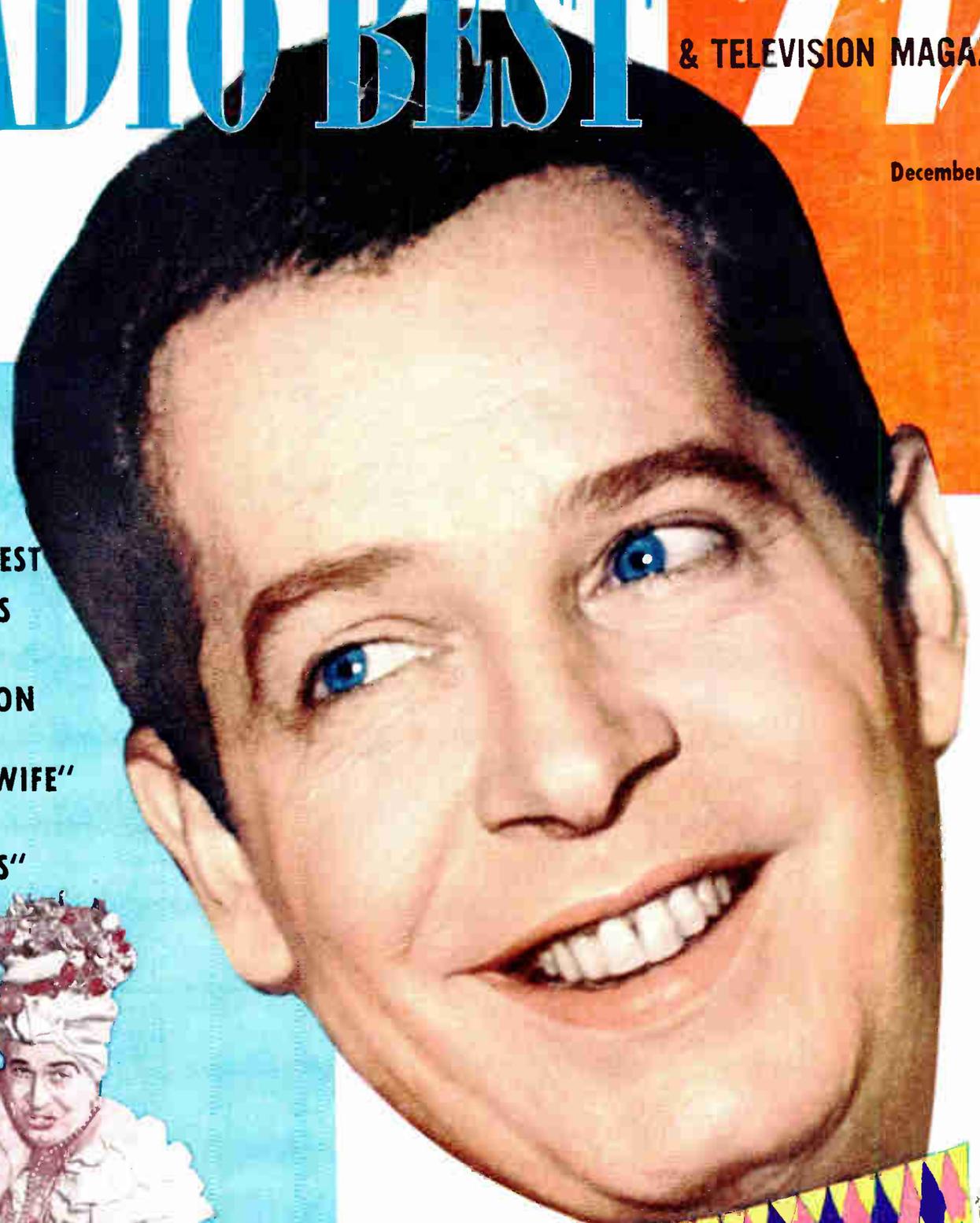


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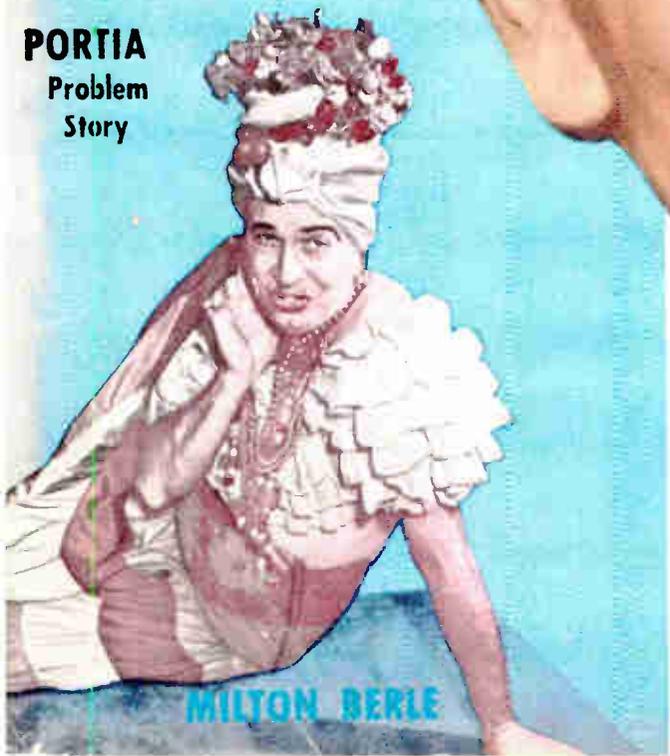
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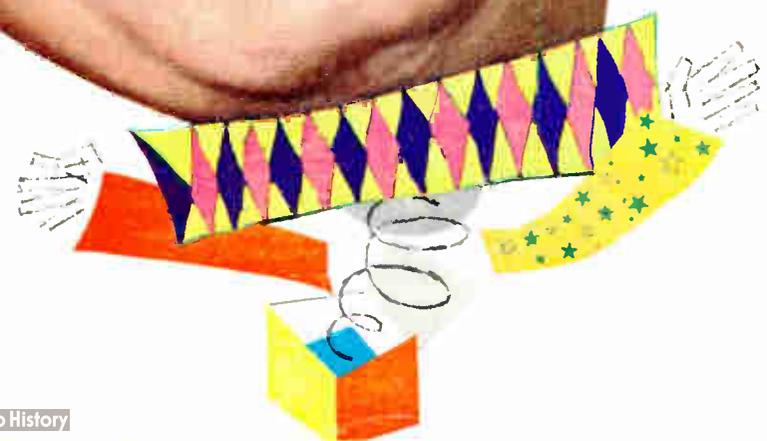


'STRIKE IT RICH' CONTEST
EZRA STONES AT HOME
FAYE EMERSON COLUMN
'BACKSTAGE WIFE'
'RIGHT TO HAPPINESS'

PORTIA
Problem Story



MILTON BERLE



SAVE YOUR EYES!

-With this Amazing "NO-GLARE" TELEVISION FILTER

Sensational Offer

Both For
ONLY
\$1.95



FREE IF YOU ORDER NOW!

Big Portrait of
ARTHUR GODFREY

Yes, it's yours free—a big portrait photograph of Arthur Godfrey—ready for framing, if you order your "No Glare" television filter now! But hurry, this offer is limited!



SHARPENS PICTURES ★ **STOPS HARMFUL GLARE** ★ **RELIEVES EYE-STRAIN**

EASILY APPLIED . . . LASTS A LIFETIME

This famous "no-glare" TV filter is as easy to attach to your set as a postage stamp—takes but half-a-minute! Once it's on—it lasts for the life of your set!

SCIENTIFICALLY DESIGNED . . . FULLY GUARANTEED

The TV Filter is not just "a piece of colored plastic." It is a carefully manufactured filter material scientifically designed for TV viewing.

**TV FILTER IN ANY SIZE
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Whatever size your television screen is—there's a TV Filter to fit! Send only \$1.95 for TV Filters in sizes from 7" to 12". For sizes more than 12" send only \$2.95. Indicate size of your screen on coupon.

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Nationally Famous —
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GLARE FREE RECEPTION • CLEARER IMAGES • RESTFUL VISION

This Improved Nationally Famous TV Filter on a 5 day **FREE** Home Trial

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!

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SEND NO MONEY! RUSH THIS COUPON

ROBERT EDWARDS COMPANY, Dept. TV-12
9 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please rush No-Glare TV filter (size below) plus **FREE** Arthur Godfrey portrait, I will deposit price shown with mailman on arrival, plus postage. If, within 5 days I am not satisfied, I will return it for a refund.

SIZE SCREEN 7" 10" 12" 15" 16"
(*Send \$2.95 if your screen size is more than 12")

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> send C.O.D. I pay postman \$1.95 plus postage | <input type="checkbox"/> send C.O.D. I pay postman \$2.95 plus postage |
| <input type="checkbox"/> enclosed is \$1.95, I save postage | <input type="checkbox"/> enclosed is \$2.95, I save postage |

Name _____ please print

Address _____

City, Zone and State _____





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again presents radio's award-winning

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Another big year of outstanding stage and screen hits! Coming up this season: *The Third Man*; *Come Back, Little Sheba*; *The Fallen Idol*; *There Shall Be No Night*; *Edward, My Son*; *A Farewell to Arms*... and many more!

SUNDAYS
8:30 p.m.
(E.D.T.)
NBC NETWORK





★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

LIFE OF ARTHUR GODFREY

If you liked the opening installment on the life of the Huck Finn of radio and television, you will not want to miss this second thrilling installment on the life of the man who attracts 40 million listeners every time his face and voice are projected on radio and television. This installment deals with his early days and youth. You will learn new thrilling things never told till now about the man all America loves and admires. Also, a new Godfrey cover picture.

SID CAESAR

The comic sensation of television whom critics have compared with the great Charlie Chaplin. An absorbing interview with the young man who is at the top of the ladder of TV fame.



Fibber McGee & Molly

OTHER FEATURES . . .

- ★ Seat at the Dial by Saul Carson
- ★ Dear Mr. Anthony by John J. Anthony
- ★ Music on a Platter by Sammy Kaye
- ★ Whodunit?—First in a series on your favorite radio and TV detectives
- ★ Home on the Range, the story of Fibber McGee & Molly
- ★ Off the Air by Wini Moore

PLUS . . .

- "Aunt Jenny" - - a complete novelette based on the famous daytime serial.
- "This Is Nora Drake" - - complete story told in pictures.

RADIO BEST TV

& Television Magazine

DECEMBER, 1950 Vol. 3, No. 6

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Pioneer's Daughter . . .
Abby Lewis



ABBY LEWIS, who plays Ada Overton on NBC's "The Road of Life," explains her one great extravagance—furs—in this way: "Furs make me feel like a lady. They sort of help cover up the fact that I'm a pioneer's daughter."

For Abby is a direct descendant of Meriwether Lewis, of the historic Lewis & Clark Northwest Expedition. Her mother, a schoolteacher and newspaper correspondent, and her father, the Reverend Hunter Lewis, were actual pioneers in their own right, settling in New Mexico before it was admitted to the Union as a state. Until his death a few years ago, Father Lewis was known throughout the Southwest as "The Padre of the Rio Grande."

Abby liked to tag along with her father on his missionary trips and she gives this childhood pastime credit for her versatility as an actress. Abby would return in the evening after a day with Father Lewis and be "the person we met today" until bedtime. This was good practice for her career; in Broadway's production of "Macbeth," she was a witch, and in "You Can't Take It With You," besides playing the Russian duchess, she subbed for the ingenue, the ballet dancer and the actress.

Acting as a life's work was furthest from Abby's thoughts until she entered New Mexico State College where she devoted herself entirely to the arts, especially drama. After receiving her B.A., she taught dramatics for a year in a New Mexico high school, working at the same time with stock and repertory companies, and then began touring with various theatre groups.

When she hit New York, the Broadway stage immediately welcomed her. And since her first network audition ten years ago, Abby has done an average of one broadcast a day, including Saturdays and Sundays.

Abby is heard regularly on four other NBC shows—"Light of the World," "Eternal Light," "The Big Story" and "Storyteller's Playhouse"—besides "The Road of Life." Of late, her special talent for portraying hags and witches has tended to "type" her. Overjoyed with the role of Ada Overton, she says, "Ada's such a lovely, normal woman. I'd almost forgotten there were any such left."

"I was watching an international beauty contest, when suddenly..."



