

and TELEVISION

RADIO BEST

AUGUST ★ 25¢

READER
BONUS

MA PERKINS:
MY DAUGHTER
WAS IN TROUBLE

George
Montgomery

Melissa Ann

Dinah Shore



DICK POWELL & JUNE ALLYSON at Home • "MARTIN KANE, PRIVATE EYE" PICTURE
STORY
"BIG SISTER" NOVELETTE • Also: ROBERT YOUNG, RALPH BELLAMY, "EASY ACES"

World Radio History

"My Pop is the smartest man in the world!"

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

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

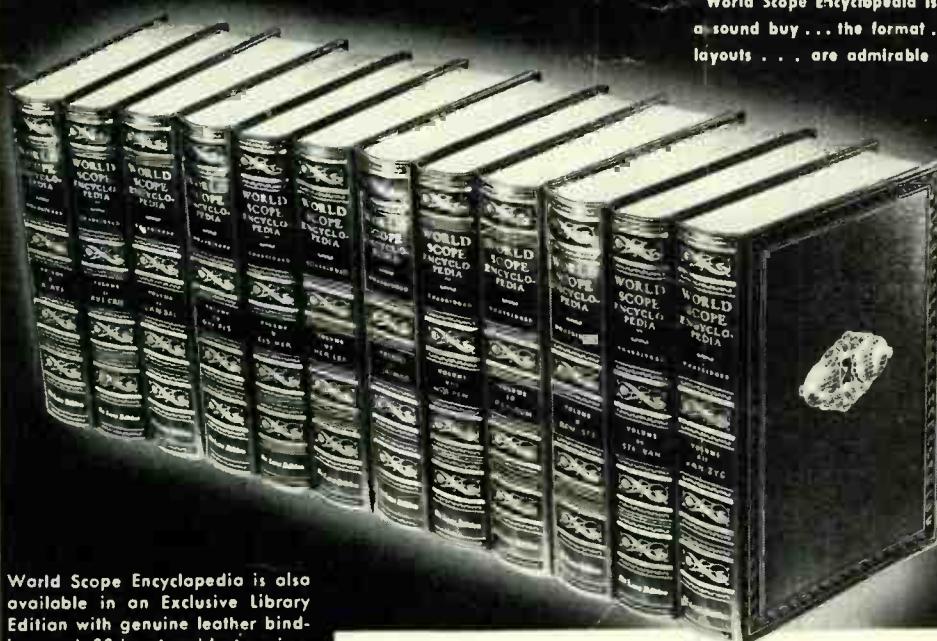
But Johnny doesn't measure smartness that way. He has a more realistic gauge. Living in his own little world of awe-inspiring wonders, Johnny has his own collection of everyday questions:

*"What is lightning?"
"Why does it snow?"
"How does television work?"*

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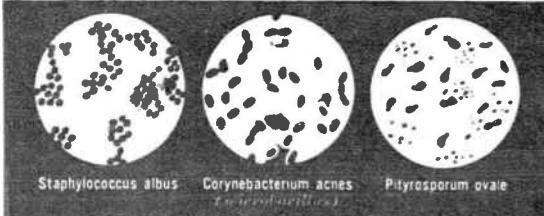
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HAIR CAN BE SAVED

New Medical Evidence Shows

Hair-Destroying Germs Disclosed



Showed above are germ organisms believed by many leading medical authorities to cause seborrhea and dandruff that may result in hair loss and eventual baldness.

"Kill these scalp germs," say these doctors, "and you remove this cause of itchy scalp, dandruff and seborrhea, ugly head scales and unpleasant head odors — and stop the hair loss they cause."

LABORATORY TESTS PROVE GERMS KILLED BY SEBACIN

Exhaustive tests* made by a nationally-known impartial testing laboratory prove conclusively that Sebacin KILLS ON CONTACT all of the hair-destroying bacteria named by leading medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness.

Sebacin was tested on cultures of staphylococcus albus, corynebacterium acnes and pityrosporum ovale on 1-minute exposures. The test method was the F.D.A. wet filter paper method described by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Sebacin killed the test cultures on contact.

*Report No. 6967, May 31, 1949

TESTED AND PROVED

by men and women
all over the U. S.

"Like many others, I had very little faith in your product, but after using it I can earnestly say I was amazed, for it has done wonders for me and I assurely recommend your product to anyone with falling hair."

A.A.—Oakland, Calif.

"My husband has used a bottle of your formula and it's done wonderful results for his scalp and hair. So I'm sending for the treatment for myself."

Mrs. V.A.—Hannibal, Mo.

"On January 28th, I received my scalp treatment and that evening I got busy with it. From the first application and up to this day I have had 'dry' scalp. And I cannot comb a hair out."

R.S.—Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Have tried many hair tonics, but your treatment is the only one that has proven satisfactory."

C.B.W.—Lynchburg, Va.

"Got rid of my dandruff."

R.H.M.D.—N. Kansas City, Mo.

"Had despaired of ever having normal head of hair again. Getting wonderful results from your treatment."

Mrs. M.B.—McKeesport, Pa.

"Stopped my scalp itch and been wonderful for my scalp."

A.R.—Belle Fourche, S. D.

"Received great relief from itchy scalp and dandruff from your treatment. I find it has stopped my falling hair."

A.K.—Randolph Field, Texas

"My hair seems to be growing since I started using the treatment. People around here have noticed the recent results. I'll tell you it's wonderful."

Mrs. J.R.—Jacksonville, Texas

"I am sure delighted and really satisfied with the results. My dandruff and falling hair have stopped altogether."

J.T.—Stockton, Calif.

Washington, D. C. — New hope was offered to men and women suffering from the age-old problem of baldness, in recent testimony here by leading dermatologists.

Beware of these 5 danger signs

Neglect May Lead to Baldness



1. Over-dryness of hair and scalp
2. Scalp itch
3. Hair loss
4. Dandruff or seborrhea
5. Excessive oiliness of hair and scalp

Most people lose a few hairs daily. This is no cause for alarm as they are immediately replaced by the normal, healthy scalp. However, when you see any or all of the danger signs listed above, it is often a warning of scalp infection and approaching baldness.

Grateful users of Sebacin Basic Formula write that a single treatment will often eliminate annoying symptoms. By keeping the scalp clean and free of germ infection, you give nature a chance to replace hair loss.

In revealing statements, it was disclosed that specific bacteria are invariably found in seborrhea and dandruff, and may be the cause of these scalp conditions which result in baldness! The dangerous scalp bacteria named were the staphylococcus albus, the microbacterium or corynebacterium acnes, and pityrosporum ovale.

In reply to direct questions, the medical authorities agreed that:

1. At least 50% of doctors and dermatologists experienced in treating hair and scalp disorders are convinced that seborrhea and dandruff are an important cause of baldness.
2. This baldness may be prevented if seborrhea and dandruff are controlled.
3. The bacteria staphylococcus albus, the microbacterium or corynebacterium acnes, and pityrosporum ovale are invariably found when seborrhea is present and are considered to be its cause.
4. An antiseptic containing b-hydroxynaphthalene, sodium phenosulfonate, cinnamic acid and other specialized drugs can and will kill these germs.

This impressive testimony by competent medical doctors now made public for the first time, offers renewed hope for the treatment of sick scalps and the prevention of baldness.

Absolutely Nothing Known to Medical Science Can Do More To Save Your Hair!

At last offered to YOU is a revolutionary formula series based on the most recent medical knowledge of hair and scalp problems.

It's great news for those who are impatiently waiting for a treatment to help eliminate dandruff and seborrhea, scalp itch, dry hair, and to stop the hair loss they cause.

Read the facts on this page, the medical testimony, the laboratory report on how Sebacin kills



the hair destroyers—the microbacterium, the pityrosporum ovale, the staphylococcus albus—on contact! Read what grate-

Guarantee

The Sebacin formula series is warranted to be made of U.S.P. standard ingredients, compounded under rigid scientific conditions. The Sebacin treatment must result in marked improvement to your hair and scalp, or we guarantee full and immediate refund upon return of unused portion of treatment.

Sebacin Inc.

(Clinical samples of Sebacin formulae are available without charge to medical doctors, clinics and hospitals upon request.)

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A reporter's fascinating story about the wayfaring stranger who has captured the imagination of the people with his mighty voice and ballads. Don't miss this story of Burl Ives.

Report From the Nation's Fans The NATIONAL LISTENERS PANEL

The Nielsens, Hoopers and Pulses set the standards of radio and television audience measurements. The RADIO BEST Listeners Panel, a wide awake listening post representing this magazine's readers from across the nation, reports its own findings on pertinent radio and TV questions. Study these results and compare the findings with your own personal opinions. Look for it in the next issue of **RADIO & TELEVISION BEST Magazine**.

OTHER FEATURES

Saul Carson's hard hitting radio and television reviews, "Seat at the Dial" . . . John J. Anthony's private revelations taken from his priceless file of memories, plus "Dear Mr. Anthony" . . . Hollywood Off The Air, the inside dope and gossip direct from the capital of Show Business . . . plus other departments and features exclusive with America's best read entertainment magazine, **RADIO & TELEVISION BEST.**

R and TELEVISION RADIO BEST

AUGUST, 1950 Vol. 3, No. 4

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EDWARD BOBLEY, *Editor*

JUDITH CORTADA, Associate Editor
MAX LEVIN, Associate Editor

JEROME ROTH, Art Director
HARRY EDWARDS, Associate Editor

**Harry Link, Music Editor
Gertrude Greer, Picture Editor
Dessie McGlynn, Readers Service**

James Lozito, Associate Music Editor
Lloyd Howard, Promotion Manager
Helen McNamara, Program Research

HAROLD L. CROSSMAN, Publisher

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career wife and mother—

Barbara Weeks



BARBARA WEEKS' father wanted her to have a career; her mother wanted her to marry and have a home and children. She has managed to satisfy the ambitions of both parents. Barbara is starred as Beth Lambert on NBC's "The Road of Life," and plays Anne Malone on CBS' "Young Dr. Malone." In private life, she is the wife of radio actor Carl Frank, the mother of nine-year-old Roberta, and the mistress of a lovely home in Connecticut.

Barbara, who has been acting on the air for 16 years, was born in Binghamton, N.Y. Both her parents were singers, and her father, an impersonator as well. Mr. and Mrs. Weeks are very glad that their daughter is in radio, if only because she is not a good correspondent. When they hear her voice on the air, they know that she is well.

Barbara's meeting with her husband might very well have been planned by a radio script writer. She made five successive telephone calls from a booth in a CBS studio, either serenely unaware of or just not wanting to notice the man who paced and fumed outside during the 25 minutes. As she blithely stepped out of the booth after the last call, the enraged gentleman confronted her, all set to give her a piece of his mind about lady gabbards who tie up the telephone wires with foolish prattle. The speech was never made. Instead, Carl found himself beginning a rather sheepish introduction, and the wedding bells rang shortly afterward.

Frankly sentimental, Barbara wears a charm bracelet bearing tiny golden mementoes of high spots in her life since her meeting with her husband.

Golden numbers on the bracelet mark the years of their marriage. Between them dangle a miniature telephone booth dated April 19, 1938, when they met; a tiny wedding band; a small gold dollar for their first substantial earnings; a preee auto to show what their first nest egg bought; a baby carriage engraved September 24, 1940, when Roberta was born; a miniature replica of the sign in front of their home, which they call "Sunup"; and finally a tiny golden book engraved, "A Love Story—Now and Forever, October 4, 1943," for the CBS show in which Barbara and Frank appeared together.

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LIST OF PHOTOS AVAILABLE

- | | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Milton Berle | 14. Cary Grant | 26. Gracie Allen & George Burns |
| 2. Hopalong Cassidy | 15. Robert Montgomery | 27. Jack Benny |
| 3. Roy Rogers & Dale Evans | 16. Robert Young | 28. Gene Autry |
| 4. Lana Turner | 17. Elizabeth Taylor | 29. Ezio Pinza |
| 5. Perry Como | 18. Phil Harris & Alice Faye | 30. Red Skelton |
| 6. Al Jolson | 19. Eddie Cantor | 31. Groucho Marx |
| 7. Bing Crosby | 20. Lanny Ross | 32. Alan Ladd |
| 8. Howard Duff | 21. Abbott & Costello | 33. Richard Widmark |
| 9. Betty Grable | 22. Sid Caesar | 34. Mickey Rooney |
| 10. Arthur Godfrey | 23. Vera Vague | 35. Dorothy Lamour |
| 11. Bob Hope | 24. Jimmy Durante | 36. Ray Milland |
| 12. Marie Wilson | 25. Fred Allen | 37. Paul Douglas |
| 13. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. | | 38. Linda Darnell |

Draw a circle
around the num-
bers you want.

1	14	27
2	15	28
3	16	29
4	17	30
5	18	31
6	19	32
7	20	33
8	21	34
9	22	35
10	23	36
11	24	37
12	25	38
13	26	

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I enclose \$ _____ for _____ special
pictures of my favorite stars and have circled the
numbers of the ones you are to send me by return
mail

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

this month's disc jockey



Meet Ed Hurst

"THE ED HURST SHOW," aired every Monday thru Saturday from 12:05 to 1 PM., and on WPEN, Philadelphia, since last May, is one of the nation's top disc programs. Thanks, of course, to Ed's gift of gab and taste in pop music. On weekdays, Hurst offers programs of current show tunes and the favorite melodies of yesteryear. Saturdays he trots out new releases and interviews the celebrities who make the records.

The other show on which Hurst appears is the "950 Club," a seven-day-a-week show running from 2:05 until 5:30 PM. This program, one of the most informal on the air, was started by Joe Grady in 1945. Hurst joined him on the program early in 1946, and the two have teamed up since then, with Grady on the serious side and Hurst making with the buffoonery. The two won top honors in a 1948 disc jockey poll conducted by *Radio Best* magazine.

It is hard to tell, even when Ed is on television, that he is only 23 years old. Even so, he's packed a lot of experience in his years. A native of Atlantic City, he started his radio career with WFPG in the resort, when he was 16 years old. Upon graduation from high school, he enlisted in the Navy. When his discharge came through, he returned to WFPG in Atlantic C. A few months after that, Edward C. Obrist, general manager of WPEN, heard Ed Hurst on the air and contacted him to come to WPEN. Ed started with WPEN at the bottom, which in his case meant doing a 5 AM symphonic broadcast.

letters to the editor

That Man Godfrey

To The Editor: I think the cover picture of your March issue featuring Arthur Godfrey was one of the best pictures of the red hot redhead I've ever seen. By the way, talk around town that our man Godfrey is getting a little too loose with his tongue is just so much rot. Arthur is just a regular guy who never donned a stuffed shirt and that's just the way we want him to stay.

MINNA BINGHAM
Durham, N. C.

Getting in Your Hair?

To The Editor: It's getting so that when I pick up an issue of *RADIO BEST* and fail to find your picture in it somewhere, I'm just plumb disappointed. My, but I envy you the way you get around with all the big stars. By the way, how old are you?

ELIZABETH GOLDEN
New York City

One Man's Opinion

To The Editor: Here's my own "Hooper" selections for the best in television family programs: 1. Milton Berle. 2. Arthur Godfrey. 3. Ed Sullivan. 4. Ed Wynn. 5. Mory Amsterdam. 6. The Goldbergs. 7. Kukla Fran & Ollie. 8. Robert Q. Lewis. 9. Mama, and the best of all is number 10. NBC Saturday Night Revue.

HAROLD RINGLING
Chicago, Ill.

Says-TV's a Curse

To The Editor: Since a television set came into my home it has upset the entire household. The effect it had on my three children is most distressing. Homework, eating and getting the children outdoors are just some of the problems I simply cannot solve. I wonder if other mothers with the same problem can tell me what they've been doing about this curse in the home.

MRS. CELI GLADSTONE
Jersey City, N.J.

Love That Man

To The Editor: I can't tell you how much I liked your presentation of the Silver Mike Award to Gene Autry in your April issue. Gene certainly does deserve it for his very wonderful program. Would you



please have a feature article on Gene and "Melody Ranch" very soon?

P. FLYNN
Norwood, Ohio

• I just would like to express my gratitude to you for the presentation of the Silver Mike Award to Gene Autry which appears in the April issue.

ELIZABETH MASON
Newport News, Va.



Pepper Young's Family

The Right to Happiness

To The Editor: We have a television set in our home, and I've tried very hard to accustom myself to "daytime" viewing. I can say I find it infinitely boring. In my opinion TV is merely a great booster to daytime radio listening. Three cheers for Young Widder Brown, Pepper Young's Family and all the other "soap operas" that bring the housewife so much daily enjoyment.

MRS. REBECCA GOODMAN
Bronx, New York

Talent Will Out

To The Editor: The happy holiday for Hoot Gibson who was resurrected for television, is over. Even tailor-made TV performers like Milton Berle, Arthur Godfrey, Jack Carter and others had better take a new account of themselves. Talent is finally invading our newest and finest entertainment medium. Hail to Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, et al. When they come into our living rooms, it becomes too crowded for amateurs. And I mean Robert Q. Lewis and all the others who have revealed themselves for what they are. Just fairly good disc jockeys.

JACK LAROSA
Newark, N.J.

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

BIRTH OF THE “Michael”

SINCE the time that RADIO & TELEVISION BEST Magazine was merely a gleam in the publisher's eye, we have worked toward the establishment of an Awards Project in the broadcasting field that would gain the stature and dignity of the world renowned Hollywood "Oscar." Our own Silver Mike Award, presented with each issue to a program or entertainer of unusual merit, was an attempt in the right direction but hardly adequate to the task of recognizing talent in a field to which so many diverse talents contribute. Moreover, the business of making awards in radio and television had reached maddening proportions with "award" organizations of all types entering the field for multitudinous reasons. While many of the awards were made with the best of intentions, their significance became quickly lost in the voluminous bids for recognition.

But the idea of accordinng deserved acclaim to the accomplishments of radio and television talent and programs is obviously a good one. Our plans to help establish a "One-Awards Project" culminated in the organization of the Academy of Radio & Television Best Arts and Sciences, which made its first annual "Michael" awards at a dinner at the world-famed Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York in March.

The overwhelming enthusiasm with which the project was greeted by the industry, press and the nation's fans has made the birth of the "Michael" a symbol of achievement in American broadcasting which we are sure will stimulate the creators and purveyors of radio and television entertainment and education to ever greater efforts.

The birth of the "Michael" we feel, is the solution to the problem of "awardnitis." With the successful establishment of the Academy of Radio & Television Best Arts and Sciences, broadcasting now has achieved its goal for "one" major annual award.

Thus, with this issue, RADIO BEST withdraws its Silver Mike Award and hopes it will get swallowed up in the crowd.

Hail to "Michael"!

THE EDITORS



See following pages for pictorial story of "Michael" debut ▶



Pictorial highlights in the debut of the "Michael"

Last March 21st, the Academy of Radio & Television Best Arts and Sciences launched its first annual Awards Dinner in the Grand Ballroom of the world famous Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York. The event gave birth to the "Michael," broadcasting's brother to the famed Hollywood "Oscar."

On the following pages RADIO BEST presents a group of candid pictures of some of the stars and other dignitaries who shared in the glory of the most exciting and significant event ever staged in broadcasting's distinguished history.



Standing in for Dinah Shore who copped the "Michael" as top female vocalist of the year, perennial favorite Frank Sinatra accepts the symbol of achievement from chairman Ed Sullivan.



Frank M. Folsom (above) RCA president, addressing brilliant gathering at first radio & TV academy function

Jerry Mahoney (left) speaks through voice of his master Paul Winchell as he accepts special awards for Lawrence Tibbet and Sid Caesar as Ed Bobley approvingly looks on.

Broadcasting's first Academy honors stars and programs



Dr. Allen DuMont looks on as Mrs. Bugs Bear offers best wishes to Ralph Bellamy who won "Michael" for "best TV actor of the year." Bellamy holds special symbol of achievement.



A dramatic moment during the awards ceremonies as Ed Bobley (left) hands "Michael" to CBS vice president Hubbell Robinson for "You Are There" program.



Posing for the newsreel cameramen, Ed Sullivan repeats awards speech to John Cameron Swayze winner of "Best TV News Program" award. White "Michael" is replica to be adopted next year by Radio and TV Academy.



Mel Allen, named the "Best Sportscaster of the Year," smiles for the newsreels with Mrs. Wendell Willkie after Mel charmed the huge Waldorf-Astoria audience with thrilling awards speech during special "Michael" awards ceremonies.

"Michael" winners cornered by cameramen: left to right are, Milton Berle, named "Best TV Comedian," Ed Sullivan, for "Best TV Variety Show," Fran Warren for special vocalist award, Everett Sloane, for "Best Radio Actor," and Mel Allen, "Best Sportscaster."



J. K. Hough (left) representing the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company receives a "Michael" from Ed Sullivan for "The Greatest Story Ever Told," voted best religious program.



Robert Merrill (left) who gave enthralling rendition of National Anthem, makes award to Telephone Hour vice president Will Whitmore, for "Best Musical Program of Year."



With brother Bing on the Coast, Everett Crosby graciously accepts "Michael" award for the old groaner who was voted "Best Male Vocalist of the Year."

Fun and frolic—mixed with pathos and joy—broadcasting's first Academy awards dinner marked history in the making.



Beauty and talent were the natural order of things as stars danced and frolicked in the famous Waldorf ballroom. Here beautiful Jinx Falkenburg and hubby Tex McCrary say hello to Sid Caesar and gorgeous wife.

MICRO fun

For people who argue at breakfast, Bill Cullen has perfected a helicopter table knife that flies right off the handle.—ABC, "Give and Take"

* * *

Andy: Kingfish, I see you had de proceeds of dat annuity policy changed into singles. Boy, it sho' pile up nice dere!

Kingfish: Yeah, dey say money is de roots of evil, but it certainly grows into nice lookin' shrubbery.

—CBS, "Amos 'n' Andy"

* * *

Jim: A man works hard for his wife and family—tries to give them all the advantages he can manage—and what thanks does he get? They don't even remember his birthday.

Bud: Holy cow, Dad. You said birthdays don't mean anything.

Jim: When did I say that?

Bud: When you forgot Mom's.

—NBC, "Father Knows Best"

* * *

A distraught Milwaukee father complained to the MBS "Juvenile Jury" panel that his young son picked up cigar and cigarette butts from the street and asked how he could break him of the habit. "He shouldn't do that because it's not sanitary," said nine-year-old Dickie Orlan. "You shouldn't pick up anything from the streets—except money."

* * *

Miss Spaulding: Without our armed forces whom could we call on to protect us from the enemy?

Schultz: There's always John Wayne.—CBS, "Life With Luigi"

* * *

Groucho Marx: Isn't calling square dances a rather odd occupation for a woman?

Contestant: I think women can do anything men can do.

Marx: I'd like to see you get in the steam room at the Elks' Club.

—CBS, "You Bet Your Life"

* * *

Snooks: (at the zoo) Is that the stork that brung me?

Daddy: Yes, yes. It's the stork that brought you.

Snooks: Then why is he behind bars?

Daddy: Because he's paying for his crime!

—NBC "The Baby Snooks Show"

* * *

Bergen: That's a shameful attitude. Don't you ever listen to your conscience?

Charlie: No, I get very bad reception.

