. Her ballads opened the boy's eyes to a new world, glowing with excitement and color, peopled with gallant men and passionate women who fought and died for their love.

Burl was only a child when he made his first public appearance at an old soldiers' reunion. His uncle had promised to give him fifty cents for a song and Burl, his knees shaking under him, sang "Barbara Allen," the mournful ballad he has sung so many times since then about Sweet William and Barbara who died for love of each other. Burl had made a deal with the man at the hot-dog stand to pay for his two hot dogs and a pink lemonade as soon as he finished his song and when his uncle gave him, not fifty cents, but a whole dollar, he paid his debt and "rode up the rest of the dollar" on the merry-go-round.

He got his first taste of show business when he was about ten years old and the students at the local high school decided to put on a play. There were so few high school students that they had to draw from the grade school to fill out the cast. The play, with homemade scenery and costumes, was so successful that the group was asked to perform in the neighboring towns.

Between the acts, Burl played the

banjo, sang and told jokes. With the money he saved, he bought a complete set of make-up equipment and, after the "season" was over, began to experiment with it. He liked himself very much as an old man with whiskers. Completing the disguise with a cape and hat he found in an old trunk, and a cane, he walked up the street one night and passed the restaurant, staying far enough away so that people saw only the outline of a stooped old man with a cane, a cape and a tall hat. Home again, he took off the make-up and costume and flew back to the restaurant, now buzzing with excitement. People were careful to lock their doors that night and children waited to walk home with their parents. There was something mysterious about the old man and any stranger is an object of curiosity in a small town.

Whenever the love of excitement got the better of Burl—five times in all—the old man walked the streets and each time fear gripped the little town. Once four young men ran after him but he lifted his cane and his cape into the air and they flew in terror. Again, a group of men and boys in the street tried to catch him and he escaped from them through a fence hole into a shadowed weed patch next to a tall building. Some of the men said later that as the old man reached the building he had soared into the sky.

On his last appearance, the old man was chased into the weed patch by six men, among them Burl's father, Frank Ives. Burl took off the cape and hat, threw them into the weeds and then joined the men who were still searching. Later, as they walked home together, his father took from underneath his coat a cape, a hat and a cane and asked his son if he had ever seen them. The boy admitted having taken them from the old trunk.

Father and son walked for what seemed a long time and finally his father said, "You might have been killed, pulling a trick like that." Burl agreed. "If the old man never appears again," said Frank Ives, "I will tell no one. It will be our secret." Father and son shook hands and the mysterious old man was their secret until Burl wrote his book.

The Ives' neighbors, who often heard Burl sing in church, expected him to become a preacher—"not because of my behavior," he explains with a grin, "but my stage presence." When it was time for him to go to college, he went to Eastern Illinois State Teachers College, more because his sisters had gone there and it was the "place to go to," than because he wanted to be a teacher. He hadn't decided what he wanted to do. He was in the last semester of his junior year when he walked out of the classroom.

On his first night, after hitching a ride

in a truck, Burl slept in a strawstack which, as he discovered in the morning, was also the bed of some baby pigs. They squealed when he awakened and began to move around, and in a minute the old sow was chasing him across the field. He dropped his banjo and grip to jump a five-foot fence and had to wait a long time before the mother went back to her babies and he could pick them up again. "I went down the road feeling lucky at having had a pretty good night's sleep with the pigs."

The wanderer's first attempt as a vagabond singer, in the next town he came to, was most successful. The nickels, dimes and quarters that were tossed at him added up to three dollars and a half and Burl, happy and excited, spent the night in a hotel. His grandmother's old ballads had bought him a meal and a bed.

Walking east on the highway the next day, he got a lift from a man who going to Philadelphia. The Allegheny Mountains made his heart sing and he was thrilled to tears when he reached the Gettysburg battlefield and stood on the spot where Lincoln had made his famous speech. In Philadelphia, he saw the Liberty Bell, the house where Betsy Ross had made the flag and the place where the Declaration of Independence was signed, and he felt proud to be an American.

Paying with songs for his meals and his bed—in tourist camps, small hotels and camps—the wayfarer traveled through New England and then turned west again. A railroad bull chased him from the top of a box car and crushed his finger with a blow of his billy stick; an old colored woman dressed the wound and wrapped it in bandages made from flour sacks. In the little town of Mona he was chased out of a restaurant where he started to sing for his supper and then was thrown into jail when he sang "The Foggy, Foggy Dew" in the town park. He was so hungry that he ate the sowbelly and beans they fed him with great relish.

Seated around a campfire with a group of hoboes who gave him a share of their mulligan stew in exchange for a song, he

met a young man who said he had been a commercial artist. He was on the road, he said, because he had "tried painting and it seemed that I couldn't put on canvas what I didn't know." In the morning he showed Burl the painting he had drawn on the concrete abutment of the railroad trestle with cheap colored chalk. It was "one of the most beautiful landscape paintings" Burl had ever seen, "... a panorama of America, a paradox of beauty and horror, glorious scenery, suffering humanity, city slums against a background of majestic mountains."

In South Bend, Indiana, he met a bootlegger, one of Al Capone's henchmen, who gave him a ride to Terre Haute, near his home and, after a visit to his folks in Illinois, he registered in the Indiana State Teachers College. He had been wandering for two years and was thinking that it was time for him to settle down, "make with the academic stuff," and, perhaps, become a teacher. A radio job paid him ten dollars a week and a drugstore job took care of his meals.

Two weeks later, boredom crept up on him again. His evenings he spent in the various bootlegging joints around the town. His education and his career were at a low ebb when he met a woman who changed his habits and influenced his entire life. He was offered a paying position as a tenor in a local church on condition that the money he received be given to a teacher for singing lessons.

Madame Clara Lyon, the singing teacher, was a cultured Frenchwoman. She introduced her new pupil to the works of the great writers and from her he first heard the music of Schumann, Schubert, Robert Franz and the old Italian masters. At her suggestion, he saved the money he earned by playing the guitar with a jazz orchestra during the summer, and in the fall he went to New York.

At the International House, Burl found himself among a group of young people and students from 63 different nations. He worked at the cafeteria, fell in and out of love again, and continued his musical studies with a teacher, a friend of Madame Lyon, and at the New York University Music School. The next two years of his life presented a strange contrast to his wayfaring years. He rose early, went to classes, studied in the afternoons, picked up dishes to earn his meals and spent his spare time with a madrigal group singing the songs of the old masters. Through a job at a Catholic church he became familiar with all the great oratorios, masses and cantatas. Slowly he discovered the concerts, theatres, museums and lectures and as his knowledge of this different New York grew, his interest in bars and girls decreased.

It was during this time that Burl's love of folk songs was reawakened through a disagreement with a professor at NYU. Reasoning that a banjo or guitar would be a social asset and a companion throughout life—unlike the band instruments that most students were taught to play—and that folk music catches the imagination and remains in the memory, Burl suggested that the teaching of instruments and voice in the schools be

based on folk songs. In return, the professor condemned Burl's beloved folk music as a "stumbling block" in his efforts to teach "good" music. Burl exited in disgust and spent the remainder of the afternoon in his room, singing the songs he had learned in childhood and from the people he had met all over the country. He realized that he had a tremendous repertoire—hundreds of cowboy songs, railroad songs, love songs, work songs.

After that day, Burl spent every free moment on these songs. Some he discarded, some he changed—either the verses or the melody—often spending whole afternoons on one song. He became obsessed with their beauty and yearned to share them with an audience.

Burl's first big chance came when he won a contest, conducted by bandleader George Olsen to find new singing talent. Chosen over hundreds of other contestants, Burl sang a popular song on a network broadcast from a New York night club; his audience was enthusiastic. But compared with folk songs, the popular music he had to sing was frivolous and completely unsatisfying. Burl turned down the radio auditions that were the major portion of his prize. Work in the cafeteria was preferable to singing popular songs and giving up his folk music.

Although he was spending most of his time now in the offices of radio and theatrical producers, he sang whenever and wherever he could get an audience, at parties, cast get-togethers, benefits, and for the new friends he was making in the theatre. A small part in a George Abbott musical—at forty dollars a week—led to another with a road company. At the end of the season he was back in New York again, unemployed.

Burl's many attempts to break into radio had been uniformly unsuccessful. When he auditioned for a chance on Major Bowes' "Amateur Hour," the Major allowed him to sing three stanzas of a beautiful ballad and then interrupted him with a loud "Thank you very much." To be denied even amateur standing had seemed the final blow. But after the closing of the road show, he made careful inquiries and got the names of the people for whom a beginner in radio should audition. Much to his surprise, after a first audition at NBC, he found himself with an appointment to meet a writer and prepare the script for his first broadcast. He was to appear once a week on a sustaining as "The Wayfaring Stranger."

As he finished his first broadcast, the director came up to him and said, "A very good beginning—but I have bad news for you."

"I've been fired again," was Burl's first thought. But the director explained that his program had been interrupted at the very beginning by a newsflash about the capitulation of France that had taken up the entire fifteen minutes.

Weeks passed and he was receiving favorable comments when one day after a broadcast, Burl was called to the control room for a long-distance call from Florida. A wild, enthusiastic voice, so loud that Burl had to move the receiver from his ear to save his eardrum, bel-

Twenty Questions Quiz: Contest Winners

Here are the winners of the third "Twenty Questions" quiz contest sponsored by RADIO BEST in cooperation with the "Twenty Questions" program heard over the Mutual Broadcasting System. Winners of the fourth and final contest will be announced in the next issue.

CONTEST NUMBER THREE

Correct Answer: Margaret Truman's Vocal Cords

WINNER:

Mr. Albert B. Manaki
10 7 Pinckney Street
Boston 14, Massachusetts

FOUR PRIZES: Ronson Standard Tortoise

WINNERS:

Mrs. Martha Patton Mrs. L. Matthews
479 Fayette Street 505 Janette Avenue
Hammond, Indiana Roanoke 16, Va.

Virginia Bratton Mrs. John A. Siegel
80 Warner Avenue 1905 First Avenue S.
Jersey City 5, N.J. Payette, Idaho

lowed that "these songs are the soil of America . . . great poetry . . . I've never heard anything like it." It was MacKinlay Kantor, the writer. He was to be in New York in a few weeks, he said, and he wanted to meet Burl and introduce him to Carl Sandburg.

