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RADIO ALBUM



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WINTER

Magazines



PROF. KROPOTKIN



MRS. O'RILEY



BOYFRIEND AL



JANE STACY

"My friend

Irma"

MARIE WILSON





THE BERLES ARE BACK!

Happy hugs all around for the Berle family—Milton, wife Joyce and daughter Vickie—reunited again after two years of doubt. Milton finally decided that life held too many good things to be enjoyed alone, and a million fans don't rate against

one delighted squeal from appreciative Vickie. No doubt they'll all be in the audience now, along with Mama B. when the television king goes into his act—or anybody else's act. With the clan in harmony Milton shows how happy a happy guy can get.

RADIO ALBUM

magazine

GARRY MOORE walked out of high school one day, sliced off his hair with a meat cleaver and announced he was off to Gotham to write a play. How he came to be a radio comedian is still a mystery to him, but not to listeners of the Garry Moore show, newest of CBS's gag galaxy. (3:30 to 4:30)

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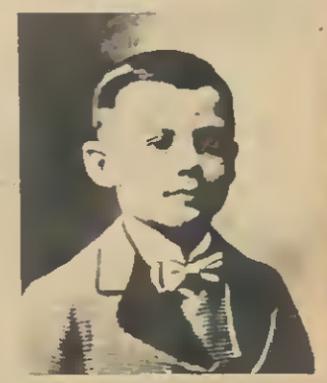


Waukegan Scrapbook

Now it's good for
a gag—but then, for
Benny Kubelsky
the violin symbolized
a wonderful dream

■ The tramp, standing outside the Kubelsky's back door in Waukegan, Ill., had been told to wait there by the woman of the house, and he had glimpsed a round-faced boy of 7 peeking out at him sympathetically from behind gingham curtains. But as time went on with no sign of a hand-out, the prudent tramp took off in a hurry. He hadn't gone a hundred yards, however, before the little boy came racing down the road, crying out, "Mister! Mister!" And when the youngster caught up to him, he tugged at the tramp's hand. "Please," little Benny Kubelsky begged, tears in his eyes, "come back and eat at my house!" That was the kind of kid he was—sensitive, thoughtful, generous. It was just past the turn of the century, and Benny was the idol of the family. A prodigy! This was their dream, and they knocked on wood when they thought of it as he practiced on the violin. His father, a haberdasher, took pride in paying a dollar an hour to Waukegan's finest teacher, and soon the town was buzz-buzzing over little Benny's talents. At the age of 8, he gave local concerts; at 13, he fiddled while Waukegan waltzed; at 15, he played regularly for the Barrison Theatre orchestra. Two years later, he changed from knickers to long pants, changed his name to Ben K. Benny, changed his job by leaving Waukegan to travel

around the hinterland vaudeville circuit with pianist Cora Salisbury. The boy got around, became a man. Each payday he sent off two money orders, one to his father to be put in a savings account, the other to a friend—to be used, whenever he returned to Waukegan, to have a hot time in the old town at night. Still before him was the dream of being a concert artist. "America's celebrated violinist," but vaudeville—5 Big Acts 5—kept him hopping all over the country. Now teamed with Lyman Wood, Benny even played the London Palladium, but he got no further into Europe because the Kaiser set out to rule the Continent. Twenty-two year old Benny promptly volunteered for service, only to find himself assigned to a Navy show, the Great Lakes "Maritime Frolics." He was the Admiral's Disorderly, named Izzy There. Between the acts he used his violin, like a serenading nightclub gypsy, to raise funds for Navy relief, but he found that a little kidding around amassed more shekels than his finest bow-and-string work. He carried that formula out of the Navy, buried his concert artist dream, and as Jack Benny, comedian, he headlined vaudeville marquees throughout the 20's. Then into the act came Mary Livingstone—permanently—in a simple Waukegan ceremony. As for radio, what was it all about?



2. Benny—Beau Brummel at 4.



3. Precocious Benny was an entertainer from the start. In grammar school he played character roles, costumed accordingly.

1. Jack Benny at 21.

more—>



1. With his cousins and his sister, Florence (lower left), 9 year old Benny (far left) poses for a snapshot, scowling a bit as befitted a violin prodigy who was already giving concerts.



2. Bully boy, Benny! He was on vacation with a gang of friends at Paw Paw Lake, Mich., and that thing on wheels was a 1909 jalopy. Probably souped up to do a wild fifteen miles per hour!



3. A grown-up, 14, Benny played in a local orchestra, dreaming of the day that he'd be a violin concert artist.



4. "From Grand Opera to Ragtime" is the way Benny and Cora Salisbury were billed as they toured mid-West.



5. With pianist Lyman Woods, he did the States, coast-to-coast, and played abroad in London's Palladium.



6. When 21-year-old Benny was snapped with a friend, in back of a Seattle, Wash., theatre, there were off-stage military drums rolling—in Sarajevo—and World War I erupted. Benny quickly decided to put his fiddle aside and take up a gun in the navy.



7. But the Navy handed him his fiddle back, put him in fund-raising revue where he first tried for laughs.



8. The only unsmiling member of this entire vaudeville troupe is the only one who survived the end of the era. Now billed as Jack Benny (second from left), his name was in lights as a comedian and witty master-of-ceremonies.



9. Sharp is the word for Benny and two fellow performers, as the Dapper Dans give photographer an eyeful.



10. Jack's trouping was to carry him through the 20's as a top-ranking performer. No more reviews like his first in N.Y.: "We'd like more violin and less chatter."



11. Instead Jack found himself in great demand, joined Ole Olsen (above) and Johnson. Called to Broadway, he spent 4 years at 4 figure salaries.



12. Her name was Sadie Marks and when she was 12, she had met an earnest young violinist very briefly. They met again in Los Angeles, years later, and Benny, on Jan. 12, 1927, teamed up with her for good.

"Bergen," says McCarthy, "you're turning this place into a bucolic barnyard!" But Charlie doesn't have to worry he'll always be the cock of the walk.



the Bergen brood

■ There's Charlie, of course, and there's Mortimer Snerd. Then there's a lady no one's heard much about. Edgar's been shielding her from the world. She's a bashful little red hen name of Sarah. (Edgar's holding her tenderly in the photo up at the left.) Sarah has a friend called Tillie. Tillie's one of those flighty little chicks who's always crossing the road. The only one who objects to these additions to the Bergen brood is Charlie. "It's a dirty trick, Bergen," he says. "First you insult our intelligence with that maleficent moron Mortimer Snerd—and now what have we got? A bucolic barnyard!" Charlie's generally nasty attitude can be understood. His whole trunk's been turned upside down these past few years. First Bergen, the bachelor, went off and got married. That was in 1945. As soon as he saw Mrs. Bergen, though, Charlie calmed down. Here was a wife he could ogle all day long. Here was a woman he could invite up to his room. (He had a few nice pictures up there.) Maybe Bergen wasn't such a blockhead at that. Well, in 1946, Candice was born—and what did they do but change his quarters into a pink and white nursery and toss him out into the cold—well, not quite. They moved him and his collection of cheesecake and his Indian headdress to a room over the theater. Of course; it had a separate entrance which made up for the fact that they didn't

cut the rent. Charlie may sulk, but Bergen's going to do right by him in the end. "Charlie McCarthy," says Bergen, "was born for television, and it's not my fault that television was born after Charlie." Last December when Bergen left NBC the wisecracker snickered, "Poor old boy, he must be losing his grip." Two things they didn't know: Bergen's been working on television projects for many years (which is where Sarah and Tillie come in); Bergen planned to return to radio as soon as these projects were perfected. Now he's back at CBS popular as ever. And pretty soon Charlie may be captivating a whole new bevy of women via video. The live members of Bergen's brood are easier to handle—his wife Frances, for one. Frances wanted to be a singer before she met him. She already was a cover girl. They kept their marriage a secret for a while to make it easier for her singing career, but then the baby came and they had to tell. Anyway the country is full of sopranos. There was only one thing left to mar their happiness. Bergen flew and Frances walked. One day Bergen took her up and Frances said, "I want to fly." "Then fly," said he. She flew beautifully. "You've been keeping things from me," Bergen said, with a hurt voice. "Yes," she said. "I've been flying six months." Aside from that Bergen has no complaints about Frances—or about Candy who's also beautiful. No complaints at all.



With the aid of Mom and Dad, 3 yr. old Candy makes a recording in the playroom.



Bergen-behind-the-mustache offers Charlie and Mortimer a choice of milk or Coca-Cola.



Remus, the poodle, and Ronald, the duck, are the Bergen pets—they share a doghouse.

Big-Ten football fans
get official play-by-play
films via video—
but no second looks!



NO SCOUTS ALLOWED



Al Bishop readies his camera at the Purdue-Northwestern game.



Wilfrid Smith and Jack Brickhouse add commentary to the football film.



Drying on huge racks, the film is reeled then distributed by airmail.

■ Newsreel cameras have become as much a part of the football scene as pennants and chrysanthemums. Their coverage was mostly a lick and a promise—just a hint of what the game was really like. This season they've developed a new twist. Out in the middle-west, Sportscasters Jack Brickhouse and Jack Gibney spice their new Big-Ten round-up with highlights from the official films of the Saturday tussles. No odd snatches these—with every play recorded, Gibney can edit out the long, uneventful stretches for the key action in each game. It's fine for sports fans but it's a weekly nightmare to harassed Big-Ten football coaches, who see their secret strategy spread out for all to see and study. Their biggest worry are the sharp-eyed scouts from other colleges whose job it is to report on weaknesses in future opponents. It is common practice to endure their presences in the stadium, but official films give them the inside dope they're seeking right on a silver platter. To prevent satisfying the fans at the expense of the team, films are carefully guarded at all times. Gibney and Brickhouse have been sworn to keep certain strict rules: no outsiders may see the entire film, and on the telecast, no play may be repeated for any reason whatsoever. They are allowed slow-motion, but only for a specific length of time. It's a far cry from the old methods: a trained crew of 50 technicians man the cameras, shooting constantly from different angles. Almost before the cheering has died down the films are on their way to Chicago by airmail for processing, developing and hours of careful editing. Then films are spliced together from all the games for Jack Brickhouse's running commentary to be dubbed in, and finally delivered to NBC-TV for the take. Monday-Morning-Quarterbacks get a choice tid-bit in their own living rooms; the most complete recorded coverage ever presented. If the honor system works, it won't be long before all the major contests in the country will be covered the same way. It's a good deal for the fans, but scouts: keep out!