—CBS "Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy Show"

seat at the dial



by Saul Carson

HERE we are, another season stashed in the mothballs, and what does the record show? Radio in a rut, television throwing tantrums about an assortment of ills—most of them of the growing-pains variety. For days and nights—weeks, months—you sit at the dials, twist them, plead with them and cajole: "Please bring me something new, fresh, vigorous, at least imaginative." You switch from TV to radio, you turn the knob from AM to FM, go back again to the picture side of the set, look over your log, add up the score.

You started the season by culling something like seventeen or eighteen radio and TV programs worth talking about at all. You end the season with no more than a half-dozen—and of this handful, several really are part of one large package handed to a couple of networks and a lot of stations all tied with ribbons, requiring no network ingenuity, little network know-how except sense enough to recognize a good thing given to them free. This package comes to the listeners—via NBC and Mutual once a month, over CBS once a week, over 400 to 500 individual stations on a five-a-week or weekly schedule—straight from Lake Success, New York. There, believe it or not, the United Nations has met with phenomenal success. No, not what you think. There are still unscheduled walks, and there are plenty of catfights. But there is also excellent radio coming from the UN for the benefit and pleasure of the American radio listener. Occasionally, the TV viewer gets some of it too. I'll tell you more about this UN series below. Let's get on with the commercial end of the operations, in television.

LOOK

NBC—Saturday 8 to 10:30 p.m.



Saturday Night Revue

The biggest thing that has happened in TV in its entire history—well, at least since Toscanini appeared before the cameras, with Milton Berle on the maestro's heels—is NBC's "Saturday Night Revue." Any way you look at it—except one—it's stupendous. The time it holds on the air: Two and a half solid hours, from 8 to 10:30. The amount of money it costs: \$50,000 a week, not counting the pay of vice-presidents who, presumably, are written off as deductible philanthropies. Cast? Stars? (Continued on page 70)



Delilah feeds a happily befuddled Samson; comics Imogene Coca and Sid Caesar in "Saturday Night Revue."



Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt makes progress on a sweater while waiting to begin her Sunday afternoon program.



Robert Montgomery and Susan Douglas in his production of "Ride the Pink Horse" on "Lucky Strike Theatre."

William Bendix hangs on to the "Oscar," the metal stand provided for nervous movie actors by "Lux Theatre," as Ann Blyth and Robert Cummings cut up at a rehearsal.



We don't know why Jimmy Stewart has been avoiding his barber.



Hollywood *off the air*

DENNIS Day, the little man with two shows, has been so busy he hasn't had a real vacation in three years. But this summer the popular Irish tenor is going to visit the Pacific islands he saw during the war as an ensign in the Navy. While Dennis is seeing the Pacific all over again, his wife Peggy, and their two youngsters will vacation in Honolulu.

"I'd like the family to go all the way with me," he told this reporter, "but the kids are too young. Patrick is but 16 months and Dennis is only four months old."

* * *

Advance reports indicate Art Linkletter,

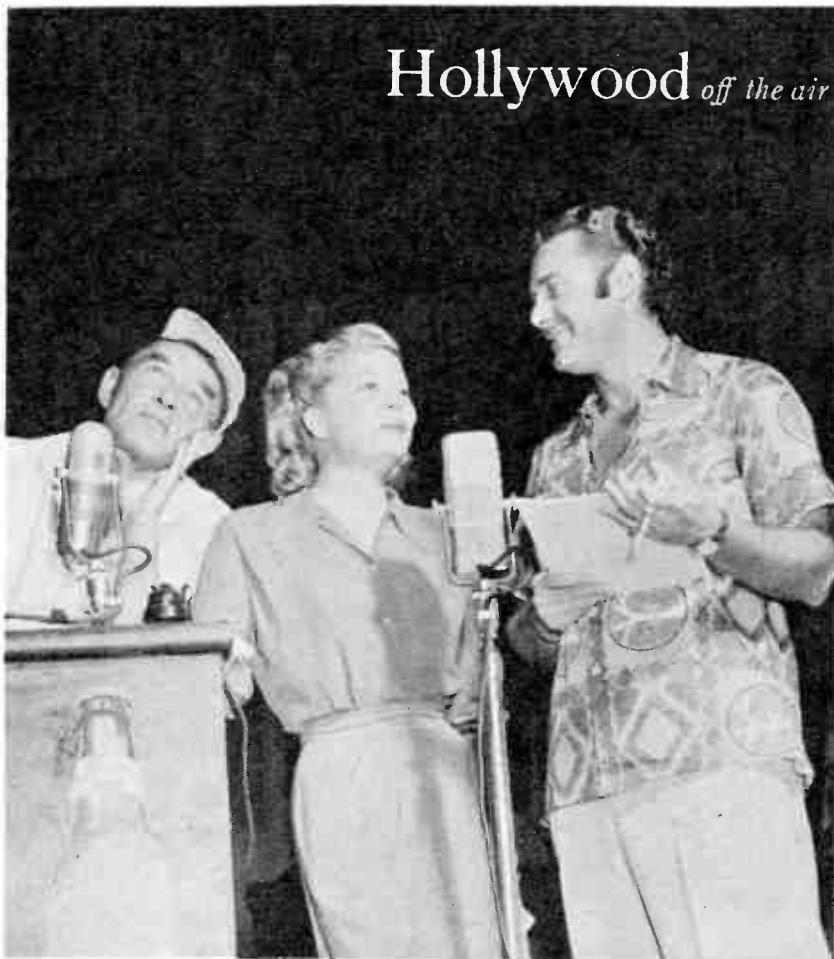
star and host of "House Party" has scored in his role of "Happy Hogan" in the motion picture, "Champagne for Caesar," starring Ronald Colman.

* * *

Betty Grable had a bit of explaining to do to her daughters, Vicki, six, and Jessica, three. Seems the youngsters, who are accustomed to seeing their dad, Harry James, leave for his orchestra engagements early in the evening were surprised one morning when they awoke and learned he wasn't home.

"He's gone to work," Betty explained. The children couldn't understand that

Hollywood off the air



Ed (Archie) Gardner succumbs to boredom as guest stars Frances Langford and her husband Jon Hall exchange persiflage visiting "Duffy's Tavern."

until Betty added he had an early call at 20th Century-Fox for one of the top roles in "I'll Get By," a musical in which he plays himself. The girls know of course that Betty is a famous movie star but they never had been told that Harry played in films too. Fact is that when Harry made his last picture, in 1946, Vicki was only two and Jessica was not expected until a year later.

* * *

Incidentally, Hollywood's tightest fitting costume will be worn by curvaceous Betty Grable in her new film, "My Blue Heaven." The star will don a sequined bra and panties which will be sewed on her by wardrobe attendant Grace Wilson. Later she will have to be unstitched.

* * *

Everett Crosby, who flew East last March to represent brother Bing at the first annual awards dinner of the Academy of Radio & Television Best Arts and Sciences, came home with the "Michael" for the groaner who was named "best male vocalist of the year." Runners up for the coveted award were Frank Sinatra and Perry Como.

* * *

Sinatra, by the way, attended the star-studded dinner as a stand-in for Dinah Shore who easily copped the Michael award for "best female vocalist of the year." In this category the big sur-

(Continued on page 58)



"Reduce to ten and knock"; Paul Douglas gives Linda Darnell some gin rummy pointers.



Betty Hutton and daughter Lindsay Diane exercise their vocal cords during a rehearsal.



Red Skelton is prepared to meet the real rough kids.



Above, she can't imagine where she filed it; Marie Wilson and Alan Reed in a typical "My Friend Irma" scene.

Right, Perry Como may be second to Bing Crosby in many popularity polls—but he tops the Old Groaner in the sports clothes field. Like his singing style, Perry prefers his clothes free and easy.

Below, Gordon MacRae, star of NBC's "The Railroad Hour," and movie actress Jane Powell, who guested on the show, make a romantic duo at rehearsal.



First words ever spoken on "Amos 'n' Andy" radio show were, "Henry, did you evah see a mule as slow as dis one?"

"Inner Sanctum" mystery series began its air career as "The Squeaking Door," taking its name from its now-famous trademark.

Alfred Shirley, Inspector Hearthstone of CBS' "Mystery Theatre" is a skilled portrait painter and cabinet maker.

Ron and Ruth Rawson, only husband-and-wife team doing radio commercials, were once a pupil-and-teacher team. Ruth was Ron's dramatic instructor during his post-grad schooling at the U. of S. Dakota.

Robert Young, star of "Father Knows Best," began his very successful acting career with the Pasadena Community Playhouse.

Edward Everett Horton, newest Hollywood addition to TV, attended Brooklyn Polytechnic College and Columbia University in the hopes of becoming a member of the teaching profession.

Jean Hersholt is an ardent collector of Currier & Ives prints.

"Lux Radio Theatre," one of radio's most elaborately produced programs, made its first broadcast from a bare studio in New York.

Horace Heidt's wife, Adaline, former New York school teacher, gives lessons to youngsters traveling with the "Horace Heidt Show."

Ralph Edwards, MC of "Truth or Consequences" was born on Friday the 13th of June, 1913.

Groucho Marx, as a boy soprano, made his first appearance on the stage for Gus Edwards in the musical act, "The Messenger Boys," in 1906.

James Hilton, narrator-host of "Hallmark Playhouse," once conducted mountain climbing tours in Switzerland.



Dinah's natural charm shines through the glamour when she gets all dressed up for a swanky night club engagement.

Dinah Shore has designed her marriage
for a lifetime of service;
yet it took her all of—

3 Seconds to Say "Yes"

by Judith Cortada



The more you talk to Dinah Shore and George Montgomery the more you get to thinking that they could be any nice young couple living across the street in your own home town, instead of a pair of successful entertainers with an upper-bracket income.

When Dinah, during her recent visit to New York, donned a low-necked gown and stepped into the spotlight at the Waldorf-Astoria's Wedgewood Room, she was a glamorous creature from that other world that show business creates around the entertainer. But during the day, dressed in a blouse and skirt, joking with her husband and playing with her two-year-old daughter, Melissa Ann, she was just another nice girl who was very happy and proud to be a wife and mother.

"My child is growing up," she said somewhat sadly. "Missie used to call the clock a 'tick tock'—but now it's a 'gock'."

Like any other good husband whose wife is otherwise occupied and who is not too respectful, anyway, of the feminine ability to organize things properly, the cowboy actor supervised the preparations for the family's departure from New York. Carefully tying up a box with heavy cord in innumerable neat knots, one behind the other down the center of the box, George muttered, "If you want it done right, you shouldn't leave it to women to do." Similar expressions of masculine egotism can be heard in any American household.

Dinah and George met in 1942 when they were both working at the Hollywood Canteen. They "went steady" for about six months before George, by then in the Army, was shipped to Alaska. Dinah received many letters but

none of them was the kind that a girl would keep under her pillow or wear next to her heart. Months later, on his return from Alaska, George asked her if she had received "the letter."

"I don't know which one you mean," Dinah said.

George thought a minute. "The one that said it depended on what went on while I was away as to what goes on when I came back."



Dinah Shore

3 Seconds to Say "YES"



Dinah loves to sing but she doesn't allow her career to interfere with the job of being wife to George Montgomery and mother to Melissa Ann; both husband and daughter know that Dinah is "there" when they need her.

Dinah was beginning to get an idea of what had happened but she didn't mind making him suffer a bit. "I don't know what you mean," she said innocently. "I certainly behaved myself."

George took a deep breath and nearly shouted, "I said if you hadn't fallen for anybody else would you like to get married." It took Dinah all of three seconds to say "yes."

"I needed a carpenter around the house," she says now.

"And you looked awfully good after all those Eskimos," George returns.

The "proposin'" letter," as Dinah calls it, arrived two weeks later. They were married in 1943, and Melissa Ann was born in 1947, the Army bearing the responsibility for the delay. They hope to have four more like her.

But the inquiring reporter who asks Dinah and George for the secret of their obviously successful marriage has as much chance of getting an answer as the youngster who asks his mother why water is wet. Talk of a "formula" is "downright ridiculous." They love each other very much, they're both young and successful in their careers and little Melissa Ann is the sweetest child ever saw the light of day. Why shouldn't they be happy?

Many a Hollywood couple who have since found their way to Reno have said as much. But as Dinah and George, supposedly having dropped the subject, keep on talking, they unwittingly reveal the "secret" and the most sceptical reporter leaves them with the certain feeling that this is one "happy marriage story" that won't be published at the same time that the newspapers carry an item about another Hollywood divorce.

"I'm so happy to be in radio because it's such a considerate medium for a wife and mother," Dinah will say. "I rehearse in the afternoons from one to five and Missie wakes up from her nap at four, so I only miss one hour. And when George comes home from the movie lot at seven, I'm there. That's the most important thing—that I'm there."

George, according to Dinah, is a most considerate husband—protective and genuinely unselfish. Even when one of Dinah's night club engagements

takes the whole family away from home and disrupts the orderly schedule of their lives, George acts as if there's nothing he likes better than to live in a hotel, go to bed at two or three o'clock in the morning and get up at ten or twelve.

"When we're home," Dinah offered by way of comparison, "our favorite trick is to have dinner and then start the evening with a shower for George and a bath for me. Then we get into bed and I paint—oil painting, you know, and I use a big box as a palette—and George reads until ten.

"Oh, George would shoot me if I got paint over the bed," she adds with a laugh implying that his aim is not very good. "I cover it with pieces of canvas."

When Dinah speaks of George's aversion for paint on the bed sheets, it reminds her of one of the few ways in which they differ. It's not extremely important, just enough to make life interesting. George, it seems, is very neat and consequently keeps his bureau drawers and closets in apple-pie order while Dinah could use a blood hound when she wants to find something.

"Once he stumbled over a pair of my shoes," she recalls, "and he swore he almost broke his neck. Sure, they were in the middle of the room but—well, I took them off there, didn't I!"

Perhaps the most revealing thing about the young Montgomerys, so far as the success of their marriage is concerned, is their attitude toward their careers. Dinah describes herself as "a career woman who is a mother," who brings up her own child and insists that her career should not interfere with the job of being a wife and mother. Incidentally, her blouses are initialed "D.S.M." not "D.S." as might be expected of any entertainer of comparable fame.

"We both love show business and a career is the most wonderful thing that could happen to us," says George. "But we know it doesn't last a lifetime and we're not worried about it. We both can live simply—and I'll make a darned good farmer anytime."

George, who appeared in four movies last year and three the year before, need not restrict himself to farming if and when his career as a cowboy actor should fade out. He owns a furniture factory and he and Dinah live in the house that he built with the help of two men from his factory. The factory, a sizable enterprise now, got its start from the two little benches that he and Dinah wanted for their cabin in Montana. Unable to find what he wanted, he made them (Continued on page 63)



Mary Livingston, George and Dinah, and Jack Benny line up for chow at a barbecue and square dance given on the lawn of the Montgomerys' home.



Dinah with a group of school children after a broadcast.

Dinah poses in the living room of "the house that George built" in Encino, California, with the help of two men from his furniture factory.



ANY man with a wife and four daughters is open to the charge that his life is one long submission to feminine dictates, that his authority is as limited as the King of England's, and that the only thing he can call his own is his soul.

Like any other red-blooded American male, Robert Young would hesitate to plead guilty. After all, he is consulted on all vital issues and when discipline must be exercised, he is obeyed. But he does confess to a

suspicion that he is not completely the master of his fate.

"It's hard to be specific because they never come right out and give orders," he says. "They're too smart for that. But sometimes I plan to do a thing one way and, almost without realizing it, I find I'm doing it their way."

As for Mrs. Young's denial of any feminine coordination of effort in their home, Bob just smiles. "They do things in such a subtle way that I don't think they're

"Father Knows Best," sponsored by Maxwell House coffee, is heard on NBC, Thursday, 8:30 p.m., EST

The happiest man that never had a son; Bob Young with his wife and four daughters, Carol Anne (on the left), Kathy, Betty Lou, Mrs. Betty Young, Barbara.



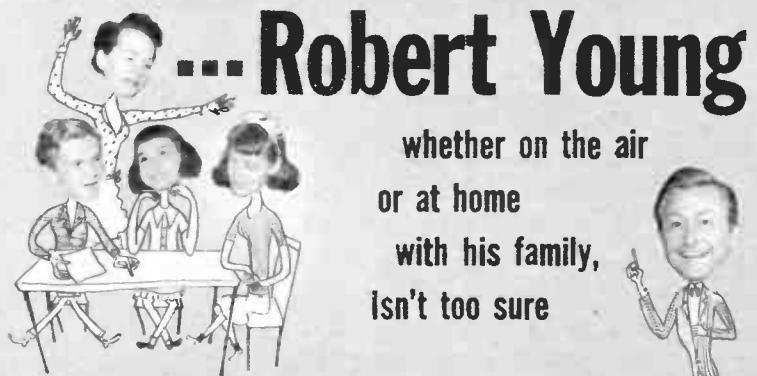
even conscious of it themselves."

Despite his feeling that his wife and four daughters sometimes gang up on the lone male member of the household, Bob wouldn't have it any other way. If "Father Knows Best" only when he takes to the microphone for his radio program—and even then he often flounders in bewilderment—father sees no reason to bewail his fate. Although he would have liked to have a boy in the family, he was "never a great athlete" and



Is it true that-

FATHER KNOWS BEST?



...Robert Young

whether on the air
or at home
with his family,
Isn't too sure

by Helen McNamara

FATHER KNOWS BEST?



does not feel the lack so much as the man who looks forward to hunting and sailing with a son.

Bob Young began to "go steady" with Betty Henderson when she was 13 and he was 16; they were classmates in a Los Angeles high school. A year later they co-starred in the high school dramatic club's presentation of "Robin Hood" and they have been "playing opposite" each other ever since. Mrs. Young worked her way through the University of Southern California by singing and appeared in four musical comedies before she married Bob in 1933.

The Youngs' four daughters are Carol Anne, 16, who attends a private high school, the Bishop School For Girls; Barbara, 12, in the seventh grade, and Betty Lou, six, the first grade, of an elementary school in Beverly Hills; and Kathy, four, in a private school.

When Barbara accused her father of selecting "Father Knows Best" as a radio vehicle because the acting

Left, Bob seldom gets into the kitchen in his own home but as Jim Anderson of the radio show he sometimes helps Margaret (June Whitley) with the cooking.

Rhoda Williams, Ted Donaldson and Norma Jean Nilsson who play Betty, Bud and Kathy Anderson, the Juvenile cares of the radio father who "knows best."



Carol Anne, Betty Lou, Barbara and Kathy may be just kidding the old man along when they look at him that way after he wins at backgammon, but it's nice to be adored by four women.



Only on the screen is Bob still the dashing, young bachelor who can have his choice of blondes and brunettes; with Janis Carter and Barbara Hale in Columbia's "And Baby Makes Three."

would require little effort on his part, and household happenings could be used in the script, she wasn't far wrong. The fact that Father Young is a top-ranking motion picture actor, a handsome fellow who makes a charming lover on the screen and has millions of feminine admirers—all this does not prevent him from being a real father, in every sense of the word, to his children and taking as active an interest in their lives as the character he portrays on the air.

Barbara may have been thinking of an incident that actually was dramatized on "Father Knows Best." Her father and mother were in New York and received word from Carol that she was to play a part in a school play. Realizing how very important it was that he be there with the other parents, Bob turned down the chance to make several radio appearances—worth a small pot of gold—and he and Betty drove the 3,000 miles back across the country to California in record time.

The play was "The Highwayman" and the two fond parents watched with bated breath for their daughter's appearance. (Continued on page 67)



"MARTIN KANE, PRIVATE EYE"

On the hunt for a missing
"Radio Best" reporter, the famous
shamus finds a murderer

1. Above, Radio Best reporter Judith Cortada, assigned to interview radio star Monte Reding, goes with him to his penthouse. A gun is fired from behind a drape as she enters; she screams and faints.

2. Right, Martin Kane is summoned by Ed Bobley, Radio Best editor, and retained to find the missing reporter. She has been gone several days; the only clue is the story assignment on Monte Reding.



The program, sponsored by U. S. Tobacco Company, is heard on MBS, Sunday, at 4:30 p.m., EST, and on NBC-TV, Thursday, at 10 p.m., EST. MBS photos by Nemeth.

THIS picture story is based on a broadcast of "Martin Kane, Private Eye" which was specially written for RADIO & TELEVISION BEST. The characters in the story were portrayed as follows:

Martin Kane.....William Gargan
Ed Bobley, editor.....Himself
Judith Cortada, reporter....Joen Arliss

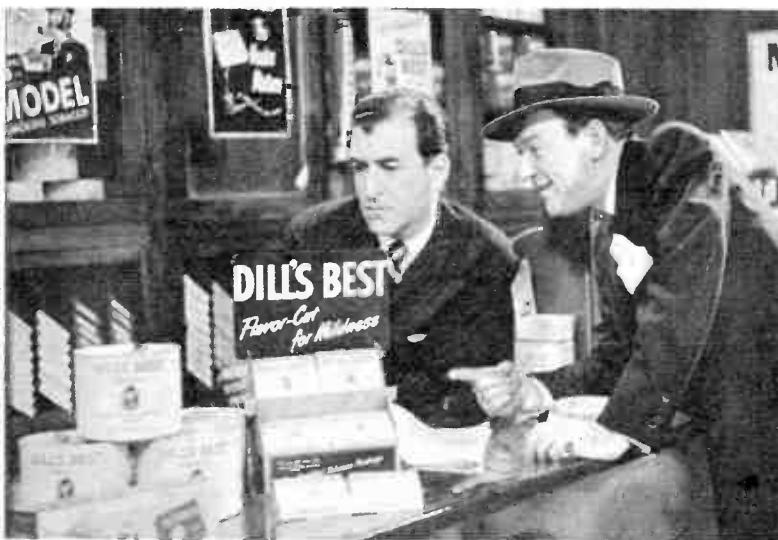
Monte Reding.....Frank Albertson
Mrs. Barnaby.....Katherine Anderson
ArthurGrant Richards



3. At the Reding penthouse, Kane talks with a Mrs. Barnaby, an attractive woman who is the housekeeper. She denies that the reporter ever reached the Reding home. When Kane asks for the actor, she says that he has left on a short vacation.



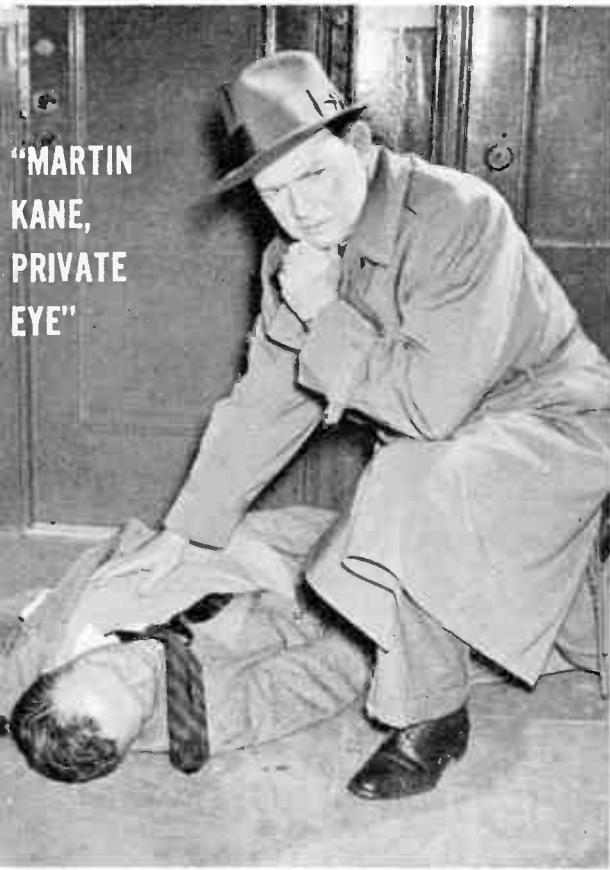
4. Kane learns by chance that Reding was involved in a romance. His next step is to visit the girl's apartment where he is slugged by an unknown assailant. When he comes to, the girl's coat is missing; he notices the picture signed "Art."