Filled with excitement at the thought he was being heard all over America, that thousands were getting to know his songs, Burl left the studio and walked down the street. "My steps felt light, my heart thumped within me, my ears heard every sound. The brightness of being alive stung my senses. . . ." The words of the song came to his mind, "I don't know where the road leads but I'm on my way. . . ." This was in July, 1940.

Explaining the slow rise in popularity of the folk song, Burl says that it "catches on slowly" because people are not accustomed to it. "People don't have to think for popular songs but they have to participate in the ballads. A fellow in a night club, with a girl and a drink to occupy his mind, doesn't want to concentrate. But at a concert, the people come just to hear you sing and they listen to every word because there's no competition."

He denies any great dislike for popular songs—"I like them and I also like a fifteen-cent hamburger at Rikers"—but insists that the folk song makes up for the lack of poetry in "this day and age."

"Most of these songs came from somebody who had something to say, from a tremendous stimulus in somebody's heart—and when they're sad, brother, they're really sad. Most of them can stand with-

out the melody and some of them, like 'Barbara Allen,' might have been written by Shakespeare or Bacon or one of those birds."

Aside from folk music, Burl's chief interest is goats. An authority on the subject, he has written a book, "Capra Corna," and plans a ranch for the exclusive purpose of raising pedigreed goats and selling goat milk and cheese.

Burl made his last "bumming trip"—a bicycle ride to Maine—in the summer of 1940 when he was beginning to win a reputation on the radio. In 1945 he married a CBS producer who "got herself moved to my show," and now acts as his manager.

"Helen said she was interested in my material," says Burl with a broad grin, "but I've always said it was me."

The Ives have a one-year-old son and live, when Burl's career permits it, on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley in California. Although his trips to Hollywood, New York and other parts of the country would satisfy the average man's desire for a "change of scenery," Burl still feels the wanderlust. He has no intention of abandoning his family to hit the road again but he is thinking seriously of a cruise to the Caribbean on his sloop, "The Water Gypsy," and then a trip to Europe—particularly Ireland, England and Scotland—in search of new folk music.

While he admits "it's tougher" to travel with a wife and child, the twinkle in his eyes implies that he does not despair. "I can move them too, maybe more slowly, but I can move them." THE END

shopping with Kathi Norris

(Continued from page 7)

However, now you don't have to stop and dry the glasses to have some place to drain the dishes.

This newly designed timesaver has places along the edges for 8 glasses to be parked safely while dishes and silver dry in the center area. Most housewares departments now have it in stock for \$2.49.

When I was shopping for the neighbors in Ohio, I never dreamed that someday there would be a gadget to end the nuisance of shaking a mop out of the window but here it is! Called the DUST-O-MATIC, it's a good looking metal box with space on top for you (and me!) to insert the dust-laden mop. Then pull up and push down several times while eager little dust-grabbing teeth clean the mop and deposit the grime in a drawer which can be removed and dumped. Like the dish drainer, it can be purchased in most housewares departments for \$5.59.

Feel like pushing the baby around occasionally? You may now do it with no trouble at all, because the nimble Trimbles have designed a comfy crib that rolls right through an average doorway. You may now take the baby to Grandma's without wondering where he'll sleep. Simply fold the crib, with foam mattress compactly upright inside the frame, and you're off. Oh, incidentally, remove baby before folding, please.

But enough of utility items. I want to

let you know about a wonderful conversation-starting piece I've found for parties. It's a huge colorful, hand-decorated brandy-inhaler covered with raffia, designed as a snack bowl for popcorn, pretzels, potato chips or other party fare.

It comes in two sizes—large and very large. The large is \$3.98 and the very large,



\$7.49. If you like, the Handcraft Novelty Co. (2362 Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.) will make you a complete set of snack bowls with snack names or personal names worked into the decor.

Enough chit-chat for now. We all have other things to do. In our next column, I'll point out some other new, interesting items that I've come across. If there is anything you're particularly interested in, please drop me a line at RADIO and TELEVISION BEST. In the meantime, au revoir, auf wiederseh'n, hasta la vista and so long.

THE END

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radio detective QUIZ

Guess the names of the radio and TV sleuths pictured below, and check your answers at the bottom of the page.



1. His better half always gets the hunches.



2. Spells his last name "with two t's."



3. The typical cop on the beat.



4. Always changes into disguise to trap the criminal.

ANSWERS: 1. Joseph Curtin, "Mr. & Mrs. North"; 2. Ralph Bellamy as Mike Barnett, "Man Against Crime"; 3. Craig McDowell as Lt. Det. Dan Britt, "Official Detective"; 4. Karl Swenson, "Mr. Chameleon."

sunshine and shadow

(Continued from page 47)

right and I ought to just scam out of here," she said.

Christine nodded. "By all means."

"I don't think that would be wise, Christine, as long as Aunt Victoria knows she's here and wants to see her," Paul put in, glancing nervously from one to the other.

Chichi held up her hand. "Now wait a minute, I'm not finished. Maybe I ought to go but I feel awful sorry for that poor old lady up there, all alone—without any friends. So I'm going to see her. We might get along all right together because maybe I'm just as crazy as she is. Let's get going, Tula."

As they walked up the broad stairs, Chichi asked, "Is Miss Victoria still in bed, Tula?"

Tula laughed. "She gets up at half past seven, Miss Chichi. After I brings her tea at eight o'clock, she gets out her little black box and her books and she does some kind of arithmetic and then she calls up her lawyer and she tells him buy this or sell that and then her day's work is done."

They were standing in front of Miss Victoria's door now and as Tula knocked, she whispered, "Always knock. That gives her a chance to put away her little black box and sit in her rocking chair and look dignified."

Chichi heard a bolt slide and Tula counted to ten before opening the door. "Here's Miss Chichi, Miss Victoria."

THE querulous voice of an old woman came from the other side of the darkened room. "Well, don't stand there, girl! Come in. You may go, Tula."

The old lady was seated in a huge, old-fashioned rocking chair. Her white hair was drawn tightly behind her ears and fastened in a small knot and she peered at Chichi through steel-rimmed spectacles, perched high on the ridge of her thin, bony nose.

There was no hint of a smile on the thin-lipped mouth.

"Good morning," Chichi said.

"Is it?" asked Miss Victoria crossly.

"If you'd pull up the window shades, you could see for yourself," Chichi suggested, speaking very politely.

"I like it dark," was the reply.

Repressing the desire to turn around and walk out, Chichi crossed the room and seated herself on a small hassock at Miss Victoria's feet. "I want to say something to you, Miss Victoria, and please don't get mad."

"If you want to tell me I'm a cranky old woman, you needn't bother."

Chichi spoke earnestly. "I don't think you are. I think you're so lonesome you don't know how not to be, that you could be a lot of fun if you loosened up and let your hair down. I—I like you."

Miss Victoria had been staring at the

ceiling but now she jerked her head suddenly to look at Chichi. "I don't think anybody ever said that to me before," she said after a moment of silence.

"And it isn't because you've got a lot of money either," Chichi went on.

"How did you know I was thinking that?" Miss Victoria asked sharply.

Chichi was ready with her answer. "It's hard for anybody who's got as much money as you have to have any real friends because even if they aren't after it, you think they are."

MISS VICTORIA began to rock back and forth in her chair. "Child," she said finally, "I think I'm going to like you. But you need polishing. You're a nice girl, but not a lady. You're keen, but not educated. What do you know about the arts?"

"Well," Chichi said thoughtfully, "I like Blondie and the Lone Ranger."

"Where are they hung?"

"They're printed in the newspapers," Chichi said. "The comics."

Chichi couldn't be sure because the room was so dark but it looked very much as if the grim line of the old lady's mouth was softening into a smile. "Chichi, I have many thousands of dollars worth of art downstairs and—"

"Yes, I've seen some of it," Chichi said. "Tula showed it to me."

Miss Victoria shook her head. "It would take years for you to see it—understand it—appreciate it—and add up what it cost."

"I liked that picture of your great grandfather in the library," Chichi commented. "You know—the pirate."

"I've been offered twenty thousand dollars for it. I—"

"Miss Victoria, now I've got an idea," Chichi interrupted eagerly. "Why don't you show me the things yourself?"

Miss Victoria raised her eyebrows. "I? I haven't been downstairs for two years."

"Well, don't you think it's about time you did? How do you know all that valuable stuff is still there?"

MISS VICTORIA did not answer for a moment. "As a matter of fact, I don't," she said, speaking slowly and thoughtfully. She was silent again, while Chichi held her breath, and then, as if she had come to a difficult decision, she spoke with determination. "Chichi, press that button next to the door. I want to tell Tula to be sure the downstairs floor is thoroughly cleaned and dusted because after lunch I am going to show you my art collection. And Chichi—"

On her way to the door, Chichi paused. "Yes, Miss Victoria?"

"Hereafter, don't refer to my collection as stuff."

"Okay—I mean, all right."

Miss Victoria leaned back in her chair.

"I want you to see the pictures, the Old Masters, first. And then the jewels, the precious china."

For the next two hours, the downstairs floor of the old house fairly buzzed with excitement. Tula was delighted at the idea that Chichi had persuaded the old lady to come out of her room and she hummed happily to herself as she dusted the innumerable paintings and art treasures, mopped the floor and polished the furniture.

Everything was clean and shining by the time that Miss Victoria, disdaining Chichi's arm but holding on to the banisters, came slowly down the stairs.

"I never thought I'd see the day," Tula muttered before she disappeared into the kitchen.

Miss Victoria, with Chichi at her side, walked slowly through the rooms, identifying each treasure as they passed it. Occasionally she glanced keenly at Chichi, who kept an expression of polite awe on her face.

"That's a Rembrandt, over there," Miss Victoria said.

"Is that good?" Chichi asked innocently, and realized immediately she had said the wrong thing.

"Very good," Miss Victoria replied dryly. "Good for a few hundred thousand dollars."

The tour of inspection over, she sat down to rest. "I can see that all this means nothing to you, Chichi, and that you have a great deal to learn, but—"

"Pardon me, ma'am." It was Tula speaking from the doorway. "There's a gentleman here to see Miss Chichi. A Mr. Swanson."