**LOOK FOR THIS
SIGN OF DEPENDABLE
RADIO SERVICE**

Is your television set "something to see" or "something to flee"? Don't let a bad picture ruin your pleasure. Call the serviceman who displays the Sylvania sign when your set needs care. This expert knows the ins and outs of television as well as you know the back of your hands. He's fully equipped with Sylvania testing devices, Sylvania radio tubes, the proper television picture tubes and other custom parts needed to make your set perform perfectly. Yes, for the best in television and radio repair, stop at the Sylvania sign of dependable service.

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RADIO AND TELEVISION PICTURE TUBES

PRODUCTS OF SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC

this month's
disc jockey



Meet Jon Farmer

WHETHER they like their music sweet, hot, or with a mountain twang, folks around Atlanta like the man on WAGA who entertains daily with music by record and transcription.

WAGA's A-1 Disc Jockey, Jon Farmer, is six feet tall, has dark hair, and a smile that's bound to go over big with television audiences someday. He's thirty, a veteran of the Army Air Forces, having won the Air Medal with nine Oak Leaf Clusters and seven campaign stars, and a veteran in the domestic field, having celebrated one and a half years of married life.

Daily hillbilly and musical clock shows and a Saturday jam session called "Teen Pan Alley" keep Jon busy all week. He starts at 6:00 in the morning with an early edition of the "Hillbilly Hit Revue," entertains on "Early Worm Show" at 7:05, returns at 4:00 o'clock with "Georgia Hayride" and at 4:45 pm broadcasts the afternoon session of "Hillbilly Hit Revue" on which he presents the top three hillbilly hits of the day and a special hillbilly star of the day.

Jon was born in Jasper, Alabama, and received his elementary and high school education in Birmingham, Alabama. He attended the University of Alabama and received dramatic coaching from Otto Blum of Vienna, Austria. As a student of John S. Carlisle of CBS, he studied radio production and journalism.

During World War II he served as a radio operator and gunner on B-24's in the Fifteenth Air Force and participated in fifty missions in the ETO. Prior to his work with WAGA as feature announcer, Jon did feature work at WBRC, Birmingham, Alabama.

His wife, the former Alice Nayton, has been head of the traffic department at WAGA for several years.

Among the celebrities who have been guests on Jon's "Hillbilly Hit Revue" are: Ernest Tubbs, Tex Ritter, Bob Wills, Al Dexter and Eddy Arnold. Visiting movie stars like Ruth Warrick, Barbara Hale and Bill Williams have gotten up earlier than usual to appear on the "Early Worm" show.

letters to the editor



Arthur, the Great



"Mugs" Richardson

To The Editor: I think the swellest guy on TV and radio is Arthur Godfrey. When he talks he is frank and tells you just what he thinks from his own experiences. Believe me, he knows because he's been through a lot and has had jobs from dish washing to mining. His voice sounds as if he is your best friend and that laugh sure gets you. I'll always love him and his Girl Friday, "Mug."

JOYCE WITKOVIC
Meriden, Connecticut

Too Much Soap?

To The Editor: Why so much time spent on those endless, foolish daytime serial "actors" in your magazine? A series devoted to the great artists of The Telephone Hour would be much more appreciated. You should have one article each on such loved stars as Iturbi, Pinza, Rise Stevens, Marion Anderson, Lily Pons, etc. These are all great names that are on the air to many million listeners.

HELEN FORBES
New York City

In Defense of Berle

To The Editor: In answer to Miss June Knuck's letter in your April issue, I wish to state that a truly great showman like Milton Berle will never cease from being in the limelight. I was among the many phone operators who volunteered for the Cancer Drive Fund, to which Mr. Berle and family contributed endless hours of work to help fight this dreaded disease. In conclusion, the entertainment given to us by Milton Berle will long live in the hearts of those that appreciate and favor him as No. 1 on TV.

MISS MARSHA WASSERMAN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Coming Soon

To The Editor: Congratulations on your recent article on Margaret Whiting. I think the pictures are by far the best ever published in any magazine. How about one of them becoming a full page picture in color, someday real soon?

JOAN M. GEARY
Hartford, Conn.

Autry Fan

To The Editor: You sure are giving us the RADIO BEST when you give us stories about our one and only favorite Cowboy Singer, Gene Autry. Thanks a million, for I have met both Gene and Ina and they are lovely people. Please give us more as soon as you can.

MRS. ELLAMAE JOHNSON
Bloomington, Indiana

Information Please

To The Editor: We enjoyed the novelized version of "Dragnet" in your April issue. Now how about an article giving the details on how the program is put together?



We feel that "Dragnet" is just about the best of all the crime shows on the air, presented with more good taste and intelligence than any of the other programs in the same category. In fact, in our opinion, it makes most of the others sound silly by comparison. Principal actors, Jack Webb and Barton Yarborough (above), both turn in consistently excellent performances week after week. We'd like to know more about them. Incidentally, we don't agree with reader A.M.B., who thinks your magazine is "too windy." To us, it's perfect as is.

MRS. G. GILMAN
Los Angeles, California

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



important announcement

TV SCREEN^{*}
MAGAZINE

**is the
new name
for RADIO BEST**

BEGINNING with the next issue — this magazine, known by hundreds of thousands of true and loyal readers as “Radio & TV Best” will change its title to “TV SCREEN Magazine.”

The change of name reflects the tempo of the times. Radio is no longer the chief medium of mass entertainment. Radio is destined to be completely absorbed by television — and motion pictures, the giant visual entertainment medium before the advent of television — is now also destined to be swallowed up by the video screen.

Thus the merging of the mighty three — radio, television and motion pictures, actuates the need for a national magazine devoted expressly to the

most potent mass entertainment medium the world has ever known—TV.

It is therefore fitting, that RADIO BEST magazine, dedicated to serving the nation's home-entertainment fans, should assume the progressive leadership dictated by the progress of time.

Those of us who have been identified with RADIO BEST since its inception, are proud of the contribution it has made during its years of service to the nation's Radio listeners.

As TV SCREEN Magazine, we rededicate ourselves to you our loyal readers—with the hope that you will share with us the faith and confidence we hold in the future of continued American progress.

THE EDITORS

*Combined with RADIO BEST



Keefe Brusselle and songstress Jo Stafford meet for the first time over a cup of coffee at Hollywood's Brown Derby.



Walter Winchell caught with Frank Sinatra in a crooning duet. The occasion was the testing of new Altec microphone.



Ezio Pinza, America's "after forty" star, visits with Hollywood's Louella Parsons for chit chat and interview.

Beautiful Lucille Norman, "Railroad Hour" co-star, poses with maestro Carmen Dragon while awaiting "on-air" signal.



Off the



Broderick Crawford, Dinah Shore and emcee Steve Allen go into a huddle before recent all-star broadcast in tribute to Steve, favorite disc jockey.



Gene Raymond, ABC's "Amazing Mr. Malone," and wife Jeannette MacDonald.

air . . .

by Wini Moore

LEN DOYLE, the "Harrington" of "Mr. District Attorney," built his own home in Milford, Pennsylvania. The famous radio detective is a modernist who employs every modern convenience within his means—thus his home is equipped with every serviceable gadget imaginable. Everything, that is, except a telephone. He hates phones. To contact Doyle in a hurry, Ed Byron, the show's director, notifies the State Police.

. . . .

Guy Lombardo knows how to keep the family fortune in the family. Guy's famous East Point House Restaurant in Freeport, Long Island, has the missus as the supervisor; his brother-in-law, William Frey is manager; Mrs. L's sister, Viola, is purchasing agent and Bill Frey's daughter, Bonnie, is cashier. And Guy is leader of the whole band.

. . . .

We liked Arthur Godfrey's cute poke at the national magazines designed to attract the male eye. "You know those magazines with the pin-up gal pictures?" he asked. "You know—Peek, Night and Day, See, Look, Glance. Well, I'm going to put out one especially for men over 45. It's called Squint."

. . . .

At a recent New York Party we reminded Bill Hopalong Boyd that his original version of "Hopalong" called for a limping cowboy, an infirmity long since abandoned. "Did you ever forget to limp for the camera?" we asked. "No," he replied, "I always had a pebble in my shoe while on



Teri Keane, "Chi Chi" in "Life Can Be Beautiful," and John Larkin, also radio star, pose after recent marriage.

Who Is IT?



By Dan Seymour

emcee, CBS's "Sing It Again!"
and NBC's "We The People"

10 clues are presented about a noted radio or TV personality. If you identify him on the first clue, score 100% for yourself. Deduct 10% for each additional clue you require.

1. He is currently starred on a WABD-Du Mont network program bearing his name.
2. He was born in San Francisco, December 12, 1912, the son of a concert violinist.
3. His seven year old son, Gregory, has appeared with him on many radio and television programs.
4. Recently, he was named by the Custom Tailors Guild as one of the Ten Best Dressed Men in America.
5. As a special material comedy writer in Hollywood some years ago, he turned out material for Fannie Brice, Joe E. Brown, Milton Berle, Clark Gable, Robert Taylor and others.
6. Although famous as a comedian, he has written many hit songs, including "Rum And Coca Cola" and "Why Oh Why Did I Ever Leave Wyoming?"
7. Once, he was doing so many radio shows that Fred Allen remarked, "The only thing we can turn on in our house without getting _____ is the water faucet."
8. Will Rogers was so impressed by his talent that he encouraged his start in show business and regarded him as a protege.
9. His wife is the famous beauty, Kay Patrick, a professional model.
10. His comedy program is heard every Thursday, 9 to 9:30 P.M. over WABD-Du Mont and is called the "Morey _____ Show."

Answer and picture on page 60

Off the air...

location."

* * *

Edward Stevenson, famed film stylist, nominates Ann Sheridan, Linda Darnell and Maureen O'Hara for TV stardom. All three, he claims, have the most perfectly rounded shoulders and they look even better bared. Miss Sheridan, he says, has the ideal average American trim-and-slim streamlined figure. So for the record, here are Ann's measurements: 5 feet six inches tall in stocking feet, 37½ inch bustline, 26 inch waist and 34 inch hips.

Emcee John Reed King who does not sport a mustache, found out exactly what he wanted to know when he asked a lady contestant on his "Chance of a Lifetime" program how it felt to kiss a man with a mustache. The woman, whose husband has one, retorted, "It's like going to a picnic through a lot of underbrush and when you finally get there, it's terrific."

Here's a bit of news of particular interest to our neighbor, John J. Anthony. Research on divorce, conducted for an Edward Murrow news broadcast, revealed that individuals, like nations, often split up for secondary unimportant reasons. A woman got her divorce on the grounds that her husband psychoanalyzed her every single night; another on the sole grounds that her husband took an inventory of the icebox to be sure she didn't eat anything while he was away! A man secured his separation because his lawfully wedded wife threw ice water on him to wake him up. A woman agreed to an uncontested divorce, provided she got custody of a three-year old collie dog. The husband agreed, provided he got reasonable visitation rights to see the dog!

Now it's a "Soap Opera Listeners' Club"

sprouting around the country. Most active group is located in Columbus, Ohio, made up of a unique group of serious-minded housewives whose object, they say, is the support of good daytime serials.

* * *

DIAL SPIN: Kathryn Grayson has joined hubby Johnny Johnston in New York who's sticking around for TV stints . . . Frank Sinatra, Jr., is well again . . . They're saying that Arthur Godfrey has mink ulcers . . . and speaking of the great redhead, Arthur says, "Tony Marvin is the only TV announcer I know who, before going to bed at night, puts the hair on his chest up in curlers" . . . Billy Eckstine off to Europe soon for personal appearances and golf . . . CBS is trying to lure Mario Lanza away from Victor by offering a \$150,000 yearly guarantee for radio and records . . .

Milton Berle and twice-wife Joyce Matthews still mighty good friends . . . Dan Seymour rated radio's best golfer . . . Wacky Ritz Brothers at pacting stage for chewing gum sponsor . . . Monty Wooley signed for emcee chores on new TV show . . . CBS flashing everything including its veepees to lure Sir Lawrence Olivier to its TV operations . . . Vic Damone still dating Peggy Ann Garner . . . Three new comic books soon out recommended for kids: Uncle Milty (Berle, that is), Super Circus and Kukla Fran & Ollie . . . all three thanks to TV . . . Jean "Dr. Christian" Hersholt, making movies again . . . They're still headlining Hildegard "The dear that made Milwaukee famous" . . . Peggy Knudsen who plays the role of Lois in "Junior Miss" is Mrs. Jim Jordan, Jr., daughter-in-law of Fibber McGee and Mollie . . . Grace Bradley, Hopalong's missus, is known as "Tripalong."