5. Talking with Happy McManus at his tobacco shop, Kane hears that Reding had been married long ago; also that his life had been threatened. He could have been murdered. (6.) The missing girl staggers into Kane's office where he is getting his gun. She has been drugged and is wearing the coat stolen from her rooms. Kane goes to see "Art," breaks in and finds the coat worn by the girl when she disappeared; it is blood-stained.



"MARTIN
KANE,
PRIVATE
EYE"



7. Sure that Reding has been slain, Kane questions the elevator man in Reding's hotel who knows nothing. But Kane sees Art and the housekeeper enter the penthouse. He slips inside and after a search, finds Reding's body.



8. The reporter is confused; she remembers the shot and waking up in a strange apartment. When Kane takes her to Art's room, she identifies it as the one in which she recovered. The detective has found a gun in a hamper when Art enters, unexpectedly, and the two men fight while the reporter cowers in fright. Kane finally subdues the younger man.



9. Art admits he spirited the reporter, his fiancee, out of Reding's home but denies murder. Learning that Kane has discovered the body, he is about to confess when Mrs. Barnaby appears, gun in hand. Kane nabs her and they tell the story.



10. Reding and the housekeeper were married but she posed as a servant; he said marriage was bad for his career. He had asked for a divorce. She mistook the reporter for the "other woman," shot him, and Art, a relative, took the reporter away.

The "Bob Poole Show" and "Poole's Paradise" are broadcast daily on MBS.



Hobbies of the Stars

he likes
it **RICH**
and **SPICY**

UNTIL Bob Poole went to New Orleans, he always thought of food as something to be consumed for the sole purpose of maintaining life in the human body. Bob, who is heard on Mutual in two daily programs of music and amusing chatter, was brought up in Stoneville, a North Carolina town with a "population of 1833 and one stop light" which is rapidly becoming famous through Bob's constant plugging.

In Stoneville, as in many other parts of the South, the people are hearty eaters. On a recent visit to his home town, Bob went to his sister's home for dinner and ate a meal consisting of three kinds of meat, five

vegetables, several salads and three desserts.

"Frances, do you always cook this way?" he asked his sister.

"Why, sure," she said. "This is just average."

The food, however, is simple. The meats are cooked without benefit of sauces or condiments, and the vegetables are usually boiled. One of the staple foods is hoe cake which is not really a cake, but a kind of bread for which the Indians used cornmeal; they cooked it on a kind of hoe over an open fire. The hoe cake that Bob ate as a boy is made of flour, water and salt, a mixture which sustains life (Continued on page 57)

Bob Poole with his friend, Robert Taylor—both expert corn poppers—and with his mother, Mrs. Myrtle Poole.



World Radio History



My Daughter Was



by Ma Perkins

The famous heroine of a daytime serial
sits down at the tea table
and chats with her listeners about
an absorbing experience in her life.

LAND, it's kind of difficult, when you look back over a lifetime lived with so many folks to try and pick out the one thing that might be most interesting to other folks—like you, for example. Of course everything was important, at least to me when it happened. But being a mother, I'm apt to think of my children and probably because she lives with me now, I'm liable to think most often of Fay.

Fay is 26, my youngest daughter, you know. When her husband died suddenly a few years ago, she came



back here to Rushville Center with her little daughter, Paulette. The terrible shock of her husband's death sort of wore off, she picked up with her old friends and Paulette began to go to school. It seemed to me she was getting used to our small-town life again.

But I knew she was lonely and after all, it was kind of ordinary after the gay society life she'd lived in Washington. I think I was as pleased as she was when some one new and exciting came to town. Dr. Andrew White had been chosen by Dr. Stevens, our old family doctor, to help him and take over his practice some day. Dr. White and Fay got to know each other one night when she called him because the baby had a cold and I saw right away that Fay was real interested in him.

I couldn't blame her. He was about thirty, very handsome and supposed to be a brilliant scientist.

in Trouble

In church on a Sunday morning;
Shuttle Shober, Eve, Tit, Willy
Fay Henderson and Ma Perkins.



Fay's husband had been dead now about six years and, like any young woman, she wanted to be admired by a man. As she began to go out with Dr. White, she seemed to take a new interest in life—clothes and so on—and became much more bright and cheerful.

Though I was glad to see the change in Fay, I can't say that I went overboard about Dr. White. Anyone could see he was a good doctor and devoted to his duty but—well, I watched him take care of Paulette and it looked to me like there was something cold about him. He wanted to cure the sickness, all right, but not so much because he loved the people. It was more because he wanted to get the best of the sickness.

To make it worse, to my way of thinking, he began to go out with Gladys Pendleton, the daughter of our

local banker. And while he still had dates with Fay, he made it pretty clear that he didn't want to be tied up with either one of them. He was very independent, breaking dates when and how he pleased and sort of playing one girl against the other.

At the same time, it was hard to form an opinion of Dr. White. I know there is "good in the worst of us" and "bad in the best of us," but we can usually be pretty sure how we feel about people and why—except Dr. White. Outside of his work he was very distant with people, and I couldn't make up my mind whether he was shy and afraid or whether he disliked them. Yet I remember the time the Hawkins boys were sick and I could see how real pleased he was that they were getting better. I was thinking maybe I'd been wrong about him. It was around that time he called Fay to say he (Continued on page 55)



Ruth saw that Anton had no desire to live after his career was ruined and Valerie was lost to him. What might give him hope for the future again?

AS Valerie Bannister and Ruth Wayne made their way backstage after the performance by the ballet troupe, Valerie felt a pleasurable excitement rising within her at the thought of seeing Anton Karovin again. It was many years since she had been a dancer and she and Anton had been members of the same troupe, but he was not the kind of personality to be easily forgotten.

He had often expressed his love for her and she sometimes thought that she might have been happier if—. She checked her thoughts and glanced at Ruth.

"I hope you don't mind this, Ruth."

Ruth, her best friend, smiled understandingly. "Of course not, Valerie. Wasn't that your chief reason for coming here—to see your old friend?"

Valerie nodded, scarcely hearing Ruth's words, as they stepped into a narrow, dimly-lit corridor, heavy with the odor of grease paint. Voices bubbled out from behind the doors, each one marked with a single, small bulb. A girl in a brief ballet costume brushed past them, the sequins on her skirt brightening the dimness of the hallway for an instant. For Valerie, the backstage world held all its familiar enchantment.

"Here we are," she said, as they came to a door on which the name, Anton Karovin, had

"Big Sister," sponsored by Proctor & Gamble, is heard on

Gone To Val

A "Big Sister"
Novelette
by Audrey Ashton

been scrawled in chalk. She knocked.

"Entrez, alors," a man's voice called.

Valerie opened the door. "Hello, Anton," she said.

At the sound of her voice, the slim, dark-haired man who was seated at a dressing table rose from his chair, turned and with a single whirling motion, leaped across the room. "Valerie!" he cried. "It's not you! It can't be you!"

Ruth could see the amazement and joy in his eyes as he flung his arms around Valerie and embraced her. "Daragaya! Golubchik! Que je suis heureux de vous voir!"

Valerie laughed, the color rising in her cheeks. "It's

Anton portrays "Jolting Joe on the tail of a fly" as Valerie and Ruth burst into laughter.



CBS. Monday through Friday at 1 p.m., EST.



Grace Matthews
as Ruth Wayne



Ian Martin
as Reed Bannister



Anne Burr
as Valerie Bannister

Dreams May Come True

wonderful to see you too, Anton. May I present a very good friend? Anton Karovin—Mrs. Wayne."

Anton bowed gracefully and, scarcely taking his eyes off Valerie, said, "Enchante, Madame. You will forgive me my enthusiasm? But it is so long since I have seen our Valerie. And I forget my manners. Let me clear this rubbish away and find a place for you to sit down." He brushed the costumes on the shabby couch to the floor. "Please sit down, ladies. You were out front?"

"Yes," Valerie replied, "and we enjoyed it immensely. You are really wonderful, Anton."

"I thought you were excellent, too, although I don't know so much about it as Valerie," Ruth said.

Anton straddled the chair and leaned on the back of it; his sensitive mouth curved in a disparaging smile as he shook his head. "You are very kind, dear ladies," he said, the slight accent more noticeable when he spoke so slowly. "It is nice to hear, but one does not fool oneself too much. If I was never too good, how good can I be now, at forty-three?"

"Nonsense, Anton." Valerie grasped his hand. "Ruth, this man is the company. He has kept it together and there isn't a person in it who doesn't love him."

Anton laughed, sarcastically, and shrugged his shoulders. "Of course they love me. Because they are lonely and I am too, and I listen to them when they wish to pour out their hearts—this makes me a great man." He paused for a moment, his eyes on the dressing table, cluttered with bottles and jars of makeup. "But enough about Anton. What has been happening to you, Valerie?"

The light that had been glowing in Valerie's eyes since Anton embraced her suddenly died out. "I'm married, Anton, to a doctor, Reed Bannister. We live in Glen Falls and Ruth and her husband live there too."

Anton leaned towards her over the chair and Valerie shrank back, as if afraid to have him look at her too closely. "But—you are not happy."

Valerie's laugh was artificial. "That's ridiculous. I'm very happy. I—"

Anton interrupted her abruptly. "Ridiculous, but true." He turned to Ruth "I know, Mrs. Wayne, because

I was once terribly in love with this girl. But—let me take a moment to finish dressing and then well go out and talk."

Valerie looked troubled. "I—I'm afraid not, Anton. It's getting late, almost eleven, and we have to be getting back to Glen Falls."

"And now eleven o'clock is late. Yes, you have changed, Daragaya. How you have changed!"

As the door closed behind them, Ruth was wondering if she—or Valerie, for that matter—would ever see Anton Karovin again. She could more easily picture him chatting with fellow artists in a sidewalk cafe on a Parisian street, than in the living room of a house in Glen Falls. He might think the people of any big city more appreciative of his charm and wit than those of a small town.

It did not seem too strange, however, to find herself talking with him in the kitchen of her home in Glen Falls several weeks later. After leaving town to continue his tour, Anton had returned a week later with a badly sprained ankle. Unable to dance for at least three weeks, he had gratefully accepted Ruth's invitation to stay at her home.

Only the day before, Anton had accompanied Reed Bannister on a visit to the Health Centre, now in the process of construction. Reed was to be the director, and John Wayne, Ruth's husband, the assistant director.

"Excellent, really excellent." Anton stirred his coffee and sniffed appreciatively. "Of all the things I love here in this so wonderful country of yours, this is one of the things I love best—your coffee."

Ruth smiled and lifted the coffee pot from the stove. "Well, we drink a lot of it. Will you have some more?"

"With great pleasure. It is so—" He paused abruptly and with an almost savage gesture, lighted the match for a cigarette. He glanced at Ruth, standing at the stove, the coffee pot still in her hand. "Forgive me, Ruth. But I think you understand. Here I sit making talk about coffee when all the time my mind is on Valerie and her husband."

"You're worried about her, aren't you?"

Anton dragged deeply on the cigarette. "Yes, even more so since I talked with him yesterday. Tell me,

his parents were quite wealthy, no?"

Although Ruth had been impressed with Anton's honesty about himself and his prospects as a dancer, she was even more profoundly struck by his almost intuitive understanding of other people—first, Valerie, and now, Reed. "Yes," she said, nodding, "but how did you know?"

"He is a type I have met often before. He has loving, wealthy parents, and he grows up handsome and talented. He has everything that one should need for a fine and useful life, but he is the last one to be able to accept happiness. He is one of those people who wants what he cannot have, and is not interested in what he gets after he gets it."

Ruth repressed a strong desire to tell Anton the whole story—that Reed had once wanted to marry her and that Valerie, and sometimes Ruth herself, suspected he was still in love with her. Was Anton right—did Reed merely want what he could not have?

"That's very perceptive of you, Anton," she said.

Anton furiously dabbed out his cigarette. "As a dancer, would I not have a feeling for the tragic? Tell me why, Ruth—why did Valerie, who had such warmth as a woman, such fire as a dancer, such intelligence and such sweetness—why did this lovely girl have to pick the one man in the world who isn't interested? Why—"

He choked on his words and Ruth, knowing she could say nothing to alleviate his pain, remained silent. Recovering himself, Anton continued, "I told him yesterday that I am in love with Valerie." He shrugged his shoulders. "And he could say nothing. Maybe even he is glad because he thinks it would solve his problems if she went away with me."

As if a sudden thought had struck him, he arose from the table. "But now I must go and see her. You have been very kind to listen to me for so long, Ruth."

Despite his limp, Anton was gone from the kitchen before Ruth could answer him. Pausing only to pluck a rose from the bush in Ruth's garden, he went swiftly to Valerie's home. His hands trembling slightly, Anton rang the bell and his heart began to pound as he heard the approaching footsteps. When Valerie opened the door, he pretended not to notice the dull, listless expression on her face.

"Daragaya!" he exclaimed gaily. "A very good morning to you, my beautiful one!"

Valerie's lovely mouth curved in a forced smile. "Oh, Anton. Hello."

Anton maintained his gay tone. "Hello, she says." He extended his



Anton begs Valerie to forget her husband and go away with him because his love is "like the ocean, without bottom or end."

hand toward her. "Look, once before, in the dance, I came to you as the Spectre of the Rose, a young girl's dream of love. But today, I have brought you the rose itself. One perfect rose, without thorns, with the prayer that your life may ever be without pain or sorrow."

"Oh, Anton, how lovely!" Valerie exclaimed. "Please come in."

She led him into the living room and motioned to a chair. "Have you been enjoying yourself?"

She pushed her golden-brown hair away from her face with an aimless gesture. Even her fair skin seemed to have lost its glow. "Aren't you going to sit down, Anton?"

Anton dropped all pretense at gaiety; he kneeled on the floor at her side. "No, and I am not going to make polite talk with you. Look, Daragaya,

everything that I want to say, I have said before. He is not for you, this man, and he never will be. I have so very little. I am not rich like your husband. I have not his youth, his looks, his fame or the respect which is everywhere accorded him. And yet I have far more. I have such love for you, such need, that it is like the ocean, without bottom and without end. Oh, Daragaya, if you could only forget him, this man, and come away with me!"

Valerie looked at him like a bewildered child. "Anton, don't—please!" she pleaded. "I love Reed, and I always will no matter how he feels about me. I could never, never forget him."

The flame in Anton's eyes died and he bit his lips to keep them from
(Continued on page 60)

Your **RADIO BEST** Monthly Bonus Feature

Sara has developed an abundance of Latin charm as Chiquita, a Mexican girl, on "Gene Autry's Melody Ranch."



WHEN Sara Berner was five years old, her father took her on a trip to New York City and they visited Manhattan's East Side where the air was alive with the voices of pushcart peddlers. No sooner did they return to their home in Albany, New York, than Sara toddled up to a mirror and, with herself as an audience, began to render imitations of the outdoor salesmen's Yiddish and Italian dialects.

"Sveet vatermelon," she piped in her high, thin voice. "Gedda da fresh fish today."

A visiting aunt looked at her and turned to her father. "It's gonna be bad, Sam," she said, shaking her head. "She won't get away from that mirror."

Sara's aunt was 'way off the beam. It hasn't been bad at all for Sara Berner; it's been very good. To the two accents she acquired at the age of five, she had added some sixteen more and her audience of one has increased to the thousands who hear her as Mabel, the telephone operator, on Jack Benny's program; as Mrs. Mataratza with Jimmy Durante, as Chiquita with Gene Autry, and in scores of other roles on radio and television programs, in the movies and on records.

Sara's repertoire is the English language as rendered by the American people, with all the astonishing variety of accents and intonations that can be heard from Maine to California. Not only does she imitate foreign accents—French, German, Spanish, Yiddish, Polish—but (Continued on page 64)

by Jan Forsythe

SHE SAYS IT!
SARA BERNER
speaks many languages
but the funny part
of it is
they're all English



The accent comes straight from Brooklyn when Sara plays Mabel, the garrulous telephone operator, on Jack Benny's Sunday night show.



Jimmy Durante obviously weakens as Ingrid Mataratza, his Italian housekeeper, tells him how irresistibly fascinating he is to women.



ALL children would rather be outside playing, instead of staying in bed when they are sick; but "Song For a Sick Child" makes staying in bed sound so nice that I suggest you save it to read to some little child who is sick.

SONG FOR A SICK CHILD

My world is just a window-square,
But who could wish a world more fair?
Below me woods and meadows lie,
Beyond, blue water and blue sky.
A skating rink of clear bright air
With gulls and swallows gliding there.
And green hills rolling far, and far
To where the tall white mountains are.
And oh! the music that I hear,
Robins piping sweet and clear—
The meadow-lark, the wren, the linnet,
Some bird is singing every minute!
So—although I have to stay
In bed all summer, night and day,
I'll not complain, for haven't I
A window full of world and sky?

—Frances Ayres McGee
Tacoma, Wash.

by Shelley Keats

THIS poem must have been written especially for those people who think of summer as just the terribly hot season between spring and fall.

A SUMMER'S DREAM

Let me wander down a country lane
At the end of a summer's day.
And gaze on all the wonders
That I see along the way.
With the green grass for my carpet,
I will sit awhile to dream
And listen to a blue bird's song
Beside a babbling stream.
The fleecy clouds go floating by,
In a sky of azure blue.
The little ripples in the stream
Take on a rainbow hue.
I hear the drowsy buzzing of many busy bees.
As they sip nectar from the flowers,
And flit among the trees.
With the many sounds around me
And the wonder it all brings
God seems a little closer,
And my heart so full, it sings.

—Mrs. Pearl D. Sucher
Holcomb, N. Y.

HOW many more things we could accomplish IF we only had more time. Patricia E. Taylor likes to dream about what we could do IF we could store up the minutes and the hours.

IF

If only time, like money,
Could be stored upon a shelf;
Or piled up in a treasure chest,
To keep for one's own self,
For those precious, golden moments,
Slipping by on wings so fleet,
When we bid best friends, goodbye,
Or a loved one qaily greet.
Then we could open wide the chest
And cry, "Here's time for all—
To live and love and reunite
Until we hear God's Call!"

—Patricia E. Taylor
Bridgeport 6, Conn.

THOSE who have never performed in their own bedrooms for the benefit of a nonexistent crowd need not bother to read this.

THE OPENING NIGHT

I had just given my closing lines
And now I stood in awe
Of the swarm of applause
That closed me in
Crushing me in its clasp.

My beautiful gown was a symbol of youth
My hair was a royal crown;
I stood with my arms outstretched to the
crowd
Smiling and bowing down.

The flowers were falling fast at my feet
And, surrounded with fragrance and charms,
I stooped and pressed them close to my face
And gathered them up in my arms.

The curtain was closing
And with it my dreams;
Ah, please let this rapture last!
For the stage was only my bedroom floor
And the crowd was my looking glass.

—Marjorie Myers
Lansdale, Pa.

YOU'VE often, I'm sure, witnessed a scene similar to the one described in this poem. The title is especially appropriate.

FOREWARNING

She walked up to the scales
With a worried little look,
And placed on the rack, her gloves,
Her handbag, and her book.

Then took off her seal-skin coat
And carefully laid it down,
There was nothing more she could remove
To relieve her of a pound.

And I understood and sympathized
With the crease between her eyes;
She had curves in front, and curves in back.
In fact, she was right good size!

She stepped briskly on and waited,
Eyeing the flickering hand.
Then gathered up her things
And stepped down off the stand.

So plainly disappointed, I laughed,
Then thought, For shame!
Just watch yourself, my girl
Or you'll be doing the same!

—Mrs. Mimi Kenney
Dayton 6, Ohio

ANNOUNCERS should leave it to the listeners to decide whether the program is enjoyable or otherwise, says Doris Merritt.

BAD LISTENING

Many a program's been spoiled
By hearing some announcers say,
"Ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys,
You'll enjoy our program today!"

—Doris Jane Merritt
Wood-Ridge, New Jersey

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.



Above, Frank Sinatra dines with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Wilson, and below, Jane Russell and Bob Hope, also at Monte's Belmont Plaza for Wilson's radio column.



Radio's *uninhibited* Interviewer

A FEW years back a young newspaperman from Ohio thought there was room for a new kind of Broadway reporter. He sold the idea to his boss on the New York Post and soon there appeared a new column on the Broadway horizon, "It Happened Last Night." What actually happened after that made newspaper history.

The young newspaperman, of course, was Earl Wilson and his column today is one of the most widely syndicated in the field. Burning the midnight "Earl" along the saloon-fronts of Broadway, the alert Wilson reported the uninhibited side of the news. Other Broadway columnists, for example, were well aware of the attributes of a Jane Russell. But it was Wilson who first dared to make a clean breast of those points. And it was Wilson who inspired the slogan, "We Fix Flats," for retail shops specializing in dainty underthings for women.

But the charm of Wilson reporting was not dependent on feminine pulchritude. Endowed with a fine literate style, the refreshing newspaperman set a new trend in interview-reporting. How he failed to get Greta Garbo to utter one syllable during a running interview along the streets of New York was a masterpiece in modern essays.

Now Earl Wilson has brought his magic reportorial technique to the air—a trick that many a newspaperman has failed to accomplish. His "Column of the Air" first originated in Monte's Belmont Plaza restaurant, in New York, and was broadcast thrice weekly from 11 to midnight. Like his column, the program was an overnight success. After a summer hiatus, Wilson is offering his show for network sponsorship.

Dorothy Lamour and her husband, William Ross Howard III, drop in to exchange greetings with Earl Wilson.



AT HOME WITH—

Dick Powell



The two stars live within shouting distance
of their many friends—



June Allyson

in Bel Air, on the
outskirts of Beverly Hills



Left, the living room of the Powells' home is furnished, like the rest of the house, in Early American style and panelled in pine; above, June asks for a kiss at the breakfast table.



Dick and June listen to a playback of his NBC show, "Richard Diamond"; Dick records the broadcast and edits out mistakes so that all concerned can hear a "perfect" show.



It's obvious, from this glimpse of the interior of his wallpaper-lined closet, that Dick is a very tidy fellow who always keeps his ties, suits and shoes in their proper places.



Dick has great fun with his tape recordings of "Richard Diamond"; he often clips syllables and words out of speeches by other members of the cast, plays the tape and accuses them of having "fluffed" on the air.



When the Powells bought their home four years ago, they rebuilt it completely; it has four bedrooms, living and dining rooms, and two studies.