Commuting rush hour crowds gather around Howard Malcolm as he broadcasts from Boston's South Station. It's just one of the new twists disc jockeys are hitting upon to keep their programs fresh, funny and more than a little fantastic.

early to bedlam

more →



Gene Rayburn and Dee Finch, WNEW's favorite jockeys get into the spirit of things for Perry Como's "Prisoner of Love." Easy chatter gives them big audience.



Jim Wesley saw a fine opportunity to run a hilarious contest while collecting money for the March of Dimes. The Wisconsin jockey asked for donations along with criticism of "Cruising Down the River." They told him what he could do with it—and he did!



Fred Robbins—in costume for a new Mexican platter—came to WOV as an announcer. He stayed on and finally became an authority on bebop and one of radio's most popular disc jockeys.



Doug Hasting baby-sits for the kids of some lucky couple who get the night off. The program is called *On the Town* and is sponsored by Alabama merchants.



Happiness Exchange—born out of "Big Joe" Rosenfield's desire to help others—mixes records with sympathy. Broadcasting pleas from needy listeners, daily from 2-5 a.m. on WOR, Joe personally collects and distributes articles donated by other listeners.



Disc jockey Lem Allen doesn't find dishwashing romantic—it's just a small service he offers to lucky fans. Idea of the show, originating from Ogden, Utah, was strictly Allen's and it looks like he's stuck with it.

Round and round the platters go,
but the jockeys are having
a spectacular race of their own.
You can place a bet
for fun and foolishness—
nobody ever loses

BACK IN the days when radio meant a crystal set and a pair of head-phones, disc jockeys were a race of people still unknown. Records were a device used to fill in silences when programs suddenly went dead and if the program stayed embarrassingly dead—the recorded program became known as a "musical interlude." As radio developed and advertising took over, program planning became tighter. The record programs were relegated to the lonely hours of the morning and audiences consisted of cross-country truck drivers and all-night lunch wagon waitresses. Gradually however, personalities began to spring up among record announcers and because of their intimate, friendly manner, every kind of audience all over the country became disc jockey conscious. From the small independent stations, the jockeys moved onto



Making a guest appearance on Don Bell's show in Des Moines, the Charioteers brought along some props for their startling arrangement of Chi-Baba. Don, willing to go along with the gag, did the modeling.



More than slightly on the zany side, Hawthorne leads a parade from the back seat of a jolopy through Hollywood streets. Discoverer of the mythical town of Hagonville, his delightful chatter has won many fans.



That household name, Jack Eigen, and his show—*Meet Me at the Copa*—broadcast from New York's famed Copacabana night club. It's a new twist in disc programs, made even more novel by guest appearances. Here Frank Sinatra joins Jack for an evening of disc playing, entertaining and gossip about Broadway and Hollywood doings. Listeners who call Eigen while he's on the air, often find themselves talking to the visiting celebrities.

the networks and programs scheduled all throughout the day. Numbering almost 4,000 at the present time, jockeying is now entering a new phase. Since there are a limited number of new recordings each week, the jockeys depend on their wits to make each program a little different; to gather a steady, dependable and growing audience. Fred Robbins and the 1280 club on WOV is a specialist when it comes to very hot jazz and bebop. The club was started for audience membership and in four months there were 32,000 faithful disciples of Robbins and bop. There are guest stars, of course, who come in nightly to chat with Fred on the relative virtues of New Orleans style and mouldy fig. A good, goofy stunt will usually publicize the program and make steady listeners of dial twirlers. Thrown in with their platter playing Gene Ray-

burn and Dee Finch of WNEW's *Anything Goes*, invented a "thing" contest. Spoofing giveaway programs, they begged listeners to send them a "thing"—anything. And as a prize for the most original—the winner would get Rayburn and Finch—to clean their apartment, cook breakfast and make themselves generally indispensable. The response was not only overwhelming, but several other disc jockeys copied the gimmick for their own programs. Doug Hastings' wacky idea *On The Town* certainly won him lots of friends, even if it is a bit wearing on him. He calls a listening housewife during the day and invites her out for the evening (with hubby along, of course). They do the town in good style and the bill is footed by 15 Alabama merchants. So, with the emphasis on small insanities the discs and the jockeys are right up in front.

How many ways
can one guy be goofy, is
Morgan's problem. Or how many
guys is Morgan, anyway?

five years in a quandary

■ He was the freshest page boy at WMCA. After a while, he was the freshest *ex*-page boy at WMCA. "Get him!" the executives said bitterly. "Sneering at the programs!" He was an announcer in Philadelphia, until he put the station manager's name on the Missing Persons' list. The station manager had no sense of humor, and he threw Henry out into the world. The world, Henry claims, threw him back. In New York, he became a disc jockey. He played records, he razed sponsors (he made "Old Man Adler" famous), he even earned a living. And he built up a following. In 1943, he went into the army, blissfully ignorant of that following. In 1945, he came out of the army, and discovered he was a big man. Everybody remembered him, wanted him back. Henry Morgan, the great comedian, they were calling him. So for five years—give or take a little—he's been on the spot. They said he was a great comedian? He had to *be* a great comedian. And that's hard work. Morgan writes most of his own stuff, perfects his own dialects (no dramatic coaches for him), poses for screwy pictures, gives helpful household hints—in response to the question, "Should olives be eaten with the fingers?" Morgan says, "No, the fingers should be eaten separately—" and generally carries on like a man with six heads and no brains in any of them. "I turned over my many brilliant ideas to the public," he states proudly. "The public, in turn, turned them over to the garbage man, also a public servant." One of Henry's most useful tips to the ladies concerned the best way to serve shrimps. "The best way to serve shrimps," said Henry, "is on your knees." Henry has faced all sorts of dangers for his fans—he even went to Hollywood and made a movie—but he no longer teases his sponsors. Danger is okay in small doses, only Henry likes steady employment, and the idea was getting around that he wrecked products' sales. He now leaves commercials to the announcers. But he's still killing himself to amuse his admirers.



HENRY MORGAN REPAIRS A CLOCK



Our Henry goes to work. He once put on a campaign not to be nominated for President. It was successful in all details.



Is he a social outcast? "I never had a circle of friends," says Henry pitifully. "I only had enough to form a triangle."



Henry's a mastermind. By the time he was 12, his IQ was that of a man of 21—and vice versa.



"Feed your children enough 'Oh Henrys' and they'll get sick and die," was the way Henry attempted to sell that candy bar.



Heaven help the clock if Henry can't fix it. He once slung a watch across a restaurant because it had stopped running.



Rebellious Henry advises kids to leave home, become smugglers. "It's exciting, it's healthy!"



GOSSIP
is
big
business



At a weekly staff meeting in the Brown Derby. Writers Kay Proctor and Ruth Waterbury sit beside Louella. [L. to R.]

Radio producer Diggs, Dorothy Manners, reporter Neil Rau, secretaries Virginia Boyle, Dorothy May, Earl Donovan.

■ IN 1931, the Sunkist Orange Company put Louella Parsons on the air. Although this had no visible effect on the oranges, Miss Parsons, herself, began to bloom—as did her business which is gossip. From that year on, private life in Hollywood became a laugh—at least for everyone who lived outside of Hollywood. And Louella, already one of the most powerful women there, set up court in her white stucco house on Maple Drive. From her small, pine-panelled office equipped with two secretaries, three telephones and three editorial assistants she vigilantly surveys her famous friends' exploits for her syndicated newspaper columns, for *Modern Screen* magazine and for the radio. Nothing escapes her, largely because she is one of Hollywood's greatest fans. Despite her own fame and the size of her diamonds, despite the personal maid, the cook, the butler, the chauffeur and her familiarity with the great, she still remains an excited little woman from Dixon, Illinois, agog at the glamour city. Consequently looking for scoops, enraged when her competitors get the jump on her, she's up at eight in the morning, tracking down rumors. Her radio voice with its high nasal twang disturbs her a little. "Yet," she says, "I know a commentator who's got elegant diction, but she hasn't got a job." Right now, Louella's toying with the idea of going on television. "If you do this, Lolly, I swear I'll leave you," says her husband, Dr. Harry Martin. But he knows she will—and he knows he won't.



Miss Parsons, in her luxuriously appointed bedroom. Below: Her daughter Harriet interviews Betty Hutton.