On the Skeet Field at Sun Valley, Walter O'Keefe, MC of "Double or Nothing", checks his score sheet with Mrs. O'Keefe.



Mr. Saul Carson is on special leave for coverage of the United Nations session. "Seat At The Dial" will be resumed in the next issue.



Alluring Ilona Massey's deep voice is now heard in "Top Secret" new NBC show.

When Ronald Colman is getting ready to do a broadcast of "The Halls of Ivy," he concentrates so hard that he simply doesn't hear a thing anybody else says. Wife Benita tested him out the other day. "Ronnie, I feel faint, and I don't think I'll go on this time," she told him five minutes before air time. "Fine, Benita, but let's talk about it after we do the show," was his absent-minded reply.

* * *

A group of movie magnates has set the machinery for the establishment of Baby-Sitter Clubs to bolster movie attendance and discourage stay-at-home TV-iewers.

* * *

While Rosemary DeCamp was onstage at CBS's Hollywood studios rehearsing her role of nurse Judy Price on the "Dr. Christian" program, she was informed that her automobile had run away. She soon found that her car's hand brake had slipped and the driverless car rolled into another parked car nearly a block away. Reaching the accident scene, she was greeted by a smiling policeman who was waiting to congratulate the actress on her "fine detective work." You see, her runaway auto had rammed into a stolen car.

* * *

Hollywood's neon facade doesn't dazzle beautiful Ilona Massey's mother. Although her daughter is an internationally known singer, a movie star and now has her own radio program, Mrs. Massey has not as yet reached the stage of complete optimism in so far as her daughter's career is concerned. As a youngster, Ilona was a skilled seamstress and her talent netted her (Continued on page 58)

Crosby, Como, Sinatra, Damone and Laine

... and yes, Ezio Pinza

**MOVE
OVER
FOR
CASS
FRANKLIN**



THERE'S a handsome virile chap in New York who has belonged for too many years to that little group of exclusive cafe society patrons who simply refuse to let him go. His name is Cass Franklin and he's young enough to evoke yells and cheers from the bobby-sox clan and create heaves and sighs in the hearts of those who have found that life begins at forty. Cass often teams up with a gal named Monica Moore whose voice and figure perfectly match his own quality and as a duo they're the best singing team in the nation.

Bob Sylvester, the talented and sagacious New York Daily News critic, put it this simply, "Cass and Monica can not only sing like angels but they're almost the best looking couple in town."

Now and then, Cass goes out on his own and audiences go wild.

Under the warming glow of the spotlight he looks like a guy just out of Yale and his mellow entrancing singing captures the imagination of young and old alike. His voice has the ease and charm of the Crosby we love plus the gift of quality which ranks him with the Robert Merrills and Ezio Pinzas.

This reporter has heard them all and possesses a pretty keen appreciation of what it takes to create a star. Well, this guy Cass Franklin has everything and mark our word.

**Nation's top singing team—
Cass Franklin, Monica Moore.**



spin the wheel of fame

with Holly Shaw



Graphologist Holly Shaw analyzes the handwriting of radio's beloved



Charles Laughton

men at work



Mickey Rooney



Burgess Meredith

MARY MARGARET McBRIDE, our first lady of radio, has a certain quality in her handwriting which many of us have noticed and questioned in our own. That is, she writes the same letter differently at different times. Look on the "Wheel of Fame." Notice how the t-bar varies in the words "writing, mathematics, tendency." This variety of letter formations denotes a versatile person.

Now let us analyze the t-bar in the word "writing." This t crossing is called the "garland" t-bar which denotes graciousness. The ability to extend the hand of friendship and put everyone at ease. Her guests seem to be her first and foremost concern. Look closely and you will see Mary Margaret recrosses her "garland" t with a straight, business-like stroke—back she comes to her products and pays off double for her sponsors. "Vincent, take heart and remember this quality while you watch the clock and hold your breath wondering if Mary Margaret will make it."

Do you print your capital letters as Mary Margaret does in "Dear Holly Shaw?" If so, you have poetic and artistic instincts. Another interesting letter formation is shown in

the words "embarrassed note." "Embarrassed" contains the Greek d and note the Greek e. This shows our writer has innate culture.

Mary Margaret tells us she is subject to moods and gets pretty down at times. Look at the i-dots in the words, "writing, mathematics, girl, McBride." When we see such a variety of i-dots in one handwriting, we know the writer's temperament varies. But notice the predominance of the "dashing" i-dots. They indicate that Mary Margaret's temper might fluctuate but in the end her quick wit and endless enthusiasm will raise her spirits and help her take heart.

Again we have a variety of letter formations in "good girl." Here the g in "good" denotes a quick mind with literary qualities. The g in "girl" shows a philanthropic nature. Notice how the lower loop of the g spreads. These people open their arms wide and want to embrace the world and make it a better place for all to live in.

Does Mary Margaret have a temper? She'll flare back for self-protection as shown by the y-ending in "tendency." But then she is saved by the delightful sense of humor shown in her i-dots.

What traits does your handwriting show?

Let Holly Shaw spin it on the "wheel." Send a note written in ink on unruled paper with your complete signature, enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope, this coupon and fifty cents in coin, to Holly Shaw, Radio & Television Beat Magazine, 9 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.



with "Host" Howard Dietz

views of well-dressed, well-groomed Hollywood stars at "M-G-M Theatre of the Air" rehearsals



Van Heflin

Herbert Marshall



Slim Trim *Slimmerty*

smoothes inches off your waistline and hips



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

The super Power Net is the last word in comfortable control. So powerful—smoothes inches off hips and thighs, controls every unruly curve.

So gentle—greater stretch makes it easier to put on and take off, eliminates zipper and unwanted "corset" feel. Keeps shape through countless washings. No other high-waist girdle can match Slimmerty in price or design.

Style 991
18" length, sizes 25-32; white, pink, black and floral

7⁵⁰

Style 941
Girdle: 14", 16" lengths; sizes 25-32; white, blue, black and floral

5⁹⁵

Style 943
Pantie: 14", 16" lengths; sizes 25-32; white, blue, black and floral

5⁹⁵

Relaxo Girdle Co., Dept. GG
42-18 13th St., Long Island City 1, N. Y.

Yes! Please rush an approval. If not delighted, I may return the girdle within 10 days.

I enclose check, money order for \$.....
 Send C.O.D., I will pay purchase price plus postage.

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CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Mother Berle watches Milton at work during his benefit show for the cancer fund.

Mr. Berle is the star of the Texaco Star Theatre, NBC-TV, Tuesdays at 8 p.m.



“WHO is the real Milton Berle? Say, what is this? Why does everybody keep asking me that? Milton’s just a guy—”

Irving Gray hesitated. He glanced around the rehearsal studio. The orchestra had taken a breather. The stage hands were shifting the scenery. The camera men had stepped out

He’s a dynamic,
highly-sensitive guy,
says a friend and a long-time
business associate—

by LOUIS ORMONT

“The Deal” Milton

for a smoke. He looked at his watch.

"Look, we've got about a fifteen-minute break. There are a lot of things I want to say. And I'll give it to you straight.

"First, Milton is not the fellow you read about in the daily columns or the one painted by the Broadway wise-acres. I've been doing public relations for him for many years and I've found him a pretty complex guy—with a lot of contradictions in his make-up.

"For example, you'll hear a lot of noise about Milton raising two million dollars for the cancer drive, setting up a foundation for crippled children, and giving more benefit performances than any entertainer in history.

"That's all well and good. But do you know he hates making a fuss over a personal loan or favor? He has done many a good turn for others, but always on the q. t. The standing joke with the staff is that he just can't say 'no.'

"Like the time Milton was talking to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., about some benefit performance. The writers were in the office, working on the next television show. Naturally, there was some noise. Milton covered the receiver. 'Quiet, will you? I'm talking to Rockefeller.' To which upped Bob Gordon, one of his comedy writers. 'Milton, please, don't lend him any money.'

"More often, the boys work in his apartment. But where do you find them when you walk into the place? In the kitchen—exchanging ideas with Milton while he's scrambling eggs for them.

"Veteran skit writers, like Hal Collins and Jay Burton, will swear they never worked for a more understanding comedian. He just won't give them the usual 'yes-or-no' answer after they've knocked themselves out writing a skit. He'll tell them

Milton and Joyce Matthews with Victoria, their daughter.



Berke-



Berle and Irving Gray have shared many experiences.



With Victor Jory during a skit on "Texaco Star Theatre."

Father and a little friend try to comfort Victoria.



"the real Milton Berle"—

what won't play in it—and why! Then he'll sit down and help them iron out the kinks.

"Here you meet up with another contradiction. When showtime rolls around on Tuesday night, Milton seems to get more and more tense and less and less understanding. He'll even blow his top when something goes wrong. And you don't want to be on the receiving end.

"But he'll only get hot about the work. It's never personal. And as soon as the matter is settled, you'd think nothing ever happened.

"One time he blasted Marco, his Man Friday. It was just before the curtain was going up. Marco, on edge himself, yelled: 'All right, I'm quitting!' Milton suddenly realized he had shouted at his assistant and was honestly shocked. To make amends, he insisted Marco go on a three-week vacation to Florida—all expenses paid.

"And what does Marco think of him? Well, about a month ago Jerry Lewis was on our show. He gave Marco a five spot for getting him some sandwiches. Instead of the usual thanks, Marco picked up the bill, studied the engraved picture, and said, 'Gee, that Berle looks good.'

"Here's another incongruity. You have probably heard some of Berle's ad-lib cracks before. That's all right with Milton. They're just fill-ins. But woe be it to a writer who puts an old joke in a skit. He's got an eagle eye when it comes to spotting them. His memory for jokes, songs, shows, and dances is literally fabulous.

"Pat Rooney has been doing a specialty dance for fifty years. When he came on the Texaco program, Milton volunteered to do the dance with him. After the first few steps, it looked like something was wrong. Milton stopped. 'Hey, Pat, you've changed your routine.' Pat shook his head. 'Nope, I was doing it like this before you were born.' Milton scratched his head. 'Then what happened to this part of it?' With that, he went through the whole dance. Rooney was flabbergasted. He had unconsciously changed the timing and form of it. But get this—Milton hadn't seen the dance in fifteen years!

"He never forgets a routine he has seen. And it's true that he absorbs jokes he's heard and does use them again. In fact, it happens so often that some jokers called him 'The Thief of Badgags.' But it's my guess that the compliment has been returned ten fold.

"At times, he's capitalized on the label and exploited it. I remember a benefit in the late thirties. A comedian cracked that he noticed 'Ma' Berle in the audience and 'she just laughed so hard she dropped her pencil and paper.' When Berle was given the spotlight, everyone expected him to return fire with both barrels. Instead, he called his (Continued on page 65)

My Most Memorable Christmas

by Jim

(Fibber McGee)
Jordan

IF Grandpa Jordan hadn't thought he was the best pancake maker in the world, and if young Jim, Jr., then 4 years old hadn't loved his Grandpa so dearly, and if we hadn't been as poor as we were, and a lot of other little "ifs," then the Christmas of 1926 wouldn't have been the most memorable one in our lives.

But all these things were true, and as a result, that Christmas stands out in my memory more than any other.

Even though the year 1926 had been a pretty tough one for the Jim Jordan family, Christmas time still promised to be the happy occasion it always is when there are youngsters in the house. Marian and I and our two children, Kathryn, 6, and Jim, Jr. 4, were living with Grandpa and Grandma Jordan in their big two-story frame house on Bradley Avenue in Peoria.

When the children had finally been tucked into bed that Christmas Eve, we spent the evening decorating the tree with popcorn strung on thread and stars cut from silver paper. Last of all the gifts were placed lovingly under the tree, and then Grandpa Jordan made his annual Christmas Eve pronouncement that he would make pancakes (Continued on page 66)

Jim and Marian Jordan, known to millions as Fibber McGee and Mollie, in a moment of music and relaxation at their home.

Fibber McGee and Mollie can be heard Tuesdays over NBC at 9:30 p.m., EST, sponsored by Pet Milk Co.