Dick Powell & June Allyson

When June decides to rearrange the rock garden, it's usually Dick who does the work; their house, built along the lines of an Old English country residence, is on rather high ground, overlooking the Bel Air Country Club.





Quizmaster Joe Kelly puts the four "Quiz Kida," ranging in age from five to 13, through their paces before the television cameras and a studio audience.



Dave Garroway calls the stations loud and clear in an NBC Garroway-At-Large skit.



Peggy Wood, in the title role of "Mama," on CBS-TV, with Robin Morgan as her daughter, Malcolm Keen as her uncle.

TV TeleVision *across the nation*



Above, silent screen star William Farnum in a take-off on an old-style melodrama on the "Ed Wynn Show"; right, a young member of the audience chats with ringmaster Claude Kirshner, Mary Hartline and Cliff the Clown of the ABC "Super Circus."



Married life of

THE Aces became a team in 1925 when Goodman proposed to the girl who had been his flame at Northeast High School in Kansas City, Missouri. Their cooperation was along strictly domestic lines until one evening early in 1930.

Goodman, drama critic of the Kansas City Post-Journal, had another job on Station KMBC, a local station, as "The Movie Man," for which he received ten dollars a broadcast, standard fee for a radio program at the time. Jane was in the studio with him one night when the talent for the following 15-minute program failed to arrive.

"Keep on talking," said the program producer to Goodman. "Say anything but keep talking."

The 15-minute program that Goodman and Jane adlibbed that night in response to the producer's frenzied appeal to "keep on talking" resulted in a flock of fan mail and the Aces have been talking ever since.

From radio the "Easy Aces" went to television with a program which Goodman describes as a "TV show within a TV show." Goodman makes his acid wisecracks and Jane delivers her hilarious malapropisms, with some talk about her mother's ailments, all in the familiar pattern of their radio program, but the camera shows them seated in front of the television set in their living room. Short films—from the quarter-million dollar film library of Frederick W. Ziv, Inc.—which lend themselves to the Ace brand of humor are used for the inner show.

The Aces live in New York now in an apartment on Park Avenue, and they readily consented to be interviewed, separately, by RADIO BEST for a story on their life together. Most married couples in public life are careful to agree when they reply to a reporter's questions but Goodman and Jane evidently never step out of character.

Picture of a man deciding he's just wasting his time (Goodman, as Jane comes in after a shopping spree).

It's confusing but amusing—the two sides to the story of Jane and Goodman Ace as revealed by the leading characters



the "Easy Aces"



His

answers sounded
fairly logical
until we asked
the same ques-
tions of Jane.



Her

answers left us
floundering and
wondering if—
well, read and
see for yourself.

Q: Do you both know each other well enough to guess what the other is thinking?

Goodman: Of course, my roommate would have you believe she is very subtle and that nobody, including me, can fathom the depths of her mind. But we've been married 25 years—whether or not she'll admit it—and just between us, I'm familiar with every turn and twist of her mind.

Q: Do you have the same interests, enjoy the same amusements?

Goodman: Basically, I suppose, we agree on almost everything. The same amusements, the same radio and television programs appeal to both of us and there's no galivanting around to the night clubs for us; we prefer quiet evenings at home. But there are several subjects on which we will probably never agree because Jane is so obstinate.

Q: Could you give a specific example—one subject on which you disagree?

Goodman: Well, there's shopping. I never go with Jane anymore to buy a hat or dress. She thinks every hat should look as pretty on her as on the model. She fancies herself as a shrewd bargainer, too, and the routines she goes through to get everything at its rock-bottom price are more than I can stand. After an afternoon's shopping with her, I'm exhausted. So when she asks me to go with her, I make excuses, that I'm busy. I can handle Jane pretty cleverly that way.

Q: Do you ever disagree with each other on important subjects?

Goodman: In all the years we've been married, we've never had what you might call big, crucial arguments. We have our share of the ordinary quarrels and I don't think anyone will contradict me if I say that I am usually the winner. Like any shrewd husband, I let Jane think I agree with her but in the end she always accepts my point of view. Of course, she does most of the talking during these trying times but I never raise my voice.

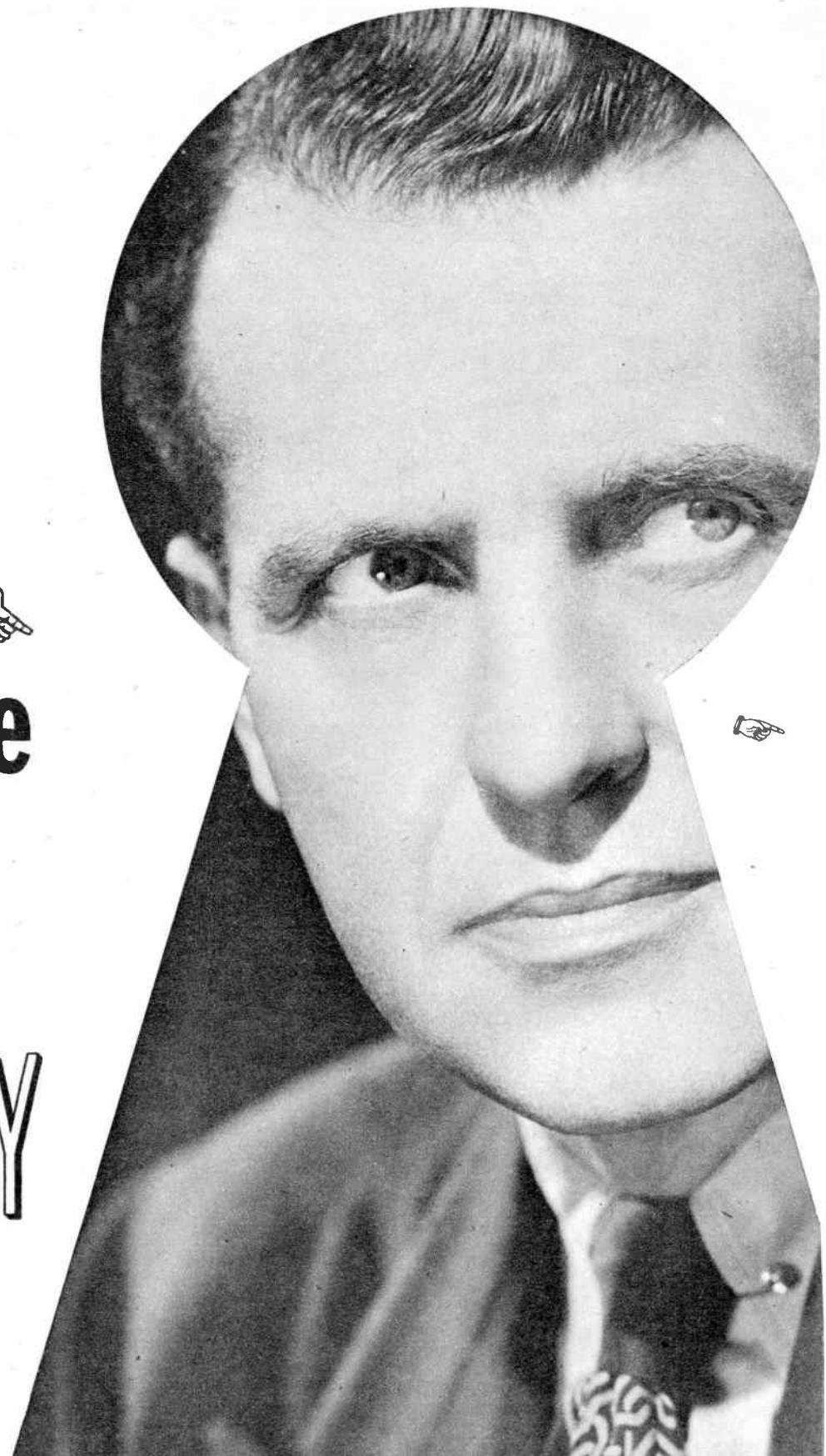
Jane: My husband thinks he's pretty smart and that I could never know what he's thinking, but strictly entre nous and me, I know him like a book. Even better, like the movie they made out of that book. Sure, we've been married 25 years, but you might remember I was married when I was four.

Jane: When you get right down to it, we have a lot that's common, my husband and I. We like the same movies, programs and many other things too humorous to mention. We enjoy staying home nights instead of galvanizing around to night clubs. But there are some things he doesn't understand because he's very obsolete.

Jane: For instance, when I go shopping I never take him with me. He thinks the minute I try on a hat I should buy it, whether or not it looks nice. I know I'm no Venus B. DeMille, but when I try, I look as if I'd just stepped out of a band wagon. And he doesn't see why I should bargain to get things at the black-bottom price. He gets tired so easily; he gets all shopworn. So when he asks if he can come with me, I tell him he's too busy. I've got him in the hollow of my head.

Jane: In the 25 years, three months and two weeks we've been married, we've had some pretty good arguments and I think I can safely say, without fear of corroboration, that I win most of them. Of course, I always let him think he wins but at the psychopathic moment, I show him where he's wrong. It's a regular baffle of wits. As usual, he monotonizes the conversation and he hollers so that I think the grafters are going to fall. (Continued on page 70)

"Easy Aces," sponsored by the Hudson Motor Car Dealers in Metropolitan New York, is on the Dumont TV Network, Wednesday, 7:45 p.m., EST. Photos by Conrad Eiger.



detective

RALPH

BELLAMY

His stage and television
roles have given the actor
all the know-how of
a first-grade sleuth

"Man Against Crime," sponsored by Camel cigarettes, is on CBS-TV, Friday, 8:30 p.m., EST.



Above, Mike Barnett (Bellamy with Nancy Sheridan) never carries a gun but he's quick to disarm his suspects; below, he ponders a clue just gleaned from one of the pictures in a daily newspaper.

With his hair mussed up and collar loosened for his TV role, Bellamy is much more a "man's man" than he ever was in his movie portrayals.



by Leonard Maxwell

If you should happen to be in some public place when a tall, ruggedly handsome fellow walks in and you notice that his blue eyes give the room a quick, searching once-over, you needn't start worrying that a detective is "casing the joint" for a criminal. It's probably Ralph Bellamy who's been playing detective so thoroughly and so long now that he can't relax even when he's "off duty."

Bellamy's rise to fame as a copper began with the opening of "Detective Story" in New York on March 24 of last year. The play became one of Broadway's top attractions and led to "Man Against Crime," the television mystery series starring Bellamy as Mike Barnett, a shrewd, hard-hitting, fearless private detective. Since the TV show was launched on CBS last fall, advance sales for "Detective Story" have been larger than ever before.

Every actor worthy of the name tries to get the "feel" of the character he is to portray on the stage and Bellamy wanted to live, as far as possible, the life of a detective. For six weeks before the play opened, he spent his days in the New York detectives' squad rooms, studying their mannerisms and taking note



Bellamy pauses during a lull in a "Man Against Crime" rehearsal to smoke a cigarette; the television show requires 35 hours of rehearsal weekly.



Violence is the keynote of Mike Barnett's adventures in crime although he never indulges in it (Bellamy with Harry Worth and Nancy Sheridan).

detective

RALPH BELLAMY

of their habits and manner of speech. Since Sidney Kingsley had been gathering background material in police stations for two years before he wrote the play, New York police officials may sometimes have wondered whether they headed a police department or a theatrical training school.

Bellamy's conscientious research work resulted in a characterization that has won widespread approval among real-life detectives who evidently take a great deal of credit for the realistic quality of his acting. A conversation between a newspaperman and a detective on the night of the Broadway preview, as reported to Bellamy later, went something like this:

"He acts like a real detective," remarked the newspaperman.

"He oughta," was the terse reply. "We trained him."

Another detective was heard to say that although Bellamy had been a "member" of the department for only six weeks, "he's entitled to first-grade dough." (A first-grade detective gets the highest salary, \$4,900 annually.)

Bellamy himself attributes the play's popularity with local sleuths to the fact that he does not give the public the all too familiar picture of a detective as a tough, suspicious character, forever snooping around and looking for trouble, who takes pleasure in mauling a suspect. Detectives have always resented this standard stage and screen conception.

"The truth of the matter is that New York detectives are human to the point of sentimentality, although they often try to hide it," Bellamy says. "They're inclined to be sympathetic and they get tough only when the prisoner refuses to cooperate and it's obvious that he's withholding information."

Those who think that detectives are callous, Bellamy says, do not understand that men in their position must erect an "emotional screen" between themselves and the people they deal with. A man who let his compassion get the better of him would not last very long in his job. But one night he accompanied Jimmy Leech, an "old-timer," to a bus station where some young people were supposed to be behaving suspiciously.

"Leech was more interested in one kid who had a (Continued on page 56)

entertainment on the TV screen

Invite these Television Stars into your home for
Good Fun and Entertainment



A

- A. **Dave Garroway.** The most refreshing comic developed by TV. Catch him on NBC Sundays at 10. You'll like him and whole cast too.
- B. **Eleanor Roosevelt.** Shown with Margaret Truman, her panel program on NBC Sundays is must listening and seeing for family.
- C. **Morey Amsterdam.** For a half hour of laughs for all the family. Heard on DuMont network every Thursday evening at 9. The children too will enjoy Morey's zany but quite wholesome antics.
- D. White haired, dignified House Jameson plays Henry Aldrich's father Thursday nights over NBC. Worthwhile show for adults and kids.
- E. **Faye Emerson** has become the most charming nighttime personality on the TV screen. Here she is with Jim Ameche. She's seen on CBS.
- F. **Bill Boyd**—as "Hopalong Cassidy" will corral youngsters of all ages, and that includes Mom and Pop. Look for his new TV series soon to be coming your way via NBC.
- G. Yoo, hoo, Mr. Godfrey! That's "Mrs. Goldberg" calling, but you'll have to tune them in separately over CBS. Both top family shows.

B



C



D



E



F



G





John J. Anthony says



Some of our readers may have wondered if Mr. Anthony himself didn't ever have a problem and, if so, how he had solved it. We present the following exchange of correspondence between him and the management of his apartment house as proof that he is subject to the same vexations as most of us and that he tackles them in the same forthright manner he has so often urged on his clients.

The Editors.

Mr. John J. Anthony,
New York 21, New York.
RE: APARTMENT

Dear Sir:

It is with much regret that we are compelled in the interests of good management to direct your attention to the fact that complaints continue to be received concerning an unreasonable amount of activity throughout your premises. Specifically, it appears that your son has at times availed himself of the apartment area for roller skating and a general playground. It is, of course, not our purpose to regulate the personal lives and behaviour of tenants with whom we are associated as managing agents, but we must necessarily give due consideration to strenuous complaints.

We trust that your properly acknowledged sense of fairness will work so as to diminish the cause of the aforementioned complaints and we wish to express to you at this time our appreciation in anticipation of your efforts. If you feel that this matter can be mitigated in a different fashion we will be pleased to receive your expressions.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) xxxxxxxxxxxx
Manager—Credit Department

Mr. xxxxxxxxxxxx, Mgr.
Credit Department
New York 21, N.Y.
Dear Mr. xxxxxxxxxxxx:

Since receiving your letter of the 14th I have given a good deal of thought as to whether or not the complaint registered by some tenant was entitled to the dignity of a reply. With the world so full of important things to occupy one's constructive thinking should one take time out of a busy day to pander to the mental stagnation of one who is unquestionably a misanthrope?

Your letter states, "complaints continue to be received concerning an unreasonable amount of activity throughout your premises." Here are the facts. When we moved into the premises it was necessary to climb over and under an assortment of carpenters, painters, electricians, etc., etc. Therefore, little or no furniture could be moved in, certainly no floor coverings. Our son being an active youngster of 10, the upheaval and emptiness of both the building and our apartment had a certain appeal. He reasoned (and correctly so), what fun it would be to skate over these unfinished floors! So he did—once. When I arrived (Continued on page 66)

Dear Mr. Anthony



Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Anthony,

The first thing I would like you to know is that I am a mature woman of 44, married, and have three wonderful children. I start this letter to you the way I do only because I want you to read what follows in the light of the above facts.

When I was 18 years old I fell in love with a boy of 20 in my home town. Our families were not on the same social level and our backgrounds were completely different. This, however, gave my friend and me no cause for alarm—we were in love and that was all that mattered. For two years, until I was 20 years old, we saw each other constantly and planned our future lives together. To say that we were both ecstatically happy is an understatement. For us the world was full of joy and hope, and every day was filled with its quota of divine happiness. There was just one fact that kept this romance from being the perfect affair and that was that my family looked down upon my fiance's family and constantly let me know in no uncertain terms that they would never consent to my marriage to this boy who came from the other side of the tracks. All of this, mind you, notwithstanding the fact that the boy was working his way through college to become a Chemical Engineer and was truly considered by all who knew him as an outstanding young man in every possible way.

I had no thought that family pressure would be able to break this romance, but that is what happened. I was hustled off to Europe on the pretext that I needed a change of scenery (my father was the banker in our small community and a man of fair means). What happened while I was away I had no way of determining, except that upon my return eight months later my young man and his family had moved, and just two letters were exchanged between us. The last one I will never forget. I don't imagine the details are important at this time, except that he closed his letter to me saying "Your family has made me realize you and I come from different

worlds, and I suppose it is best that we remember each other in only the kindest light and, therefore, this must be our last letter." I was heartbroken as only a 20-year-old girl could be and, if you have not already guessed it, I married a man chosen for me by my parents.

I suppose this has been a fair marriage. It has lasted 20 years, and my husband has been kind to me. I don't love him, I never have, and always in the background of my mind there are thoughts of the man I originally loved. Through various sources I learned that my first fiance

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 July 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.

(Continued on page 73)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
 ★ Report
 ★ from the
 ★ RADIO BEST
 ★ Listener
 ★ Panel
 * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *



ACH issue **RADIO BEST** makes public its report from the national Listeners Panel representing a cross-section of opinion from listener-readers. This independent survey is confined to **RADIO BEST** readers and is in no way intended to reflect on the integrity of conflicting surveys and polls conducted by other sources.

This month **RADIO BEST** asked its Listeners Panel, "Which programs in the following 10 categories did you enjoy most?" Here are the results of the poll listed in order of popularity:

National panel chooses:



WALTER WINCHELL
Holds his lead as favorite news gabber



ROBERT Q. LEWIS
Funnyman is favorite new personality



LUX RADIO THEATRE
Producer William Keighley in action



ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENTE
Lovely Julie Stevens in the title role



TEXACO STAR THEATRE
Milton Berle still Mr. Television



BASEBALL BROADCAST
Favorite sport on the TV channels

favorite Radio and TV programs



JACK BENNY

Top comedian of the radio dial-twisters



TWENTY QUESTIONS

Emcee Bill Slater answers the questions



BREAK THE BANK

Bert Parks in charge of the proceedings



HOWDY DOODY

Bob Smith's friend, strings attached



The Scoreboard:

News Commentator (Radio)

1. Walter Winchell
2. Lowell Thomas
3. Gabriel Heatter

New Radio Personality

1. Robert Q. Lewis
2. Dave Garroway
3. (No third contender)

Radio Program (Drama)

1. Lux Radio Theatre
2. Theatre Guild on the Air
3. Railroad Hour

Radio Program (Comedy)

1. Jack Benny
2. My Friend Irma
3. Bob Hope

Radio Program (Quiz)

1. Twenty Questions
2. Strike It Rich
3. Break the Bank

Daytime Serial (Radio)

1. Romance of Helen Trent
2. Aunt Jenny
3. Young Widder Brown

TV Program (General)

1. Texaco Star Theatre
2. Toast of the Town
3. The Goldbergs

TV Program (Sports)

- (Name favorite sports)
1. Baseball
 2. Wrestling
 3. Fights

TV Program (Quiz)

1. Break the Bank
2. Kay Kyser
3. Leave it to the Girls

TV Program (Children's)

1. Howdy Doody
2. Captain Video
3. Hopalong Cassidy

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 summer evening shows scheduled to replace the leading programs heard during the regular 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.

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	String Quartet			Carolina Calling
9:00	World News	Happiness Hour	Sunday Morning Concert Hall	News
9:15	Story to Order	Dixie Quartet	Voice of Prophecy	E. Power Biggs
9:30	Cameos of Music	Religious Program		Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
9:45	D & H Miners			
10:00	Highlights of Bible	Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Religion in the News	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:30				
10:45				
11:00				
11:15				
11:30	News Highlights	Back to God	Foreign Reporter	Allan Jackson News
11:45	Solitaire Time	Reviewing Stand	Frank & Ernest	The News Makers
			Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle



JACK
MCELROY
MC's the daily
ABC show,
"Welcome to
Hollywood."

JACQUELINE
BILLINGSLEY
Portrays romantic
Dorothy Tate
on serial drama,
"Just Plain Bill."