"Mr. Swanson!" Chichi repeated in amazement. As it dawned on her that Jim Swanson had actually followed her to Miss Victoria's home, she said quickly, "Tell him to go away! I don't want to see him."

Miss Victoria held up her hand. "Mind your manners, child. As long as the gentleman is here, you should at least see him and tell him yourself that you are not supposed to receive callers here. Tula, show the gentleman into the other room and Miss Chichi will see him there for a few minutes."

"He's no gentleman," Chichi said to herself but she obediently followed Tula out of the room.

Hands in his pockets, Jim was rocking back and forth on his heels and looking about him at the paintings and furnishings. There was a speculative gleam in his eyes.

"Well, what do you want?" Chichi asked. "Don't you know that I work here and you shouldn't come here?"

Jim continued his examination of the room. "Quite a place. Looks like there might be a lot of money around here," he said. He brought his eyes to rest on Chichi. "And speaking of money, that's what I want. Maybe five dollars?"

Chichi folded her arms and glared at him. "I don't have five dollars and if I did I wouldn't give it to you, so that you could go out and get drunk again. Now go away and leave me alone!"

"Just a loan, Chichi, like a nice girl." His smile only made Chichi more furious. "You don't get a cent out of me!"

Jim settled himself in a chair with the air of one who has come to stay. "I'm sorry if my presence here is liable to embarrass you but until you find five dollars somewhere, I'll just amuse myself by admiring the art exhibit. I used to know a little about such things." He looked up at the painting on the wall. "Say, who's the sour-faced character over the mantel? Looks like a pirate."

"That's one of the old Vandebush men and he was a pirate," Chichi said, trying to keep her anger under control. "Now look, Jim, you've got to get—"

"Chichi! Are you still talking to that man?"

JIM got to his feet and bowed as Miss Victoria, a deep frown on her forehead, entered the room. She glared at him.

"While Chichi is here, I don't want her to have any callers. Do you understand?"

Jim smiled and when he spoke again his voice held a note of flattery and profound respect. "Perfectly, Miss Vandebush, but before I go may I ask if that amazing portrait over the mantel—could it possibly be a family portrait?"

"It is. Why?" Miss Victoria asked, gruffly.

"It's magnificent. There's such a resemblance to you."

Chichi couldn't bear it any longer. "Jim, Miss Victoria wants you to leave."

"Quiet, Chichi," Miss Victoria said. "Are you interested in art, Mr. — what was the name, please?"

"Swanson," Jim said. "James Carter Swanson. I don't want to take too much of your time but before I go I wonder if I might take a fleeting but closer glance at that magnificent deMessina."

The frown had completely disappeared from Miss Victoria's face "You're fond of deMessina, Mr. Swanson?"

Jim spoke shyly. "Of all art, Miss Vandebush. It is still my first love."

Chichi broke in angrily. "Jim Swanson, the only first love you've got comes in bottles and—"

"Chichi, I don't want to warn you again," Miss Victoria snapped. "Either you keep quiet or I must ask you to leave."

"Those Mesopotamian gems in the what-not—simply priceless," Jim was saying, his voice registering awe and admiration. "And this exquisite miniature portrait. My, but you must have been a beautiful young woman!"

"Oh, brother!" Chichi groaned, as she saw the expression on Miss Vandebush's face and realized that Jim had completely captivated the old lady.

"Chichi," Miss Victoria said, "tell Tula to serve my tea here and to bring two cups. You'll have tea with me, won't you, Mr. Swanson?"

Chichi sighed, defeated, and went to the kitchen. Her message amazed Tula. "What do you think he's up to, Miss Chichi?"

"I don't know, Tula." Tula shook her head. "Well, whatever it is, it ain't good. One look at him was

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There'll Always Be a New England

Doris Dalton plays the role of Vivian Jarrett, a scheming, conniving woman, so convincingly on "This Is Nora Drake" that a strait-laced Boston lady wrote to the wicked Vivian and advised her to reform. Vivian would not behave that way if she had been raised in New England, the lady added.

Doris couldn't resist answering the note. After reminding the lady that Vivian's villainies are strictly the product of a writer's imagination, Doris suggested that she step around the corner for a visit with her mother some afternoon. A Wellesley graduate, Doris grew up in Boston, just four blocks away from the address of her "fan."

A Socko Performance

Doug Parkhurst, heard as Hugh Overton on "The Road of Life," receives a new hand-knitted pair of argyle socks from a faithful Canadian fan every other week. He's collected more than fifty pairs over a two-year period, and hopes the end's not yet in sight.

She Doesn't Waste Words

A family counselor on "The Second Mrs. Burton" was making a return visit after a two-year absence, and



she asked Patsy Campbell, who plays the title role, to bring her up-to-date on the story. Two years is a long time but Patsy managed to give her a synopsis in less than a half hour.

Holiday

Joan Loring, who is heard in "This Is Nora Drake" and plays a major role in the Broadway stage hit, "Come Back, Little Sheba," was faced with a problem when the play scheduled a holiday matinee starting at the same time as the radio series. Joan decided to do the broadcast, with a stand-in substituting at the theatre, and found herself with an unexpected free afternoon when the program ended at 2:45.

enough to tell me that! That man's tryin' to get in with Miss Vee and for no good reason!"

Tula was right. Two weeks later, Chichi returned to the book shop at the end of the day and after her usual kiss of greeting to Papa David, went straight to her room. The old gentleman waited patiently but when she had not returned after half an hour, he walked to the living quarters in the rear of the little shop and knocked gently on the door of Chichi's room. "Is it all right if I open the door?" he asked, hesitantly.

"Sure, come in."

CHICHI sat up on the bed as the old man entered. It was easy to see she had been crying; her eyes were red and her face was streaked with tears.

Papa David sat down on the bed and put his arm around her. "So, you're very sad, aren't you, leben? Is it that Jim again and the job Miss Mendelbush gave him to make a catalogue of her art treasures?"

Chichi nodded, too choked with tears to even bother to correct his pronunciation of Vandebush. "And she's given him a room there, too."

"Leben, if you will stop crying for a minute and listen to me. You will? Good. Ever since you came to live with me—God bless the day—I have tried to teach you to see the good in everything. There is always a good and a bad side, like a knife has a sharp and a blunt edge. Now with Jim taking this job, Alice won't have to support him. Right?"

Chichi had stopped crying but she was not convinced. "But if you could have heard the way he talked to me the other day, you'd be upset too! He told me if I knew what was good for me I'd keep out of his way and keep my mouth shut. And the way he said it—honestly, Papa David—he frightened me! He gave me the creeps!"

Papa David passed his hand soothingly over Chichi's dark hair. "Chichi-leben, you told me once Miss Mandelbush's house was so dark and gloomy you came by the creeps naturally."

Chichi, her eyes fixed on a dark corner of the room, didn't even hear him. "And today he made a fool out of me in front of Miss Vandebush. Oh, it made me so mad!"

Papa David was glad to see the sparkle in her eyes again. Even if it was caused by anger, it was better than tears. "And what did he do today?"

"There was a little jade figure missing from a cabinet. I know it's worth a lot of money and I was so sure Jim had taken it I accused him right in front of Miss Vandebush. And smooth as silk, he takes it out of a drawer. He said he had taken it out of the cabinet to clean it." Chichi brought her foot down hard on the floor. "Clean it, my foot! I'm sure he put it there with the idea of stealing it. But I couldn't prove it so Miss Vandebush bawled me out and I felt like a fool!"

Papa David tapped her on the knee. "Chichi, maybe you should think before you—" He paused at the sound of the

shop door opening and closing. "Somebody in the store now. I'll go and see."

A moment later he returned, Tula at his side. "Chichi, this lady says she's got to see you."

"Tula!" Chichi exclaimed. "What're you doin' here?"

Tula was breathless with haste and excitement. "Oh, Miss Chichi, I can hardly talk. I'm all choked up."

Chichi pulled a chair up to the bed. "Here, sit down and get your breath."

Tula shook her head. "I ain't got time to catch my breath, Miss Chichi. I gotta get back there before somebody misses me. But there's somethin' I must tell you first. I heard Mister Jim and Miss Christine talkin' in the parlor today—about you."

"Yes, and what were they saying?" Chichi asked, impatiently. Papa David was listening attentively, too.

"Mister Jim told Miss Christine not to worry about you, that he would do the worryin'—about you, that is. He said that her worry was Mister Paul. And then—" She stopped to take a deep breath and then continued. "Then he said somethin' about holdin' a sword over each other's head and that he could see all kinds of possibilities elaboratin' with her. What's that mean, Miss Chichi?"

Chichi thought for a moment. "You sure he didn't say 'collaborating,' Tula?"

Tula grinned and snapped her fingers. "That's it!"

"I think it means working together," Chichi said.

"And how could they be working together, Chichi?" Papa David asked.

Chichi stood up and began to walk around the room. "Lots of ways, Papa David. I told you that all that art stuff that Miss Vandebush owns is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, and I thought he might be planning to steal it. Christine could be working with him on that, you know. And there might be something even worse than that in their minds—Jim's mind, anyway."

Papa David looked at her, searchingly. "What do you mean, Chichi—even worse than that?"

Chichi hesitated. It was terrible to think such a thing about anybody, even Jim, but Tula divined her thoughts. "You mean, Miss Chichi, about Miss Victoria's will leavin' everything to Mister Paul and that Mister Jim and Miss Christine is—"

THE very idea was so terrifying that Tula could not finish the sentence and she stopped, staring round-eyed at Chichi. "That's what I mean," Chichi said.

The three were silent for a moment until Tula spoke again. "There was somethin' else Mister Jim said to Miss Christine. I don't know what he meant but maybe it would mean somethin' to you, Miss Chichi."

"What was that, Tula?"

"He said, 'From now on Miss Victoria's goin' to be very sick,' and then he smiled, funny-like, at Miss Christine. I didn't like that smile one bit."

Chichi almost gasped as an idea struck

her. "I was wondering why Miss Vee's been complaining so much that she didn't feel so good. And today she said she felt so bad she'd have to stay in bed all day tomorrow."

Miss Victoria stayed in bed not only the next day but the whole week, and she began to take medicine, something she had sworn she would never do. She had no faith in medicine, she always said, and the mere mention of a doctor threw her into a rage. Chichi discovered that the medicine had been bought for her by Paul—but at Jim's suggestion. It wasn't only this discovery that frightened Chichi. She wondered about Christine, whose eyes and nervous hands betrayed her constant state of fear. What was she worrying about?