Contestants draw

laughter and tears

as they try to

"STRIKE

by Judith Cortada

FUMBLING with her purse as she spoke, the middle-aged woman at the microphone said that she had come to New York to take care of her sister who had been ill. Now her daughter, in California, was sick and she wanted to "Strike It Rich" because she needed money for transportation back across the country.

As she finished her story, she paused and added, her voice breaking and the tears beginning to run down her cheeks, "And if I could make just a little extra to buy a doll for my little granddaughter . . ."

Even as they smiled, the women in the audience cried a little as the grandmother voiced this last, small wish, and they applauded vigorously when producer Walt Framer later announced that he had received a telephone call from a listener, a man who was driving to California with his family and had offered to take the grandmother in his car. The \$250 she had already

won would be more than enough for her granddaughter's doll.

The next contestant on the program was an Italian girl who wanted to "Strike It Rich" so that she could go to Ireland and kiss the Blarney stone.

"Why do you want to do that?" asked emcee Warren Hull.

Both men and women in the audience chuckled and laughed as she explained: "I have an Irish boy friend and if I kiss the Blarney Stone, maybe I'll get enough Irish in me to make him pop the question."

"If you marry him, will you learn to cook corned beef and cabbage?" Warren asked.

The girl grinned. "He'll eat spaghetti and like it," she said.

Laughter, smiles and tears are fairly common among the audience that listens daily (Continued on page 68)

The hearty laughter of a woman contestant is echoed by emcee Warren Hull, behind the microphone, and her husband.



IT RICH"



Two young contestants try to break a balloon during warm-up period

"Strike It Rich," sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, is heard on CBS, Monday through Friday, at 4 p.m.



Emcee Warren Hull accepts special award from Ed Bobby, Radio and TV Best editor, as producer Walt Frammer looks on.

Do You Want to— "Strike It Rich"?

In conjunction with the "Strike It Rich" program, RADIO & TELEVISION BEST Magazine invites readers to write letters stating their reasons for wanting to "strike it rich." The writer of the best letter, and one companion of his or her own choosing, will receive a trip to and from New York City, a three-day stay at the famous Hotel Astor and will be escorted on a tour of Manhattan, including visits to leading night clubs—all expenses paid. All letters become the property of RADIO & TELEVISION BEST Magazine and the editors' decision will be final. All letters must be post-marked not later than midnight, November 30, 1950. Address to "Strike It Rich" Editor, RADIO & TELEVISION BEST Magazine, 9 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.



A former breadline standee struck it rich so that he could hand out \$230 to the poor at the Franciscan Monastery, NYC.

At home with the



EZRA STONES

Ezra takes a picture of his family; their nine-room home in Bucks County, Pa., is one hundred years old.

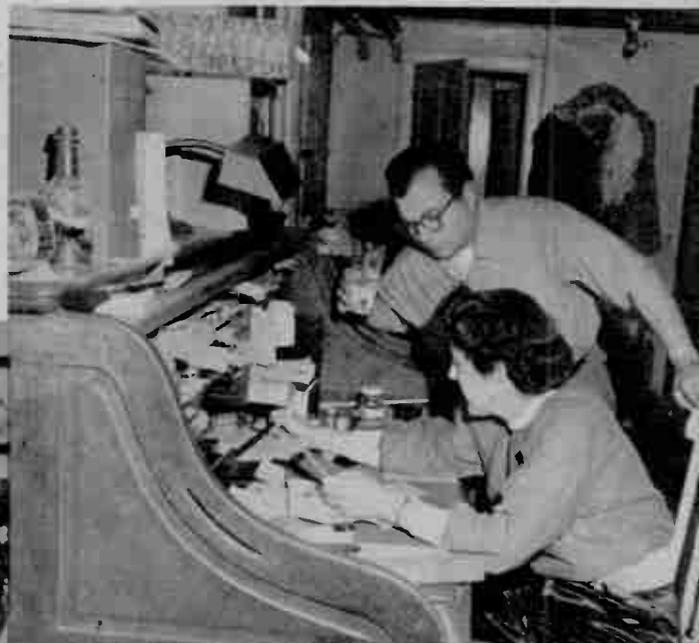
“Henry Aldrich” is a dairy farmer in his spare time



Left, Ezra with wife Sara, son and daughter Josef and Francine, in their farm home (end table is a converted coffee grinder).

Right, the Stones take their dairy farming seriously; Sara does the bookkeeping at his old-fashioned desk in the cellar.

Below, eager to be of service, Ezra reads instructions from the Singer Sewing Book while Sara shortens skirt of new dress.



“Henry Aldrich,” sponsored by General Foods for Jello, is heard on NBC, Thursday at 8 p.m., EST. NBC photos by Art Selby.



the EZRA STONES

"Please pass the mustard to our table, Daddy"; Meissen china in breakfast is gift to Francine from grandmother, on loan to Sara until daughter grows up.

Mother Dalmatian Bissel keeps a sharp eye on her ten puppies as Josef and Francine play with them.



Ezra is no "gentleman farmer"; here he milks one of his purebred Ayrshire cows as Josef watches and hired man approaches with more feed.



The ole swimmin' hole is conveniently located right on the Stone property; Ezra and Sara with Josef and Francine cool off after a hot day.



There's nothing like a tractor to bring out the romance in Ezra's nature; "the corn can wait," says he.





“2” to make music—

by Duane Valentry

Peggy Lee is the words and
Dave Barbour's the melody in this
House that Harmony built . . . while little Nikki is a grace note—

IF YOU were to peer over a rose-covered fence in a certain section of West Los Angeles into a deep and grassy backyard any bright and sunny morning, you'd see a dusty, blue-denimed figure hard at work with trowel and seed packet. Nearby a tiny girl sits playing, talking to the flowers, and to her gardening young mother . . . who's pretty as a flower herself, in spite of a number of soil smudges.

Picture of Peggy Lee and her daughter Nikki, having the time of their lives. In fact, such a wonderful time that the hours fly by and before she knows it, Peggy's good and late for whatever she's supposed to be doing next!

"You get used to it, though, after awhile," shrugs dark and good-looking Dave Barbour, refusing to admit a fault in his domestic and musical partner, "whatever Peg's doing she gets so lost in that the world ceases to exist until she comes out of it."

And, likely as not, the blonde and lovely Peggy will come out of such periods of absorbed relaxation with a wonderful idea for a new song. In just such a natural and offhand way were a number of the Lee-Barbour hit tunes composed . . . including that joyous little ditty, "It's A Good Day!"

23

"2"

to make music—Peggy Lee & Dave Barbour i



Peggy takes her job as mother of six-year-old Nikki very seriously.

The whole Barbour family was broken-hearted when they lost Banjo.



Some mornings will find Dave poking at the soil to, and making progress with hoe and rake, for as his ever-lovin' frau admits, Dave has almost as much of a way with flowers that he does with music.

Peggy and Dave haven't any too much room in their charming French Norman cottage, but every inch of the five rooms, lanai and garden bear the imprint of the artistic talents of this musical Mister and Missus.

For instance, you might travel the length and breadth of Hollywood with its variety of colorful and elegant homes, and not find another such kitchen as songstress Lee dreamed up! Here, where their favorite hot enchiladas, tamales and chili get whipped up for practically every meal, Peggy let herself go with characteristic zeal.

Combining her talents for decorating and painting, she decided on gay chintz curtains with background of black at the windows; cupboards artistically labelled in script . . . French script! And, for the truly delightful touch . . . Peggy painted little French chefs all around the wall with verses under each in vari-colored script which, translated, are the French equivalent of "this little chef went to market" . . . with the last saucy chef crying: "oui, oui, oui, all the way home!"

Likewise in the living room, dining room, den and bedrooms you'll find similar unexpected touches . . . with pride-and-joy-Nikki's room an exact and tiny duplicate of her mother's.

You don't expect two people as busy as the Barbours, who make music as spontaneously and as successfully as any two people on earth, to have time for hobbies. But mention a hobby, and either Peggy or Dave have it or can name you two or three others!

Peggy and her bell collection . . . everything from French goat bells to Chinese wind bells to English cottage bells. Dave and fishing . . . but for that matter Peggy likes to lie on a sun-baked deck with a rod in her hand too, and their idea of a real vacation is a trip on manager Carlos Gastel's comfortable boat to Mexico. Another hobby for Peggy is writing, and that she really has a way with words any of the lyrics of her several Hit Parade tunes will attest.

"I've loved fooling around with poetry since I was a little girl," says Peg with a smile. "I still have those first terrible efforts, too. Someday

the house that harmony built

I'd like to write something really worthwhile in the way of a story or novel . . . there are so many stories just dying to be told!"

On the headboard of Nikki's bed is a simple little verse composed and neatly painted in blue by Peggy, which reads—

Blessed is the forest
In which grew the tree
From which came the wood
That made the crib

In which you were rocked . . .
all of which the little girl knows by heart, and loves to recite.

The warm and loving side of glamorous Peggy Lee, not generally known to her legions of fans, can further be seen in scores of thoughtful gestures towards friends, old and new, business associates and acquaintances.

Come Christmas time, for instance, nothing less than a major appointment will pry Peggy loose from her painstaking, patient and loving wrapping of hundreds of individually selected gifts . . . with personal messages, verses and drawings, painted on each. It'll take Peggy days to do such a chore . . . but the results are a happy thing for the recipients.

Reading the continuous record of the amazing Miss Lee's song popularity polls . . . she's steadily right up there at the top of all of them from the disc jockeys to the farmers . . . you're prepared for the svelte and gorgeous gal who wows 'em at Ciro's and breaks records at the Paramount, but you're hardly prepared for the quietly serious young woman who spends hours in a shop on Wilshire Boulevard picking out just the right shade of evening gown for a birthday present for a secretary—and another for an anniversary gift for an old friend from North Dakota.

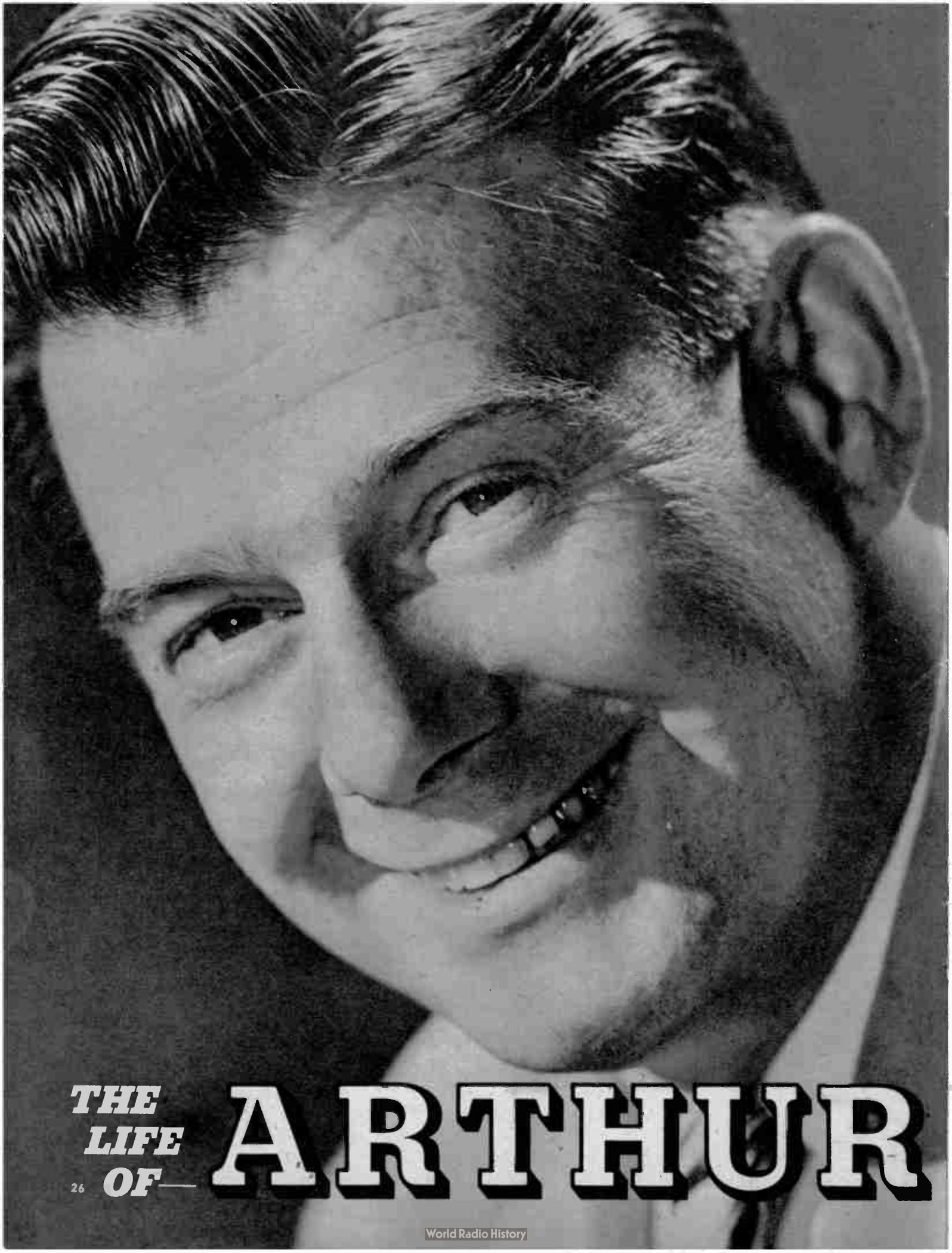
If you just knew the Peggy Lee of the sensational record albums selling as fast as they're waxed, with songs like "Golden Earrings" and the fabulous "Manana" holding their own at the top for unheard of periods . . . you wouldn't know all of Peggy. Not the deeply spiritual side, full of quiet wisdom and a gentle kind of understanding that looks for good in everybody and everything and a good God over all . . . (Continued on page 59)

Peggy and Dave, song-writing and recording partners, team up for fun in the yard of their Hollywood cottage.