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			Gems For Thought
8:45	Lew Webb			Local Programs
9:00	Eddie Albert Show	Robert Hurleigh	Breakfast Club	This is N. Y. Barnyard Follies
9:15	Clevelandaires	Tell Your Neighbor		
9:30		Tennessee Jamboree		
9:45				Mrs. Goes A-Shopping
10:00	Welcome Travelers	John Bosman	My True Story	Music For You
10:15	Marriage For Two	Faith in Our Time	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:30		Say It With Music	Victor Lindlahr	
10:45	Dorothy Dix			
11:00	We Love and Learn	Behind The Story	Modern Romances	
11:15	Dave Garroway	Bob Poole	Quick as a Flash	
11:30	Jack Berch	Doughboys		
11:45	David Harum			Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Listening

12:00	American Forum of the Air	Choir Series	Music	Invitation to Learning
12:15	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	People's Platform
12:30				
12:45				
1:00	America United			
1:15	Chicago Round Table	Radio Warblers	Fine Arts Quartet	News
1:30			National Vespers	Elmo Roper
1:45				Music
2:00	NBC University Theater			
2:15	Bill Cunningham	Chamber Music	This Week Around The World	Choristers
2:30	Veteran's Information		Mr. President	
2:45				
3:00	One Man's Family	Treasury Varieties	Music	N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony
3:15	Quiz Kids	Juvenile Jury	Baptist Hour	
3:30				
3:45				
4:00	Edwin C. Hill	Hopalong Cassidy	Voices That Live	
4:15	High Adventure	Wm. Gargan	Milton Cross Opera Album	Symphonette
4:30				
4:45				
5:00	Richard Diamond	The Shadow	Sunday Serenade	Music for You
5:15	Private Detective	True Detective	Greatest Story Ever Told	Earn Your Vacation
5:30	James Melton			
5:45				

12:00	Echoes from the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren
12:15	Homeowners	Lanny Ross		Aunt Jenny
12:30		Chucklevision		Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Music	News	Baukage Talking	Big Sister
1:15	George Hicks	Harvey Harding	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Easy Listenin'	Music	Art Baker	Young Dr. Malone
1:45		Checkerboard Jamboree		The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Ladies Fair	Welcome To Hollywood	Johnson Family
2:15	Today's Children	Queen For A Day	Hannibal Cobb	Perry Mason
2:30	Light of the World			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			House Party
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Surprise Package	Strike It Rich
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs	Music	
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Georgia Jamboree	Melody Promenade	Treasury Bandstand
4:45	Young Widder Brown			
5:00	When a Girl Marries	Mark Trail	Challenge of Yukon	Galen Drake
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Tom Mix		
5:30	Just Plain Bill			Martha Tilton
5:45	Front Page Farrell			

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember		Gems for Thought	Local Programs
8:45				
9:00	Eddie Albert Show	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is N.Y. Barnyard Follies
9:15	Clevelandaires			
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:15	Marriage For Two		Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	
10:30	Dorothy Dix			
10:45				
11:00	We Love and Learn	Behind The Story	Modern Romances	
11:15	Dave Garroway	Bob Poole	Quick as a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary
11:30	Jack Berch			
11:45	David Harum			

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember		Gems For Thought	Local Programs
8:45	Lew Webb			
9:00	Eddie Albert Show	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is N.Y.
9:15	Clevelandaires			
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:15	Marriage For Two		Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	
10:30	Dorothy Dix			
10:45				
11:00	We Love and Learn	Behind the Story	Modern Romances	
11:15	Dave Garroway	Bob Poole News	Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary
11:30	Jack Berch			
11:45	David Harum			

Afternoon Listening

12:00	Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren
12:15		Lanny Ross Ladies be Seated Heatter's Mailbag		Aunt Jenny
12:30				Helen Trent
12:45				Dur Gal Sunday
1:00	Luncheon With Lopez	News	Baukhage Talking	Big Sister
1:15	George Hicks	Harvey Harding	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Music	Checkerboard Jamboree	Art Baker	Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Easy Listenin'			The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Ladies Fair	Welcome to Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Today's Children	Queen For A Day	Hannibal Cobb	Perry Mason
2:30	Light of the World			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		Club Time	Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young		Pick a Date	House Party
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Surprise Package	Strike It Rich
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs	Tune Time	
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Hoe Down Party	Melody Promenade	
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		Treasury Bandstand
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Straight Arrow	The Green Hornet	
5:15	Portia Faces Life	B-Bar-B Riders	Sky King	Mark Trail
5:30	Just Plain Bill			Challenge of the Yukon
5:45	Front Page Farrell			Tom Mix

12:00	Echoes from the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks	Ladies be Seated	Wendy Warren
12:15		Lanny Ross Chucklewagon Heatter's Mailbag		Aunt Jenny
12:30				Helen Trent
12:45				Dur Gal Sunday
1:00	Luncheon With Lopez	News	Baukhage Talking	Big Sister
1:15	George Hicks	Harvey Harding	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Music	Misc. Programs	Art Baker	Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Easy Listenin'			The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Ladies' Fair	Welcome to Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Today's Children	Queen For A Day	Hannibal Cobb	Perry Mason
2:30	Light of the World			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			House Party
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Surprise Package	Strike It Rich
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs	Tune Time	
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Hoe Down Party	Melody Promenade	
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		Treasury Bandstand
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Straight Arrow	The Green Hornet	
5:15	Portia Faces Life	B-Bar-B Riders	Sky King	Mark Trail
5:30	Just Plain Bill			Challenge of the Yukon
5:45	Front Page Farrell			Tom Mix

LOUISE SNYDER
Attractive Louise adds
to suspense of "The
Shadow" heard Sundays.



TOM MOORE
Zestful Master
of Ceremonies
on Mutual's
"Ladies Fair."

LILI DARVAS
Plays leading role of
Mme. Sophie on NBC's
"We Love and Learn."



**CURLEY
BRADLEY**
Heard three times
weekly as "Tom Mix"
of "Tom Mix and
His Straight Shooters."

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember		Gems For Thought	Local Programs
8:45				
9:00	Eddie Albert Show	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is N. Y.
9:15	Clevelandaires			
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:15	Marriage For Two			
10:30	Dorothy Dix			
11:00	We Love and Learn	Behind the Story Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary
11:15	Dave Garroway			
11:30	Jack Berch			
11:45	David Harum			

FRIDAY

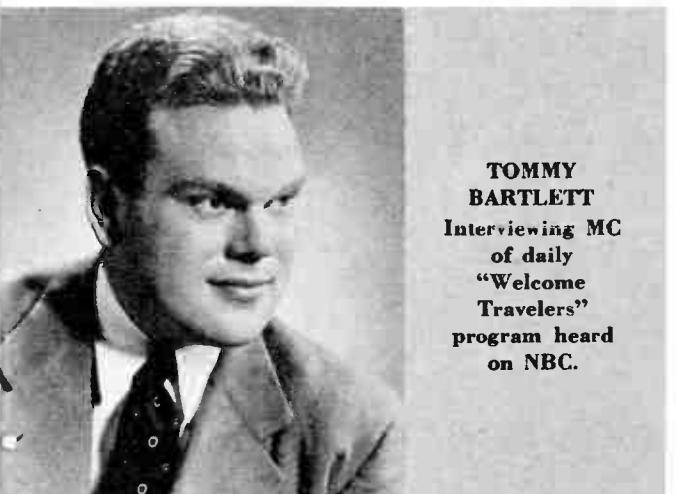
A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember		Gems for Thought	Local Programs
8:45				
9:00	Eddie Albert Show	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is N. Y.
9:15	Clevelandaires			
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:15	Marriage For Two			
10:30	Dorothy Dix			
11:00	We Love and Learn	Behind the Story Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary
11:15	Dave Garroway			
11:30	Jack Berch			
11:45	David Harum			

Afternoon Listening

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Chucklewagon Heather's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
12:15	Music			
12:30				
12:45				
1:00	Luncheon With Lopez	News Harvey Harding Music Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukage Talking Nancy Craig Art Baker	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
1:15	George Hicks Easy Listenin'			
1:30				
1:45				
2:00	Double or Nothing	Ladies Fair	Welcome to Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Brighter Day
2:15	Today's Children	Queen For A Day	Hannibal Cobb	
2:30	Light of the World			
2:45				
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom Pick A Date	Nena from Nowhere Hilltop House House Party
3:15	Road of Life			
3:30	Pepper Young			
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Surprise Package	Strike It Rich
4:15	Stella Dallas	Georgia Jamboree	Melody Promenade	Treasury Band
4:30	Lorenzo Jones			
4:45	Young Widder Brown			
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Straight Arrow	The Green Hornet	Galen Drake
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	B-Bar-B Ranch	Sky King	Challenge of the Yukon
5:45	Front Page Farrell			Galen Drake

12:00	Echoes from the Tropics U. S. Marine Band	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Chucklewagon Heather's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
12:15				
12:30				
12:45				
1:00	Luncheon with Lopez	News Harvey Harding Music Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukage Talking Nancy Craig Art Baker	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Guiding Light
1:15	George Hicks Easy Listenin'			
1:30				
1:45				
2:00	Double or Nothing	Ladies' Fair	Welcome to Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Brighter Day
2:15	Today's Children	Queen For A Day	Hannibal Cobb	
2:30	Light of the World			
2:45				
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom Pick A Date	Nena from Nowhere Hilltop House House Party
3:15	Road of Life			
3:30	Pepper Young			
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Surprise Package	Strike It Rich
4:15	Stella Dallas	Georgia Jamboree	Melody Promenade	Treasury Band
4:30	Lorenzo Jones			
4:45	Young Widder Brown			
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Straight Arrow	The Green Hornet	Galen Drake
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	B-Bar-B Ranch	Sky King	Challenge of the Yukon
5:45	Front Page Farrell			Galen Drake

TOMMY BARTLETT
Interviewing MC
of daily
“Welcome
Travelers”
program heard
on NBC.



MAGDA GABOR
Portrays leading
character in cast
of “The Second
Mrs. Burton.”

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Mind Your Manners		No School Today	This is N. Y.
9:15	People Are Funny	News Misc. Programs	Conversation With Casey	News Mrs. Goes A-Shopping
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring		Music	Galen Drake
10:15	Mary Lee Taylor	Leslie Nichols Helen Hall		
10:30				
10:45				
11:00	Lassie	Home Beautiful	Junior Junction	Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Man on the Farm	Music	Junior Miss
11:45				

Afternoon Listening

12:00	Arthur Barriault Public Affair Luncheon With Lopez	Music	Ranch Boys American Farmer	Theatre of Today Grand Central Station
12:15				
12:30				
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Joseph McCaffrey Jerry & Sky Music	Navy Hour	Stars Over Hollywood
1:15	Voces Down the Wind		Roger Dann	Give and Take
1:30				
1:45				
2:00	Voces and Events	Music	Met. Opera	County Fair
2:15				
2:30	Musicana			Get More Out of Life
2:45				
3:00	Pioneers of Music		Music	Report From Overseas Adventures in Science
3:15				
3:30				
3:45				
4:00	Living—1950		3 Sons	
4:15	Music		Treasury Show	Racing
4:30				
4:45				
5:00				
5:15				
5:30	Air Force	True or False	Tea and Crumpets	Philadelphia Orchestra
5:45	Hollywood Closeups	Radie Harris		

my daughter was in trouble

(Continued from page 29)

couldn't keep a date with her—and the next day Shuffle Shober mentioned that he'd seen him out with Gladys.

Anyway, there was enough good in him to make me think that maybe I was just a foolish mother, worrying too much about her daughter.

Then Fay found a new interest. In Chicago, where she went to buy some new clothes, she met Carl Michaels. We all knew Carl because he once visited some friends here. He came from a very rich family, owners of a string of hotels and very well-known in society. He was a very eligible young man, you see. When he began to come on visits here to see Fay, Evey, my oldest daughter, and her husband, Willy Fitz, got so excited at the idea he might ask Fay to marry him.

I liked him too, but for different reasons. He was such a polite and thoughtful young man. There wasn't a time he came into the house that he wasn't nice and friendly with all of us. And he was very sweet with Paulette. Andrew, you see, wasn't at all interested in the child, except when she was sick.

I could see that Fay was all mixed up and I felt I knew how she was thinking: Carl would make a wonderful father for her child but she thought she loved Andrew. As for me, I felt that Carl would make the better husband with or without his money. His money wasn't at all important, but there was something peculiar about Andrew that worried me. I'm sure that any mother of a marriageable daughter will know what I mean when I say there never was a time I felt more like telling Fay what to do. But I knew she must make her own decision and I've never been sorry I held my tongue.

One night when Fay was out with Andrew, he got an emergency call from a patient and Fay went with him. She didn't get home until about five o'clock in the morning and when she found that I'd been sick during the night, because of a cold, her conscience began to bother her. All of a sudden, she felt she'd been neglecting her mother and her child because of Andrew and soon after, she announced her engagement to Carl.

I can't say I was completely happy. I kept telling myself that it was wonderful that Fay was going to marry Carl, but all the time I was wondering about it. It was the way Fay was preparing for the wedding. She acted like she was doing what she was expected to do, not what she really wanted to do. I think a mother always knows when her daughter is really happy. But just the same, it was quite a shock when Fay broke her engagement and moved out of my house to an apartment of her own. She'd decided she couldn't marry Carl because she loved Andrew and she wanted to have her own home because she knew the family didn't like him.

Well, Land o' Goshen, everybody in

Rushville Center was excited about it and then the gossips got to work. Willy and Shuffle told me about all the talk because Fay was living alone and Andrew was going to see her. But even though I was lonesome without her, I knew there was no reason for anybody to think my Fay would do anything wrong. Fay was my daughter and she hadn't changed. You can imagine how relieved I was though, when Fay announced her engagement to Andrew and the gossip died down.

It was soon after this that Mr. Pendleton, the banker, came to me one day and told me that Fay had taken \$7,000 from her savings. It was a lot of money and he thought I should know about it. Though I didn't like to interfere, I asked Fay about it and she said she'd lent the money to Andrew because he was in great financial trouble. This worried me and made me think of the money that had been collected for a memorial hospital wing in honor of Dr. Stevens. Andrew had been working on the committee and he was in charge of the money.

Around this time I had another visitor with disturbing news. There aren't many secrets in a small town, you know. Fred Sweeney, the telegraph operator at the railroad station, told me that Andrew had gotten a wire telling him to go to Fort William, a town right near us. It was signed "Lillian" and it sounded like the person that sent it had a certain right to Andrew's attention. I might as well tell you right here that Andrew had never talked about his personal life.

The telegram really puzzled me and the more I thought about it, the surer I was that I couldn't just forget about it. I didn't want to manage Fay's life for her but I could help her to get at the truth. So I talked to her about it, trying not to make it seem like I was ordering her to do anything. She seemed to see it the same way as I did and when she asked Andrew about the telegram he said that Lillian was his wife, that he'd been separated from her and that she was living in Fort William with their little boy. He was planning a divorce, he said, so that he could marry Fay.

I just can't tell you how worried and upset I was when I heard this. Andrew hadn't told the truth to Fay and I didn't feel that any marriage could be a success if both parties didn't come out and tell the truth about themselves. What kind of man was my daughter planning to marry? And was his wife really so disagreeable as he said she was? Sometimes I went to church, all by myself, and asked the Almighty to help me find the answers to these questions. After a long struggle and some heartache, I decided to go to Fort William.

Well, Lillian was not at all like Andrew had described her. She was young, attractive and very pleasant. Turned out their marriage had failed, like so many others,

because of the war. Their little boy was born while Andrew was overseas, and then she got sick. Andrew came home to a sick wife and a baby he'd never seen before and it was hard for him to get used to home life again. Lots of men who'd been in the service felt like this and Lillian understood but it seemed to her, and I thought the same thing, that Andrew should have stuck by her through the hard times. But she said she would give him a divorce if he wanted it.

Then, suddenly, I knew what was right for me to do. It was a dangerous thing to do but I took Lillian and her little boy back to Rushville Center with me. No, I wasn't trying to bring Lillian and Andrew together. I wanted Fay to see for herself the family that would be broken up if Andrew divorced his wife so that he could marry her. And anyone could see that Fay was surprised when she met Lillian. Lillian was such a nice person and then, too, I think Fay had always thought of Lillian and the boy as—well, just people. Now she saw them as Andrew's wife and child, part of a family.

But she seemed to want to marry Andrew just as much as ever until, after Lillian agreed to the divorce, she found out Andrew was using her money to support his family. To make it worse, it came out that he needed money so bad that he'd taken part of the hospital funds. It was then, I think, that Fay's faith in Andrew began to weaken. Her heart was very much torn but she lent him more money so that no one would find out about his using the hospital money.

When Lillian went back to Fort William, Fay went with her and on their way back, the little boy was taken sick. Fay didn't hesitate. She called Andrew and then, for the first time, she saw him with his family. I don't think it had ever come to her mind that Lillian might love Andrew too. The boy was sick for quite a time and because of this, Lillian and Andrew were together very often. Andrew began to take toys to the hospital for the boy and it was easy to see that he was beginning to get interested in his wife and child again. It wasn't very long after that that Fay broke off with Andrew White.

Since the time I brought Lillian to Rushville Center I hadn't said or done a thing, just stood and watched what was happening. I felt I'd done all I could to help Fay and from then on, everything was up to her. She was sad when she broke off with Andrew, I think, but she wasn't bitter. And she knew she was doing the right thing, not something she'd been pushed into. The whole thing was very hard on her but it helped her to grow up. She'll fall in love again, I'm sure, but next time she'll think like a grown-up woman, not a love-sick girl.

For my part, I feel I did all I could to help her decide on the right thing to do.

THE END

the question & answer clinic

conducted by

Ben Grauer



what's on your mind?

Q. Who writes the "Lum 'n' Abner" radio program?

Mrs. Anna Benson, New York.

A. The head writer of the popular show is Betty Boyle.

Q. Is Jimmy the Fidler the oldest Hollywood commentator on the air, in point of service?

B. J., Wis.

A. To the best of my own personal knowledge the oldest Hollywood radio columnist is George Fisher. He's been in front of a Hollywood microphone for 20 years.



Q. Is Frank Sinatra now divorced and will he marry Ava Gardner?

Marie Trione, Kansas.

A. At this writing Miss Gardner is abroad and Mr. Sinatra is in New York. I know of no legal divorce actions by either of the Sinatras and profess complete ignorance of their private affairs.

Q. Please tell me if Robert Merrill is on the air now? Mrs. S. B. D., Indiana.

A. Mr. Merrill does not have his own program this season. He has done some guest appearances, however.

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.

detective Ralph Bellamy

(Continued from page 46)

terrible cough—it was a bitter cold night—than in anything else. He ended up by taking the boy to the hospital in an ambulance."

Most interesting to the actor and very important to his portrayal was the detective's manner of "taking in" an individual or a whole roomful of them. As Bellamy puts it, "when he looks at you, that's for keeps." In one searching glance he sees the cast of a man's features, the blemishes on his face, his attitude as a whole, and catalogues them in his mind for future reference.

Bellamy often accompanied detectives into bars or dance halls frequented by suspicious characters. Walking across the room, he would be surprised to hear the detective, who had apparently seen nothing, whisper, "Y'see the third man from the right wall with his back to us? There's a tail (a police shadower) on him."

Bellamy often went along to watch the detectives in action when they went out on a case in a "squeal car." One case involved the investigation of a theft in the home of a doctor and the actor recalls that he evidently did not play his part too well.

"I offered the doctor a cigar," he says, "and he looked at me suspiciously and said, 'That's the first time I ever got anything from a cop.'"

On another occasion, Bellamy, who speaks Spanish, acted as interpreter for a Santo Dominican family—eight people living in two rooms of an old, walk-up tenement—who had been robbed of their poor possessions. Most vivid in his memory is the picture of the small blackboard, hanging on the wall, which they were using in their efforts to learn English.

Bellamy, who is more than six feet tall and a husky-looking individual on the whole, admits he was "scared to death" on the night of the Broadway preview which was attended by 160 Manhattan detectives, an audience more difficult to please in this case than the drama critics. They might laugh condescendingly, perhaps sneer, at his portrayal of a plain-clothesman. Was his copper too tough—or too sympathetic?

Overwhelming evidence of his success is the fact that his trainers continue to return to the theatre, time and again, to talk to him and see the show. When Bellamy says, "Come backstage some time and meet a lot of nice cops," he is not joking.

Among other tributes to his realistic performance are his honorary membership in the Police Department and the Detective Bureau Association.

All the detective know-how acquired in his training for "Detective Story" has been applied to Bellamy's role as Mike Barnett in "Man Against Crime." Every script receives a searching examination to insure its being "detectively" correct.



Q. Is it true that the Groucho Marx program is unrehearsed?

Bella Adams, Maine.

A. Groucho Marx never sees the contestants on his "You Bet Your Life" program until they walk onto the stage as the show goes on the air. That's what distinguishes this lively show.

Q. Arthur Godfrey has been given a number of pet names recently. Can you enumerate them and the sources?

Harold Parrot, N. Y.

A. Well, Fred Allen calls him "The Huck Finn of Radio," critic John Crosby labels him "Barefoot Boy of Radio."

Q. Last summer we heard a very good emcee subbing for Arthur Godfrey. His name was R. Q. Wilson. Is he now in TV? M. J. Hunt, Syracuse, N. Y.

A. The emcee you refer to as substituting for Mr. Godfrey is Robert Q. Lewis. Robert Q. now has his own television program every Thursday evening on CBS from 8 to 9 p.m. He can also be heard on radio every Friday evening at 8 (pictured below).



Bellamy wants to be sure he will never give his audience reason to say, "Mike Barnett wouldn't do that." His portrayal of Barnett won him the "Michael" award from the Academy of Radio and Television Best Arts and Sciences.

From the time he read the very first script, Bellamy liked the detective ("Barnett, with two t's," as he always says on the show) who never carries a gun but uses brains and brawn in getting out of difficulty. He appreciated that Barnett was a completely believable character whose manner of living, income and personal habits had been carefully determined even before the first script was written. (The television audience is quick to notice when the hero of a drama steps out of character.) The writer, Larry Klee, was told in effect, "This is Mike Barnett. Now you can write about him."

Bellamy got his start in show business as a man-of-all-work—carrying props and occasionally doing walk-on parts—with touring stock companies. He tramped nine years, playing nearly 400 roles, and then headed his own stock companies for four years.

His first Broadway ventures were conspicuously unsuccessful. "Town Boy" opened on a Friday night in 1929 and closed after the Saturday matinee. "Roadside," the following year, was another quick flop but it resulted in several film offers and Bellamy, thinking he might "eat more regularly," went to Hollywood, where he appeared in 87 films.

Bellamy's first roles were romantic

parts but after a time he was cast, more and more regularly, as the big, handsome fellow, nice but not too smart, who always lost the girl to Clark Gable. He may not have realized he was getting into a rut until the day he went to see Mark Hellinger about a part. On the script was written, "A charming but naive goof—a typical Ralph Bellamy part." Bellamy promptly bought tickets for New York.

In two successive, long-run hits—"Tomorrow the World" and "State of the Union"—he cancelled out his previous record of failure on Broadway. The following three years he spent in an unsuccessful search for another play and he had bought his return ticket to Hollywood when he read the manuscript of "Detective Story."

Bellamy is probably the busiest detective in New York City. There are six evening performances and two matinees of "Detective Story" and at ten o'clock every morning, he can be found, script in hand, ready for the daily rehearsal of "Man Against Crime," which requires a total of 35 hours of rehearsal. Incidentally, although Bellamy is the busiest, he is always the first member of the cast to know the script.

"Man Against Crime" has been rated as the most popular television program in the Los Angeles area where Bellamy never attained top billing as a movie actor. He is understandably prejudiced in favor of the television, as opposed to the motion picture, camera.

THE END

he likes it rich and spicy

(Continued from page 27)

but lacks zest.

Naturally enough, the famous Creole cooking of New Orleans, combining the French and Spanish talents for rich, spicy foods, was a complete surprise to him and awakened his interest in food.

"I was introduced to dishes I'd never heard of," he says, "completely different from anything I'd ever eaten."

He had eaten broiled shrimps, for example, all his life, but not the way they eat them in New Orleans where broiled-shrimp-and-beer parties are common. The shrimps are cooked in the hull for three or four hours, and then served with tabasco sauce, peppers, chili and paprika—"so hot you have to drink the beer to cool it off while it goes down."

Although Bob is careful not to ask for anything but the simple Southern fare when he visits his family—his mother thinks he may be "gettin' above his raisin'"—he is an enthusiastic convert to the Creole style of cooking and an expert in the concocting of all kinds of interesting dishes. Since the Poole's maid is a Southerner, most of the meals served at his home are of the type he grew up on, but over the weekends he wanders off the straight and narrow road and indulges his newly-acquired tastes, especially when

there are guests for whom he can "show off."

Two of Bob's favorite recipes are for Crawfish Bisque and Southern Spoon Bread. Many of his listeners have responded to his frequent dissertations on food by sending him new recipes so that his collection is large and always growing. His favorite dessert is not a Creole dish, however—strawberry shortcake, made with biscuit dough and plenty of strawberry sauce "so that it soaks through the cake."

Bob did not limit his activities in New Orleans to food and pop corn. He was introduced to his wife, Gloria, there; they live in an apartment in a New York City suburb with their two-year-old daughter, Michelle.

The lanky young Southerner's fondness for New Orleans dishes has not affected his popularity in his home town, which he always describes as a "huge metropolis"—New York is "just a suburb." A six-by-fifteen foot banner, reading "Welcome, Bob Poole," was strung across the main street during his recent visit.

Visitors to the town are promptly and frequently informed that "Bob Poole lives here" by the signs over the store windows.