REMEMBERING how often she had been scolded for her impulsiveness—and how Jim Swanson had made a fool of her in front of Miss Victoria—Chichi hesitated to act, but she finally came to a decision. Another embarrassment was unimportant if Miss Victoria's life was at stake. She managed to get a sample of the old lady's medicine to give to Barry Markham for analysis and arranged to have Barry's step-mother, Louise, who was a nurse, visit Miss Victoria. This last was most difficult. Barry waited in the library and Chichi led Louise Markham upstairs. "I'm going to tap at Miss Victoria's door," she told Louise. "Don't get mad if she has a tantrum."

She tapped at the door, softly, so that Jim Swanson, whose room was down at the other end of the hall, would not hear. "It's me, Miss Victoria. Chichi," she called.

"Well, come in," Miss Victoria said crossly. "Don't stand there and knock the door down."

"She doesn't sound very ill," Louise whispered.

"I can't, Miss Victoria," Chichi called through the closed door. "My friend, Louise Markham, dropped in to see me."

"You're not supposed to have company during working hours. Tell her to go away."

Chichi whispered to Louise, "Hold your hat. I'm going to try something." Raising her voice slightly, she said, "I don't want you to think I'm being impudent, like you always say, Miss Victoria, but you've been sayin' you're going to teach me manners, and how to be a lady. But is it good manners for me to tell a friend to go away and that she can't see the house—which she'd like to 'cause it's so famous. And when I stop by your door to ask how you're feeling, is it good manners for you to yell to her to go away?"

"Can you get away with that?" Louise whispered.

Chichi, waiting breathlessly to find out if her trick had worked, could only shrug her shoulders. Finally, the voice came again from behind the closed door. "I'll teach you some manners yet, Chichi. Bring your friend in so that I can apologize to her!"

After a brief visit, Chichi and Louise joined Barry in the library. "Well, what's

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wrong with the old lady?" he asked.

Chichi snorted. "All she has is Jim-swansonitis."

"She has the most wonderful assortment of symptoms you ever heard, Barry, but there's nothing wrong with her," Louise said.

Barry was bewildered. "Will you translate that for a plain, ordinary man?"

"Jim Swanson is trying to make her think she's sick," Chichi interjected.

Louise nodded. "I think you're right, Chichi. She adores him. There's some psychopathic attachment involved. She believes everything he tells her and I think she would be willing to be seriously ill if it gave him the satisfaction of being right about her."

"How about that medicine, Barry?" Chichi asked. "Did you have it analyzed?"

Barry took the sample from his pocket. "Yes, I forgot to tell you. It's harmless. It's not likely to do her any good but it certainly won't hurt her."

AFTER Barry and Louise had gone Chichi walked aimlessly about the library, trying to collect her thoughts. What was Jim up to and how much was Christine involved? Why was Jim so interested in having Miss Victoria take a medicine if he knew—as he certainly must know—that there was nothing wrong with her?

The sound of Jim's voice, coming from the open doorway, startled her. "So long, sweetheart," he said. "I'll see you later."

Chichi said nothing and a moment later she heard the opening and closing of the door to the house. But Jim's sudden appearance had given her another idea. A few moments later she stole softly up the stairs and down the hall to Jim's room. Moving quietly, not quite sure what she was searching for, she examined the articles on the shelves of his closet and in the drawers of his dresser. There was nothing of a suspicious nature.

On her way out of the room, she passed Jim's "bar"—a collection of whiskey bottles on the top of a cabinet. One bottle, very much smaller than the others, caught her eye, and Chichi paused to pick it up. There was no doubt about it. The bottle, filled with a colorless liquid, was a duplicate of the one containing the patent medicine that Miss Victoria was taking.

Numb with fear, Chichi stared at the bottle for a long time. The sound of a door opening and closing finally aroused her. Quickly, she took a glass from the cabinet, poured a small quantity of the liquid into it and replaced the bottle. In the big bathroom she found an empty medicine bottle and transferred the liquid from the glass. A few moments later she was on her way out of the house.

An hour later, having received Barry's promise to call her later in the afternoon as soon as the analysis had been made, Chichi was back on the steps of the old brownstone mansion in Washington Square. Tula opened the door.

"Oh, Miss Chichi!" she cried. "I'm so glad you've come! It's terrible, Miss Chichi! Come quick!"

Tula's face was contorted with terror

and her hands trembled as she grasped Chichi and urged her toward the big parlor. Chichi was so astounded that she said nothing and obediently allowed herself to be pushed to the doorway. A moaning sound came from the other end of the room where Miss Victoria was standing, her head in her hands, over a body that lay on the floor.

Moving slowly, too horrified to think, Chichi crossed the room. The woman on the floor was Christine. Her wide-open eyes were staring at the ceiling and one hand was resting on her throat, almost covering the bright, red line that marked it. Through the turmoil in Chichi's brain she heard Miss Victoria moaning and Tula, crying pitifully, "She's dead, Miss Chichi. Miss Christine is dead."

It wasn't until the next morning, when she, with Paul, Tula and Jim Swanson, were being questioned by police detectives, that Chichi's head began to clear. Miss Victoria was still in her room where she had been taken, dazed and incoherent, after the discovery of Christine's body. The doctor had said she was still in no condition to give a rational account of what had happened.

"Thus far, this is what we know," the detective was saying. "Tula, the maid, came in here and found her employer, Miss Victoria, standing over the body of Christine Vandebush. Mrs. Vandebush had been strangled. Although it is not likely that a woman of Miss Victoria's age and physical condition would have been able to overcome a woman so much younger than she is, Miss Victoria was found at the scene of the crime. She is still in a state of extreme shock."

The detective paused and looked at Paul, who was fidgeting nervously, and Jim, who sat completely relaxed, with a slight smile on his lips. "So far as we know," he continued, "Mr. Swanson was not in the house at the time we think the murder was committed. Mr. Vandebush admits to being in the house and his aunt's lawyer said this morning that Miss Vandebush had threatened to disinherit him because of her extreme dislike of his wife, the murdered woman. All this you know."

HE turned to Chichi. "What I don't believe you know, Miss Conrad, is that Mrs. Vandebush's scarf, which we think was used to strangle her, was found in the pocket of your coat yesterday afternoon shortly after the police arrived."

"The scarf—my coat!" Chichi gasped. She gazed wildly around the room, seeing only the smile of satisfaction on Jim Swanson's face. Slowly, the significance of his smile became clear to her. Paul had more than once expressed his admiration of Chichi's youth and pretty face and Christine had been obviously jealous. Could the police be thinking that she, Chichi, murdered Christine so that she might marry Paul and eventually share his aunt's wealth? It was fantastic but the police had probably heard stranger stories—and found them to be true.

Haltingly, Chichi began the story of her visit to Barry with the bottle of liquid

she had found in Jim's dresser drawer but she had spoken only a few words when she was interrupted by a commotion in the upside hall.

"Don't you dare try to keep me out of there, young man. I don't care what the doctor said. This is my house and I'll go wherever I please in it. Now, open the door. Immediately!"

The door opened and Miss Victoria appeared on the threshold. Her face was pale but her eyes sparkled with anger and her mouth was set in a grim line. Determination marked her every movement as she strode across the room and seated herself in the big arm chair which the detective had hurriedly vacated.

"What's going on here?" she demanded, turning to the detective.

He answered her promptly. "This is merely a routine questioning, Miss Vandebush, of everyone who was—"

"There's no need for questioning of anyone," Miss Victoria interrupted him brusquely, "except—that man." She pointed a long, bony finger at Jim Swanson. "He murdered my nephew's wife—and I saw him do it."

FOR a fleeting instant, Jim's smile vanished. He quickly recovered his composure but Chichi noticed that his fingers tightened on the arms of his chair. "Don't you think you ought to call the doctor?" he asked, turning to the detective. "Miss Victoria is not—well, she's not quite responsible, you know."

Miss Victoria broke in again. "Young man," she said, fixing her eyes on the detective, "do you think I'm crazy?"

The detective hesitated only a second. "I would say you're in a sound state of mind, Miss Vandebush, and quite responsible for your actions."

"Very well, then, I'll tell you what happened yesterday afternoon." She settled herself in the chair. "I came downstairs to look for Chichi—Tula was out on an errand at the time—and as I passed the parlor door, I heard Mr. Swanson and Christine talking. My name was mentioned so I deliberately stood behind the door to listen. The door was slightly ajar. As I listened, I realized that Swanson was planning to murder me by putting poison in my medicine. Christine evidently didn't mind collaborating with him in the stealing and selling of my jewelry and other valuables but the idea of murder frightened her and she wanted to back out."

Watching Jim Swanson, Chichi saw that his smile was disappearing. "If my death was traced to the poison, Paul would be thought guilty because he had bought the medicine—at Swanson's suggestion. In any event, Swanson's motive was blackmail of Christine for collaborating with him. I could tell that from the way he talked. But when Christine threatened to back out, they began to quarrel. It was a heated argument and finally, he threatened to kill her if she spoiled his scheme. When I heard her cry out, as if in terror, I pushed open the door."

She fixed her eyes now on Jim Swan-

son whose face wore a sickly grin, a feeble attempt at a smile. "I saw him tighten the scarf around her neck until she dropped on the floor at his feet. I was too horrified to utter a sound. I watched him run out through another door. I'm quite sure he didn't see me. It wasn't until then that my mind went blank."

"Ridiculous," Jim muttered. "Ridiculous." But his face was pale and his eyes shifted back and forth from Miss Victoria to the detective.

It was only a few weeks later—although it seemed to Chichi that months had passed since Jim Swanson had been taken to prison to await trial, and almost certain conviction, as the murderer of Christine—that Chichi and Papa David sat with Miss Victoria in the drawing room of the old house on Washington Square. The old lady had changed considerably since the time that Chichi had begun to work for her. Her eyes were bright and the perpetual scowl that had drawn lines across her forehead and around her eyes and mouth had disappeared. She had even loosened the tight knot in which she had tied her hair so that it showed a hint of a wave.