Good news tonight

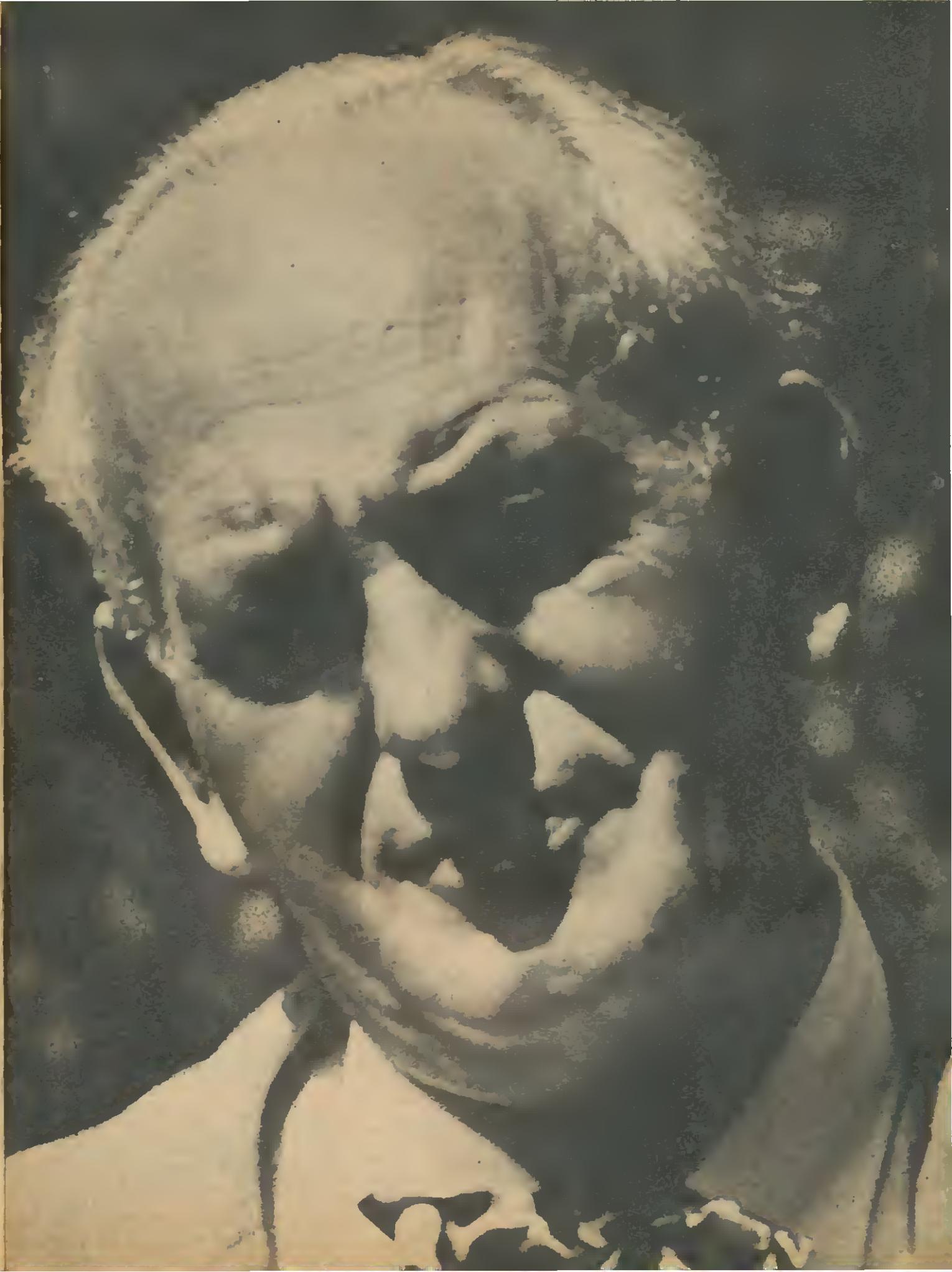
Call it optimism—
call it faith.

It has given hope to millions
and to Gabriel Heatter himself . . .
comfort in time of need



One of the few commentators who writes own scripts. Broadcasts from his Long Island home.

■ And when Gabriel says it, it's true. He's the man who's been right 90 per cent of the time. His brother Max, who is also Heatter's business manager, keeps score and it's a pretty remarkable one. But even more incredible than his record for accuracy is the amazing effect he has on people. He believes in F.D.R.'s dictum, "We Have Nothing to Fear but Fear Itself"—and he transmits that confidence to the 40 million people who listen to the matchless Heatter voice. He's a rare mixture of philosopher, psychologist, actor, and news-commentator, and when he brings news to his audience he brings them comfort. There's good reason for the Heatter optimism. His own life has had plenty of setbacks. He was considered a failure when he was 40, and fame didn't come to him until the night of April 3, 1936. He'd been assigned to do a five-minute broadcast of the execution of Hauptmann, the Lindbergh kidnapper. He was to go on the air at 8 o'clock, Hauptmann was to be executed at 8:05. The execution was delayed and Heatter ad libbed for 53 minutes—the most dramatic and inspired ad lib reporting in the history of radio. When it was over he was on the verge of collapse, but he was famous. The audience response was overwhelming. And it has continued to be. Heatter now has a "Mailbag" program in addition to his evening newscast, just to take care of the letters he receives from listeners. He's one of the hardest working people in radio. Up every morning at 6, he works right through the morning writing and re-writing his scripts. It isn't just dramatic eloquence that keeps his listeners transfixed. Heatter has a rare sincerity and his ever-present hope and confidence have helped him in his own life. The day he received a telegram that his only son had been critically wounded in action, Heatter sat in a living room chair for one solid hour, clutching the yellow piece of paper. But he took hold of himself and that night when he went on the air he told his listeners the story. He told them that he believed his son would recover. Mothers all over the country wired him that if he believed his son would be all right, they too could have faith. And his son recovered completely! That kind of faith doesn't admit defeat.





Teen-agers Jim (Jack Grimes, left) and Warren (Donald Buka) break into a home to burglarize it. Warren finds Luger. Just then the owner returns. Warren shoots him.



Mr. D. A. takes over. Harrington (right) reports to him and Miss Miller (Vicki Vola) takes notes.



Jim holds a snapshot of Ruth (Amelia Romano) for which he's just asked her. Warren, showing them the gun, says they can now be big-time burglars instead of amateurs.



Jim objects to Warren's plans and wants to walk out. Warren shoots him. With Ruth's help, he dumps body in a field.



The snapshot of Ruth, which Harrington finds in Jim's pocket becomes important evidence. Mr. D. A. and Miss Miller examine an enlargement which reveals an address.



Warren and Ruth have a party. Ruth wants to buy more liquor but the town is full of police.



Ruth answers the phone and Miss Miller, speaking from the D.A.'s car tells her the house is surrounded and to come out. Ruth refuses, Warren starts firing at police.



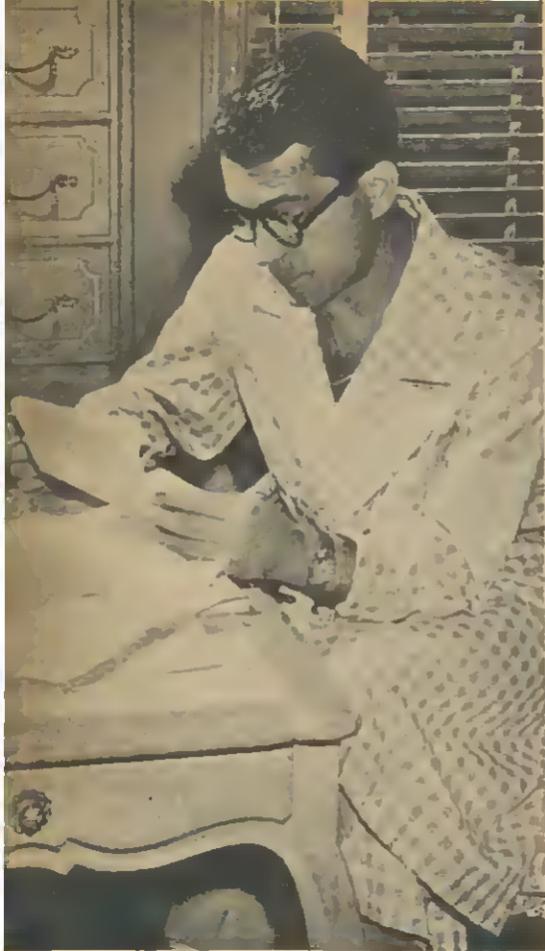
Mr. D. A. rushes in with Harrington to find Ruth and Warren dead. "This gun," says Mr. D. A., "is the real evil."

souvenir of death

Mr. D. A. reveals the tragedy
a war souvenir can bring when it falls into
the hands of juvenile delinquents

■ Jay Jostyn's been a radio actor 15 years and there isn't a thing about a microphone that you can tell him. But he could tell you plenty. He doesn't talk much, though. He's calm and reserved and he likes calm and reserved people who listen to good music and go to the theatre. You probably know him as Mr. District Attorney. Actually, he's played so many different characters during his long career that, collectively, they might populate a fair-sized village. Down at NBC, they still talk about the record he set one week: He appeared in 36 script shows in 48 varied roles. A ventriloquist couldn't do much better. Jay left college (Marquette University) after two years to go to drama school where he stayed for four. When he was 19, he joined the then famous Oscar O'Shea's stock company. After Oscar saw Jay act, he grunted, "You've been to dramatic school,

haven't you? . . . Well, I think you got out just in time. You'll do." He did. During one of the company's performances, a Los Angeles station director sat in the audience with his ears open and his eyes closed. Later, he went backstage and persuaded Jay to turn to radio. In 1936, Jay hit New York and the networks simultaneously. Sitting in the same office with Mr. D.A. is a pert brunette name of Miss Miller. She's his Girl Friday every Wednesday night. Other nights she's Vicki Vola. Vicki, who comes from Denver, worked in a grocery store when she was 16 to earn money for dramatic lessons. Then she used her dramatic technique to persuade Mama to let her act. Mother didn't approve at all until Vicki started getting roles in professional stock companies. A year on the radio in the West and Vicki came East. Two days after she arrived in N. Y. she had a job.



Now dividing his time between radio and television, Perry Como is busier than ever—but he still finds time for some fan mail.



He was once a barber who sang for a gag—now it's the other way around. Brave man under the suds, Arthur Godfrey, testified that Perry hadn't lost his touch.