THE END



MUSIC on a platter

by Les Merman

The gal vocalists are hitting their strides these days with top selling disks of tunes that the nation will be singing for many months to come. Here are some of the stars you'll be turning on your record players these days:



KITTY
KALLEN

For Mercury Records. Pick up her record of "Choo'n Gum" which is backed up by "Juke Box Annie."



MINDY
CARSON

She records for RCA VICTOR. You'll enjoy her rendition of the ballad, "Be Mine," 45 rpm and 78.



FRAN
WARREN

She's quickly rising to top stardom via Victor label. Get her "I Said My Pajamas."



MARGARET
WHITING

She remains a perennial favorite on Capitol records. "The Gods Were Angry With Me."



DINAH
SHORE

Still the nation's favorite gal singer. Get her "Scottish Samba" on Columbia right away.



Van Johnson and Esther Williams, with producer William Keighley, take a curtain call after their appearance in a "Lux Radio Theatre" broadcast.



Benita Hume gave up her musical comedy career when she married Ronald Colman but emerged from retirement to co-star in "The Halls of Ivy."

hollywood off the air

(Continued from page 14)

prise was Monica Lewis who actually came running in third, ahead of such famous gal singers as Doris Day, Margaret Whiting, etc. Jo Stafford finished second.

Eddie Cantor again pulled the unusual —this time by actually firing his sponsor. He gave notice that he will not renew his contract to emcee the "Take It or Leave It" show this fall. Eddie wants to take time off to study the television picture and perhaps make himself available for a few TV guestshots. Later, if he can find the right kind of vehicle, he'll come up with his own television program. Can you imagine a more suitable personality for our newest entertainment medium?

Short Pants and Slants: Paul Douglas just back from a deep sea fishing stint in Mexico looks brown and chipper . . . Milton Berle still giving evidence of burning torch for ex-wife Joyce Matthews . . . Tyrone Powers will return to the stage for the first time in more than 10 years when he goes to London this summer for the Theatre Guild's presentation of "Mr. Roberts." . . . P.S. His wife Linda Christian goes with him . . . The voice you hear in the "Chiquita Banana" singing commercial is that of beautiful Monica Lewis . . . Milton Berle's brother, Phil, is now a local television producer—debunking the general feeling that Milton's brother never works.

Andy and Della Russell readying a Mr. and Mrs. TV show . . . Phil Regan is planning a whodunit format for TV . . . CBS shows continue to lead the top twenty Nielsen parade . . . Tremendous upsurge of circulation for this mag has trade buzzing . . . Two busiest pilots in radio are Edgar Bergen and Arthur Godfrey who fly own planes regularly from studios to vacation spots.

Hollywood is still talking about Bob Hope's sensational box office smashes during his recent trip to New York and six personal appearance stops on the way back. His stint at New York's Paramount grossed \$146,000 for the first week. High take was \$27,000 in one day. Hope grossed \$278,000 for the two weeks and his share was exactly half: \$139,000. On the way home to the coast Bob made six stops and grossed an additional \$100,000. All in all the take must have been something for Uncle Sam.

Marie Wilson is going in for a heavy schedule of dramatics as soon as "My Friend Irma" goes off the air for the summer. She will star in "Dulcy" and Ibsen's "Doll House." Sounds like quite a chore for a gal known for a pint sized

brain. But we predict a surprise for Marie Wilson fans who probably can't picture the blonde bomber as anyone but Irma.

* * *

When Barbara Whiting received the script for a recent broadcast of "Junior Miss," she hopped to the phone and called writer-director Henry Garson. "Hank," she said, "I see where I'm supposed to sing on this show. If you're not confusing me with my sister, Margaret, I'm very flattered. But, Hank, will you do me a favor? As long as I'm required to do something Hawaiian, can I sing 'If You Like a Ukulele Lady'?" Garson agreed and only later discovered the reason for Barbara's choice. The song was written by the late Richard Whiting, Bab's dad.

* * *

A number of CBS executives visited the "My Favorite Husband" radio show and asked the star, Lucille Ball to join them at dinner for a short business meeting. "Swell," she replied, "but don't order any food for me—I'm just too nervous before a show, can't eat a thing." So the glamorous redhead joined the group of hungry men. In the period of a half-hour, she had finished one gent's salad, done away with part of another chap's lobster, and managed to consume a goodly portion of the third man's ice cream. Think what might have happened if she hadn't been nervous!

* * *

After more than four years of appearing on "Rosemary," a daytime serial, Patsy Campbell has decided to relinquish her role. However, she will still be available to housewives in her title role on CBS' daytime serial, "The Second Mrs. Burton."

* * *

Trade Talk: According to Dr. Morton C. Kahn of the Cornell University Medical College, it will soon be possible to kill mosquitos with the family radio . . . Edward Arnold, radio's Mr. President, says he will run for the U.S. Senate if nominated by the Republican Party. Isn't that a demotion? . . . "Witch's Tale," one of the first radio thrillers, may soon bow via TV . . . Sam Levenson is heading the fight of comedians to halt the theft of material by other comedians. Is Milton Berle listening? . . . Jack Benny will get \$10,000 per night on his tour of 22 one-nighters. Tough to make a living these days . . . Dave Garroway is giving Arthur Godfrey a bit of competition on ayem radio . . . Look for Don McNeil on your TV screen in the fall . . . Is US Steel thinking of giving up "Theatre Guild on the Air" this fall for a new CBS show? . . . Columnist Sidney Skosky has completed a film scripting of "The Eddie Cantor Story" . . . Cy Howard, originator of the "My Friend Irma" series and winner of the top writer-producer "Michael," will play a gangster in the next "Irma" film . . . Vic Damone and Frank Sinatra may be teamed in a new Metro movie . . . The Andrews Sisters have just purchased their seventeenth dog.

THE END

FULL FIGURE?

Look Slimmer, Years Younger

In Daring, New

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by Chique

••••••••••••••••••••••

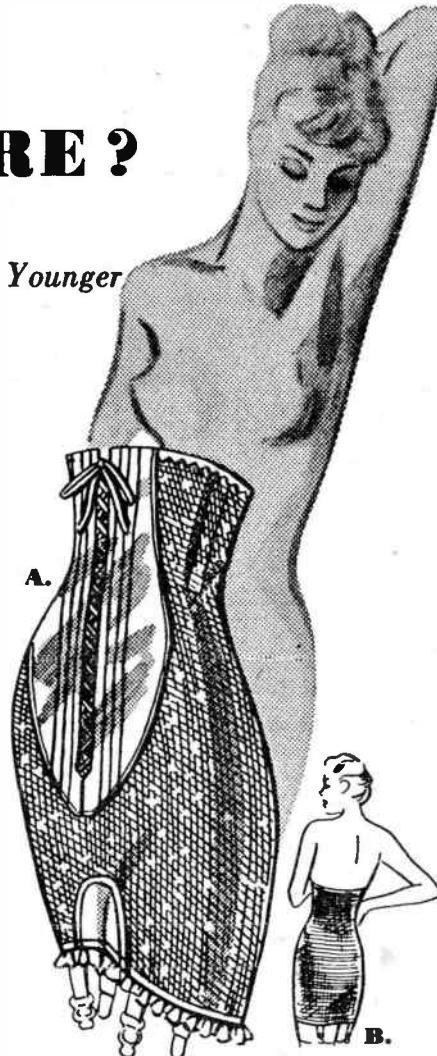
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dreams may come true

(Continued from page 33)

trembling. "Forgive me, my dear one," he said quietly, rising to his feet. "I came here, bringing you a red rose, hoping to give you a few moments of happiness. Instead—"

A faint smile illuminated Valerie's face and her voice was tender as she said, "You've given me much more than that—something I thought I'd lost. My self-respect, and my faith in myself."

"That is good," Anton said, returning her smile. "And now, shall we talk about something else?"

"It's not too easy to talk about something else, Anton," Valerie replied after a moment. "But aren't you expecting to get a report on your ankle this week some time?"

Anton waved his hand to show his unconcern. "Tomorrow, I think. It does not matter."

He turned away to escape Valerie's eyes. Had not he himself often said to her, "How then, can there be anything else when one can no longer dance?"

The words repeated themselves, over and over, in Valerie's mind the next evening as she and Ruth, seated in the living room of Ruth's home, listened to Anton. That morning he had heard John Wayne say that the injury to his ankle was permanent, that he would be able to walk, with a slight limp, but never dance again. Shortly after hearing the news, he had disappeared and, as it grew dark, Valerie had joined Ruth in waiting for him. Knowing what a terrible blow he had suffered, she was blaming herself for not watching him more closely when he had suddenly walked into the house.

"Tell me, ladies," he was saying, pointing his finger at them. "Tell me, what is a Texas Leaguer?"

"A Texas Leaguer!" Valerie repeated, the worried frown still on her forehead. "We've been so worried, Anton."

"Why should you worry, my dear?" Anton asked. "I have spent the day on the river bank with a bus driver. It was his day off and he was fishing and we talked of many things."

Valerie relaxed in her chair and smiled. "But where did the Texas Leaguer come in?"

"Well you see," Anton explained, speaking with the utmost gravity, "he was not always a bus driver. He was once the best darn first-sacker in the Tri-City League. And all afternoon he was explaining to me the mysteries and complexities of this game of yours."

"And I suppose you know all about baseball now," Ruth commented. Anton was never more amusing than when he was speaking, with his slight accent, of some American custom and for a moment she forgot her concern.

"Of the importance of the stopshort," Anton continued, "and where he must

play if he is backing up a southpaw. Of the grace of the hook-slide and—oh yes, the unforgettable sight of Jolting Joe on the tail of a fly."

Both Ruth and Valerie burst into laughter as Anton gestured and reached high into the air. "Oh, Anton!" Valerie exclaimed. "I was going to be very angry with you but you won't let me."

"No, you must never be angry with me." Anton bent down and kissed, first, her forehead and then, Ruth's. "And now I will beg the forgiveness of the two most beautiful, charming, wise and understanding women I have ever known, and ask you to excuse me. I am tired."

In a moment, he had vanished up the stairs. He entered his room, turned on the light and stood there, his back to the door. "Maybe you fooled them, just for a moment, but Ruth is too wise and Valerie knows me too well."

He walked across the room and confronted himself in the mirror. "Your day of reckoning has finally arrived. Yes, Anton, you are through. There will be no more dancing, ever again. And teaching? Who will come to learn from a lame one? Choreography—that is a dream. Have you such a name that they will batter down the doors to have you create ballets for them? No, Anton. This, for you, is the end of the line. You—"

His body shaking with sobs, Anton threw himself on the bed and buried his face in the pillow. Suddenly, he sat up. "They will hear you, you fool! You must go, now and forever, so that they will not always be worrying about you and—yes, pitying you. That you cannot stand."

He sprang up and pulled his valise out of the closet. His eyes still red and wet with tears, he moved quickly and quietly about the room. "The suits, the shoes, the ties—. There is not too much—that is one advantage of being poor."

The downstairs rooms were dark and quiet when Anton stole softly down the stairs and out of the house. He moved quickly across the yard to the garage. "I will take the good doctor's car and leave it for him at the station. He will understand."

Once he was out of the streets of the town and on the lonely road to the station, Anton stepped down on the accelerator. The headlights revealed a narrow, curving road, lined by tall leafy trees that whispered as he flew past them. Occasionally he passed a painted white fence, marking an embankment.

Anton breathed deeply. "The night air is good. Maybe it will blow out of your head some of those infantile thoughts, the self-pity you have always despised in others. Peste! How life can make fools of—" He stopped at sight of a squirrel, standing uncertainly in the middle of the road, and turned the car sharply to the

left where the lights picked up a stark white fence. . . .

When Anton recovered consciousness, he was in a hospital room and leaning over him were "the two most beautiful, charming, wise and understanding women" he had ever known. Anton smiled at them, wanly.

"Can you—can you speak to us, Anton?" Valerie asked, her voice breaking with anxiety.

Anton merely stared at her, as if he was trying to collect his thoughts. Finally, he said, "So, there was an accident and—" He brought his hand up from under the sheets and gingerly touched his bandaged head. "And I have injured my head. Oh yes, it was the squirrel. I did not want to run over it."

"Oh, Anton!" Valerie cried out, almost losing control of herself. "It's so like you, to risk your life to save a squirrel! How could you, Anton!"

"Valerie!" Ruth said, speaking in a low voice. "Get hold of yourself, or we'll have to leave him."

"I—I'm sorry, Anton."

"There is nothing to be sorry for, Daragaya," Anton said, smiling. "But tell me—about the injury. Is it serious?"

Ruth hesitated for a brief second. "Not—not very serious, Anton. You—"

Anton interrupted her. "I can see it in your face, Ruth. I suppose I have fractured my skull, and perhaps I will not live. Is not that it? You need not be afraid to tell me. I am not afraid of dying."

The two women were silent, Ruth wondering for the thousandth time if she would ever solve the enigma of this man, who sometimes seemed to be the prey of the most childish emotions, and sometimes more mature than any one of them.

"You mustn't talk of dying, Anton," Valerie said, her hand trembling as she reached for his. "You mustn't."

"But why should it frighten you to hear me talk of dying?" Anton asked. "It does not frighten me. I have had as full and rich a life as anyone could wish for."

His words came slowly and quietly as if he were choosing, selecting carefully, from a wealth of memories. "There was the first time I ever danced for the great Diaghilev and he gave me his own cigarette case. The things I have seen—a child's face at a Punch and Judy show . . . my first Picasso at a small gallery in Paris . . . my first view of New York . . . and the sight of Allied soldiers marching down the Champs Elysee during the liberation. There was the slow discovery of music, books, the theatre. And the people I have met, like Nijinsky and Einstein, and the many unknown ones, like the carpenters and electricians backstage. And there was you, Valerie. . . ."

The quiet voice ceased, and Anton

closed his eyes. Valerie gasped with alarm but Ruth took her hand firmly and led her out of the room.

"He's all right, Valerie," she said, once they were outside the door. "He just fell asleep, that's all. You know they've been giving him a lot of drugs. Now why don't you lie down and rest a while."

They went to a small room on an upper floor of the hospital which Ruth had purposely selected because she knew it contained a comfortable couch. But Valerie sat down on the edge of a chair and locked her hands together over her knees. Her blue eyes were ringed by deep circles.

"Rest!" she exclaimed. "How can I rest while Anton is still in danger? How can I rest when I know that this is all my fault?"

Anxiety and the excitement that followed on the news of Anton's accident had left their mark on Ruth, too, but despite her desire to relax, she knew that she could not leave Valerie in such a mood. She seated herself on a hassock at Valerie's side.

"Your fault, Valerie?" she repeated. "That just doesn't make sense."

"I think it does," Valerie said, stubbornly, as if determined to bear the blame. "He loved me and if I'd loved him, if I'd gone away with him as he asked me to, this wouldn't have happened."

Ruth spoke gently and patiently. "And do you really think that would have been better, Valerie? To leave Reed, whom you love, and go off with Anton, whom you don't really love—at least not in the same way?"

"I suppose you're right, Ruth." Valerie's voice came from behind her hands. "It's just that I'm so fond of him so terribly worried—"

The door opened and Reed Bannister came into the room. He seemed preoccupied but Ruth saw the immediate change in his handsome face as he caught sight of Valerie.

"Has—has something happened?" Valerie cried, jumping out of her chair.

"No, Valerie, nothing's happened." Firmly, he pushed her back into the chair again. "He's resting comfortably and tomorrow—tomorrow I'm going to assist Ryan, the brain surgeon, in an operation."

"You, Reed, you are—" Valerie looked up at him.

Seeing a new look—as of a man who has finally decided what he wanted—on Reed's face, Ruth quietly slipped out of the room. Miracles can happen, she thought, and Reed and Valerie must work at this one by themselves.

"Yes, and you needn't be afraid," Reed replied, sensing the question in Valerie's mind. "I'm not jealous of Anton—because he's in love with you. I'm very fond of him, and I feel that I owe him very much, because he has shown me that I built the wall between us and that I can tear it down."

"You—you mean—"

"Yes, Valerie, I mean just that. Anton told me—just now—that he had asked you to go away with him and a—a chill

came over me at the thought of how close I came to losing you. That was all I needed. Come here."

Roughly, he pulled her out of the chair and into his arms. "This is where you belong, in my arms. You're my wife and I love you and I won't let anything come between us again. Now if you have anything to say—anything that makes sense."

Valerie pulled his face down to hers. "Nothing. Except—oh Reed, if you only knew how I've been longing for you to say that, to take me in your arms like this—"

Ten days later, Ruth and John talked about Anton as they sat at the breakfast table. The operation on his head had been successful and he had left the hospital to stay with them again.

"I'm glad Anton stayed in bed this morning," Ruth said. "I'm—I'm really worried about him, John."

"Is that why you're looking so preoccupied?" John asked. "I think he's recuperating very nicely. Now, if he stays with us and rests for a few more weeks, he—"

"It isn't his physical health I'm concerned about, John," Ruth interrupted. "We didn't get chance to talk last night and I wasn't able to tell you what happened yesterday. First, Anton's friend in New York, the producer, called to tell him that he couldn't use the ballet Anton had sent him."

"Oh!" John nodded understandingly. "That was a serious blow, wasn't it?"

"Yes, very. Now that he can't dance any more, he was hoping he might have some success as a choreographer. But that wasn't all." Recalling the events of the day before, Ruth shook her head despairingly.

"What was it? What happened?" John asked impatiently.

Ruth took a deep breath. "Shortly after that, Miss Applegate—the librarian, you know—barged in here and asked him to direct the annual Glen Falls pageant. She—she talked about how big it's going to be this year, that they plan to spend four or five hundred dollars on it."

"Oh, golly!" John's words almost exploded from him in amazement. "That's really awful! What did he say?"

"He said he was too busy. He was very polite but I could see he was trying desperately to control himself." She was silent for a moment before the words burst out of her again. "That idiot woman! I could have strangled her!"

"We shouldn't blame her too much," John said. "She should have called you first, of course. But she does mean well though she's the most scatter-brained, insensitive person I've ever met." He paused for a moment. "I think I'd better go up to see Anton for a little while before I leave."

"That's a good idea, John."

Ruth washed the dishes and then began to dust the living room. She was too absorbed in her thoughts to take any pleasure in the warm sun shining through the windows, or the bright flowers, her special pride, blooming in the yard before her eyes. That foolish woman! As

radio detective

QUIZ

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



1. He's fond of saying, "It figures."



2. He's always identified as a "famous private investigator."



3. He makes his living as a lawyer and goes sleuthing only at night.



4. He's not afraid of crooks—just women.

Answers: 1. Howard Da Silva as "Sam Spade"; 2. Bennett Kilpatrick as "Mr. Keen, Tracker of Lost Persons"; 3. Peter Lorre as "Peter Salem"; 4. Gene Raymond as "Mr. Malone".

if Anton had not had enough to bear, with his loss of Valerie, the injury to his ankle and the rejection of his ballet.

She was rubbing the mahogany table more vigorously than usual when the front door bell rang. As she went to answer it, John and Anton were coming down the stairs.

"Why, Mrs. Winters!" she exclaimed, smiling cordially as she opened the door. "Please come in."

"I hope I'm not disturbing you."

Mary Winters was about twenty-eight years old, an attractive woman with brown eyes that were usually bright and cheerful. Today she seemed nervous and began to fumble self-consciously with her handbag when she saw Anton and John at the foot of the stairs.

"Good morning, Mrs. Winters," John greeted her. "Sorry I can't stay to talk with you." He kissed Ruth. "So long, dear. I'll call you later."

"So long, John." Ruth looked up at him, pleading silently for some hint as to Anton's mental state this morning. Almost imperceptibly, John shrugged his shoulders and went out the door. Ruth turned to her visitor.

"I'm so glad you came in. I'd like you to meet Mr. Karovin—Mrs. Winters."

Anton smiled politely, although Ruth could see the weariness behind his smile. "Very glad to know you, Mrs. Winters. Aren't you the lady who will have a room to rent to me next week?"

Mrs. Winters hesitated. "Yes but—but I wanted to talk to you about the pageant."

Ruth caught her breath and Anton's face lost a shade of its color. "Et tu, Brute!" he exclaimed. "I thought I had made it clear that I have no intention of directing the pageant."

His voice was cold and Ruth saw the expression of bewilderment on Mary Winters' face. If only she had had a chance to tell him about Mary! This was going to be awful.

"I'm sorry, I didn't understand that Mr. Karovin," Mary was saying. "I was interested in it because of my son, Paul. He's been quite a problem to me and I thought, since he has a kind of natural grace, that dancing might be just the thing for him—if you were going to direct it."

Anton's smile was almost brutal. "I see. A little free instruction, and he could be publicized as a pupil of Karovin's and—"

"Anton! Please!" Ruth broke in. She moved over to Mary Winters' side as if to protect her.

"And you want me to bring out his latent genius," Anton continued sarcastically, as if he had not heard her. "I am sorry, Mrs. Winters, but I will have nothing to do with your so-called pageant and, even if I did, the thought of instructing your so-graceful son would leave me quite cold!"

There was a moment's silence while Ruth and Mary stared at Anton, his mouth hard, his eyes glittering with a cold fury. Mary's face was white and she was trembling.

She stepped toward the door. "I'm

sorry, Mr. Karovin. I didn't understand. Thank you for being so patient, both of you."

When the door had closed behind her, Anton turned to Ruth. He was still breathing heavily with anger.

"Did I have to be subjected to that, after everything else?"

Ruth's voice was quiet. "Won't you sit down a moment, Anton?" She motioned to a chair. He hesitated but finally sat down. "Let me tell you about 'this woman,' Anton. Mary Winters was once about the happiest person I've ever known. She had a husband she adored, and a son. Her husband was killed in the war and since then she's been miserable, though no one would guess it. Her husband's death has affected her boy, too, and she's had to try to meet her financial problems by taking in boarders. But she keeps going, quietly,



PAUL McGRATH
as John Wayne

cheerfully, always on her own. She—"

Anton gestured with his hand. "Please, Ruth, don't—"

For a moment, Ruth thought that, even though she had spoken only the truth, she had been too harsh with him. She knew that only his great despair over his loss of Valerie and the sudden ending of his career could have permitted him to talk so rudely to someone like Mrs. Winters.

"When I woke up this morning," he said, "I was thinking that nothing could make me feel worse than I did. Now it seems I was quite mistaken. But really, Ruth, although I feel quite guilty about it, I don't feel equal to taking on a project like that pageant. I'm too sick, too concerned with my own personal problems."

Ruth nodded sympathetically. "Of course, Anton, you're absolutely right. What you need now is a chance to find yourself, straighten out your own life before you try to solve other people's problems for them. Why are you smiling at me?"

Anton leaned back in his chair; his face wore a quizzical smile. "You're a very clever woman, Ruth."

Ruth could hardly keep from returning his smile. "Why?" she asked, although she knew what he meant.

"Maybe it wasn't conscious on your part, but if you had tried to persuade me to take over this pageant, for any reason, I would have fought you to the bitter end. But this way—will you do something for me, Ruth?"

"Of course, Anton," Ruth said eagerly.

"Please call Miss Applegate and tell her I will take charge of her ridiculous pageant for her. As for me, if I may borrow your car, I'm going out to Mrs. Winters' house."