"I suppose you've always wondered, Chichi, why I took to that scoundrel, Swanson, the way I did," she said, speaking much less brusquely than was her habit, "and although I'm not given to making confidences, I think I owe you an explanation."

She unloosened the gold chain from around her neck. From it hung a small locket that Chichi had never seen because it had been covered by the high neck of her dress. "In this locket," Miss Victoria continued, "is a picture of the man I once loved as I have never loved anyone before or since. We were to be married and then—"

Both Chichi and Papa David turned their eyes away as the old lady's voice trembled. Finally, she continued, "Then he became ill and he died. He could have been cured, we learned later, but for the doctor's foolish mistake. That explains my extreme antipathy for medicine and

the entire medical profession. But, to get to the point, Jim Swanson is the living image of the man I loved. I think he could have told me anything and I would have believed him. It wasn't until I saw him commit that brutal murder that I realized I had been looking at him as the symbol of all I had lost, not as an ordinary man."

"Such a sad story, Miss Victoria," Papa David said with a sigh. "It's terrible that you should be awakened, so rudely, like that. But many good things have come out of this tragedy. Alice and Doug are happy again because they don't have to fear Jim's breaking up their marriage and taking the profits of their business. From what Chichi has told me, you are a very different woman from what you were."

Miss Victoria smiled happily. "I certainly am, Mr. Solomon. As different as this house is now, with the sunlight pouring through the windows. With Chichi's help, I am going to find out how I can use my money, and what vigor I have, to help other people—like the slum people Chichi has told me about."

But Papa David had not finished his little discourse. "And Chichi herself—I think she has learned something from this tragedy. She did not always believe me when I said it but now I think she knows it—that when a man commits a crime he hurts two people, the person he robs or kills, and himself. If he does not get his punishment in the electric chair, he will suffer in his own heart."

Chichi nodded. "I guess you're right, Papa David. Jim hurt a lot of people, but most of all he hurt himself."

Tula poked her head in the doorway. "Would you be wanting your tea, Miss Victoria?"

"Certainly, Tula, for three."

Tula nodded and went back to the kitchen, a broad grin on her face. Miss Victoria, smiling and having tea with company in the parlor, sitting there in the sun and talking about going out. It was a miracle and that little girl, Chichi—she could make magic!

THE END

closeup of a star: Faye Emerson

(Continued from page 13)

are for people who don't enjoy their work. . . .

Faye likes an "uncluttered" home in greys, greens and pinks, relieved by white, and shutters instead of drapes. Her furniture will be modern, except for her bed, a huge, old four-poster with a canopy. . . . "It has to be big because I sprawl all over" and she uses two pillows, set at right angles, instead of under her head.


Faye wears pajamas or nightgowns according to her mood. She loves sheer batiste gowns, very feminine with lots of ribbons, short and unbelted, but she might switch suddenly to men's pajamas;

she never buys women's pajamas.

* * *

Her favorite foods are simple dishes and she likes "about anything that has eggs in it." She "used to be a good cook." During her first marriage, she was a housewife and earlier, in her teens, she cooked for her father when she lived with him in New Mexico.


Her work doesn't leave much time for cooking now. In addition to her own television shows, she makes frequent guest star appearances on "Who Said That?" "Leave It to the Girls" and "This Is Show Business." On one Saturday



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night she made five appearances, including two on Milton Berle's show for the benefit of the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund. One listener called, asked to speak with her and, at the conclusion of their conversation, said, "Miss Emerson, you just cost me \$1,000." He had promised to donate that much to the fund "if I can speak with Miss Emerson."

She reads seven newspapers daily, news magazines and new books, which she likes to talk about on the air. Her favorite diversion is the theatre and spending time with her friends, whom she doesn't get to see very often. A buffet supper followed by "sitting around and talking" is her idea of a pleasant evening. Sundays she spends with Scoop.

When not before her public, Faye is a "suit girl." She likes simple ones, to wear with touches of white in gloves and a

pique hat. Even for evening, she likes a tailored satin dinner suit. Her suits are expensive, her "one extravagance" for which she forgives herself on the ground that she "wears them for years."

She likes the very feminine, low-cut, full-skirted gowns that her fans insist on and believes that when a woman changes from daytime dress into such a gown she should "change herself completely"—hair-do, make-up, jewelry, everything. She ought to look her best and dress up to her gown.

Cloches and helmets, with a black cartwheel for summer, are her favorite hats although she doesn't wear them often. For the Milton Berle show she wore a black straw beanie, with a kind of visor or stiff veil of horsehair which so excited the feminine half of the audience that scores of women called to ask what it was made of and where she bought it.

(The men just wanted to talk with Faye, not about her hat.)

Faye has to have a lot of clothes, because she goes out a great deal and sees the same people often, and she tries to buy "good basic things." Nothing bores her more than the usual "shopping around" and she often buys five suits or dresses in an afternoon.

Earrings are Faye's "stock in trade" and she has a collection of long, unusual ones. She just recently had her ears pierced as a precaution against losing some of the more precious, antique pairs. For perfume, she chooses light fragrances, and has about 25 different bottles of them, some of which she never touches.

Faye rarely uses nail polish because it chips and looks untidy and she doesn't have the time to keep it looking nice. She prefers powder and a buffer.

Faye experienced "one of the most exciting moments" in her life while she was playing the role of the lady Senator in "Goodbye My Fancy" in Washington. During the intermission, backstage, she received a note, written on the back of a blank check: "Am enjoying the performance thoroughly. You should make your role come true and join us on the hill. (Signed) Margaret Chase Smith, Senator from Maine." Faye promptly and proudly pasted it up on her dressing room mirror. She was longing to talk with Senator Smith but "I was shy because she's a busy woman."

Faye made her first appearance in the theatre in San Diego. During her five years with Warner Bros. in Hollywood she played in "Hotel Berlin" and "Danger Signal" among many other movies. She was seen on Broadway in "The Play's The Thing."

"Come to think of it, I have a hobby. It's Joe DiMaggio. I met him once and I love him. I think he's the greatest guy in America—so modest, simple and shy."

THE END



Faye enjoys a good laugh—with her former husband, Elliott Roosevelt, she gave a cheery send-off to Mrs. Roosevelt, en route to London in 1948.

she threatened my happiness

(Continued from page 15)

to anyone who helped him. How far would he go to repay Jane for her help? That was the question that tortured me.

When Bill went to New York, I stayed behind in Springdale to prepare for the moving. Bill was to look around for an apartment. I was so busy that I wasn't thinking too much about Jane—except in the small hours when I couldn't sleep—but she was brought to my mind, much too sharply, one day when I met Marie, a neighbor and good friend, on the street. She told me that she had heard that Jane had taken the late train to New York the very day that Bill had left town. There were no secrets in Springdale.

Now I was really worried. Had Bill told her to go to New York and join him—secretly? I was angry and in despair by turns, but luckily I kept my feelings to myself and shortly after, I learned that Jane was back in Springdale. I argued with myself for a long time. Should I

pretend complete ignorance? Would that be the "ladylike" thing to do? Finally I decided that I was just trying to avoid an unpleasant scene, that I would not only refuse to pretend, but I would confront Jane with what I knew.

You'll understand when I say my hand was shaking that night as I reached out to ring Jane's doorbell. It requires a certain kind of courage for a wife to walk up to the "other woman" and try to discuss the whole thing sanely.

Jane looked as if she had been crying when she opened the door. We sat down in the living room and she leaned back in her chair and waited for me to speak. I told her, my voice trembling a bit, that I knew she was in love with Bill and that she had followed him to New York. I left it to my voice to imply that I thought it was time we talked the matter out.

Jane stared at me for a minute and when she finally spoke, there was a con-

temptuous smile on her face. "You needn't worry about Bill," she said. "He loves you, very much." The smile vanished and she bit her lips. "I told him that I loved him and—and he sent me home."

The feeling of relief that rose within me was almost overwhelming and I guess that I forgot Jane and her obvious misery for a brief instant because suddenly I realized that she was on her feet and looking down at me with a mixture of anger and contempt on her face.

"I don't think you were ever really worried about him," she cried, "and I despise all you smug women who do not appreciate their men. You've always taken him for granted—never realized what a sensitive, understanding person he is. I don't hate you—I wish I could. But why can't you understand my need for Bill?"

(Continued on page 66)

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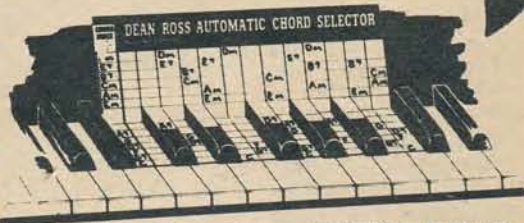
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While I stared at her in amazement, she fell back into the chair and burst into tears. Covering her face with her hands, she sobbed, "I'll never be in love with anyone but Bill. I'll never give up hoping."

I sat there in silence for a moment, watching Jane as her shoulders shook with sobs. My pity changed to anger and I wanted to shake her by the shoulders, slap her face, so I deliberately held my tongue, knowing that whatever I might say I would later regret. I did not want to think of her as a girl who had tried to take my husband, but as a girl—any girl—who was ruining her life because the man she had set her heart on was married. That helped to clear my mind. This, I told myself, didn't concern Jane and Bill, but any single girl and any married man. By the time I spoke, she had stopped crying.

"I don't think you're in love with Bill, Jane," I said, keeping all trace of emotion out of my voice. "To love a man is to live with him, day in and day out, to know his faults as well as his virtues. You're infatuated with Bill and you're deliberately cutting yourself off from the happiness you might have with Brad so that you can enjoy your self-inflicted misery, pining for a man you know you cannot have. You're cutting yourself off from life and love and I'm not sorry for you."

I stopped to draw a breath, and I saw that Jane, her face still wet with tears, was listening to me. "I have no pity for any single woman who attaches herself to a married man who is obviously quite happy with his wife. You choose a married man simply and purely because underneath it all, you don't want to get involved and you know you're safe with a married man. You have a choice, Jane. You can listen to Brad and give yourself a chance at happiness—or you can choose to live a lonely life, by insisting you're in love with Bill. Think about it, Jane."

As I turned to leave, she did not utter a sound. I did not speak with her again before I left Springdale, but I heard that she was going out, quite steadily, with Brad Boyden. When Bill mentioned her, shortly after I joined him in New York, I detected a note of apprehension in his voice.