Convenient, revolving cupboards make Peggy's closet a real delight.





**THE
LIFE
OF**

ARTHUR

26

*The fabulous career of a man
whose voice lures 40,000,000 eager fans
and nets him \$1,000,000 a year.*

by Robert Edwards

BACK in December, 1947, a reporter walked up behind the big, amiable redhead standing at the rear of the CBS Playhouse Three, watching a young marimba player rehearse with the Talent Scouts orchestra, and tapped him on the shoulder. We remember so vividly this encounter with the now fabulous Arthur Godfrey because most of the following was published in the January, 1948, issue of *RADIO BEST*.

"Hello, Arthur," the reporter greeted him. "I'm doing a story about you."

Godfrey swung around, eyes twinkling. "Hello, Johnny." They shook hands warmly. "I saw you sneaking up on me," he chuckled, "but I didn't want to spoil your fun. What do you want to know?"

"Everything!" the reporter replied. At that moment, Bessie Mack, his chief talent scout who has since passed into the Great Beyond, came over.

"Not a word," Arthur warned her. "There's a nosey reporter here from *RADIO BEST*."

"Don't I know it," Bessie laughed. "He's been hanging around my auditions all week—giving me free advice on the talent."

"Which she never took," the writer grumbled.

Bessie patted his shoulder in her motherly fashion. "Don't feel too badly," she soothed.

"She doesn't even take my advice," grinned Arthur. "Tell you what, Johnny. If you have the time, why don't you just trail me

around and watch us put the Talent Scouts show together?"

The young fellow on stage was still playing his marimba. Arthur strode purposefully toward the stage. "Here it comes," sighed Bess, as the reporter followed.

The familiar Godfrey accents rumbled out. "Hold it, boys." Archie Bleyer, the bandleader who has since become an important part of all of Arthur's radio and television programs, stopped the orchestra. "Is that your best number, George?"

George Guest, the marimba player, shook his head. "I wanted to play 'Flight of the Bumble Bee,' but everybody said no."

"Let's hear what you do with it," said Arthur.

There was a short wait, then suddenly, the marimba came fairly alive with fast, exciting rhythm. The music came to a climax, then stopped.

"That's much better," Godfrey nodded. "Work it out with him, Arch."

"But Arthur," reproached producer Irving Mansfield, "it was played on last week's program."

"Gwan," scoffed the redhead. "Do you think the radio audience has nothing better to do than sit home all week remembering that 'Flight of the Bumble Bee' was played on our program? Besides, that was a trumpet. Now the kid has a chance to win—that's what he is on the show for. You play your (Continued on page 72)



Arthur at the age of two on the old family farm in Vermont.

GODFREY

Yours for the asking

by Faye Emerson



Faye Emerson, sponsored by Pepsi-Cola, is seen on CBS-TV, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7:45 p.m., EST.

1. *My daughter is an only child and my husband and I have always gratified her every wish. She is twenty-five now and I think it's time she got married. She says she wants to marry but she brushes off every single man who shows an interest in her and is forever getting a crush on some married man. I'm worried because I think she sometimes goes out with them, but I'm afraid to "forbid" her to see them for fear she'll get angry and do something foolish.*

—Mrs. H.J.K., Chicago, Ill.

From what you have told me, I think that you have probably spoiled your daughter and protected her to such an extent that, although she is a grown woman, she seems a child in some respects. She hesitates to take on the responsibilities of an adult. She shies away from single men because to her they represent a dangerous, unknown factor. With them she would have to face up to the problems involved in being a married woman, but with a married man she probably thinks she is safe. I think you should make it clear to her that she cheapens herself when she goes out with married men and that she is endangering the happiness of their wives and children. You yourself know how easily the complicated emotional structure of a marriage can be upset and perhaps you can explain this to her. And there is always the other danger of bringing scandal on herself and her family. Your daughter should be made to realize that she is no longer a child, that she must find her own man and face the responsibilities of a mature adult.

* * *

2. *I am twenty-one and my boy friend, who is twenty-three, is not earning very much. He wants to get married now but I want to wait until he is earning enough so that we can afford a nice home and don't have to worry about every cent we spend. Do you agree?*

A. M., Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

I admire any woman who wants a nice home and the security that comes with a substantial income but I think you will be missing something very important if you postpone your marriage. One of the most enjoyable phases of married life is the working

and planning, the overcoming of difficulties, together with your husband. There can be lots of fun in those first years of struggle and much satisfaction in achieving your aim in spite of financial problems. When people wait until they have a certain minimum income before they marry, it invariably happens that the minimum becomes larger and still larger and the wedding day is constantly postponed. You might also find that the first glow of love would be dimmed and if you think that your love should be strong enough to stand the test, please remember that the love between a man and a woman is something very precious that shouldn't be risked for a nice set of furniture or a shiny, new car. Instead of losing those years with your husband, you can work, at least until the babies come; if you work together for your possessions, you will appreciate them more. Small sacrifices are a part of love.

* * *

3. *I have been married five years. Recently, my father-in-law died and my mother-in-law came to live with us. She interferes in the managing of our home and the bringing up of our children. My husband insists that I shouldn't argue with her, that she has no one else to live with and must live with us, and the whole situation has made me very unhappy. Is my husband's demand just?*

—Mrs. S.M.J., Culver City, Cal.

You are up against a very difficult problem that more and more young married couples are having to face as the number of older people increases. Your mother-in-law should, I agree, exercise the greatest caution, she shouldn't interfere, but it may be more difficult for her to restrain herself than for you to understand. You are younger and more flexible than she is, you have many more years of life ahead of you. She may be interfering because she is insecure, because she has (Continued on page 66)

The editors of RADIO & TELEVISION BEST will ask Faye Emerson to answer in each issue certain letters selected by them on the basis of general interest. Readers are invited to write to Faye Emerson, c/o RADIO & TELEVISION BEST, 9 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y., about personal matters on which they would like her advice. It is obvious that all letters cannot be answered. The opinion of the editors as to which are to be answered will, of necessity, be final. Names of writers will not be revealed. This coupon must be attached to all letters.

Name

Street or box

City..... State.....

Make-up artists Dick Smith (at extreme left) and Josephine Longo exercise their skill to make John Newland and John Baragrey look like identical twins for "Phileo Playhouse."



Before: The differences in shape of eyes, lips and nose are quite obvious.



television twins

—a problem in makeup



On TV screen: With the aid of make-up that changed their coloring and other physical differences, the two actors appeared as identical twins on the television screen.

The actors who portray identical twins on a radio program need look no more alike than Groucho Marx and Ronald Colman, but the co-starring of John Newland and John Baragrey as identical twins on the "Phileo Television Playhouse" production of "Brat Farrar" gave rise to a difficult problem for the make-up artist. Newland and Baragrey are of the same height, build and skull structure, but Newland has blue eyes and light hair, while Baragrey has dark eyes, larger than Newland's, and black hair. Also, Baragrey's lips are fuller and his nostrils fleshier than Newland's. The accompanying pictures show how the two men were made to look like twins before the television camera.



1. When Tom Bryson, at dinner with actor Larry Noble and his wife, Mary, sees Rupert Barlow, he asks the wealthy playboy to back Larry's play. Barlow refuses but asks to meet Mary. He is with Julia Dixon, his secretary and housekeeper, who is in love with him.

“back-

2. Bryson introduces Barlow to Mary and Larry and it is obvious that Barlow is immediately captivated by Mary. He changes his mind and agrees to put money into Larry's play. Julia Dixon, who has waited ten years for him to keep his promise to marry her, is enraged.



the marriage of
Larry and
Mary Noble endures
despite the
destructive
scheming
of a wealthy
playboy

5. The gossip items upset Mary but Larry thinks it is good publicity. As far as Barlow is concerned, Larry is merely flattered that the backer of his play should take a personal interest in his family.



3. Plotting to break up the Noble home so that he can have Mary for himself, Barlow goes to Beatrice Dunmore, pretty publicity agent, and tells her he will pay her a good salary if she will go to Larry and convince him that he should hire her as his personal press agent.



4. Beatrice, ignorant of Barlow's motives, meets Larry in his dressing room at the theatre and convinces him that she could help both him and the show. Larry falls for the scheme and begins to go to night clubs with her. Their "attachment" is played up by gossip columnists.

Stage "wife"



“backstage wife”

The characters in these pictures of “Backstage Wife” are portrayed by the same actors whose voices you hear on the air.

Mary Noble.....	Claire Niesen
Larry Noble.....	James Meighan
Rupert Barlow.....	Bartlett Robinson
Julia Dixon.....	Anita Anton
Tom Bryson.....	Chuck Webster
Beatrice Dunmore.....	Charlotte Keane
Maude Marlowe.....	Ethel Wilson

“Backstage Wife,” conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is sponsored by Dr. Lyon’s Tooth Powder, Double Danderine, Energine Cleaning Fluid, Haley’s M-O, and Astring-O-Sol, and is heard on NBC, Monday through Friday at 4 p.m. EST. NBC photos by Jack Zwillinger and Gary Wagner.

Interior of stateroom on board “Queen of Bermuda.”

Restaurant interior courtesy of Hutton’s, New York City.



6. Rupert makes several attempts to get Mary alone. On one occasion, he invites her to his home to a dinner party. When she arrives, she discovers that she is the only guest and she leaves almost immediately. For the first time, the playboy has disclosed his true intentions.



7. In the meantime, Julia Dixon’s hatred for Mary Noble is increasing every day, since she doesn’t realize that Mary’s only interest in Barlow is as the financial backer of her husband’s play. Barlow only laughs at Julia when she rages and warns him that she is desperate.



8. With Larry’s play a success, Barlow conceives another scheme for winning Mary. He insists that she needs a rest and Larry, thinking that Barlow is honestly concerned about the state of Mary’s health, agrees; he books passage for her on the liner “Queen of Bermuda.”



9. Looking forward to a few weeks alone with Mary in Bermuda, Barlow secretly reserves passage for himself on the same ship. At the last moment, however, Larry, Jr., becomes ill and Mary, her friend Maude Marlowe at her side, cancels her reservation on the "Queen."



10. On the first day at sea, Barlow, who has been told nothing about young Larry's illness, goes to the cabin that Mary has reserved and finds—Julia Dixon! Julia has taken up Mary's reservation for the trip to Bermuda. Barlow is, of course, astounded and extremely annoyed.

11. Barlow's anger is unavailing because the ship is already at sea, so that both he and Julia, potential threats to the happiness of the Noble family, are safely out of the way. Larry and Mary are together, his play is a success and the future looks bright.





A Briefcase In My Arms

by *Portia*

"It's been the same thing all our lives together. You don't love me—you love your career. You'd rather be in a court room anytime than here in your home. You can't put your arms around me because you're always holding a briefcase!"