Cooking isn't Perry's major hobby, but he knows what to do with a pot of spaghetti.

little fish in the big pond

He never learned to be famous because he's a guy who never really left home—whose happiness came through a golden dream



It's something even his wife doesn't understand. You give a man a million dollars or its equivalent, and something's got to give. Maybe he'll buy himself a gold bathtub or he might start snarling at his wife. These things could happen but not to Perry Como. It's true he doesn't have a million dollars—but even if he had, it wouldn't make any difference. He's come a long way from Canonsburg, Pa., and the neat little barbershop he once owned. Roselle, his wife, says he never took himself or his singing very seriously. The barbershop was a living, and singing was for other people—for singers. She had to use force one day to get him to an audition. The audition turned out fine and there was a job with a band at \$28 a week. The money was all right, but he didn't think he was good enough for that. Besides, the barbershop was more steady. He traveled with them alone—getting experience all the time—but alone. Then an offer came from Ted Weems for a wonderful opportunity with a good bunch of people. The barbershop was slipping away fast, so Perry packed Roselle and Terry, who was really too young to travel, and for a few years they saw the country. Today, in their Long Island home, they look back on those days and laugh. He

was probably the only crooner in the business who had a bottle warmer in back of the car. Things were getting better all the time, but it always came as a big surprise to Perry. He worked hard, but then he thought it was natural to work hard, especially if a man has a family to support. He developed a big fan following when he started broadcasting and pretty soon the kids began to swoon because they'd heard that's what fans are supposed to do. He cut that out in a hurry with a few well chosen words. Now, there's nothing but respect—on both sides. Roselle says he has lots of faults—only she can't seem to think of any. He helps her with the housework, because he thinks it's only fair. Their home is no showplace but it has room for big family gatherings and room for the kids to play. It was planned in dingy hotel rooms when the Comos were still on the road and the furniture came piece by piece from all parts of the country. They knew where their roots were—in a home and a life they'd build and share and love together. He could have got to the top with a good voice and a pleasing personality, but he did better than that. He got there and stayed a sweet guy. He's never heard of the word success.

From the pages of "I Remember Mama" TV brings you delicately woven drama in the lives of the Hansen family. This is Katrin's story . . .

THE MIRACLE had happened! Katrin had been invited to the first rush of the Athena Sorority—the select Athena Sorority. And Mary Ryan had nearly ruined everything. Mary always did the wrong thing, Katrin kept telling herself, to hide her own shame. Silly-looking Mary Ryan always said the wrong thing—and right in front of Joyce and Rosalie!

It was on the crucial night. Joyce and Rosalie—the leaders in Athena—had come to take Katrin to the rush. To Katrin, it was a miracle that they had included her in the small group of freshmen who had been invited to the first rush. And just as they were leaving, Mary blurted out: "Don't worry, Katrin, I burned a candle for you today."

Katrin had almost slammed the door in her face. Why does *she* always spoil everything, Katrin fumed inside. Mamma and Papa had been wonderful. Papa was even wearing shoes instead of bedroom slippers at Katrin's request. But that silly Mary Ryan.

Simple, generous Mary had barged in on that night of all nights, bringing her best dress for Katrin to wear—a dress as tasteless and unattractive as Mary herself. And before Katrin knew what she was saying, she had promised to wear it. Of course she had to think of an excuse not to. She just couldn't let the Athena girls see her in such a hideous dress.

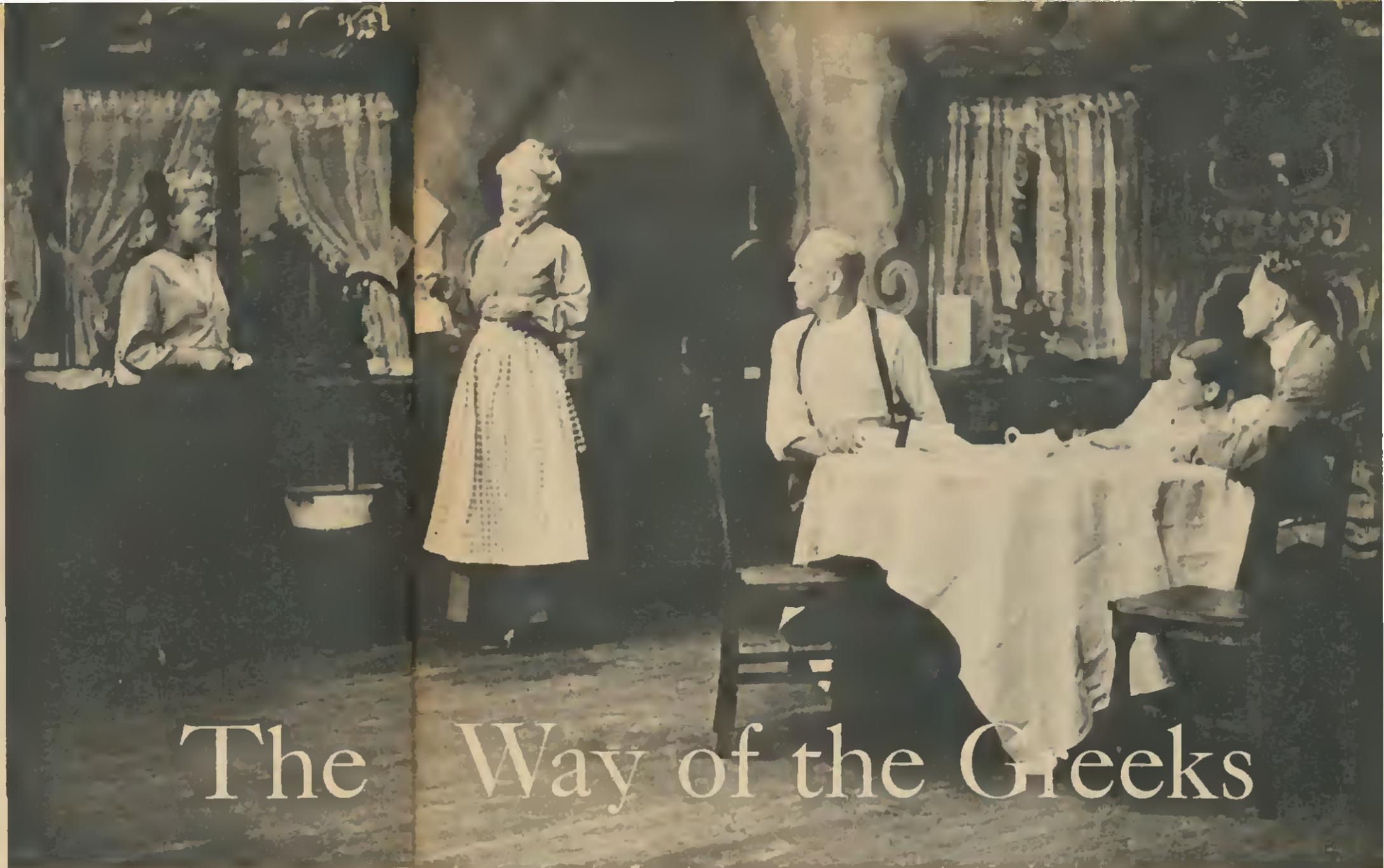
On her way to bring Katrin the dress, Mary had burned a candle at the church because, more than anything in the world, she wanted her friend Katrin to be able to belong to Athena. This was the night of the first rush, but then Katrin had to be asked to the second and the third, and then there would be "wait night" when they'd finally tell her if she'd been accepted. It was so important to Katrin, and Mary knew. It never would occur to Mary to feel sad that she herself could never belong to Athena. She only thought of how much it meant to her best friend and that's why she said it.

"What did that girl mean about the candle?" Rosalie asked. "Is she a special friend of yours?"

"Mary?" Katrin said, and for just a moment she hesitated. "Gosh, no!" she had said. "Gosh, no!"

Years after, Katrin could still remember how guilty she felt when she betrayed her most loyal friend. But she didn't think about it much that night because the rush was too exciting. When all the girls stood up and sang the Athena song, Katrin felt the tears welling up in her eyes, the song was so beautiful, and she looked up and saw Joyce crying too. And right then Joyce invited Katrin to the second rush.

She had never been as happy—or as upset. Mama,



The Way of the Greeks

This is one episode of CBS-TV's new serial "Mama." Cost includes,

left to right: Katrin (Rosemary Rice), Mama (Peggy Wood), Papa (Judson Laire), Dagmar (Iris Mann), Nels (Dick Van Patten).

wise, wonderful Mama saw it all and understood. "That is such an age," she sighed to Papa, "One is so happy and so unhappy all at once."

The whole family held their breath as Katrin went to the second rush, and the third rush. And then it was "wait night." She had to wait at home until ten and if she'd been chosen the sorority would visit. There was nothing to do but wait.

At eight-thirty, Mama told Katrin's brother, Nels, to take out the parchesi board. "I don't want to play either," she told him. "But just the same we are going to play. *All of us.*"

So Katrin played parchesi for how many games she would never remember, until the hands of the clock

had almost reached to ten. And then the doorbell rang. Almost in a dream Katrin got up and opened the door. There stood Mary Ryan.

Something seemed to snap Katrin, then. She lost control of herself, and in a sudden fury said to Mary, "I didn't make it, and you're the reason why! If you hadn't been here that night and made that foolish remark about the candles, everything would be all right."

"I didn't mean to do wrong," Mary said.

And then Katrin was sorry—terribly, deeply sorry. Mary was a better friend to her than any of those stuck-up Athena girls.

"You're my best friend," Katrin said to Mary. "I wouldn't join Athena now. If they want me they have

to want you too."

Katrin meant it, every word. She meant it so strongly that, a minute later when the girls from Athena came to the porch singing their song, she even hesitated for a second remembering what she had promised. She went out to be pledged, but that didn't mean she was going back on her word. If she joined, she might become president. Then she would make them take Mary.

"The way of the Greeks is the way of Beauty, the way of Wisdom and the way of Truth. Will you travel that way with us?" the Athena girls called to Katrin.

Katrin answered, and her voice came out sounding all choked up. "Yes, please."



My favorite husbands

■ It isn't done with mirrors, either. It's easy. One is blonde, blue-eyed, conservative, and methodical. The other is dark-haired, dark-eyed, temperamental, and unpredictable. The conservative one is the long suffering husband of a slightly scatterbrained young wife. The temperamental one is married to a charming and witty actress. The scatterbrain and the star are both Lucille Ball, who apparently manages to redecorate her personality according to which husband is around. On Friday nights, from 8:30 to 9, she's the lightheaded Liz Cooper, married to George, played by Richard Denning. He's the blue-serge suit type and he endures Liz's capers with patient but loving amusement. The rest of the time she's Mrs. Desi Arnaz, married to Desi, played by Desi Arnaz. He's the imaginative-tie type and he loves Lucy's effervescence, though he objects to her preference for an arctic climate in the bedroom. Anyway, Lucy likes to paint snow scenes, so they'll work it out somehow. They met—or bumped into one another 9 years ago, had a romance as hot as the enchilados they ate on their first date, and were married shortly after. They have a ranch called Desilu. Desi makes magnificent spaghetti and is given to occasional carpentry urges. Lucille confesses at times she wishes Desi were a fifth vice-president of a bank like her radio husband—or something that wouldn't involve being away from home so much.