"Oh, Anton!" Smiling happily, Ruth jumped to her feet. "I'm so glad! I know that Miss Applegate is a nuisance, that it's an amateur pageant in a small town, but I know too that you love to teach, to work with other people who need you—like Paul. It—it even might help you."

"We shall see," Anton said, tweaking her ear as he spoke. "Anyway, you're a very clever woman, Ruth."

Anxious to atone for his rudeness, Anton lost no time in getting to Mary Winters' home. He saw her cheeks flush when she opened the door and, for a moment, she was speechless.

"Mr. Karovin!" she exclaimed. "Won't you come in?"

He followed her into the living room, noticing the shabby but sturdy and well-chosen furniture. On the window was a vase full of brightly-colored field flowers. Sheets of music were scattered over the open piano. In the air was the odor of freshly-baked bread.

"I think I am going to enjoy being a boarder here, Mrs. Winters," he began. "But I came to tell you that I am going to direct the pageant for Miss Applegate. And I would like to talk to your son about taking part in it. Is he at home?"

Mary Winters had quickly regained her composure but Anton was almost embarrassed to see the sudden light of joy in her eyes. "Yes. Yes, he's in the yard. But, are you sure, Mr. Karovin?"

Anton smiled. "I am always sure about everything I do, Mrs. Winters. Is it this way to the yard? If you do not mind, I will go out there alone."

The boy seated at the large wooden table in the yard was so absorbed in his work that he was not aware of Anton's presence until his shadow fell across the table. His eyes were brown, like his mother's, with the same quick intelligence. Anton sensed the boy's withdrawal as he caught sight of the stranger.

"Hello," Anton said. "I am Anton Karovin and I am going to direct the annual Glen Falls pageant."

"Hello," Paul replied. He continued to hammer at a piece of wood.

"What are you making there?"

"Nothing. Just a thing," the boy said.

Anton seated himself on the opposite bench. "That's too bad. Because it looks like a model stage and I thought that maybe I could borrow it from you to use when I'm directing the pageant. And I came out here today to ask you if you would care to be in the pageant."

"Me? Are you kidding?" Paul's voice was scornful but he put the piece of

wood aside. "Dancing is sissy stuff. The other guys would laugh their heads off at me."

Anton shrugged his shoulders and walked to a clear space in the center of the yard from where he could see Mary, cautiously peering from behind a curtain. "I am a dancer but I have never considered myself a sissy. Let us see which is the better athlete and acrobat, you or me. We will both do cartwheels, see who can do the most. Right?"

"I—I can't do cartwheels."

"You can't?" Anton said, surprise in his voice. "But—very well. How about handstands?"

The boy was plainly embarrassed. "I can't do handstands either."

"Well then, I will teach you to do a handstand."

Paul came quickly from behind the table, his face alight with interest. "Gee, do you think you can? There's only a couple of fellows in the whole school who can!"

Anton maintained the attitude of a disinterested coach. "I know I can. Are you ready? Throw your hands over your head, like this—your weight back. Now forward, throwing your weight on your hands."

Paul fell heavily to the ground. "I told you I couldn't do it."

"Of course, you let yourself go like a sack of meal. On your feet and try it again. Arms up and back—"

On his second try, Paul's legs wavered in the air for a second before he lost his balance. "Gee!" he exclaimed, as he got up from the ground. "I think I almost—"

Anton did not give him time to talk. "That was much, much better. Now again, with real assurance this time."

His reserve completely gone, the boy was eager. "All right now!" he cried. "One—two—and three!"

He threw himself on the ground again. "Steady!" Anton called. "Hold it!"

"Mom, hev Mom! Look! I'm standing on my hands!" He stood up. "Maybe—maybe it would be fun to learn to dance, Mr. Karovin."

Anton could not repress a quick surge of pleasure at sight of the boy's eager face. It would be exciting to work again with an apt and intelligent pupil and Paul's slim, graceful body was the finest "raw material" that any teacher could ask for.

"That was wonderful, Paul," Mary called from the doorway. "Wonderful."

Anton strolled to her side. Pretending not to notice the tears in her eyes, he pointed to the fence. "It needs painting, Mrs. Winters. And that pile of logs over there—they must be chopped for the fireplace. I will have plenty to keep me busy when I move here."

"Oh, Mr. Karovin, if you only knew how happy—"

"Yes, I know how happy you are," Anton said quietly. He looked around the yard and at the boy, who was standing on his hands again, and back to her. "As for me, I know true happiness is a dream but—but I think I may learn to dream again."

THE END

3 seconds to say "yes"—Dinah Shore

(Continued from page 19)

himself, then other pieces for their home. Visitors began to admire them.

Now Dinah swears that she no sooner gets acquainted with a piece of furniture in her home than she loses it to a friend. "It's like this," she explains. "Maybe George has just made a coffee table for the living room and somebody comes in and says she's got to have a table just like it. So George says fine and he'll make one. But she's having a party Saturday night, you see, so George says you take this one and I'll build another one. I'm glad he didn't build the piano!"

If the Montgomerys remind you of the couple across the street, it's probably because both of them are still somewhat agog at the fact that their names are known to millions of people and thrilled by the thought of their fame.

Dinah, who was born in Winchester, Tenn., and grew up in Nashville, went to Vanderbilt University to study sociology but she had always dreamed about a career in show business and was really not excited at the idea of being a social service worker. During her sophomore year she had her own quarter-hour song program on Nashville's WSM and at the close of her junior year, she announced her decision to go to New York to find a radio job. Her father, who had owned a chain of small town department stores and was now retired, could not understand her burning desire to be a singer.

"It was absolutely beyond his ken," Dinah says. "Nobody in the family had ever been in show business but he'd heard about the thousands of people, all heartbroken because they couldn't make the grade. And he told me I didn't have to work, but if I felt I must, I could always get a nice job at home."

Dinah went to New York and spent her two weeks pounding on the doors of radio stations, record companies and booking agencies. She had landed a "job," singing without pay on WNEW, when her father wrote, urging her to finish her education, and Dinah returned to Vanderbilt. A year later, diploma in hand and all equipped to be a social service worker, Dinah was looking northward again to New York. Her father gave her a sum of money.

"I'm not going to encourage you," he said, "because it's against my will for you to go to New York. I love you but you must learn for yourself. You've never been away from home for very long, you're accustomed to charge accounts and an allowance. When this money is gone, you must come home."

In addition to the money her father gave her, Dinah had inherited a small sum from her mother and she acquired a little more by selling her camera and enlargers. The future looked promising when she set out again for New York. The no-paying job was still open at

WNEW—"it was great experience"—and eventually Dinah teamed up with two other girls, also from Nashville, and the three of them took an apartment together.

Dinah will always remember that first New Year's Eve, four months later in New York. She was literally down to her last dime but she had been engaged to sing at a private party. The big city was humming with the excitement that always attends the big night and Dinah, gay at the thought of the party and the \$75 she would earn, blew in the dime on a bus ride up Fifth Avenue. Late in the afternoon the party was called off.

"I was absolutely, completely and utterly alone," Dinah says, "and I couldn't help thinking of the happy times we always had on New Year's Eve at home. I had no date, no money, nothing."

Dinah watched one of her roommates, a pretty model, get dressed and go out. The only one left in the building beside herself, it seemed, was the elevator boy. Feeling really sorry for herself, she cried a little, and then borrowed a nickel from the elevator boy to call her father.

"I told him what had been happening," she recalls, "shedding tears all the time and making it as sad as I could. The poor man got the idea that I'd been like that—without a cent to my name—for a long time. So he sighed and said if it meant so much to me, maybe he'd been wrong about the whole thing and he promised to send me some money."

This was the turning point. Shortly after, Dinah was engaged to sing with Leo Reisman's orchestra at the Strand Theatre and her fame began to grow when the radio audience heard her on "Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street." Last March she won the coveted "Michael" Award of the Academy of Radio & Television Best Arts and Sciences.

The turning point in George's career came after a stretch of bartending and stunt riding in the movie capital. One of fifteen children of a Montana farmer and still "a sucker for farming," he went to Hollywood with his brother who volunteered to make the rounds of the studios with him. He was evidently awed by his surroundings because he remembers that his brother once said to him, "Don't just sit there like a boob. Why don'tcha say something?" Finally, a director, who remembered him as "the kid from Montana," gave him a chance to audition for a small part in "The Lone Ranger."

The part required that he ride up the street and tell someone that "the sheriff went thataway." George studied the six lines of the script for a week but when the time came for the test, his tongue froze in his mouth and his brain refused to function.

"I tried it at least a dozen times during the morning, but I couldn't remember the lines. After lunch, I tried again and I

managed to remember the first two lines. Six takes later I got out the other four lines."

At a second test for the same picture four weeks later, he had the same trouble and remembers that "it was along toward evening when I got out the line." His part in "The Lone Ranger" led to further tests at the Fox studios where he was signed for a long-term contract.

The young actor's modesty is obvious in every word when he speaks about his career. He remembers "the other kids, such tremendous actors," whose tests were negative—"maybe they were trying too hard"—and some who experienced a quick flash of success and then were unable to keep their feet on the ladder. "I can't figure out what happened to me because I never did get out and fight for it," he says, and concludes that "there's a large element of luck involved."

George was holding Melissa Ann in his arms as he finished his story. The baby was gravely examining three rings her father had given her to play with. The examination over, she dropped them, one by one, on the floor.

"Just like her mother," said George, his smile implying that he likes her that way.

THE END

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it's all in the way she says it

(Continued from page 35)

the varying ways of speech affected by native Americans in New York (whether in Brooklyn, Harlem or on Broadway), New England or the Southern or Western states, and by such personalities as Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Katherine Hepburn and Tallulah Bankhead.

For her aptitude as a comedienne and mimic, Sara credits her father who, as she says, "missed show business by a hair"; he was an auctioneer. He often answered the telephone in a dialect or accent, just to confuse the caller—a trick which Sara plays on her friends in her own home in Hollywood. If a friend should call when Kathy, her maid, is not in the room, Sara mimics the maid's speech—"Yes, ah'll call Miss Berner"—and then waits a minute before picking up the telephone again and beginning the conversation in legitimate Berner style.

Since her friends have heard Sara go through this routine, the trick has sometimes backfired. If someone should call when Sara is really not at home, the conversation might go like this:

"Ah'm sorry but Miss Berner's not here."

"Now come on, Sara, I've heard you pull this before. I want to talk to you."

"But ah tell you Miss Berner's not here. This is Kathy."

After a futile argument, the frustrated caller will hang up and Kathy will report to Sara: "You got crazy friends, Miss Sara. Ah swear to God they won't believe me when ah say who ah am."

Although Sara's father seems to have been responsible for her choice of a career, he himself wanted her to be a violinist and insisted that she take lessons after school. When she was not occupied at school or at her violin teacher's, Sara could usually be found at the movies of an afternoon and after the show, loaded down with books and violin case, she made her way to the ladies' room and imitated the characters in the movie for the matron in charge.

Any distinctive accent or manner of speech awakens in Sara an almost irresistible urge to mimic. Not so long ago, she collected a small crowd around her in New York when she sat down on the curb and gave an impromptu impersonation of Fanny Brice—"Oh my man, I love him so . . ."

Early in her career, when she went to work as a millinery salesgirl in Wanamaker's department store in Philadelphia, Sara imitated the customers. She spent her spare time at Station WCAU, playing running parts, impromptu roles, last-minute substitutions—anything that gave her a chance to perform before a microphone.

Fired from Wanamaker's for impersonating an elderly Main Line dowager—"when she walked in with a Peke pooh on each arm, I didn't know which head to try the hat on"—she headed for New

York, got herself a job as salesgirl in a Broadway lingerie shop and entered her name among the thousands of contestants for the Major Bowes amateur show.

The auditions were on Saturday and throughout the afternoon, the other salesgirls at the lingerie shop kept telling the manager that Sara would be "back any minute." When she finally reappeared, about four o'clock, she was flushed with excitement and trembling with fear that she might lose her job. But the manager was thrilled at the news that one of his employees had been selected to appear on the Major Bowes program and Sara gradually relaxed in the warmth of his enthusiasm. She remembers she was leaning on the counter (on the wrong side), very much at ease, when he suddenly dropped his genial pose and snapped, "Get behind that counter and finish out your day!"

Immediately following her appearance on the amateur program, Sara joined the Bowes Number One Theatre troupe in Washington, D.C., and set out on a cross-country tour. When she returned to New York six months later, she paid a visit to the lingerie shop and the owner congratulated her on the success of her act. He was particularly delighted with the authenticity of her impersonations of New Yorkers and she never did tell him that she had acquired much of the material for her act in his store.

Sara always takes pains to make her acts authentic and refuses to "fake" anything. On the Gene Autry program, she impersonates a Mexican girl, Chiquita, who speaks English with a Spanish accent and often, some words in Spanish. For the latter, it was once suggested that she use some "Spanish gibberish" but Sara promptly trotted off to the Brown Derby and cornered one of the waiters, a Mexican boy. While the other patrons of the restaurant watched and listened in amazement, the boy said to her in Spanish, "I love you, my darling, and I'll do anything in the world for you," as Sara wrote it down phonetically on a slip of paper. No "gibberish" for Sara.

When Sara needed a hat for her act as Chiquita, she went to a store in the Latin-American section of Hollywood and assuming that the saleswoman was a Mexican, she couldn't resist the urge to use her Spanish accent. The saleswoman looked at her for a moment with a deadpan expression.

"Vy don't you speak English?" she asked finally in an unmistakably Yiddish accent. "Maybe then I could understand you."

But Sara's acts seldom miss fire. Her only criticism of her chosen profession is that it is making her a stranger to her native language.

"I'm going to have to take a course," she says. "I can't speak English anymore."

THE END

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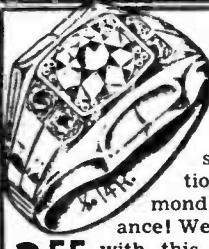
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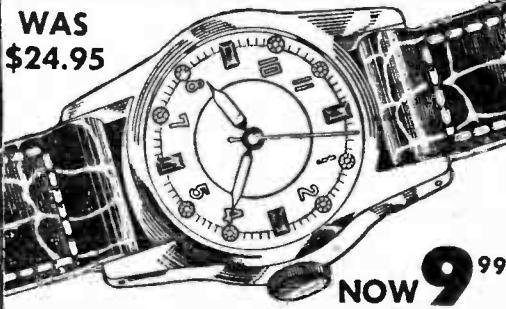
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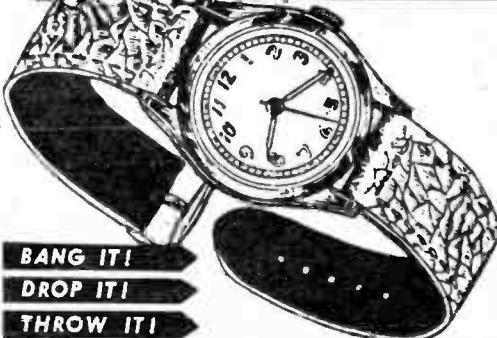


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home I mustered all my parental dignity and said, "This must stop," and to my amazement it did stop. Since then noise has been conspicuous by its absence.

It may interest you to know my son's schedule. He arises at 7:15, leaves for school at 8, arrives home at 5, dinner, etc., and in bed at 8:30. Seems to me there is little time for "an unreasonable amount of activity." And as for using the apartment as a "general playground," let me see you try to fit a swing or wading pool into our cramped quarters. Here's something else about his habits. Fortunately, he has outgrown the "Hi-Ho, Silver!" stage and is now a "private eye." Tell your Complaining Tenant a "private eye" looks for clues silently. It might be that some of the guns go "bang" when he drops his western comics. Could be!

We occupy the premises four or five days a week. The balance of the week is spent in our country home. Since moving into 715 we haven't had a guest in for even one evening.

Noise? Your C.T. is nuts. If your C.T. is a man, I'd recommend he come out to our place some weekend and spend

Twenty Questions Quiz: CONTEST WINNERS

Here are the winners of the first two "Twenty Questions" quiz contests sponsored by RADIO BEST in cooperation with the "Twenty Ques-

CONTEST NUMBER ONE

Correct answer: Mrs. Carl Brisson
FIRST PRIZE: Ronson Mayfair Pair.

WINNER:

Miss Louise A. Scribner
Salisbury, Connecticut

FOUR PRIZES: Ronson Standard Tortoise

WINNERS:

Mrs. Betty Marx
Philadelphia General Hospital
Philadelphia 4, Pa.

Jane Maher
1720 Putnam Avenue
Brooklyn, New York

Mrs. E. N. Arens
179½ Sycamore
Gridley, Cal.

Florence Spangle
830 21st Street
Rock Island, Illinois

CONTEST NUMBER TWO

Correct answer: Eyes So Blue from "Down by the Old Mill Stream." Prizes are the same as above. First winner and the four additional winners follow:

WINNERS:

(first prize)

Mrs. Margery Dady
4698 Camino Vuelta
San Diego 9, California

Mrs. Florence Fife
1904 W. 9th Avenue
Gary, Indiana

Mrs. Eleanore Benson
3349 Glenview Street
Philadelphia 24, Pa.

Anna Alesandro
Box 36
Flagtown, N.J.

Mrs. Louise Sebald
Stonyrill Farm R.R. 1
Franklin, Ohio

John J. Anthony says—

(Continued from page 48)

some time in David's attic train room. Let him watch the Anthony Limited tear around the curves and hear the whistle. If your C.T. is a woman, she, too, is invited to sit on our back lawn and watch David and his friends six-shoot, stab, and lasso each other 2,000 times a day. She might also like to see him stick his beautiful head out of the shower and yell, "Hey, Mom, I got soap in my eye." If this generous offer is not taken by your C.T., then I recommend a leavening dose of salts to help rid of him of the curdled milk of human kindness that must be clogging his system.

(Aside to secretary—send copies of this letter to every tenant, find out if there are any 10- or 11-year old kids who like electric trains. If so, maybe David ought to bring into town his freight outfit and set up a secondary operation at 715.)

Rest assured my son shall not be compelled to wear silencers over his shoes, nor shall he be punished, if momentarily he forgets his Sunday school manners. Curb his spirit, tell him to shorten his leap and quiet his "Hi, Pop!" when my key enters the lock after a tough day at

the office? Hell, no!

Very truly yours,

John J. Anthony.

P.S. Any complaints this week? The silence has been oppressive because David has been bedded with a cold.

P.P.S. "If you feel that this matter can be mitigated in a different fashion, we will be pleased to receive your expressions." Sure—you can have both your C.T. and the apartment any time you want it.

P.P.P.S. On one occasion David didn't have much strength left to be a "private eye" when he came home, let alone skate. He had to walk up ten flights of stairs.

J. J. A.

May 21, 1950

Mr. John J. Anthony
New York 21, New York
RE: APARTMENT

Dear Sir:

Your letter of May 17th is acknowledged and contents noted.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) XXXXXXXXXXXX
Manager—Credit Department
THE END

is it true that "father knows best"—Robert Young

(Continued from page 23)

There were several bewhiskered characters on the darkly-lighted stage and as curtain time approached with no obvious sign of Carol, Bob whispered to Betty, "Maybe she's there behind the whiskers."

Carol enlightened them after the performance. "Of course I was in the play," she said. "I was the 'off-stage noises'."

When the Bishop School asked the fathers of the students—instead of the mothers as is more customary—to organize for fund-raising activities, Bob took over as president of the Fathers' Council and, by means of a membership drive and help from a "dark-horse donor," the Council raised enough money to buy a station wagon and a motion picture machine. "Much more than the mothers would have been able to get at a twenty-five cent tea," says Betty.

On the whole, the Youngs are a closely-knit unit, with all members very family-conscious and proud of it. Since the lapse in time between Bob's studio hours and the children's school hours prevents them from dining together regularly, he has set aside Sunday and one night of the week—Friday—as absolutely and inviolately theirs. Friday night is devoted to a "sit-down meal" attended by the whole family and as many of their friends as the girls care to invite, and a motion picture with Daddy in charge of the machine.

Another reason for the Friday night meal with his family is that it gives him a chance to check on the younger children's table manners. He tries not to be "stuffy" about such things, he says, but he believes they are well-behaved and he is always proud to take them out.

"At least they know the difference between right and wrong," he adds.

'Every effort is made to season discipline with humor, not too difficult an undertaking since Bob and Betty are still young enough to "clown around a bit" with their children. Betty frequently calls on her husband for help when she feels that the masculine viewpoint will help her to clinch an argument. When Barbara sulked because her mother refused to allow her to wear the sloppy clothes that most teen-agers affect, she was more impressed by her father's statement that dungarees did not flatter her figure—"if you want a man's opinion, of course"—than by her mother's insistence that they were a "disgrace to femininity."

Barbara, like many other twelve-year-olds, is beginning to take an interest in the other sex. It's a natural development but both Bob and Betty disapprove of the sit-down dinners, given by some of her friends, at which the girls are paired off with the boys. She will have nothing to look forward to when she is 16, Betty points out and furthermore, the boys of her age are still more interested in football than in girls. Since Barbara was not convinced, Bob came to the rescue.

"I reminded her that I was once twelve years old—although I know she doesn't believe it," he says with a grin. "And I told her that I wasn't much interested in girls at that age and that I certainly didn't like the over-anxious ones. I said that girls should wait for the boys to come to them, not throw themselves at the boys."

Recalling her own teen-age experiences, Betty interposes that "we weren't above throwing ourselves at the boys, but we were more subtle about it than the kids are today." Says Bob, "You certainly were!"

But the fact that they were childhood sweethearts has often been used as a verbal weapon by Barbara and might better have been kept a secret from reporters. "You tell me I shouldn't have dates," she might say, "but Daddy was calling on you when you were 13. It says so in the magazines!"

Although Bob could afford to give them much more, his daughters get only a moderate allowance—Carol, \$1.50, and Barbara, 50 cents, per week—and he and Betty have emphasized the importance of living on a budget. Nonetheless, the girls are always in the desperate financial straits familiar to all teen-agers.

Betty thinks Bob is inclined to be an easy mark for a tale of financial woe. She remembers that once Carol went heavily into debt at Christmas and Bob, saying that he was "going to raise her salary anyway," agreed to take off 50 cents a week until her debt was paid.

But Bob declares very vigorously that he is against any undue leniency and regrets that many of his daughters' friends have much larger allowances. He is particularly forceful in expressing the resentment he feels toward the people who interfere when one of the girls is arguing for a little extra largesse and Bob refusing. One of them might say, "Oh, go on, give it to her. What difference does it make?"

Bob shakes his head and frowns as he recalls the scene. "When somebody makes a villain out of me like that in front of my children, I want to kick him in the teeth!" Offenders who value their teeth are hereby warned that he speaks with great sincerity.

Bob is not inclined to take his position as the father of four daughters too seriously and he shies from the suggestion that he give advice to other men in similar "straits."

But he does not smile when he speaks of his hope to give his daughters an awareness of the true value of money in the entire scheme of things.

He has always been able to gratify their every wish. The very atmosphere in which they live in Beverly Hills is tinged by extravagance and he regrets that the local schools do not offer the same cross-section, with representatives

Ida Lupino

in "Suspense"

The famous star "acts out" every scene for the radio audience.



"I can't believe it."



"I'll kill him!"



"He can't do that to me."



"Please forgive me!"

from all economic levels, as they do in New York City, for example.