If you are a married woman, you can imagine how I felt when Walter, my husband, spoke those cruel words to me. He seldom loses his temper, and when he does there's usually only a brief flurry of rage, but during those few moments he often says something that cuts me to the quick that way.

I don't think we should condemn him too much. It has always been "the same thing" and this time there was even more reason for his outburst. Ever since our marriage, Walter had been begging me to give up my career as a lawyer. I, on the other hand, had been trying to keep my practice and, at the same time, remain

the woman with whom Walter had fallen in love.

I think I always did rather well in maintaining a balance between the career woman and the housewife, but Walter—well, he felt much the same as most men do. He wanted to have the satisfaction of knowing that he was the sole support of his family. And it didn't help his masculine ego that I was more successful in my career as a lawyer than he was as a writer. Writing is a very difficult profession, you know—only a comparatively few established writers can count on a steady income—and sometimes it was the distaff side of the family that paid the bills. Walter was sure, however, that if I gave up my practice and we were dependent on him for support, this very fact would stimulate him to greater efforts. In other words, my success put a psychological damper on him.

You might say that the two male members of the family ganged up on me. My son, Dickie, agreed with



Walter. Not that Dickie, at ten years of age, was worrying about who made the money that bought the necessities of life along with the lollipops and ice cream cones. Like most children, he took them for granted. But he sensed the difference between his home and the homes of his friends—and he didn't like it. Sometimes he'd ask me, somewhat wistfully, "Will you be home this afternoon, mom—maybe?" and I'd know he was thinking it would be nice if I could be there to give him milk and cookies, like the other boys' mothers, when he came home from school.

Under Walter's and Dickie's combined pressure, I finally gave in. I resigned my law practice and began to devote myself to the business of being a housewife. I can't say I was unhappy about it. I had always enjoyed my work but at the same time I had regretted that it left me so little time for my home. I like to fuss around the house and spend time thinking about the color of my curtains and the lamp that would brighten up that rather dark corner of my living room. And now I would have plenty of time for my garden, my special delight. It had hurt me so to look at the neglected plants and the weeds, running wild over everything.

There never was a busier, happier housewife. I cleaned the house from top to bottom, including a few closets that Walter and Dickie had been "saving" things in for months. Such a tangle of old clothes, magazines, baseball bats, fishing rods and just plain junk you never saw! At first they both insisted that every article in these three enormous closets was of infinite value and that they could not possibly dispense with them. I don't think that any case I ever argued in court required as much legal skill as my efforts to convince them that the only person who could use these things

was the junk man, but I finally won and it was amazing how much closet space we had when I finished.

Every day the garden received some attention and gradually, as I cleared away the weeds, pruned the vines and put down new plants, it began to look like the lovely, little retreat I'd always dreamed of. When the spring came and the green leaves began to unfurl in the warm sun, I watched over them carefully, ready to leap on the first weed that threatened their health, and the sight of the first bud gave me a warm feeling of satisfaction that only the plant lover will understand.

About the only thing I allowed to interfere with our home life was the problem of some neighbors, the Cannings. When young Jack, whom I had known since he was a youngster, came home from overseas with his French war bride, Nanette, his mother received her new daughter-in-law very coldly. At first, I thought it was merely the slight antagonism many mothers feel toward the girl who has "stolen" their only son and that she would get over it in time, if only because Nanette was such a sweet person, but as the weeks went by I realized I was wrong. The fact that Jack and Nanette had to live with his mother, because he could not afford a home of his own, aggravated the problem.

News of family affairs gets around quickly in Parkers-town and although I hate gossip, I couldn't help hearing that Mrs. Canning was refusing to allow Jack and Nanette to entertain their friends, that she had publicly insulted Nanette, and other similar stories. She was making their life with her almost intolerable.

It bothered me, of course, because I knew these people so well and I felt it was so unnecessary. Once I talked with Mrs. Canning and got absolutely nowhere. She just didn't like Nanette, for no reason at all. I talked with Jack, too, and I remembered, later, the grim expression on his face when he said, "I'd do anything—anything—to get a home of my own."

But I was so absorbed in my new life that after a while I pushed the Cannings' problem into the back of my mind. Dickie and Walter were happy as they had never been before. At first, Dickie brought his young friends home from school with him almost every day as if he wanted to be sure they knew that his mother, like theirs, stayed home and wore an apron and cooked the dinner. "That's my mother in there," I'd hear him say from outside the kitchen windows. "She's always home." Luckily, the novelty soon wore off or we would have had to set aside a special fund to pay for the milk and cookies for his friends.

As for Walter, it did seem as if my retirement and the fact that we were now dependent on him alone gave him a new impetus and set free his creative ardor. He worked like a madman; I had to beg him to take time off to eat. Although I saw little of him during the day, when he was pounding away at the typewriter in his study, our evenings were very (Continued on page 62)

"Portia Faces Life," sponsored by Post's 40% Bran Flakes, is heard on NBC, Monday through Friday, at 5:15 p.m., EST.

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

Name

Street or Box

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



Jinx Falkenburg and Tex McCrary, famous Mr. & Mrs. Team; the Groaner and songstress Dinah Shore snared top honors in latest listener survey.

Report from
the RADIO BEST
Listeners
Panel





MILTON BERLE, star of the Texaco Star Theatre, Tex and Jinx, famous husband-and-wife team, Hopalong Cassidy, Bing Crosby, Dinah Shore and Walter Winchell were among the ten leading programs and personalities on radio and selected by the RADIO BEST national Listeners Panel this month as "top favorites" in ten given categories. Others named, were, Take It or Leave It, Twenty Questions, The Railroad Hour and Telephone Hour.

THE SCOREBOARD:

Favorite TV Program

1. Texaco Star Theatre
2. Godfrey's Talent Scouts
3. Toast of the Town

Favorite TV Children's Program

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

**Favorite Musical Program
Radio—Popular**

1. The Railroad Hour
2. Your Hit Parade
3. Guy Lombardo

**Favorite Musical Program
Radio—Serious**

1. The Telephone Hour
2. NBC Symphony
3. The Firestone Hour

Favorite Radio Quiz

1. \$64 Question
2. Strike It Rich
3. Break The Bank

Favorite TV Quiz

1. Twenty Questions
2. Break The Bank
3. Who Said That?

Favorite Husband-Wife Team (Radio & TV)

1. Tex and Jinx
2. Mary Healy-Peter Lind Hayes
3. The Fitzgeralds

**Favorite Male Singer
Radio and TV**

1. Bing Crosby
2. Perry Como
3. Robert Merrill

**Favorite Female Singer
Radio and TV**

1. Dinah Shore
2. Fran Warren
3. Doris Day

**Favorite News Commentator
Radio and TV**

1. Walter Winchell
2. Gabriel Heatter
3. John Cameron Swayze



"Hopalong Cassidy" is a galloping favorite with juvenile cowboys.

national survey names:

10 favorites

in Radio & Television



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

Dear Mr. Anthony



Torn between father and son
the case of V. F. S.—

Utica, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Anthony,

I am 34 years old and a registered nurse. Some time ago I took care of a patient who was admitted to the hospital in which I am employed. His illness was not a serious one and during the ten days he spent at the hospital we had many interesting talks and he seemed quite attracted to me. I have never been married, and the patient I mention above was 55 years old, a widower with three grown children. His eldest son was 34 years old. My patient is a successful business man and an attractive and intelligent person.

Shortly after he left the hospital I received a phone call from him inviting me to dinner. I accepted his invitation and this was the beginning of a delightful and valuable friendship. About 8 or 9 months after this began he proposed marriage. I was both flattered and pleased, but I realized the difference in our ages and I hesitated accepting his proposal, giving as my reason this disparity in age and the fact that he had grown children who might object. As a result of this he invited me to his home to meet his children so that I might learn for myself what their attitudes toward me would be. All went well and before me there spread a vision of happiness for the future and security with a fine man and a good family.

This beautiful dream was shattered when on one Saturday afternoon I found myself alone at his home with his eldest son. Almost like a bombshell this young man told me he was in love with me and had been from the first moment he laid eyes on me. I tried to talk to him, pointed out that it was probably imagination on his part, but try as I might I knew deep in my heart that the son was telling the truth. You must remember that I never told the young man's father that I was in love with him. I did value his friendship, (Continued on page 72)

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 Nov. 30. 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.



Laraine Day

Movie queen and wife of Lippy Durocher



Wendy Barrie

Former movie actress has own interview show



Eloise McElhone

"Man-hater" on "Leave It To The Girls"



Maggi McNellis

Radiates feminine charm as TV emcee



Joyce Matthews

Actress and former wife of Milton Berle

TV *glamour roundup*

Television has put an even higher premium on physical beauty, always a valuable asset. Glamour has an age-old appeal and the most modern of inventions brings it right into the living room of the home. The beautiful femmes pictured on these pages—who would have relied chiefly on their brains and talent to get them behind the microphone—have found that their pretty faces, with the occasional assistance of a plunging neckline, are immeasurably helpful in the business of getting them before the camera.

Kathi Norris

Glamorizes business of being a housewife

Faye Emerson

From Hollywood and Broadway to TV

Kyle MacDonnell

Former musical comedy star





A VERDICT

A Right
To Happiness
Novelette

by
Audrey Ashton

"The Right to Happiness,"
sponsored by Procter &
Gamble, maker of Ivory
soap, is heard on NBC,
Monday through Friday,
at 3:45 p.m., EST.

Although Miles (played by
John Larkin) had pro-
voked her hatred, he was
the most challenging per-
sonality Carolyn (played
by Claudia Morgan) had
ever known.

Carlotta

FOR LOVE

The old and baseless antagonism
that separated them was destroyed
in the intensity of their search for a *murderer*

READ all about it! Arthur Jordan murdered! Criminal operator killed by wife! Mrs. Jordan released on \$25,000 bail! Pleads not guilty! Read all about it in the Tribune! Arthur Jordan murdered!"

Waiting in the little restaurant where she was to have breakfast with Dr. Dick Campbell, Carolyn Kramer turned her back to the door, as if by doing so she could close her ears to the shouts of the newsboy in the street. She took her compact out of her bag, powdered her nose and tried to concentrate on her appearance. Her honey-colored hair was smooth but her blue eyes were ringed with dark circles. It was only eight hours since she had arisen, numb with fatigue, from her desk in the Tribune office and turned in the story she had written on the murder of Arthur Jordan.

Still tired, she wanted to forget completely the events of the day before, if only for a short time.

Carolyn examined her wide, full lips and decided she could use a little more lipstick. "Criminal operator killed by wife!" Carlotta Jordan, a murderess! It seemed impossible that this gentle, soft-spoken woman could have picked up a gun and killed a man—any man—much less the husband to whom she had been so devoted. But it was equally impossible for any one else to have committed the murder. Ceaselessly, the two statements revolved in Carolyn's mind and refused to let her rest. Her compact in one hand, her lipstick in the other, Carolyn stared intently at the mirror and saw nothing. Her mind, relentlessly pursuing the answer to a vexing problem, had taken her back to the Jordan home.

It was because of Susan, the daughter of Connie Wakefield, Carolyn's best friend, that Carolyn had visited the house of Arthur Jordan the day before. Susan was a student nurse and had been attending to Mrs. Jordan. Carolyn knew that Jordan, a wealthy man, was the key figure behind a confidence gang and that he was responsible for several murders but she had thought that Susan would be in no danger if she worked for Mrs. Jordan, a kindly person who seemed ignorant of her husband's misdeeds. Only recently, however, Susan had become apprehensive and said that she feared Jameson, Jordan's butler. Becoming uneasy, Carolyn had driven out to see her.

Although Jameson tried to put her off by saying that Susan was out for an indefinite period, Carolyn had insisted on wait-



A VERDICT FOR—*Love*

ing and she was seated in a room on the second floor of the house when she heard the voices of Mr. and Mrs. Jordan raised in argument. Unable to hear what they were saying, she still sensed that it was a violent argument and the ceaseless conflict in their voices making her restless, she decided to speak to Jameson. On her way down the stairs, she heard Jordan's voice, coming from behind the closed door of Mrs. Jordan's room.

"... I tell you nothing will stop me."
"Nothing, Arthur?" Mrs. Jordan replied. "Nothing?"

The sound of a shot brought Carolyn to an abrupt halt on the long stairway and as she stood there, horror-stricken, wondering what had happened, she heard the doorbell. Miles Nelson, the district attorney, having finally found conclusive proof of Arthur Jordan's guilt, had come to arrest him.