A breezy wisecracking manner doesn't detract from her extravagant and colorful glamour, reminiscent of the days when movie queens were really Queens.

Playing favorites is all part of the fun when red-headed Lucille Ball proves that too many husbands can't spoil the party



"I'm Evelyn Ankers," says the lady at the right, "and he's my husband." Richard Denning, who plays George Cooper, stands divided—but happy.



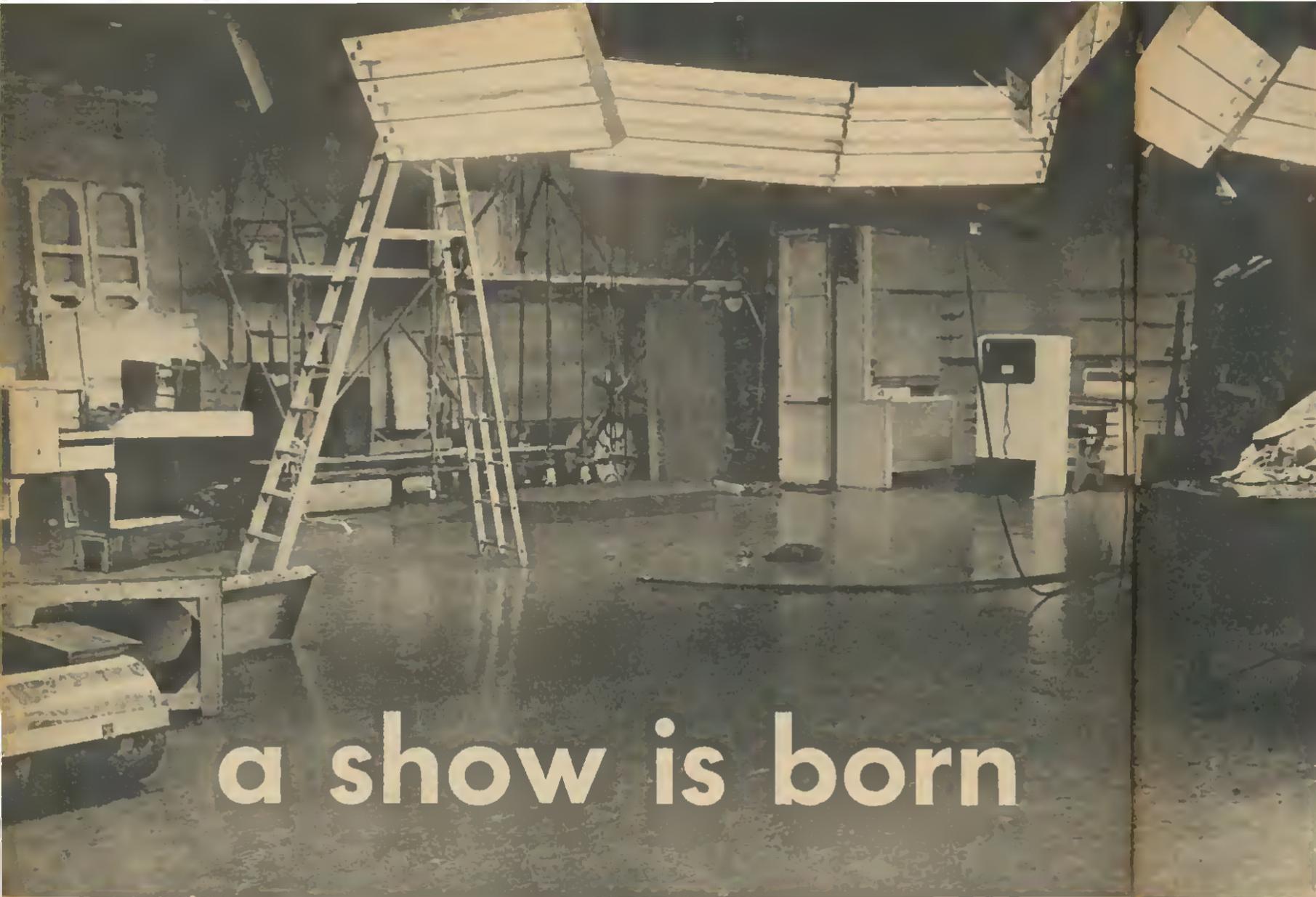
Even Louella Parsons is confused. That "favorite" is Peter Lawford. At Lucille's party, everybody gets into the act.



That Liz Cooper may not be so dumb. She seems to have trunkfuls. Fred Clark, character actor, is getting his share of the Arnaz hospitality.



He doesn't need a sign. And Lucille isn't having a bit of trouble identifying Desi, her favorite favorite husband.



a show is born

RADIO ALBUM REPORTS, NO. 7:

■ In the beginning there was nothing. An empty television studio, idle props, grotesque shadows. This was Studio One on Monday night. Far from the skyscraper loft the show was taking form in the mind of television producer Worthington Miner, who lay reading in his bed. The book was Dashiell Hammett's thriller, "The Glass Key." In the beginning it was just scribbled memoranda on a sheet of scrap paper. But on Tuesday morning the scribbles were read by others; the script writers, the set designers, the casting directors. The empty studio rattled with activity. A new television show was being created. First comes the rough draft of the script which is attacked by red pencils, blue pencils, scissors—and what is left, held together by paste, is the script. Mimeographed copies are made and given to the producer and the stage designer. The producer and his associates begin casting, listen while ambitious TV actors and actresses give the pulse of life to what had been simply lines of dialogue. The stage designer studies his copy of the script, tentatively sketches one conception of the set that is needed, throws it away, does another, elaborates on it and is satisfied; and then he starts the next set; and finally he takes them all to the producer for an okay. Now a schedule is set: the day, the hour that "The Glass Key" will be televised. From this point on, the schedule commands. It heeds no excuse and tolerates no delay. The cast is assembled and rehearsals begin. The stage sets are blue-printed and construction begins. But some scenes are physically impossible to present within studio walls, so a movie crew goes out on location and shoots whatever is needed. Meanwhile in "Studio One" tiers of fluorescent tubes blaze away with blue intensity while dungaree-clad carpenters hammer the shells of rooms together. Then, like single strands woven into a single rope, all these elements—script, actors, sets, movies—are spliced together in final rehearsals. And when D-day is at hand, timing has been perfected, the technicians have been coordinated. The sweep-second hand of the studio clock gives the cue and—"The Glass Key" is on.

It starts with an idea, works
up to a script, a cast, stage sets—
then the magic wand of tv waves
and transforms empty "studio one"
into a compact world-in-itself



1: Producer Worthington Miner picks Dashiell Hammett's book "The Glass Key" for production, then burns the midnight oil mulling over mystery and taking notes for TV ideas.



2: She's cute, reads the lines well—she's in. Casting for TV confronts problem of matching voice and face to get perfect characterization.



3: Let's try it again—take your line, Mr. Smith, and we'll pick it up from there. A little more nervousness in your voice, please!



4: Question—how to squeeze three rooms into one studio? Space limitations put Designer Rychtarik into strait-jacket.

more—>



5: Take ten! Jean Carson and Don Briggs know they're going to rehearse until the script is letter-perfect. Television is a tough taskmaster—one small mistake may mean disaster.



6: "Running over!" Now director George Zachery faces ordeal of pruning the script, because the studio clock rings down the curtain, whether the play is over or not.



7: Anything from apples to zippers—that's what a good prop man carries in his closet. He'll probably have a supply of family skeletons on hand. And a full-scale dummy.



8: Oops! Down goes the dummy, while the cameraman records the event, not for posterity but for "Studio One" audience. A set like this could never have been put in the studio.



9: Cameramen arrange corpse (dummy) so that it looks as realistic as possible. Film will later be geared in with TV production so that continuity of story remains unbroken.



10: On television, as in Hollywood, film must be cut to conform to production needs. Audience must be under illusion that studio acting and film are identical.



11: On stage, technicians! Carpenters, electricians and stagehands skillfully transform Designer Rychtarik's blueprints into three-dimensional settings for television audience.



12: An adequate amount of light is of vital importance if television cameras are to pick up the image and transmit it clearly. Giant fluorescent fixtures are manipulated overhead.



13: Final rehearsal—Producer Miner checks from control room to see that "The Glass Key" is coming across effectively. The studio's technical panel is as intricate as that on a B-26.



14: Zero hour approaches. Control room is alerted. Cast stands by. For most TV plays, there are always plenty of first-night jitters. Few productions are ever repeats.



15: All eyes are on the clock. Sweep-second hand indicates 9:59/20 p.m. . . . 9:59/40 . . . "Studio One stands by . . . 9:59/50 . . . 59/55 . . . 57 . . . 59 . . . and—"



16: A SHOW IS BORN!



William Bendix, Paula Winslow (Mrs. Riley) and Dink Trout discuss script problems at NBC.



Mr. and Mrs. Bendix (they've been married 21 years) on rare night out.