"Did you see anything of Jane before you left?" he asked, much too casually, as we walked down the street one day.

"Not very much," I said, in the same casual fashion, "but I heard from various people that she and Brad were going out together quite often."

Watching him out of the corner of my eye, I could almost see his sigh of relief. I knew that I had taken a vexing problem off his mind. His feeling of gratitude toward Jane would have continued to gnaw at his conscience if I had not hinted that she was seeking happiness with another man. My own feeling of relief was deep and satisfying. If, instead of talking with Jane, I had brooded silently about her relationship with my husband, I might never have discovered the truth. I sighed happily as I felt Bill's arm tighten around mine.

THE END

"this is my life"

(Continued from page 22)

technique—standing back with arm in position, taking careful aim and timing the throw. He remembers, in particular, the reporter who came to his hotel room for an interview. When Edwards opened the door and invited him to enter, the reporter giggled and looked over his shoulder. He was holding both hands behind him.

"Won't you come in?" Edwards repeated.

The reporter giggled again, walked a few steps into the room away from Edwards, and then let out a shout. As he threw the pie, which he had hidden behind his back, a photographer stepped into the doorway and took the picture. The pie had landed full on Edwards' chest and the filling was dripping down his jacket and trousers to the floor. Both the reporter and the photographer were laughing merrily.

"I had to make believe I thought it was funny, too," Edwards recalls. "But my secretary didn't laugh. She knew I had just paid \$140 for the suit."

Pie-throwing is also employed as a publicity stunt by representatives of various charitable organizations when Edwards' services are enlisted for a benefit performance. Crowds of people, who have been advised of his arrival, are always on hand to greet him, and someone invariably throws a pie for the benefit of the newspaper photographers. The pictures show Edwards, a brave smile on his immaculately clean face, the remains of a pie on his suit.

On one occasion, his tormentors exercised their imagination and came up with something a bit different. Edwards had decided he needed a vacation and went to a dude ranch with his wife, the former Barbara Sheldon, and three children—Christine, 7; Gary, 6; and Lauren, 3.

"I thought it would be a nice hide-away, but from the minute we got there, the management was itching to play pranks on me."

Edwards persuaded the merrymakers, as he thought, to desist on the grounds that he really wanted to "get away from it all," and his vacation passed without incident until the last night of his stay, when he invited the other guests at the ranch to a farewell dinner.

The "steak," carefully disguised with onions and gravy, was the heel of a shoe, and the "turkey" was made of rubber. Edwards suggested that the party go for a swim, and learned that the pool had been emptied. By the time he retired, all the slats, with the exception of one, had been removed from his bed. The alarm clock awakened him, "seasick" from the incessant rocking of the bed, at four in the morning. Ready to set out on the trip home, he discovered that the battery in his car was dead and the key of the station wagon had been stolen. Shortly after he finally got going, he was

arrested, according to plan, for crossing the state boundary and narrowly escaped spending the day and night in jail.

Even his family is not immune to the national itch to play a joke on him. On the night that a birthday was being celebrated, Edwards was to decorate the cake with whipped cream. With the entire family seated around the table, his son, Gary, solemnly handed him a gadget which ejects cream in measured proportions. When Edwards pushed the handle, the cream, instead of shooting out over the cake, spurting backwards into his face.

Even if the jokes he devises for his program were not of such a gargantuan nature, Edwards would probably suffer. As it is, they are so very spectacular, with elephants, midgets, merry-go-rounds, locomotives, jeeps and water-tanks employed as routine props, that it is only to be expected that their originator should take a beating wherever and whenever the "other fellow" gets a chance.

One of the most spectacular of Edwards' jokes was heralded by the announcement that "Yifnif, the great European violinist" was to make his American debut at New York's Town Hall on a certain date. Tickets were sold to the regular Town Hall clientele and the huge auditorium was 90 per cent filled when Edwards arrived with "Yifnif." After a dead-pan introduction, presenting the "great European violinist to the American audience, listening from coast to coast," Edwards brought out a little, old lady, rather shabbily dressed and still carrying the packages she had collected while shopping that afternoon.

After "Yifnif" had gamely sawed away on the violin for a few minutes, the huge audience got the joke. (She was paying the consequences after appearing on a regular "Truth or Consequences" broadcast shortly before the scheduled "concert.") Many of the seats were filled by pseudo-music-lovers, brought by the few who were "in on" the joke and relished the prospect of watching their enraptured expressions fade. The Hall, with its audience, was finally turned over to two musicians, a pianist and a violinist, who were unable to afford the expense of a debut at Town Hall. Edwards always tries to use a mass hoax of this kind for someone's benefit.

Edwards enjoys devising jokes of such gigantic proportions in which, as he puts it, "no one has more fun than the contestant." But his pleasure fades when he thinks of the frustrated attempts to get away from the "consequences" of his vocation.

"Nobody seems to realize," he says, "that I'm just a hard-working guy with a wife and three children who needs a vacation once in a while."

THE END

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NAME

ADDRESS..... GI ()

radio's dizziest dame

(Continued from page 49)

has reached her maidenhood and Mrs. Duffy figgers it's time she learnt what goes with the world. Now if ye'll just let her work here with you, we figger the experience and hardships will make up for the sheltered life we gave her. Maybe it'll even help tra . . . that is, attract her a husband. Will ye do it, boy?"

Well, I'm a soft-headed slob and Duffy has cornered me in one of me weakest moments. He's waving me pay in front of me eyes.

"Okay, Duffy," I slobbers, "I'll do it. After all we've been to each other, what's a little extra chickenry?"

The dice is cast. That's how Miss Duffy makes her Citrenella-like debut to Duffy's Tavern and me and Eddie the waiter become her fairy godmothers. This, of course, is merely a filbert of speech. A make-believe frenesi.

Me first imitation of Miss Duffy's ignorance assails me when, which she ain't hardly in the joint, she asks, "Archie, of what genders would you say most of our clients are?"

"Look, Miss Duffy," I repostes, "as far as I knows they all comes from the neighborhood. It is one of me sacred mottoes not to ask nobody his nationality. What difference does it make, anyways?"

"Silly," she retorts, "I don't care if they come from Greenpernt or Brooklyn. What I want to know is—are they men?"

Well, like any other high class maitre

d hote, I runs Duffy's Tavern on a strictly al fresco basis. We cater to both men and women, indiscriminately. The men, however, make up the biggest bulk of our habitues. The friendly atmosphere don't go over with the ladies so well. It seems to do something to the creases in their permanents.

The atmosphere don't bother Miss Duffy in the least. She's as happy as a cuckoo in his cuckoon. What I don't know is that she has just applied for membership in the Ten Jolly Girls A.C. and that before she can win her letter and become a full-pledged member she is supposed to entice three incognizant men to the weekly blind date.

The repugnance of the plot dawns on me when Finnegan mopes in and Miss Duffy begins tossing napkins around the floor like they were handkerchiefs. Finnegan looks at her and his jaw suddenly snaps shut like a oyster before he can roll his tongue in.

"Finnegan," I yells, "open your trap quick before you emasticate yourself. You act like you never seen a dame before."

Finnegan's mouth flaps open, his tongue waggles weak-like oncet or twicet. Then he says, "Arch, who shaved the moosehead?"

"That ain't no moosehead and nobody shaved it," I says. "This is Miss Duffy, the daughter of the establishment. Furthermore, she's going to work here regularly and you better get used to it now."

Finnegan pulls his nerves together and says cool-like, "How do you do, Miss Duffy. It's a great pleasure and relief to know you."

"Likewise, I'm sure," she squeaks, "but

it is obvious you are not a true gentleman or you would first pick up her handkerchief before speaking to a strange young girl."

I have already picked them up and hid them so none of me male customers will trip on her bait. I can see I'm going to have a tough time keeping the wolves from the slaughter. I gotta figger some way to keep me customers—and me job, too.

Next day when I comes to work, I notices a strange aura around the joint. Me nose is itching and me head is getting dizzy from it. I asks Eddie if, bechance, he has opened a window but he swears no. Then Miss Duffy passes me and I nearly swoom.

"Miss Duffy," I cajoles, "wouldst you please to tell me just what you are doing with that extinturer?"

"Archie," she snips, "this ain't no distinguisher. I am spraying some Tabu around to add a little glamor and romance to the atmosphere."

I tells her this ain't no josh-house and to please take her voodoo acts to television, but the damage is done. The mingle of the aromas reminds me of the time the rubber factory burnt down and the wind was against us.

That, in the perverbial nuptshell, is me story of Miss Duffy. Now you know why I have to coax guest stars down for our Thursday night radiocasts over NBC. She has driven all me regular customers into hiding. The guest stars helps to attract new ones which are more sophisticated and naive.

THE END

Dear Mr. Anthony

(Continued from page 24)

mother is. Shall I at this time in her life inject myself, or what does one generally do under these circumstances?

Mrs. V. B.

Dear Mrs. V. B.

You perhaps may recall that on my trip to California last November I had the pleasure of meeting you. Too bad we couldn't talk about your problem at that time. However, remember please, that I am not in this reply trying to make little of your serious problem, but believe me when I say that if all similar situations could possibly have such happy endings, this indeed would be a wonderful world.

Let's examine the blessings that you have experienced: (1) The knowledge that the child that you brought into the world was adequately provided for from every possible angle; (2) that she had a good home and devoted parents all these years; (3) that she has grown to be a fine and, I gather, a very pretty young woman; (4) you have found your own economic security and undoubtedly a great deal of happiness in your work; (5) unlike other mothers whose children

have been adopted you always knew where your child was and you were always able to follow her progress. The fact that you did not inject yourself into her life is certainly another one of your virtues. All of these enumerated above were blessings of some sort, and while I am quite cognizant of the fact that your life has been partially empty because of no mate, certainly there were other compensating factors.