Mrs. Jordan had been found, seated on the floor of her room in a semi-conscious condition. In her hand was

her gun, the gun that had been used to kill Arthur Jordan whose body had fallen to the terrace under the balcony of her room. The possibility that he had been shot by someone standing on the terrace and shooting up at him had been ruled out because the bullet had entered his body on a straight line, and suicide had been discarded as a theory because there were no powder marks on his clothes. Jameson, the only other person in the house who might have killed him, had been on the first floor, as proven by his answering the doorbell when Miles Nelson arrived.

Yet, Mrs. Jordan had insisted that she must have fainted, that she remembered nothing about the gun or a shot and that she would certainly not have killed her husband, whom she loved in spite of the fact that, just before his death, he had confessed to her his many crimes.

"I did love Arthur, heaven only knows how much, and now, to find he's gone—I can't stand any more. It's

too much. I loved him, I would never have done this to him—never."

The sound of a man's voice broke in on Carolyn's thoughts.

"Now the face in the mirror is a very pretty one. I don't see why you have to cry about it."

Carolyn started and looked up quickly to see Dick Campbell standing there. She had been staring into the mirror, watching the scenes at the Jordan home as they unfolded in her mind, and the picture of Mrs. Jordan had brought tears to her eyes. She smiled now and blinked the tears away.

"I guess that proves I'm really tired," Carolyn said. "I don't usually cry so easily. Now let's forget that awful murder and talk about something gay and cheerful."

She didn't want Dick to know how concerned she was about Mrs. Jordan, how much the older woman's plight had moved her. But Dick, whom she had once thought of marrying, was watching her across the table. It would be difficult to fool him.

"Before we begin to talk about anything gay and cheerful, let me ask you something," he said. "Do you really mean to resign from your job at the Tribune—or did you say that last night just because you were so tired?"

Carolyn nodded emphatically. "I meant every word I said. I certainly don't want to get involved in the Jordan case and that's what would happen if I continue at the Tribune."

Dick's smile was quizzical. "You don't want to get involved in the Jordan case—or is it Miles Nelson you're afraid of getting involved with?"

Carolyn flushed slightly—Dick had caught her unawares—but she smiled, too. "Maybe you're right—but what happened to that breakfast we're supposed to enjoy together?"

"I almost forgot," Dick said.

He signalled the waiter and, after they had given their orders, Carolyn began to talk, a stream of chatter about inconsequential subjects designed to keep Dick's mind off the Jordan case. Dick let her talk for a while but as they were sipping their coffee, he interrupted her abruptly.

"That was a brilliant reporting job you did on the Jordan murder," he said. "I read it just before I came here."

Carolyn nodded. "So Jim Devitt, my city editor, told me last night."

"And you're not at all sure, judging from what you said last night, that Mrs. Jordan is guilty."

Carolyn shook her head impatiently. Dick was making her face the troublesome question again. "She *must* have done it, Dick. There was nobody else.

Bursting with impatience Miles grasped Carolyn by the shoulders, and shook her.



And she was sitting there with the gun in her hand. And yet—”

She paused and caught her lips between her teeth, thinking. There was a deep frown on her forehead and a troubled look in her blue eyes.

“And yet,” Dick repeated, “and yet you’re not entirely convinced of her guilt. At the same time, you want to bow out of the case, when your job is only half-done.”

Anger flared in Carolyn’s eyes. “That’s not fair, Dick. Of course, I’m sorry for Mrs. Jordan and—and there is some doubt in my mind about the whole thing—but aside from sympathizing with her and writing a day-by-day account of the story, what can I accomplish by staying on at the Tribune?”

Dick leaned over the table. “Suppose, just for a moment, Carolyn, that Mrs. Jordan’s version of her husband’s death is true. With all that you know, with all the contacts you have—wouldn’t you be the logical person to prove her innocence, Carolyn?”

Carolyn might have laughed at the very idea that she should play detective but the compelling note in his voice silenced her. Knowing him as well as she did, she was quite sure that he would not ask her to do anything that was utterly impossible, fantastic. Dick was not a man to be swayed by his emotions and he would never allow his respect, his fondness, for Mrs. Jordan to overrule his commonsense. Slowly, as the full import of his words took hold of her, her imagination soared and excitement possessed her. At the core of this new feeling, so deep within her that she could not sense its existence, was the thought that her work would bring her in constant contact with Miles Nelson. While he sometimes aroused her deepest antagonism, Miles was the most vital, most challenging personality she had ever known.

Carolyn smiled. “I’ll do it, Dick,” she said. “I’ll try it.”

Dick reached across the table and grasped her hand. “If anyone can do it, you can.”

Later that day, alone in her room, Carolyn stretched herself out on her bed and, head resting on her hands, made a determined effort to clear her mind of the conflicting emotions that seized her whenever Miles’ name was mentioned. Her antagonism dated from the time that she herself had been on trial for the murder of a friend and Miles had prosecuted her. Only the last-minute discovery of a vital piece of evidence had cleared her.

But after all, she told herself, it was Miles’ duty to prosecute murderers and she knew that, although she was



In the small, windowless attic room of the Jordan home, Carolyn and Miles find a half-smoked cigarette, proof that someone had hidden there.

innocent, Miles had sincerely believed her to be guilty. It was after the trial that Miles had sought her out and, try as she did to tell herself she hated him because of the stubborn quality of his nature, he had a compelling attraction for her.

Carolyn sighed and closed her eyes. There was no point in arguing with herself any further. It did nothing to clear her mind; she liked him, too much, and she hated him. But stronger than anything right now was a feeling she could not deny—of warm satisfaction that she would be seeing him frequently.

When the telephone rang, she was not too surprised to hear Miles’ voice. “Can you come to my office right away?” he asked. “There’s something I must talk to you about. I know it’s late but this is very important.”

Fifteen minutes later, Carolyn was seated at Miles’ desk. He looked worried and his handsome face was lined with fatigue. The long weeks he had spent in gathering the evidence that identified Arthur Jordan as the power behind a group of criminals and

as the perpetrator of innumerable vicious crimes had tired him, and Jordan’s murder had presented him with the most puzzling case of his career.

“I think maybe you can help me, Carolyn,” he began, “and I want you to hold this information in the strictest confidence. You’ll have to forget for the time being that you’re a reporter.”

Carolyn nodded and he continued, “I think you sensed I wasn’t satisfied that Mrs. Jordan was guilty of premeditated murder, even though all the evidence is against her. I was hoping she might confess that she shot him in a sudden fit of anger, or temporary insanity, so that she could plead guilty to second-degree murder. Considering Jordan’s criminal activities, any jury would probably let her off with a very light sentence. But all through the morning, talking with her lawyer, she insisted that she didn’t do it, that there was no sense in trying to find a motive for something she didn’t do.

“But when her lawyer told her that I would have to charge her with first-degree mur- (Continued on page 44)

Your **RADIO BEST** Monthly Bonus Feature

Say It In Poetry

TELEVISION seems to be of absorbing interest to our readers, particularly our poets. The Editors are very pleased with the final stanza of this latest offering.

A REAL LUXURY

"A Picture's worth a thousand words."
Of this I have no doubt.
And so you can see, that it's TV
I want to talk about.

The prizefights at the garden!
Why, they just can't be beat.
Especially the closeups
I see from my living room seat.

I just adore viewing Martin Kane
And Mike Barnett solve crimes.
And listening to Uncle Milty
Say, "I'll kill you a millyon times."

I suppose I should give radio
A "thank you" or a plug.
For where else is there music
When you want to "cut a rug"!

So both of you great mediums
Let me get this off my chest.
One thing that you can count on
Is I like "Radio And Television Best."

—Ivan Bunny
Chicago, Illinois

IN THE eyes of a poet, a loved one is like
"A magic bit of time."

ODE TO AN HOUR

You are a magic bit of time
I cannot comprehend . . .
Sometimes you fly on wings of song;
Sometimes you never end.

Though one may last a century
The next can be too brief,
And one chockful of happiness
Can follow one of grief.
I've counted every second
As I watched you pass away . . .
And though 'twas just an hour
It seemed an endless day.
And I recall exclaiming:
"Do you mean that hour's past?"
But surely not already!
Oh, I think your watch runs fast!"

You are a magic bit of time
And even though they claim:
"An hour's just an hour."
There are never two the same.

—Beryl Schmidt
Atwater, Minnesota

THIS month our \$10.00 prize is awarded to
Mr. William S. Corwin.

FIRST GLASSES

For him today the world is all delight,
And each new thing presented to his sight
Is still another glorious surprise;
Today the world comes clear before his eyes
With things he never really knew were there
Emerging out of what was clouded air:
Signs, fences, faces, buildings, flowers, trees,
All of the unsuspected mysteries
The fog that dimmed his vision kept concealed.

These magic lenses have at last revealed:
Surely by any or all comparisons
These glasses are the true rose-colored ones.

—William S. Corwin
Ravenna, Ohio

AND they say women are unpredictable!

BOOMERANG!

I said, "If you deceive me,
I will not weep;
I'll use the time you leave me
To get some sleep!"

Words destined, dear, to harry me—
How could I know you'd marry me!

—Julia Munro Greene
Belleville, New Jersey

HEAVEN DONE IN PINK

Let others strut with pride and joy,
Because their first is born a boy!
But—to you,
I must confess,
You're my sweetheart,
Nothing less—
Than mother's miniature!
And if a boy is heavenly in blue
This one fact is no less true!
A little girl like you I think,
Is simply "HEAVEN DONE IN PINK!"

—Eileen Sheila Hill
South Pasadena, California

This poem was written for all the disappointed papas that wanted boys.

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.

der and that all of her past life would be bared during the trial, that seemed to hit home. Shortly afterward, she asked to see me and this afternoon she came to my office and confessed to the murder."

Carolyn gasped. "She confessed!"

Miles nodded, his face grim. "She said that Jordan told her that afternoon of the crimes he had committed, that she was shocked and that she locked the door to the room so that he could not escape and threw the key out onto the terrace. She took the revolver out of her dresser drawer and shot him as he was about to jump down onto the terrace. He fell over the balcony railing. Then she fainted."

Carolyn shook her head in amazement. "That—that was premeditated murder."

"Yes. She evidently misunderstood her lawyer. She thought that if she confessed, she would be spared the ordeal of a trial. But her confession leaves me no choice but to prosecute her—for first-degree murder."

"Somehow, I can't believe it, Miles," Carolyn said. "It just doesn't sound like her."

They were both silent for a moment, Carolyn trying to reconcile the information Miles had given her with what she knew of Mrs. Jordan's character. She had always been so devoted to her husband—so Susan had told them. And even though she had not known of his criminal operations, and the sudden revelation had horrified her, she was not the kind of woman to take the law into her own hands.

"You say it was after her lawyer told her that a first-degree charge would result in a trial which would bring out everything that had happened in the past—it was after that that she asked to see you?" Carolyn asked, thinking aloud.

"That's what her lawyer says," Miles replied.

CAROLYN placed her forefinger on the tip of her nose, a characteristic gesture when she was trying to concentrate, and closed her eyes. "So she confessed, not realizing she was admitting premeditated murder, thinking there would be no trial."

Miles leaned forward over his desk. "I—I think I see what you're getting at."

Carolyn opened her eyes suddenly. "Why, of course! She's trying to protect someone! She's willing to do anything—confess to murder—to spare this person."

Miles stood up and began to pace the floor of his office. "Darned if I don't think you're right, Carolyn! She was so insistent that she couldn't have killed him, that she loved him so much. And then, suddenly, she confesses! She must be trying to shield someone!"

They were silent again and, as the first excitement faded, another thought came to Carolyn's mind. "But Miles," she said, speaking slowly and thoughtfully, "if Mrs. Jordan didn't murder him, who did?"

Miles sat down again and drummed on the desk with his fingers. "I don't know. It's a mystery. But the first mystery to

be solved is Mrs. Jordan's confession."

Carolyn was watching him and it occurred to her suddenly that she had never seen him so emotionally concerned about a defendant. It was hard to realize that this was the same man who had prosecuted her, when she was on trial for her life, with such cold persistence.

"This Mrs. Jordan," Carolyn began. "Her case has—has moved you very much, hasn't it?"