Bill hitches ride on daughter Stephanie's tricycle. Steph's going on five.

the **REAL** Riley

Bendix
is his name.
He leads
the life of Riley
on the air—
and off

■ To begin with, Riley is William Bendix. Not only that—Riley is William Bendix to the fingertips. In 1944, a young producer named Irving Brecker had an idea for a radio show but he couldn't find an actor to suit the part. One day, in the middle of seeing a Hal Roach short, Brecker leaped to his feet and screamed, "That's it! That's him! That's Riley!" That was William Bendix. To this day Mrs. Bendix can't get over it. The only difference between them, she says, is: Riley's a businessman with a son and daughter, and Bill's an actor with two daughters. And Bill's real. Otherwise, they're identical. They want to be loved by everybody and it hurts them when they're not. "Yeah," says Bendix, "Riley's the same sort of mug I was—trying to do the best he could but being licked at every turn." William's turns started in New York where he was born 43 years ago. (His wife, Tess, was born next door but it didn't affect him till she was 16.) Bendix wanted to be a ballplayer. His first job was mascot to the New York Giants. Everything was wonderful until the team packed up to go south for spring training. Mama Bendix had heard about ballplayers—they liked stud poker and chewed cut plug in Florida. Bill stayed home and became a semi-pro. He discovered a new way to field hard-hit balls. He'd turn his face to the sun, the balls would bounce off his nose into his mitt and he'd save the day. His nose, which was broken three times, wrecked the system. When his girlfriend's family (that was Tess') moved to New Jersey, William followed them and married her in 1928. He managed a grocery store there until the depression fell on it. Then he became a singing waiter. His pay was mostly in beer. One evening, though, a fellow from the WPA, looked up from his stein, saw Bendix and enrolled him in the Federal Theatre Project. The main object of actors in the Project was to get out of it, and Bendix tried. He crossed the river 17 times to Broadway and 17 times he got parts in flops. He was spending enough money on the ferry to buy it so he moved back to New York. Then came Saroyan's play, *The Time Of Your Life*—and it was Bendix's time. Hollywood stepped in and he opened a bank account. After a while, he bought a farmhouse in California and settled down to lead the life of Riley with his family. "You think Riley's sentimental," says Mrs. Bendix, "you ought to know Bill."

Riley and Bendix both love good food. Their living habits are almost identical, says Mrs. B. →



Introducing the stars who play the title roles in your favorite daytime dramas

WHO'S WHO IN soap opera

1. **THE SECOND MRS. BURTON** is played by Patsy Campbell who began her acting career with a student group in Chicago. She married Al Reilly, the leading man in the group, came to N. Y., and through sheer persistence won a place in big time radio. Patsy wears tailored clothes; collects rare coins. 2:00 CBS

2. **PORTIA** Faces Life has always been played by Lucille Wall. When she was hospitalized last year after a serious injury, listeners showered her with attention. Lucille plays Belle in Lorenzo Jones, is terrified of sneezing while on the air and always broadcasts with hanky in hand. 5:15 NBC

3. The Romance of **HELEN TRENT** is played by Julie Stevens, whose prize winning scream once landed her an important role. Her temper seems to have contributed to her successes which began in Shakespearean stock and led to a Warner Bros. contract. Julie is also Mrs. Charles M. Underhill. 12:30 CBS

4. **OUR GAL SUNDAY** is Vivian Smolen whose first appearance in radio was on a children's program. Vivian decided she preferred a career in radio after a few weeks of college. She collects Gertrude Lawrence records and is an avid mystery story reader. Miss Smolen is also heard on Stella Dallas. 12:45 CBS

5. This is **NORA DRAKE**, but it's really Joan Tompkins, although she hardly has time to be herself. Joan plays in David Harum and The Second Mrs. Burton and in private life she's Mrs. Bruce MacFarlane. She met Bruce when they played in My Sister Eileen, those days when Joan had time for stage parts too. 2:30 CBS

6. **BACKSTAGE WIFE** is played by Claire Niesen. Her introduction to show business came when she danced professionally during summer vacations from school. Claire, born in Phoenix, Ariz., has lived in N. Y. since she was 8. She's been in radio since 1937 and played on Broadway in Cue for Passion. 4:00 NBC

7. **STELLA DALLAS** is usually what people call Anne Elstner, who created the radio-role 11 years ago. As a convent student in West Virginia, Anne did private imitations of the nuns. She made her first professional appearance at age 12. Her husband, John Matthews, and she, own a farm in N. J. 4:15 NBC

8. **WENDY WARREN** and the News is **YOUNG WIDDER BROWN** and then she's Florence Freeman. A teaching career was promptly dropped when, in 1935, a friend dared her to audition for radio. Florence is married to a clergyman and has two children. Never wears hats unless it's necessary. 12:00 CBS; 4:45 NBC

9. **ROSEMARY** made her debut doing a blackface routine in her home town, Berwick, Pa., at the age of 4. The same Betty Winkler was once named radio's best dramatic actress. She credits her mother and "the Winkler luck" with her success. Betty's husband, George Keane, plays her leading man. 11:45 CBS

10. **LORA LAWTON** feared she wasn't beautiful enough to become an actress, so she studied stage designing. Later, pretty Jan Miner found herself playing stock in her home town, Boston, where she got her start in radio. Jan enjoys photography with husband Tom Clark; collects rare old necklaces. 11:15 NBC

11. **BIG SISTER** stars Toronto-born Grace Matthews. Grace traveled in Europe before studying dramatics at the Royal Academy in London. Husband Court Benson is a Canadian hockey announcer; baby Andrea is now one year old. Grace has won three awards as Canada's leading radio actress. 1:00 CBS

12. **MA PERKINS** is one of radio's most loveable people but the identity of the woman who portrays the kindly widow is a carefully guarded secret. She has starred in the role ever since the serial began, 16 years ago, and has completely adopted Ma's personality; always appears at parties as Ma Perkins. 1:15 CBS

"I was born in Decem—no, it was in Septem—no, it must have been Leipzig." That's Marie Wilson, the original beautiful blonde from Bubble-head Bend



America's number one

■ Her name was Katherine Elizabeth, but when she decided to be an actress, she took her sister's name, which was Marie. Now you fall over a Marie Wilson every time you come within hooting distance of their house. It's confusing, but our girl's life is all like that. At the age of 15, she conned her mother out of \$11,000 her father had left and headed for Hollywood. Mother was supposed to have held on to the money until she thought Marie was old enough to be sensible. With her came mother, step-father (his name is Robert, but she calls him Uncle Frank), her grandfather,

and her brothers and sisters. She rented a house, bought a load of canned goods, a mink coat and a car. She got everybody's teeth fixed, and floodlighted the backyard. That finished the money. Then she started chasing around to studios. She'd spend the days trying to convince producers that they needed her, and the nights trying to keep peace in her-family. The whole crowd was eccentric. One of the brothers wrecked the kitchen attempting to disprove gravity. He pitched oranges at the ceiling until he had exhausted his energy, and the fruit supply. Uncle Frank was always inventing some

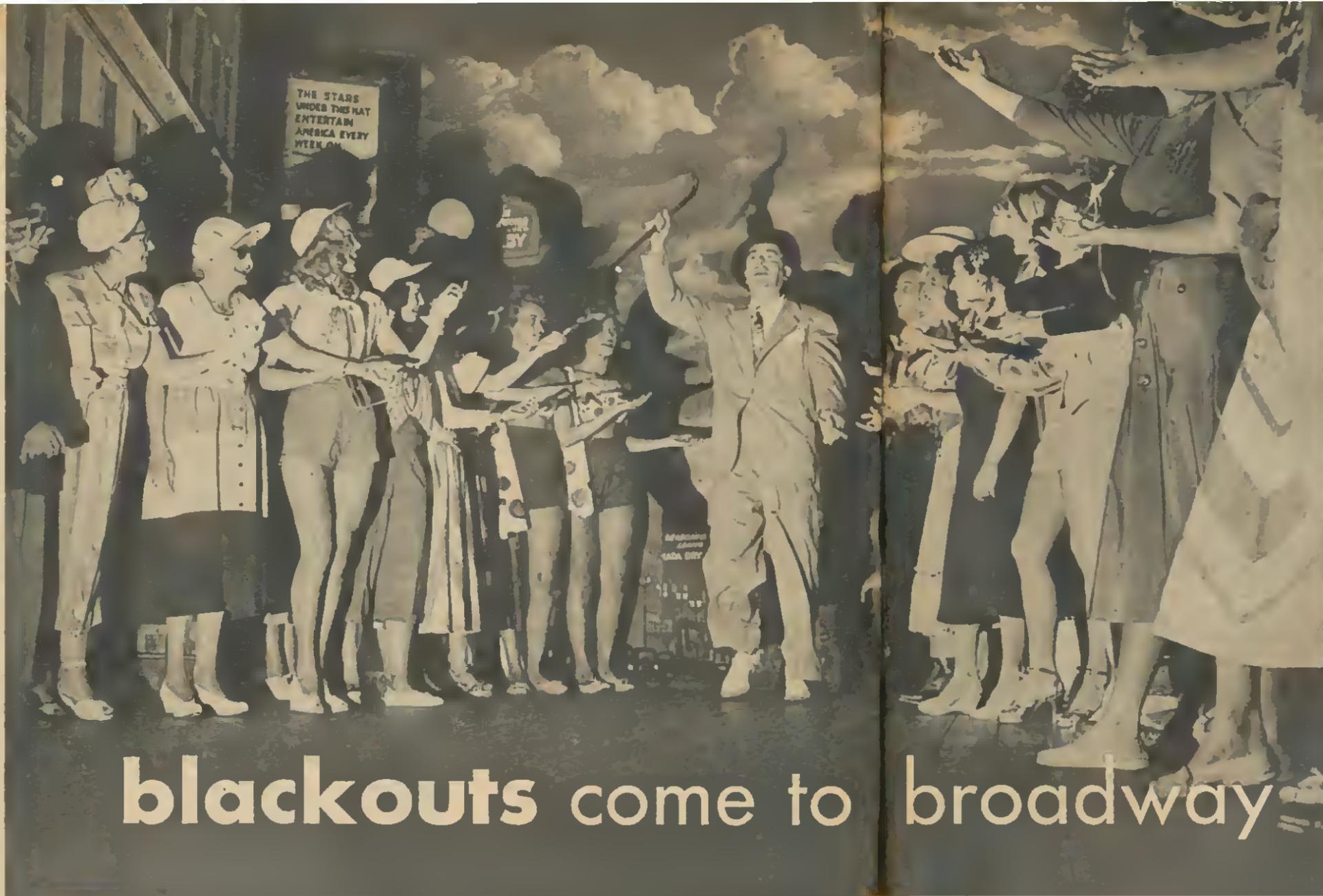
marvelous gadget which would have made them all rich if General Motors hadn't just beat him to the patent. Marie forgot to think about her future, but she got around to it finally. She ferreted out the address of MGM director Nick Grinde, and then went and stalled her car in front of his house. Mr. Grinde came over and his house. Mr. Grinde came over and looked under the hood. "Carburetor's flooded," he said. Marie knew. She'd been studying how to make it flood for days. Her incredible eyelashes fluttered. Her incredible bosom heaved. "Carbu-



bird-brain

retor?" she said. Mr. Grinde got her a test at MGM. Louis B. Mayer wasn't impressed, but Warner Bros. was. Marie didn't exactly make Bergman shove over, but she—and the family—ate. Now along came Ken Murray with a show called "Blackouts of 1942." "That thing won't even run around the block," her good friends said. It ran seven years, as it happened, and Marie ran right along with it, looking sexy. She was now a notable. Cy Howard, who was writing a show called "My Friend Irma," the adventures of a loose-brained blonde, accosted Marie, and the rest is history.





blackouts come to broadway



Visiting celebrities always get the itch to perform, when they come to Blackouts. Here Robert Cummings deserts the audience and gets strangled for his trouble. He was trying to help.