"If I can only instil in them, just a little bit, the knowledge that material possessions are of minor importance, then I think I'll have done a good job," he says. "I want to be sure that they won't turn their backs on a boy because he hasn't a good job and a Fleetwood car."

Bob's children will never have so deep an appreciation of their present financial circumstances as their father. Son of a general contractor whose income provided only absolute necessities, Bob began to contribute to the family coffers at the age of eight by working at a grocery store, a soda fountain and selling newspapers.

If Bob sometimes feels that he's playing a documentary role in "Father Knows Best," it is probably because his daughters take him very much for granted. He has always been a famous movie actor and now it is as much a part of the scheme of things as the fact that apples grow on trees. When Robert Young walks into a restaurant or any public place, heads turn to look and there is much whispering and pointing. He sits down with a pleasant awareness that he is the center of attention.

But when Robert Young enters the very beautiful home he has provided for his family, he is just Daddy coming home from work and many's the time he does not hear even a greeting, much less a buzz of excitement. Barbara has recently come down with telephonitis, a disease common to her age and sex, and can't interrupt her conversation, while the two younger children are probably absorbed in a radio or television program.

Bob takes it philosophically. "There's nothing like a few daughters to deflate a man's ego," he remarks.

The girls take pretty much the same attitude toward all the other residents of the movie colony. One Christmas they asked for autograph books, but the next time that some visitors, among them a few well-known actors, came to the house, Betty noticed no rush for signatures.

"Aren't you going to use your autograph books?" she asked.

"Oh, we have been using them," was the answer and the girls showed her the autographs—of the butler, the cook, the milkman and the grocery store clerk.

A few years ago, when the family was taking a vacation at Laguna Beach, a man who had known Barbara when she was very young, attempted to make conversation with her.

"And what do you think of your famous father?" he asked.

Barbara shrugged her shoulders. "I guess he's just as good as the rest of them," she said.

Bob is still trying to figure out the meaning of her remark and has stowed it away in his mind for reference in the event he should ever feel his head swelling.

Yet when six-year-old Betty met Gregory Peck, her eyes lit up with delight and she exclaimed, "My, he's hanson (her own version of 'handsome')!" She



RADIO BEST

Nominates for Stardom 16 year old Dick Kallman

IT is not often that RADIO BEST goes out on the limb to make its own nomination for stardom. Show-business is filled with budding talent waiting patiently to be discovered. The problem has never been a lack of prospects but an unfortunate lack of opportunity.

Our debut as talent scouts dates back to March, 1948, when we stepped out to "nominate for stardom" a young good looking vocalist named, Gordon MacRae. History has recorded the sagacity of that nomination. Gordon's ascending star has never faltered.

Well, here we go with our newest "nomination for stardom." His name

is Dick Kallman and he's just about passed his sixteenth birthday. We first caught him warbling away on a local New York station. His easy soothing style mixed with that indescribable something called "showmanship" hit one like an arrow from a cupid's bow. In April, the star-fated youngster tried a ten day stint at The Saxony Hotel's supper club in Miami Beach. Later he made his New York bow at the Cotillion Room. Both appearances were bang up successes.

Dick is a free agent at the moment, deep in study and imbued with the spirit to make good.

We predict he'll make it.

said later that she "almost fell down" at sight of him. This her parents welcome as evidence that their children are "normal" but just can't get excited about somebody who crosses their path every day.

But Bob's good looks often overcome his daughters' tendency to treat him like any other less famous father. They are very much interested in his clothes. On one occasion, Bob and Betty dressed in formal evening attire for an opening night—"the only time you can get Bob into a pair of tails," says his wife. Carol was admiring her mother when one of the younger girls caught sight of her father in his high silk hat and white

scarf. "Mother, you're pretty," she exclaimed, "but Daddy's just gorgiful!" An ingenious combination of "gorgeous" and "beautiful," the word "gorgiful" is now in regular use by the Young family.

Although he does not receive all the admiration he might be entitled to, there is no doubt that Bob is completely happy in his female-dominated environment. On Wednesday every week there are some 11 women—including Betty's mother, the governess, seamstress, laundress, cook and day maid—in the house.

One day Bob came home with a puppy under his arm. The sex? Female, of course!

THE END

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I enclose \$5. Send three months' supply.

SEN ON APPROVAL!

married life of the "Easy Aces"

(Continued from page 43)

Q: Are you both interested in the appearance of your home?

Goodman: I must admit that when it comes to looking after our home, Jane is a good manager. Everything must be in its place and heaven help me if I drop my coat on a living room chair. Almost any evening she can be found mending something—lengthening this or shortening that. All through these housewifely chores she keeps up a running line of chatter—small talk, gossip and "guess who I ran into today"—that drives me nuts.

Jane: One thing I insist on is keeping our apartment looking neat. If he had his way, the whole place would be topsy-eva. I love to sit around evenings mending things. Sewing is my favorite subject, and while I sew we sit there and talk and talk. It makes a wonderful homely evening, sitting around sewing and talking. We both love it, except him. But I don't care; I didn't take domestic silence in school for nothing.

Q: Do you have any mutual hobbies—sports that you both enjoy for example?

Goodman: Our hobbies are spectator stuff for the most part. We used to go to the races exclusively but for some reason, Jane decided she didn't like them. Now we have boxes at the Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds and we're ardent Giant rooters. But our favorite hobby is Blackie, a West Highland terrier. He's all white and naturally enough, Jane named him Blackie. He's a smart dog even though Jane is always telling him long stories in her own inimitable way.

Jane: We used to go to the race track every day but he lost so much money, I decided we better find something else to do. So now we go to the ball games. We root like mad for the Yankees. Next to Blackie, our dog, I guess we like baseball better than anything. He's all white but my husband named him Blackie so what could I do? He's just about the smartest dog in the world, but why shouldn't he be? I've taught him everything I know.

Q: Do you cooperate in the managing of your financial affairs?

Goodman: When it comes to finances, I try to make Jane understand that we must live on a budget—what with taxes and all. And I do mean all. I've explained it's important to make both ends meet. Not that I want her to live in squalor, but if she keeps spending money the way she does we'll have to give up our penthouse and move to some cheap place. That scares her and for a whole day she doesn't spend any money. Then she's off again.

Jane: When it comes to money, sometimes I think he's a tightrope. You ought to see the budget book he bought me. It's a budget book because you can only spend so much and you can't budge it. I try to make both ends neat but we can't just live in squalor. He keeps saying if I'm not careful we'll have to move into one of those old testament houses. But I can't help it if everything costs so much. And I figured out why they cost so much—the prices are so high.

Q: Would you say that, on the whole, your marriage has been successful?

Goodman: In spite of these complaints, our married life has been a good one. At least, I get a lot of ideas from things Jane does. They make some of the funniest episodes in our scripts. The funniest part is she never recognizes them as things that happened to us. She often says, "Things like this don't happen, dear. How can you make up stuff like this?"

Jane: Please don't think I'm complaining about my married life. I realize my husband is nervous because he has so much writing to do. It must be awfully hard to think up all the silly things he puts into our shows. He says he gets them "from life." But all I can say is he must have known some awfully peculiar people before he met me.

THE END

seat at the dial

(Continued from page 12)

Dancers and choreographers? Everything is there. Oh yes, and two—count them, two—regular origination points; the first part of the show, for an hour, comes from Chicago; then the co-axial cable is reversed from east to west. Emcees? Any old program can have an emcee—this one has three. There is Jack Carter lording it over the Chicago production. There is Sid Caesar as the big star on the New York end. And there is a special, weekly master of ceremony-guest on the New York end, someone with a name—say, Burgess Meredith, or Jose Ferrer.

Now that I have convinced you that when I say big, I mean Big—let's take that exception to bigness at which I hinted above. The only thing small about the program is its imaginative quality. Of that commodity, there just isn't any.

The program is usually divided, for review purposes and for other aims as well, into two parts (how come NBC let Gaul or anyone else get ahead of it?). First there is the Chicago segment. That one is Carter's chore. When the show first got on the air, Carter was no better on NBC than he had been when he used to fill in during Milton Berle's mid-season vacations, or during his conductorship on DuMont's "Cavalcade of Stars."

Anyway, Carter was just there, filling in between numbers. And the numbers coming from Chicago had little distinction. There is a reason for that. Chicago does not have nearly the amount of talent available in New York. You just don't pick up as many dancers, singers, or acrobats in Chi over the telephone as you might in New York. Chicago television people, therefore, have resorted to ingenuity. They have created their own way of using the new medium to its best videogenic advantage. Examples are such shows as are put on by Dave Garroway, or "Kukla, Fran and Ollie," or NBC's lamented "Saturday Square." But no—when "Saturday Revue" started, NBC wouldn't trust the Chicago people. The thing originated in Chicago—but it was a New York package; even the technicians—let alone Carter—were New York imports. The result: mediocrity, if not worse.

The Carter end of this clambake has improved. There is a little more of the Chicago TV know-how on the program as of this writing. But it's still far from top entertainment.

On the New York end, there are the guest emcees. Most of them have little to contribute. Burgess Meredith, who was on the opener, amounted to very little because little was given him to do. Much later, Jose Ferrer was put on. In a couple of numbers that he did himself, he was very, very amusing. For the rest—he seemed to suffer embarrassment every time he had to speak very commonplace lines written for him as introductions to

(Continued on page 72)

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Now you can make records of your singing, talking, reciting, or instrument playing right in your own home! No longer need the high price of recording machines or studio facilities prevent you or your family from hearing their own voice or playing. *No Experience Necessary.* Set up the NEW HOME RECORD MAKER, play, talk, or sing, and immediately you have a record which you and your friends can enjoy.



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talent not much better than commonplace. There are two exceptions to the "commonplace" label on the New York end. These two are Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca. They are on the show regularly.

Caesar is a great mimic, a great pantomimist, a great comedian, a great artist. Miss Coca falls just short of greatness but, working with a fellow like Caesar, she is often on the terrific side; sometimes, she is tops even in a solo number. Anyway, the two together are an outstanding pair. But to use them every fifteen minutes for an hour and a half—usually, twice each of the 30-minute segments of this giant sweepstakes—I ask you, does this indicate programming imagination? How far in a rut can you get?

Holiday Hotel

Thursday, 9:30 p.m.

Take the venerable play "Grand Hotel," add a shot of "Duffy's Tavern," place Edward Everett Horton into the pot, spice with one of the most videogenic girls on the air, Betty Brewer, and what have you? Take a look at this one and tell me. My answer, even before you look, is simple. It's hodgepodge.

Horton is the manager of a hotel happily named after an absentee owner called "Holiday." So far, I haven't seen the gent whose name adorns the hostelry. I have a suspicion that, like the owner of Duffy's famous beer emporium, the idea is for him always to be in the background. Lenore Lonergan assists Horton; she does what little she has to do with good sense. In a hotel there is, of course, music and singing. Some of that isn't bad—especially when the extremely lovely Betty Brewer engages in this portion of the doings. I saw also Sarah Churchill, one night, doing a pointless skit. There was Dave Burns just talking on and on—he was supposed to be unintentionally funny; he was merely a bore. And all the way through, Horton is around. If you

can take that much of Horton's type of sniffing—you're sturdier than I am. I give up.

Your Lucky Strike Theatre

Mondays, 9:30-10:30 p.m.
(Every other week)

NBC hired Robert Montgomery as an executive producer and put him in charge of a full-hour dramatic program which goes on Monday nights at a time that keeps you from seeing CBS' "Studio One." On this program, you'll find second-rate classics popular with Hollywood fans; first-rate stars, some of them doing good acting; production techniques that are ordinary most of the time; and Montgomery.

I have a suspicion that NBC intends to pitch, with this program, for the laurels copped on radio by CBS' perennial "Lux Radio Theatre." Accuse me of being long-hair, if you like—but the Lux show, for all its popularity, never was my idea of top air-drama; it doesn't hold a candle to "Theatre Guild on the Air," for instance. But just as Lux succeeded with its Hollywoodish program, so Luckies may succeed with theirs on NBC-TV. Don't let me influence you. You may like this. I can take it or let it alone. It does not annoy me. It simply fails to intrigue me—and TV never promised to do that to me, so why should I kick?

Today With Mrs. Roosevelt

Sundays, 4 p.m.

. Far and away out front among the season's TV programs has been—of all things—a gabfest, the kind I have often sloughed off as inadequate for video because the format, essentially, is aural rather than visual. But this one is emceed by the one person in this country who probably still holds universal respect, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. And the people she rallies



around her teacups on Sunday afternoons are the most important in their fields, those who really have something to say—whether about atomic energy and the H-bomb, or about the program of economic aid to Europe. I shan't try to gild to lily. You must see this program to appreciate it. The talk here is adult and knowing. Mrs. Roosevelt is not only a gracious hostess, she is also an extremely wise one.

As often happens at NBC (sometimes on other networks too) somebody snafued the works at one time during the season's run of this program. Elliott Roosevelt, who is producer of his mother's show, had scheduled Paul Robeson for one of the discussions. Robeson had not tried to push himself onto the program—he was invited. A howl was raised. With a lot of double-talk by everybody concerned (except the unhappy Mrs. Roosevelt) Robeson was shunted aside. It was unfortunate that, of all programs, this one had to get that kind of negative publicity. A program devoted to the principle of free discussion got itself snarled in a tangle of suppression. Over at CBS, on Ed Sullivan's "Toast of the Town," Paul Draper got himself black-balled (after being on the air) because someone was tossing the red herring his way. In the CBS fiasco, the only person who behaved honorably all the way through was Sullivan—everybody else crawled. These are some of the things that give not only TV but all of broadcasting an odor that's anything but palatable. I think this is what people have in mind when they say, after reading all the hoopla about color television: "I'll wait until they have not only color on TV but perfume too."

Now that I got that off my chest, I repeat: Look at Mrs. Roosevelt's program on NBC. In fact, look at her, or listen to her, any time she is on the air.



LISTEN

NBC—Once a month, Sundays, 1-1:30 p.m.
MUTUAL—Once a month, Sundays, 9-10 p.m.

CBS—Saturdays, 6:15 p.m.

The triple-play listed here needs some warnings. My major aim is to call attention to the programs of radio emanating from the United Nations and dished out among various networks and stations. These are by far the most important programs, and some of the best entertainment, offered on the air, in any of the air media. But the day and the time at which these shows originate on the networks do not, necessarily, indicate the day and time you may be able to get them on your local stations. The station in your area may shuffle the schedule considerably—so that a show broadcast (let us say) over the NBC network on Sunday at 1 p.m., may be broadcast in your area the following Thursday at 11:30 p.m. However, all one can do here is mention the network originating time. That's what I am doing. From that point on, you're on your own. If you are interested in any of the shows—and I hope you will be—check your local stations and your local radio listings in the local newspaper. Or, better still, write to Mrs. Dorothy Lewis, Coor-



Jack Carter teams up with Henny Youngman in a south-of-the-border skit televised from Chicago on "Saturday Night Revue."

dinator of U.S. Station Relations, United Nations Radio, Lake Success, N.Y. Ask Mrs. Lewis to send you a schedule of all U.N. shows as they are broadcast on the stations in your locality. She'll be happy to send you that information. Now here is the network originating schedule (with some local station information added):

June 18—NBC—1-1:30 P.M.—A play about atomic energy, entitled "E equals MC-Squared: Formula for Peace?" Written and produced by one of Canada's major radio people, Major Moore.

June 18—Mutual—9-10 p.m. "Trustee," a play about the work of the Trusteeship Council of the United Nations, written and produced by Norman Corwin. This one was scheduled to originate from New Delhi, India.

July 9—NBC—1-1:30 p.m.—"Pay As You Go," about the work of the UN's International Bank. Produced by Moore.

July 16—Mutual—9-10 p.m. "UNESCO"—the work of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization. Laurence Gilliam, one of the great luminaries of British radio, is scheduled to come to this country especially to produce this show. Watch for it.

September 10—Mutual—A program about the United Nations' technical assistance program. Another one of the series written, produced and directed by Corwin. This one will originate in Washington, and will have enough brass on it to adorn an entire navy. Don't miss it.

Saturdays—each week—CBS—6:15 p.m.—"Memo From Lake Success." An excellent documentary, wrapping up with much skill a lot of "actuality" tape recordings and live voicings telling in dynamic manner what happened during the preceding week in Lake Success or around the various UN organizations. Highly worth while for regular listening.

"U.N. Today"—varying times on various stations, five nights (or days) a week. This is an "across-the-board" reporting job of what happens day-by-day at the UN, done from the voices of delegates as they speak, argue and haggle. Wonderful reporting. Find out what day and time your favorite local station broadcasts this one, and listen regularly.

"U.N. Story"—also varying times on various stations, but once a week. This one, like "U.N. Today" is also a 15-minute show. But this one is done in dramatic-documentary style; highly entertaining, and at the same time very informative. Again, ask your favorite local station to let you know what night or day and time you can hear "U.N. Story."

Any way you look at it, these UN programs are there for you, and you're a sucker if you don't listen—to each and

every one of them. Corwin has been doing the most exciting radio—on these UN series—that he has ever done. And he's not the only top writer they use. A young fellow named Alan Sloane has been revolutionizing the kilocycles with his UN material. Still other top writers—as well as producers, directors, actors, musicians, etc.—are at work. The UN's Radio Division programs for the United States are under the over-all supervision of another man you have probably never heard of, named Gerald Kean. It doesn't matter too much whether you recognize the names or not. What does matter is what the UN gives radio—and you.

The networks that are putting this material on the air deserve some credit. So do the 400-500 radio stations around the country that broadcast the various UN

shows. But don't weep too heartily for the broadcasters. Actually, these shows cost them little or nothing. The UN spends the money. In the case of the networks, they may contribute a sizeable orchestra in addition to studio facilities. But that's about all. Let's just keep the record straight.

If better radio is done—it could be done by our big networks and by some of our better local stations. Maybe the above-mentioned Cott will bring something of this new spirit to NBC—that remains in the category of something to be hoped-for, in the future. Meanwhile—to paraphrase an old Lucky Strike nuisance jingle—"The best radio of all comes from the UN Conference Hall."

Good listening—and viewing!

THE END

Dear Mr. Anthony—

(Continued from page 49)

never married.

Recently I was about to enter a subway train and just as I approached the car the door slammed in front of me, but on the other side of the glass there was a face! I gasped when I saw him, I shouted his name, but above the rumble and noise of the departing train certainly he could not have heard me. It was the man I hadn't seen for more than 20 years. Lest you think perhaps I might be mistaken, rest assured I was not. It was he. Of this I am quite positive. Since that fateful afternoon my days and nights have been filled with a mixture of longing and despair. Where can I find him? What can I do? I know that were we to meet again, I could be happy. I would certainly be willing to give up my present state of excellent economic security without love for the man I once wanted to marry. What am I to do?

Mrs. R. V.

Dear Mrs. R. V.

What a romanticist you must be! As I pen this reply to you I can almost see you in my mind's eye. You must be a handsome woman with many virtues, given, perhaps, to reading a great deal of romantic literature. I am not trying to belittle your problem, believe me, for what pain it must be to carry a romantic illusion in one's heart for so many years! I do not think that no love has existed in your marriage, as your letter indicates. Certainly in these more than 20 years there must have been times when the love I know you are capable of giving was given and reciprocated by your mate. You have brought into the world three lovely children; you have had 20 years of marriage, obviously a devoted husband and, according to your story, excellent economic security. Few women, few wives receive more out of life than this.

To throw all of this away and whatever the future may hold for you within the framework of your marriage in the search for a face behind the glass of a subway door does not do you credit as the intel-

ligent person I know you are. I have seen so many of these illusions shattered. The boy you knew at the age of 18 is not the same man some 20-odd years later. So many changes have taken place, and the happy thoughts you carry in your heart and in your mind are valuable only for what they represent as memories. You can not transport them across two decades and yet have them remain what they once were.

Give up your search for "The Face." Live your life in the present. Utilize to the fullest the joy and happiness that must come to a mother with "three wonderful children." Remember that your marriage has been productive of a great deal of good. Why not magnify this good and minimize whatever faults and frailties your mate may have? I imagine that even the chemistry of one's soul changes over the years, and I would hesitate, if it were possible for me to arrange a meeting with your friend of long ago—yes, I would hesitate to have you meet him, for I am not sure that the result would be what you looked forward to. I can tell you this, though—that in many similar instances, the sweetheart of long ago proved very disappointing in later years. We must not forget that there is another possibility. Contrary to what you may have heard, there is a good chance that this man is presently married and has a family of his own. For you to come into his life at this time with the conscious thought of resurrecting the past would indeed be unkind to him.

You have much to be grateful for—pleasant memories of the past and a great deal to look forward to in the future with your children, your husband, and the families your children will bring into the world. Yes, my dear Mrs. V., you have much to be grateful for.

Act wisely now, lest by your own foolishness you bring misery into the lives of those you love.

John J. Anthony.
THE END

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**The TV Filter is Guaranteed
Nationally Famous—
Save Up to \$3.00
If You Act Now!**

GLARE FREE • CLEAKER IMAGES • RESTFUL VISION

**Enjoy crisp, clear television
without eye-fatigue!**

Thousands of enthusiastic television set owners who have purchased this famous TV "no-glare" filter will tell you what a difference it makes!

It's scientifically designed to absorb those irritating light rays to which the eye is most sensitive, gives a clearer, sharper picture, absolutely pleasant glare-free reception for the life of your set!

Mail This Coupon
Today & SAVE!

Send Only \$ 1.95
(plus 5c to cover
mailing costs)



ROBERT EDWARDS COMPANY, Dept. TV-7

9 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me your famous television filter. The size of my television screen is indicated below. I am enclosing \$ _____.

SIZE SCREEN 7" 10" 12" 15" 16"
(Send \$2.95 if your screen size is more than 12" plus 5c to cover mailing costs)

Name _____ please print _____

Address _____

City, Zone and State _____

(You may take advantage of this offer for your friends and neighbors by using a separate sheet for additional orders.)

Broadway Fashions

Cool . . . cute . . . and sauced
with a big bow-tie and sash
of polka dotted rayon. Waffle
weave cotton pique in
powder blue, pink, aqua,
white or maize.

Style No. 2603

Sizes:
9, 11, 13, 15, 17
12, 14, 16, 18, 20

598

Sizes:
38, 40, 42, 44
698



Send for
FREE
FASHION
CATALOG

599 Broadway
New York 12, N. Y.

If PREPAID, enclose price plus
20 cents for postage. You
save C.O.D. charges.

If C.O.D., you pay price, plus
postage and C.O.D. charges.

FREE "SILENT NIGHT" PER-
FUME ON ALL PREPAID OR-
DERS.

GUARANTEED
REFUND PRIVILEGE

Broadway Fashions INC
Dept. 47-09

STYLE NO.	SIZE	FIRST COLOR CHOICE	SECOND COLOR CHOICE
828			
2603			

(Print)

NAME

ADDRESS
CITY &
ZONE

STATE

Prettiest to stroll in . . .

or just be admired in, with or minus
its butcher-weave rayon jacket.

Stunning rose-print rayon crepe
dress with hi-low neckline. Navy,
black, aqua, powder, pink.

Style No. 828

Sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15
12, 14, 16, 18, 20

998

Sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44
1098