My advice to you is that you contact your relative, tell her of your meeting with your child and ask of her permission to reveal your identity. I believe this permission will be granted. For your daughter to meet you today under the present circumstances would hardly be a shock, more likely be a happy and pleasant surprise in view of the fact that she does know your relative is not her natural mother. You ask nothing of your daughter and she needs nothing from you. All of the facts relating to her adoption have unquestionably been told her, but I think that coming from you today when she is an understanding person, they will add new clarity to the situation. I certainly don't recommend that

you be anything more to her than a good friend, and if she is an intelligent young woman, she will accept you as such. While it has been an almost inflexible policy of mine not to have an adopted child meet its true parents, I think that the facts and circumstances in this instance warrant the exception. The joy that you will gain in finally embracing your own daughter is great enough and compensating enough to repay all of the unhappiness that you may have experienced. May I wish both you and your child long life and continuing pleasure, and offer one bit of counsel to you at this point? At 38, which is your age at this moment, a successful woman should have little or no trouble finding a mate to round out her life. You have made your career, your daughter's happiness is assured, now seek out the one person who can bring you the happiness you should have in marriage. Your young doctor who was so untimely taken from you I am certain will look down from heaven and bless your union.

Sincerely,

John J. Anthony

THE END

what makes Godfrey tick?

(Continued from page 18)

specialty each has developed for himself in the field of showbusiness. Where would you place Arthur Godfrey and what makes him tick?

Bobby soxers don't swoon and scream when he sings. If Frank Sinatra is "The Voice" and Bing Crosby "The Groaner," then Arthur Godfrey should be "The Croak." Lux Radio Theatre and Theatre Guild on the Air have continued their fine spellbinding dramatic presentations without benefit of our man Godfrey. Toscanini has yet to invite the uninhibited urchin of radio to join his musical organization and Fred Allen is unafraid to come out from hiding.

Well, then, what has Godfrey got that millions love? You've probably found the answer by now. He's got nothing the others have and the people love him for it. He's Arthur, the schoolboy with rumpled hair and kindly twinkling eyes. He's Arthur with the clumsy gait and drawling speech and infectious grin. He's the guy who talked his way into your living room and made you fall for everything he had to sell. He's the most careless, the most amusing, the most genial, the most warm-hearted voice radio ever invented.

His personality is solid and delicate, giant-like and gentle. He has a great, wholesome, hearty laugh and merely to see and hear him makes you smile and feel better. You love him for his delightful frailties as you do for the qualities that make him big. He's the man who came to dinner and rewarded you with the most enjoyable evening you've ever spent. He's the fresh wind that revitalized the airwaves, a delightful breeze to stir the sinful and the pure in heart.

L-o-v-e... that man Godfrey! THE END

off the air

(Continued from page 10)



At a "Telephone Hour" celebration: Oscar Hammerstein, Mrs. Ezio Pinza, Pinza, (now making his first movie), Mrs. Hammerstein, Mrs. Richard Rodgers, Rodgers.

attended to, and as soon as he finishes his next picture, Dick will have it re-broken and reset. Somebody asked the star just how he got it out of whack again after it was properly set. He said, "I decided that I could wallpaper a room in the house. Well, I papered the room all right, but I broke my shoulder in the attempt."

* * *

DIAL SPINS: Howard Hughes is still

determined to buy the ABC network . . . Al Jolson still huddling with CBS bigshots for a TV stint . . . All Bert Lahr needs is a sponsor for his TV debut . . . Morey Amsterdam emerging as top property of DuMont network . . . *Ten Years Ago Today*: Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer, began a new series via WOR, N.Y. . . . Rudy Vallee began a new NBC-Red series with Mary Boland and Andy Devine and Glenn Miller's band went on the air for a cigarette sponsor.

Abby Lewis, newcomer to the cast of "Road of Life," is a descendant of Meriwether Lewis, of the famed historical Lewis & Clark expedition . . . Milton Berle still giving signs of interest in former twice-wife Joyce Matthews . . . And look for many changes in Milton's "Texaco Star Theatre" this season . . . Radio's least recognized celebrities away from the mike are Miriam and Jim Jordon despite the fact that their "Fibber McGee & Mollie" program has been on top for years . . . Latest fad among Hollywood male stars is crew haircut . . . Ethel Waters is now the star of the new "Beulah" TV series . . . Mr. and Mrs. Jean Hersholt, celebrating their 36th wedding anniversary and recalling the days when Jean was a \$15-a-week actor in silent films . . . Margaret Truman still taking TV tests . . . how about voice tests? . . . Faye Emerson now lives on Park Avenue . . . Completing his famous cross country tour, Arturo Toscanini said he'd like to do "Carmen" with Rise Stevens "because she's so sexy."

* * *

"The Goldbergs," long established favorite of radio, stage and television, is

"having a wonderful time"

(Continued from page 29)

My severest, and most honest, critic is my brother, Roemer. (My parents displayed no lack of originality when choosing names. My second name is Angus.) Rome is a senior in the Harvard Law School and an honor student. A graduate of Princeton University, he has the mind of a legal eagle and a corruscating wit to match. Inasmuch as he, too, enjoys playing "Twenty Questions," we often disturb the peace of the family dinner table with long, uninterrupted sessions punctuated only by equally long debates over misleading answers. Roemer also is a Keewaydin staff member and I am very grateful to him for the many hours he spent practicing with me last summer.

I must complete the family portrait or my popularity at home will decline markedly. My sister made a Harvard man into a lucky man last fall by becoming Mrs. M. Tylor Burton, Jr., on the 26th of November. I felt like (and doubtless looked like) an overgrown penguin in that ridiculous cutaway she insisted upon.

In closing, I should like to say that I am having a wonderful time on "Twenty Questions" and that I consider myself exceedingly fortunate to have been given the chance. It is an experience I'll never forget and a rare opportunity which I appreciate more than I can say.

THE END

BEGINNING IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF RADIO & TV BEST Magazine

The Life of ARTHUR GODFREY

Reserve your copy now at your local newsdealer

now a book and a motion picture. The movie follows the story line of the book, which is based on the life of the fictional Bronx family, with all fresh material. Gertrude Berg, author and star of the famous series, appears in the picture with all the regular members of the cast including Philip Loeb as husband Jake, Eli Mintz as Uncle David, Larry Robinson as son Sammy, Arlene (Fuzzy) McQuade as daughter Rosie and Betty Walker as yoo-hooing Mrs. Cramer.

Walter Kiernan, the delightful news commentator, has the solution to Postmaster Donaldson's problem of expenses. He says if the post office refused to handle bills, and then took away the franking privilege from Congress, there would be no need for money since there would be no need for the post office.

There's an old axiom that you have to be from the country to be successful in New York City. It's proved true again—this time in the case of Dizzy Dean, who says he was a "pretty fair country pitcher." Now he's emerged as one of New York's newest television sensations. Calling the plays in second rate Will Rogers fashion was apparently a treat for New York Yankee fans.

Bob Casey, who plays "Henry" on the TV series of "The Aldrich Family," has lived in a suburb of New York City for 14 years. During that time he has grown from a little boy to an actor of note. But nothing can wipe the grin of pleasure off his face when he tells of the 75-year-old woman who lives down the street from the Casey home. It seems she wrote him a fan letter all in verse, calling him the hero of their street. Casey says, "And just to think I used to beg her for cookies."

Sandy Becker, title roler in "Young Dr. Malone," claims credit for the current TV joke about the man who walked into his living room, turned on the radio, stood there for a minute, and then screamed, "My God, I'm blind!"

CBS received a fan letter bearing no address other than "The World's Most Famous Newscaster." Naturally, they sent it to Lowell Thomas. Funny, if he switches to NBC.

DIGEST: Bud Abbott, forbidden TV appearances by his film contract, is entering video via the manufacture of sets. . . Wayne Coy, FCC chairman, is thinking of bowing out. . . Best ad lib of the year: Groucho Marx asked a woman contestant on his quizzer how old she was. "I'm approaching 40," she replied. Snapped Groucho, "From which direction?" . . . Bob Hope netted another \$40,000 for his last TV show. . . Abe Burrows just completed new situation comedy for CBS-TV. . . Eddie Cantor reading plays for Broadway show. . . Lever Bros., sponsors of "Amos 'n Andy," deny bow-out rumors. . . U. S. Steel's "Theatre Guild on the Air" continues for a 39-week period.

THE END

seat at the dial

(Continued from page 16)

competence. The ideas behind the program are not earth-shaking. But the situations are developed entertainingly, the people sound real, the acting is first-rate, and the production is smooth.

The Truitts—Elmer and Gert—are middle-aged people who have a daughter being courted by the town's reputed "wolf," a son who sounds a little too much like Henry Aldrich, another and younger daughter. Then there are other characters, among them a grandpa. As the show started (on the audition record heard by this reviewer) the Truitts had only one real problem: Middle age was sneaking up on them. Their kids considered them has-beens, and they were not quite ready for the cemetery but were not so sure they possessed the youth enjoyed some years earlier. To a reviewer rapidly approaching that same age, all this had a pathetic quality—and seemed very human and understandable.

Writers Frank and Doris Hursley, it seems to me, tried just a bit too hard on this opener to get everything in as a sample of what they could do. There were too many characters, too many subplots clouding the chief elements of the story line. Director Andrew C. Love did an excellent job routing one character after another to the microphone—but there were simply too many to handle comfortably.

At any rate, John Dehner as Elmer Truitt, and Constance Crowder as his wife Gert, carried the proceedings along very well. Dawn Bender as one daughter was good, too, as were Jane Webb and Miriam Jaye in their parts. What's needed here is a tighter, less diffuse, script.

Stars and Starters

Friday, 8:00 p.m.

There is a pair of radio impresarios, Jack Barry and Dan Enright, responsible for several good programs. You may remember "Juvenile Jury" and "Life Begins At Eighty." In each of these, Enright was the producer, Barry the master of ceremonies. Now this team has put together a new one which NBC played for me on what's called an "audition platter." (Later, that same show was used on the air.) This is one of those "talent hunt" programs. But there is a difference. It combines "starters"—that is, would-be professionals—with real stars. First, the "starter" shows off his or her stuff; then a "star" is put on in combination with a star.

First-time out, the stars were comedian Bert Wheeler, singer Felix Knight, and actor Basil Rathbone. A 12-year-old girl named Patsy sang a solo, then she warbled in tandem with Knight. A 7-year-old boy imitated Sidney Stone (the pitchman of the Milton Berle TV show) and did some brash, unfunny kidding around with

Wheeler. In each of these cases, the youngsters were better—much better—when teamed with a professional than they were alone. Finally, there came a 12-year-old boy named Ivan Curry whose ambition it is to be a real actor. And here, something really happened.