There's a 250-pound charmer in the Murray show who accomplishes even more difficult feats. She imitates a helicopter and a crocodile. (Below) A girl scout helps a confused elderly gent.



■ In 1942, a show called *Blackouts* opened in Hollywood. Its father, M.C. Ken Murray, called it "the missing link between vaudeville and a revue." The critics called it everything else. If they'd gone on holding their noses waiting for *Blackouts* to close, they'd have turned into a bunch of mouth-breathers. That year—1942—*Blackouts* grossed \$750,000. And to this day, nobody's quite sure why. Murray says he staked his all on the theory that people go for pretty girls and a lot of laughs. Once the pretty girls were lined up (busty Marie Wilson was queen of

"*Blackouts*," says Ken Murray, "is mostly a lot of novelty acts sprinkled with beautiful girls and me." Left, one act: Frank Burkem and his trained birds.

the troupe), Murray looked around for general entertainers. He hired trained birds, he hired a Chinese who sang like Bing Crosby, he hired nine ancient actresses, billed as The Elder Lovelies, who cavorted merrily all over the stage. He even hired a serious actress named Mary Lou Walters to do a dramatic skit, and give the show change of pace. Every time Mary Lou turned in a good performance, he kissed her. After a while, he'd kissed her so many times it didn't seem respectable, so they got married. She's 22, he's 46, and they're very happy. To Murray, the overall impression his show makes is what's important. He's no Milton Berle, trying to top every act himself. He knows that *all* the performers have to be good, or the customers stop coming. They never stopped

coming while *Blackouts* played Hollywood, and now, seven years later, New Yorkers are getting the *Blackouts* habit. Murray wouldn't have brought his show East—he was still doing capacity business at home—except for a very remarkable offer from William Paley, head of CBS. Paley decided that Ken was what television needed, and he offered him a three-year contract, minimum salary \$100,000 a year, if he'd come to New York and let CBS sell him. That's just him, personally. CBS has also promised to try and sell *Blackouts* as an hour-long television show, with the kids from the stage version. *Blackouts* has displayed about two hundred new acts, and Murray's always looking for something new that he thinks the public will like. So far, he's found what he wanted.



The maestro, then and now. Guy Lombardo went on the air in the twenties, is still tops with radio audience.

SWEETER

— as the years go by



Sportsman Lombardo has won every major speedboat race in the U.S. He adjusts "Tempo VI."



Mal Rutt (center) the best-dressed bandleader's tailor has known Guy for 20 years.

YOU MAY have heard it first in 1924—the sweet and steady music of Guy Lombardo's band. That was a gay year, when flappers strutted down Broadway in their pointed shoes, and the music was brassy but smooth as brass can be. Or you may have danced to it first in 1929 at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York, although they weren't doing much dancing then when Wall Street crashed like a giant cymbal. But you've heard it since, maybe a thousand times, on the radio, on records, on the nightclub floor—the long and limpid beat, the easy melody of the Royal Canadian Band. It started almost thirty years ago when Guy was still a kid at grammar school and he practiced on the violin without his mother tying him to it. His brother Carmen played the flute, his brother Leibert, the drums, and their friend, Fred Kreitzer, worked on the piano. They were engaged for church socials in London, Ontario, Canada, and they started picking up a style and five more musicians and a desire for the big-time—only the big-time was in America and Paul Whiteman owned it. Anyway, the Canadians came down across the border to take a look at the land and Guy spent all his money on Whiteman recordings, studying them, getting the feel of dance music you could hear without jumping, developing his own distinctive style. His style came gradually. It was clear and solid like a song—but no one wanted to listen. Their first date was an Elks' convention in Cleveland. Their booker, Mike Shea, tried hard to get them a second. After the third the rest came easier. At that time, radio was an infant which Lombardo treated with love. Every night, at his own expense, he'd take his band to a small studio at the outskirts of Cleveland. It was a smart idea. He got an audience who sat through static for him. He got his name all over the city; he got a wife called Lilliebell Glenn. By 1929 the band was famous everywhere and people were humming the tunes it introduced. The estimators say that over 275 national hits were played first by the Royal Canadians. They say that the Guy Lombardo Show is probably the most listened-to musical program on the air. About Guy they can tell you more. In 1946, for instance, he'd won every important speedboat race in the United States. He's a major stockholder in an airline, the owner of two music publishing companies. And according to the Custom Tailors' Guild and the Fashion Foundation of America who know—he's the country's best-dressed bandleader. According to the people who just care about his music—he's a bandleader who can handle a score; he can make it sweet; he can turn it into a song.



Surprise for Guy when Ralph Edwards made family reunion possible on "This Is Your Life" program. (L. to r.) Sister Rosemarie and husband Henry Becker; brothers Leibert, Joe & Carmen; Kenny Gardner and sister Elaine Lombardo Gardner; Mrs. Victor Lombardo with her husband, Guy's brother, Ralph holds mike. Seated are Mr. & Mrs. Lombardo, Sr., with a very delighted Guy.

Want to chitter-chatter
with a screen celebrity—and get
\$27,700 for the privilege?

hollywood calling



Deborah Kerr takes care of guys, Van attends to the gals on this particular program. Now there's a wonderful wrong-number to receive!



It takes a slew of operators to start phones ringing in 48 states. Lionel Barrymore can't steal this scene. It's Liz Taylor's call.



■ It's reasonable to assume that any man in his right mind would like to talk to a luscious young lady like, say, Ava Gardner. It's also reasonable to assume that any woman in her right mind would like to chat with a good-looking guy like, say, Montgomery Clift. That's why *Hollywood Calling* is a pure 24-carat quiz show. Forget the Gruen watch every contestant is given. Forget the regular \$500 prize that may go with it. Forget even the \$27,700 Film of Fortune jackpot that hangs at the end of the rainbow. Just think of linking a few lovely words in conversation with a screen celebrity! There will, of course, be several thousand miles of telephone wire between star and quiz-quester, but the idea still has a kick to it. The program itself is simple. Every Sunday (NBC, 6:30 p.m.), *Hollywood Calling* spends an hour tossing hints into the airwaves. Emcee Jack McCoy teams up with Henry Russell and his 48 musical men to put these clues before the vast unseen audience, and then the telephone is put to work. The person who answers the phone is already a time-piece to the good, and presently—hallelujah!—he finds himself chitchatting with a movie star. If the contestant can solve the riddle of the clues given that afternoon, he's won another prize and is eligible for the jackpot. First winner, 19-year-old Helen Notre of Union City, N. J., puzzled out the MGM picture, *Jealousy*, for a cool \$31,000 in prizes. Second winner, Chicago's Mrs. Betty Mikina, bride of a week, netted \$27,500 in prizes to add to the family fortune. She called the shot with *Ziegfeld Follies of 1946*. Sample clue for that one: "A featured dancer stands with a whip while 100 chorus girls crouch before her." And so this radio show rolls on each week, presenting the stars of some particular studio to give movie fans a moment of intimacy as well as a few thousand dollars. In the old days, fortunes were won with the turn of a card. Today it happens with the ring of a telephone.



Orchestra leader Ray Block's downbeat starts program that may mean more than \$50,000 for some lucky listener.

sing it again

■ "Will you marry me?" still rules the roost of important questions a person is likely to face in a lifetime. But CBS script writers have been dreaming up questions for Emcee Dan Seymour to pop that run the will-you-be-mine? query a very close second. These questions are asked on Saturday nights only, between the hours of 10 and 11 p.m., on *Sing It Again*. If they are answered correctly—well, let's put it this way: Ten thousand dollars a year is a salary most people will settle for quick like a bunny. And all that *Sing It Again* offers is the equivalent of five years at that salary—just for identifying a "Phantom Voice" and then answering correctly one single solitary question! The last thing is the giant-killer. Hanging on that reply, like a drop of water trembling on the mouth of a faucet, is a mere bagatelle of \$25,000. Cash. On the line. What makes this such a staggering situation is that any contestant who is given a crack at the 25 G's has already copped more than that amount in prize merchandise. To put the matter calmly but fairly: When *Sing It Again* poses its jackpot question, it has posed before the contestant literally the chance of a lifetime. No one who answers it correctly will ever again live the same life he had been leading previously. The man who asks this all-important question, Dan Seymour, was named by the National Academy of Vocal Arts as having the "friendliest voice" in the world. This is quite understandable. If a poll were taken, the odds are high that most Americans would pick Dan Seymour as the-man-I'd-most-like-to-have-asking-me-questions. Among the "Phantom Voices" already identified by *Sing It Again* listeners are: Alfred M. Landon, Pola Negri, Red Grange, Mrs. Eddie Cantor, Sherman Billingsley, Louis B. Mayer, and Sergeant Alvin C. York. Winners have had to be clever in raveling such riddles as: "On a tree it was me," where I. T. refers to Mrs. Cantor's maiden name, Ida Tobias, and the "tree" is of course the family tree. Of course. There's nothing to it—when someone else solves it first.