Alone, the 12-year-old did a recitation—he declaimed "I Am An American," and it sounded exactly like a high school exercise. But then he worked with Rathbone. And that was something to hear!

The boy and Rathbone did a famous scene from the Broadway stage success "The Winslow Boy." In that play, an English public-school boy is expelled from school on a charge of theft. His father, believing his insistence on innocence, tries to engage a prominent attorney to fight the case. There is a scene in which that attorney questions the boy—the lawyer wants to make sure the kid is telling the truth before taking the case. That's the scene this tyro played against Rathbone's role of the stiff British barrister. The sketch required some real acting. And the boy came through. Even to this professional listener, it was a thrill to hear a promising young actor for the first time. There was no doubt that the boy had the stuff. I think that Enright and Barry are to be given credit for finding this "starter," and NBC for putting on the show. If Enright and Barry can get this one on the air for a regular period, and make an average of one real discovery a week—they'll deserve a medal.

LOOK

The Magnificent Menasha

I hope fervently that this program goes on the air soon enough for you to enjoy it. It can't be bad—it should be magnificent. For it is built around one personality, Menasha Skulnik. And he lives up to the program's title.

Over on Second Avenue, which is the main stem of New York's East Side, Mr. Skulnik has been knocking around for some years now. Once in a while, he'd come out of the Bagel Broadway to do a stint on the real Stem. I never saw him, in one locale or the other. For one thing, I was prejudiced. The New York drama and vaudeville critics are responsible for my previous bias. You see, they have always boosted Mr. Skulnik as something out of this world. Well, these are the same bozos who had always, in the past, turned somersaults for other stars of the Yiddish stage—like, for instance, Molly Picon. The Broadway critics, being totally unfamiliar with the language in which the East Siders work, were taken in. Knowing that fact, I stayed away from anyone graduating from Second Avenue—including Skulnik. Now I apologize to Skulnik. He

(Continued on page 72)



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is the greatest comedian since Chaplin in the heyday of the silent movie.

Skulnik is short of stature, pathetic in appearance, has a wonderfully expressive face, and is a trouper all the way through. His role is the role of the old Chaplin—the little fellow who is being pushed around by forces considered superior, until he proves that the little guy's honesty pays off.

Writers Matt Brooks and Louis Quinn came through with a script tailor-made to fit Skulnik, and Al Neuman directed the show sensibly. But when you came to the end, you knew it was Skulnik's success, and no one else was really responsible. Skulnik played the part of a male "Molly Goldberg" who gets into trouble because of his pure heart—but manages to get out of trouble because of his innate good sense. That's putting it a bit mechanically. Actually, the story was somewhat more complex than those on "The Goldbergs." Also, Skulnik has not yet mastered some of the elements of conservative under-acting which Gertrude Berg does so well on "The Goldbergs." The broad Jewish-stereotype gestures that Skulnik makes occasionally are not at all necessary for him; he can do more with a twitch of his nose or a shake of his shoulder than with out-stretched hands, palms-up. I am confident he will get over those things. When he does, you'll just love him. If you don't see him on television soon—holler. He's worth it.

My Favorite Husband

Sunday, 6:00 p.m.

This one has been kicking around the CBS air for some time now but has gone unnoticed by this column. It's amusing comedy, starring Lucille Ball. Half of the time, you don't know who is the half-wit on the show, Miss Ball as the wife or Richard Denning as the husband. Sometimes, you become annoyed at the obvious "sight" gags—those are funny, or allegedly funny, things done on stage by radio actors playing before a studio audience and forgetting that there are millions of listeners out beyond the studio walls who can't understand what the loud guffawing is all about. But just the same, there is fun in this one. It is worth hearing.

The Bob Hope Show

This is, for all present purposes, another "audition." Hope did a television try-out last Easter. A few weeks later, NBC brought him on again. This time, he had enough co-stars on hand to knock the transmitter from its moorings—some of them were Frank Sinatra, Beatrice Lillie, and Arnold Stang; even Milton Berle got into the act at the end.

Sometime before this coming season really gets started, NBC hopes to have Hope on the TV air permanently. For my money, he is better on TV than he has been on radio. He is more relaxed, he doesn't fire jokes out of a machine-gun, he acts instead of hammering, and he knows how to step aside for others—

whether these others are experienced old-timers like Sinatra and Miss Lillie, or experienced younger people like Stang. In short, Hope is human on TV instead of playing the joke-jet-flyer of the air.

Incidentally, Sinatra's appearance on the Hope show was the splintery singer's first go before the TV cameras. It is noteworthy to report that Sinatra comported himself very well indeed. He did a couple of funny skits with Hope—including one which wound up with practically everybody but the audience as a participant. Sinatra can act! He ought to do more of it.

With this kind of showmanship, NBC is really going to go someplace. And Hope will lead the way.

Moss Hart's "Answer Yes or No"

Sunday, 10:30 p.m.

When I looked at this one, the time was Sunday at 10:30. Dave Garroway had finished roaming pleasantly at large, following Philco Theatre. I was ready for something in Garroway's relaxed mood, yet without music, and maybe with more sophistication. I got it, from the Moss Hart show.

This is the closest TV has come yet to putting on something with the sophistication of "Information, Please" of radio's days of a decade ago. Mr. Moss, being a Big Man on Broadway, can line up almost anyone he wants for guest appearances. He has had people like Quentin Reynolds, Kitty Carlisle, Marsha Hunt, Arlene Francis, Dennis King, and that lovely Mr.-and-Mrs. team of writer-director Garson Kanin and writer-actress Ruth Gordon.

The people on the show are given problems to solve—nothing too weighty, ever. They must answer either yes or no—no maybe. It's a parlor game. But it is neither taxing nor insulting in simplicity. It's just good fun. What makes the show is the opportunity for these smart people to ad-lib. Since Hart gets the best among Broadway's population, you can always be sure that the ad-libbing will be bright. By all means, look in on this, whatever night or time it gets this coming season.

The Hidden Truth

Wednesday, 8:00 p.m.

Here is a program based on the experiments conducted with the scientific gadget known as the "lie detector." The point is supposed to be that the "lie detector" brings out the truth, no matter how hard someone tries at the act of hiding Truth. What happens is that some crime stories are told dramatically, then the culprit responsible for the murder is located through the work of the guy working the "lie detector." I won't argue about the scientific accuracy of the gadget. It may be 100%. But the show isn't quite that good. It's just another—well, let us say, 50 percent—50 percent crime-doesn't-pay kind of fiction, 50 percent emotional acting of the kind that breathes heavily down your neck.

LISTEN

NBC, University of Chicago Round Table—Sunday, 1:30

CBS, Invitation to Learning—Sunday, 12:00

CBS, People's Platform—Sunday, 12:30

ABC, Town Meeting of the Air—Tuesday, 9:00 p.m.

All four of these programs have just celebrated anniversaries—the 600th show, the 11th year, or the 20th. I don't care about this numerology. What I do care about is that these shows—in spite of television, skepticism by a lot of people, and carelessness on the part of broadcasters who forget it is their legal duty to provide balanced information—in spite of all these factors, these shows, and a number of others like them, have lasted on the air. More may they prosper.

Sure, there are adverse criticisms to be made—of each one. "Invitation to Learning" is too academic—but not for people interested in purely academic discussion, and these people too should be served. "Platform" often develops more heat than light when the subject under discussion is a hot one. "Town Meeting" gets people's goat at times for the way in which a question is "loaded" or discussants are chosen to represent two facets of the same side instead of two opposing sides. "Round Table" beats the latter pair.

Nevertheless, these programs are an important part of our radio scene. It would be a worse—far worse—radio if we did not have these shows, and others like them. I recommend listening to them. We can all learn something from them.

The Trap

Saturday, 9:00-10:00 p.m.

This is more from the stockroom where the gore is kept. There are not as many deaths on this horror piece as on some others, but there are enough.

CBS had put on "The Trap" as a counter-move to NBC's successful "Saturday Night Revue." I doubt whether it did much to weaken NBC-TV. "The Trap" in a general title under which an hour of mystery and horror are dispensed. It isn't worth all the time and trouble. If nothing better is developed by this coming season, CBS has lost its imaginative quality—and I won't believe that.

Where the People Stand, With Elmo Roper

Sunday, 1:15

The time for this, last season, was Sundays at 1:15 p.m. Elmo Roper is one of the better, one of the more responsible, of the pollsters in this country. The show proved him to be also one of the more articulate fellows in that business. He would report on his latest opinion sampling—and somehow you always felt that he had approached his job seriously, had tried to ask questions that meant something, had done his damndest to interpret the answers with candor. How fair can you get? It's fair to say that Roper is worth anyone's attention.

THE END



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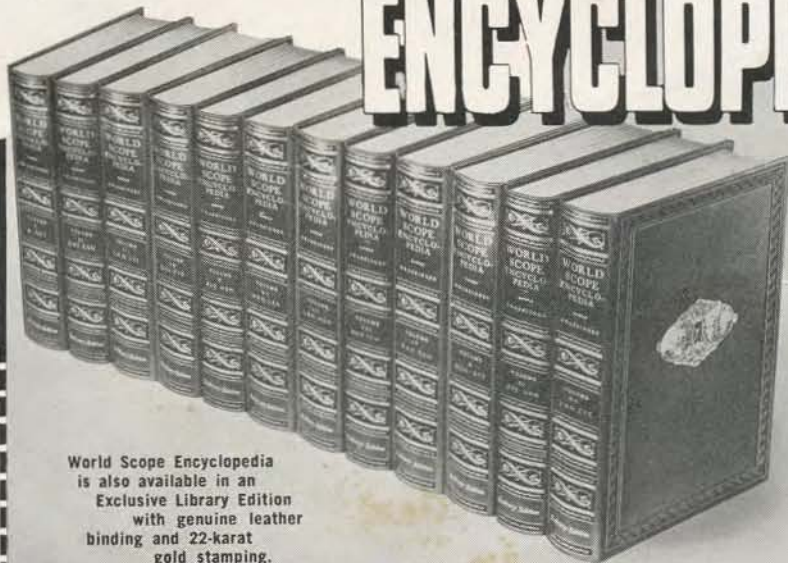
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