Hy Zarat (right) conters with fellow parodists while CBS executives look show over.



Vocalist Eugenie Baird waits, MC Dan Seymour waits—"Do you have the answer, sir?"



Ballad Farm is a two-by-four ranch by California standards, but to Bud Ives it's the end of the trail

Home is the
wayfaring stranger

IT'S CALLED Ballad Farm, that fair land to which he goes. It's a pastoral little spot in California's San Fernando Valley. Four acres of it. There are 50 rabbit hutches and a passie of Great Danes and a goat named Ginger Rogers. There are many goats. That's the specialty of the house. "For goat cheese," Burl explains, "helps me reduce." Eating is one of his favorite sports and now his wife has learned the game and complains she's getting fat. Naturally, one of their hobbies is cooking and Burl's special department is barbecue sauces. Ives has popularized the eating of goat meat and the drinking of goat milk. He's made a thorough study of those woolly little creatures and now he's writing a book about them called "Capricorna." Helen, his wife, just finished writing a novel. She's a Doctor of Philosophy so she knows what she's talking about when she compares ballads with the works of Plato. Helen directs his TV show. Burl tells of his wanderings in his book "The Wayfaring Stranger." He's a stranger no more, though he and his songs continue to wander. But then it's always back home to Ballad Farm.

Does anybody ever get his goat? Burl with a couple of prize pets. They get named after some of his ballads.



Of course, he shall feed his flock. All his life Burl has had a special place in his heart for animals.



The mightiest ballad singer of all reaps the fruit of his labor. Says a strange bird sang the night he was born.



He sang his first ballad at a farmer's outing when he was 5. This winter he'll sing in a plushy N. Y. nightclub.



video in review



Guests Ralph Bellamy, Elsa Maxwell, Kenneth Banghart, and John Cameron Swayze (l. to r.) have to tell MC Bob Trout (not in picture) *Who Said That*. Bob fires quotes at them from the week's news. Swayze's a regular guest.



You'd hardly call Boris Karloff the ideal companion for afternoon tea. But Mildred Natwick has no choice when the master of terror acting gets a firm grip on her in this scene from "Five Golden Guineas." Karloff dramatizes a psychological mystery every week. Alex Segal directs.



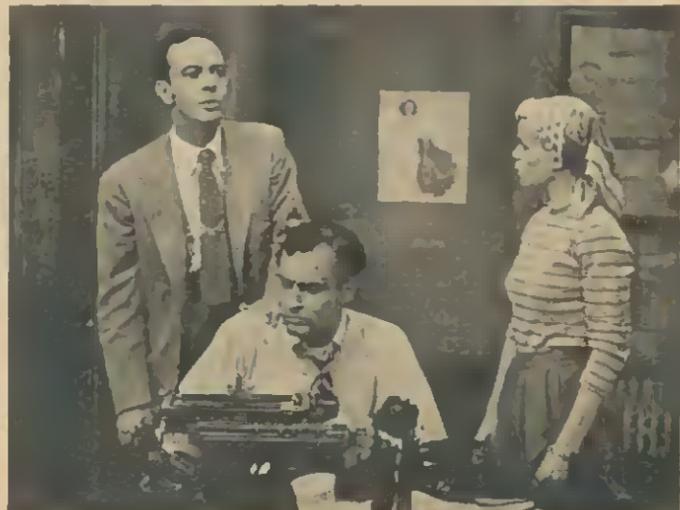
They play anything from slick dance tunes to corn-husking ditties. *The Korn Kobblers* are, l. to r., Nels Laakse; Charlie Koenig; Eddie Grosse; Stan Fitts, their leader, Marty Gold, Howard McElroy.



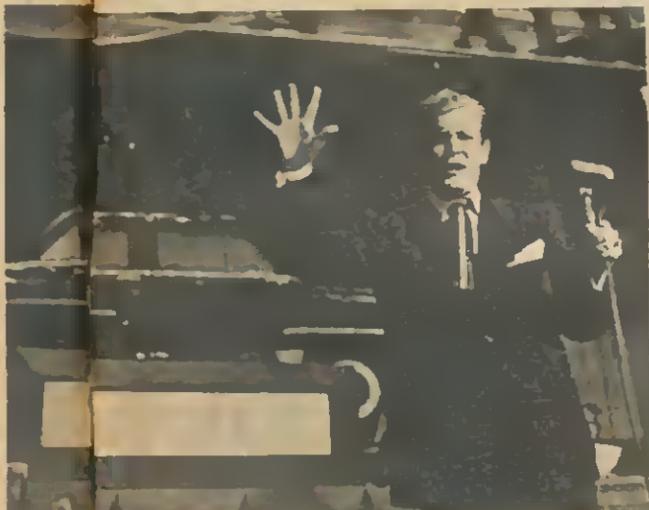
Ed Wynn, the first radio comic to wear make-up and costumes during a broadcast, is at his best on TV. *The Clown* is on every Thurs. at 9 with his extensive wardrobe, his copyrighted giggle, and a new quest (songstress Gertrude Niesen, above). Even the commercials are hilarious.



The former Harvard astronomy instructor needs an occasional word from the wise. Dave Garroway (with bow-tie) is at large on Sunday nights, casually munching popcorn and murmuring introductions on his variety show.



John Daly (standing) who has been a news reporter with CBS for 12 years is at home in the part of Walter Burns, managing editor on *The Front Page*. Star reporter Hildy Johnson and his girl Peggy have an odd triangle on their hands. Mark Roberts and Jan Shaw play the young couple.



You can bid on anything from an automobile to a zebra. *Auction-Aire*, with Jack Gregson presiding, is the latest in TV shows. Just phone in your bids. But no money—they want Libby product labels.



Wesley's problems might be those of any 13 yr. old American boy. Johnny Stewart, who plays the title role, is just that himself. He works out some of the growing pains with his television family: Frank Thomas plays the father; Joy Reese, the sister; Mrs. Frank Thomas, the mother.



3 to make music

They take a song and divide it in three. Then they put it together again—the Andrews way . . .



Maxene scans the news while her sisters gulp lunch at London's Palladium.



London fans surround sisters who went sightseeing in Maxene's new Healey.



Vic Schoen, their arranger, rehearses with LaVerne, Patty and Maxene.

■ Patty's the blonde, the baby, the one who carries the melody. Maxene has the brown feathercut and the business head and the two children and the imported automobile which burst into flames one day and disappeared. Then there's LaVerne who has the languid air and the eight fur coats and the circular bed that's six feet in every direction. Next comes Lou Levy, their manager. He came in 1937. The Andrews sisters were at the Lincoln Hotel in New York thinking about going back to Minneapolis and fresh bread. They were still pretty young—17, 19 and 22. If their careers were over they were over. Anyway, \$45 a week for three you couldn't really call a career. In walked Lou (he'd left his white charger at home). "I believe in you," he'd said. "Come with me." They shrugged their shoulders and went with him to the Decca Record Company where a rehearsal hall was waiting. Maxene tugged at Lou's arm. "Listen," she whispered, "we got no money for shoes." "Hey," Lou yelled to a guy across

the hall. "Give me \$40 to get the girls some shoes." Maxene led with her left and Lou ducked and maybe that's when they fell in love. When they had their shoes on they started to learn the song Lou picked for them. It was "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen." They got \$50 for it which was an improvement. Decca sold over 250,000 copies, Lou sold his other clients, Mr. Andrews sold his restaurant in Minneapolis and the girls were in business—\$400,000 a year business. After a while Lou started proposing to Maxene. "No," she said, a thousand times. They eloped in 1941 but kept it a secret because the girls thought marriage would ruin the act. Turned out the act ruined the marriage in 1949. "Between the two of us it was always business and no time for anything else," says Maxene. But he's still their manager. LaVerne and Patty got husbands, too, after the jinx was broken—Patty in '47, LaVerne in '48. Didn't spoil the act at all—as you know if you listen to their "8-to-the-Bar Ranch" radio program—or to Lou Levy.



"Duchess," Maxene's daughter, and her cousin Patty come to rehearsal for fun.

studio snaps

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



Radio Album's last issue identified photo of m.c. Red Foley as hillbilly singer Roy Acuff. 'Twasn't. Red is Red (left) and Roy is Roy (right), and the twain meet often on NBC's *Grand Ole Opry*.



Superstitious Irene Hubbard (Miss Ellis) puts it to Jim Kelly (Clancy), pointing out that *Mr. Keen* (Bennett Kilpack), *Tracer of Lost Persons*, has been on CBS for many years—to be exact: 13.



Trekking along the airwaves again is a familiar camel caravan led by Sheik-of-Song Vaughn Monroe and Moon Maids. It stops at an oasis once a week (Sat., 11 p.m.), takes on guest stars.



Cameras, bah! Too technical is Red Skelton's judgment—so he points. Talented wife Georgia does too. Chief subjects for radio clown Red (now cutting capers Sunday nights) are circus clowns.



Quarterbacking a quiz show is duck soup for Eddie Cantor, after 40 years of ad-libbing. But open-handed Eddie finds it hard not to give away *Take It or Leave It* answers free to each contestant.



A man with four daughters like Robert Young, could write the script for NBC's *Father Knows Best*, starring Norma Nilsson (Kathy), Ted Donaldson (Bud), Rhoda Williams (Betty), June Whitley (Mother).



TOMBOY AT THE MET

The next time you drop by at the Metropolitan Opera House, don't be surprised if you see Madame Butterfly hitting her high-C's in a pair of bobby socks. It will be Miss Kirsten, fresh from her broadcast with Mr. Frank Sinatra himself. The glamour

girl of opera was first heard on station WINS in 1938. Miss Kirsten insists that as a child she was a toughie and her operatic roles still keep her well supplied with bumps and bruises. With the band-aids, she's one of America's 10 Best Dressed Women.

RADIO ALBUM

Magazine



PERRY COMO