Miles walked to the window and stood there looking out, as if by turning his back he could hide his emotions. When he spoke, his voice was strained.

"I don't know what it is, but I have a feeling of kinship for that woman, a desire to protect her . . . I can't understand it myself."

He turned and walked back to her, a determined look on his face. "But aside from my feelings for her, there are many aspects of this case that have not been explained by her confession. And I don't have much time. Sam Roberts—my assistant, you know—has been after me to go before the Grand Jury and ask for an indictment for murder in the first degree. He can't understand why I'm hesitating. To him, it's a cut-and-dried case."

"Does he know about the confession?" Carolyn asked.

"No. You are the only one who knows about it, besides me."

Carolyn sat back in her chair, thinking again there was something else that Susan

had told her about Mrs. Jordan.

"Miles," she said suddenly, "I remember now that Susan told me that Mrs. Jordan had been married before, that she had had children by her first husband. Susan told me in the strictest confidence but—but it might be something to work on."

It was quite late before they had worked out a plan of action, and Miles escorted Carolyn to her home. As they arrived at the door, Carolyn, suddenly self-conscious, gave him her hand in a formal gesture of leave-taking. Miles grasped her hand between his two palms and held it to his breast. She could not see his face in the darkness but she felt the pounding of his heart.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful, Carolyn, if we could work together—always?" he asked.

Before she realized what was happening, she was in his arms, his lips on hers. A long moment passed before he released her, said "Good night," and she was left standing there, wondering that she had made only a pretense of resisting him.

TWO days later, on her way to the Tribune office, Carolyn read the news in the Register. "District Attorney Resigns!" the headlines blazed. "Assistant reveals Nelson had confession from Mrs. Jordan!"

She and Miles had had scarcely any time to follow up her idea that Mrs. Jor-

dan might be protecting someone and now the whole story was out. It seemed incredible that Sam Roberts, whose friendship and devotion Miles had often spoken of, could have played such a trick on his chief. What would be Miles' next step? It wasn't long before she had the answer. Miles called her shortly after she arrived at her desk.

"Sam thought I wasn't doing my duty," he said, "and I suppose I wasn't from his viewpoint. Now Paul Scott—he's been appointed District Attorney—can take over and I'll—"

"Paul Scott!" Carolyn exclaimed.

Paul Scott was an old friend and political mentor of Miles. When Carolyn had told Miles she had good reason to believe that Paul was involved in some way with Arthur Jordan, Miles had refused to believe her and Carolyn had never been able to prove it. She still retained her early suspicion and the news that Scott was to prosecute Mrs. Jordan was a shock.

"Why not?" Miles asked guardedly.

"Oh, nothing—nothing," Carolyn replied, anxious not to disturb him. "And you—what about you?"

"I'm going to defend Mrs. Jordan," Miles said quietly.

The sudden quickening of pride that Carolyn felt was something she could not deny. It was typical of the man not to complain or worry about his own career, which might be (Continued on page 55)

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A TRUE CROSS COMIC BOOK



SOAP OPERA GROWS UP!

Left, a family portrait of "Ma Perkins," on the air almost 17 years, shows Ma and partner Shuffle Shober, Fay and Evey, her daughters, and son-in-law Willy; upper right, Carter Trent and wife Peggy in "Pepper Young's Family."

millions find
three-dimensional
reality in the
world of
the
daytime
serial



EVERY Monday through Friday, starting early in the morning and continuing into the late afternoon, about fifty serial dramas are broadcast over radio stations all over the United States. They account for ten percent of the total air-time on the large stations, which is a lot of air-time. They are listened to daily by approximately twenty million people, both men and women, and that is a lot of people. Television has put no dent into this figure.

It's hardly any wonder, therefore, that daytime serials come in for considerable discussion by social scientists and those concerned with important influences on American attitudes and ways of thinking. The only wonder is that this discussion is so often critical and unfriendly. Anyone really familiar with the content of today's serial dramas must ask a bewildered, "why?"

Whatever daytime serials may have been like in the past, the majority of those on the air now are, very simply, dramatic stories of absorbing interest which involve believable and well-drawn characters facing problems that are fundamental to human life. In other words, soap operas are both extremely interesting and extremely real in a very basic and compelling way. Obviously, it is these two facts in combination which have won radio's serial dramas an ever-expanding audience which is not only tremendous, but unusually devoted.

SOAP OPERA GROWS UP!

today's soap operas are woven
of elemental human drama

And yet soap opera's unfriendly critics complain of trivial subject-matter and unreal plots, overloaded with unnaturally-frequent crises. If they are indeed speaking in terms of the serials which are going over the air right now, then there can be only two explanations for their complaints. First, that they don't understand the nature of the story-teller's art. From the time of Homer to the time of Hemingway, writers have regaled their audiences with accounts of the climactic moments in the affairs of men and the events leading up to these climactic moments.

Second, and more serious, these critics have failed to understand what the daytime serials are all about. They have missed the woods for the trees, the underlying and grave themes for the daily complications of plot. Far from being trivial, these themes concern the most important problems that human beings face. Be it said that if the critics have missed this, the daytime serial audience has not.

"The Road of Life," one of the most popular of the daytime serials, will make a good example of how this works. Heard over NBC from 3:15 to 3:30 p.m. every weekday, "The Road of Life" is listened to faithfully by over six million people every time it goes on the air. Letters from these listeners show, moreover, that in addition to having a regular audience the dramatic serial has a highly intelligent and wide-awake one, which gleans understanding and insight into the large problems of living from the radio drama.

"The courage and faith with which Dr. Jim Brent is seeking to make a new life for himself is a wonderful

Dr. Jim Brent (at the microphone)
of "The Road of Life" with Maggie
Lowell, Beth Lambert, Frank Dana.



Phil Stanley and his mother with Anne Dunn listening to their conversation in "When a Girl Marries."



lesson for anyone who has suffered a great loss," one listener wrote in.

"Thank you for showing in your radio drama a man who has the strength to face loneliness and tragedy without self-pity," wrote another listener.

The basic theme which underlies the day-to-day plot development of "The Road of Life" is the readjustment of a high-minded and large-spirited man after he has experienced a stunning blow. Let those who complain that soap operas are trivial explain what is trivial about such a problem.

Dr. Jim Brent, central figure in "The Road of Life," is the man who experiences this spiritual odyssey. It is unimportant to retrace the surface story development beyond pointing out that Dr. Jim, a widower, has lost a second chance for happiness by a deception in which he has been victimized. This deception, very briefly, involved an imposter posing as his dead wife. As a result, the woman whom Dr. Jim had hoped to marry is now the wife of another man.

What we have, then, in "The Road of Life" is one of the most heart-breaking
(Continued on page 61)



Dwight Weist plays Stan Burton and Patsy Campbell plays title role of "The Second Mrs. Burton."



"Rosemary" and husband Bill Roberts of the serial are Mr. and Mrs. George Keane in private life.

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.



AGNES YOUNG & CAMERON PRUD'HOMME
Aunt Polly & David Harum on serial "David Harum" now in its 15th year on the air.

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	Comeos of Music	Religious Program		Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
9:45	Hudson Coal Miners			
10:00	Highlights of Bible	Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15				
10:30	Art of Living	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:45				
11:00	Faithless Starch Time	Back to God	Foreign Reporter	Allan Jackson News
11:15	U. N. is my Beat	Reviewing Stand	Frank & Ernest	The News Makers
11:30	News Highlights		Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:45	Solitaire Time			

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45	Leu Webb		Gems For Thought	Local Programs
9:00	Red Foley	Robert Hurligh	Breakfast Club	This is N. Y.
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Tennessee Jamboree		Mrs. Goes A-Shopping
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	John Bosman	My True Story	Music for You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		Arthur Godfrey
10:30	Double or Nothing	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	
10:45	Dorothy Dix		Victor Lindlahr	
11:00	Haskell & Co.	Behind The Story	Modern Romances	
11:15	Report From Pentagon	Bob Poole		
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Quick as a Flash	Grand Slam
11:45	David Harum	Sidney Walton		Rosemary

Afternoon Listening

12:00	American Forum of the Air	Choir Series	Gene Hamilton	Invitation to Learning
12:15	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	People's Platform
12:30				
12:45				
1:00	First Freedom	Sidney Walton	Fine Arts Quartet	News
1:15				Elmo Roper
1:30	Chicago Round table	Radio Warblers	National Vespers	Get More Out of Life
1:45				
2:00	NBC University Theater	Chamber Music	This Week Around The World	Chorahers
2:15		Bill Cunningham	Mr. President	You Are There
2:30		Veteran's Information		
2:45				
3:00	The Truitts	Treasury Varieties	This Changing World	N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony
3:15				
3:30	Quiz Kids	Juvenile Jury	Baptist Hour	
3:45				
4:00	Cloak & Dagger	Hopalong Cassidy	Voices That Live	
4:15				
4:30	High Adventure	Wm. Gargan	Milton Cross Opera Album	Sunday at the Chase
4:45				
5:00	The Big Guy	The Shadow	Think Fast	Music for You
5:15		True Detective	Greatest Story Ever Told	Symphonette
5:30				
5:45				

12:00	News	Kate Smith Speaks	Ladies be Seated	Wendy Warren
12:15		Lanny Ross		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Hometowners	Chuckwagon	Walter Kiernan	Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Music	News	Baukhage Talking	Big Sister
1:15		Harvey Harding	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Earl Godwin	Music	Checkerboard Jamboree	Young Or. Malone
1:45	We Love & Learn			The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Ladies Fair	Welcome To Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Live Like a Millionaire	Queen For A Day	News	This is Nora Drake
2:45			Peace of Mind	Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Chance of a Lifetime	David Harum
3:15	Road of Life			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young		Haanibal Cobb	
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Surprise Package	
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs	Music	
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Georgia Jamboree	Melody Promenade	
4:45	Young Widder Brown		Ted Malone	Treasury Bandstand
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Mark Trail	Challenge of Yukon	Galen Drake
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Tom Mix		Martha Tilton
5:30	Just Plain Bill		Jack Armstrong	
5:45	Front Page Farrell			

Evening Listening

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Roy Rogers	Drew Pearson	
6:15			News	
6:30	Tex William Show	Nick Carter	Music	Our Miss Brooks
6:45				
7:00	\$1,000 Reward	Adv. of the Falcon	Where There's Music	The Jack Benny Show
7:15				
7:30	Alice Faye and Phil Harris	The Saint	Mr. Malone	Amos 'n' Andy
7:45				
8:00	Sam Spade	A. L. Alexander	Stop the Music	Edgar Bergen
8:15				
8:30	Theatre Guild	Sylvan Levin		Red Skelton
8:45				
9:00	American Album	Rebuttal	Walter Winchell	Rate Your Mate
9:15		Gabriel Heatter	Louella Parsons	Corliss Archer
9:30		Twin Views of News	Chance of a Lifetime	
9:45				
10:00	The \$64 Question	This is Europe	Ginny Simms	Contented Hour
10:15		Music	Ted Malone	
10:30	Pot Milk Show		Jackie Robinson	

6:00	Bob Warren	Local Programs		News
6:15	Clem McCarthy			"You and—"
6:30	Music			Music
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis Jr.	Headline Edition	
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Eimer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	Music	Gabriel Heatter	The Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kallenborn	I Love a Mystery		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	The Railroad Hour	Straight Arrow	Ethel and Albert	Inner Sanctum
8:15				
8:30	Voice of Firestone	Affairs of Peter Salem	Henry Taylor	Talent Scouts
8:45		Bill Henry		
8:55				
9:00	Telephone Hour	Murder by Experts		Lux Radio Theatre
9:15				
9:30	Band of America	Crime Fighters		
9:45				
10:00	Night Beat	News	Music	My Friend Irma
10:15				
10:30	First Piano Quartet	Music		The Bob Hawk Show

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45			Gems for Thought	Local Programs
9:00	Red Foley	Robert Hurleigh	Breakfast Club	This is N. Y.
9:15	Tell Your Neighbors	Tennessee Jamboree		Barnyard Folies
9:30	Clevelandaire			
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	John Bosman	My True Story	Music for You
10:15	Faith in Dur Time	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:30	Double or Nothing		Victor Lindlahr	
10:45	Dorothy Dix			
11:00	Haskell & Co.	Behind the Story	Modern Romances	
11:15	Report From Pentagon	Bob Poole	Quick as a Flash	Grand Slam
11:30	Jack Berch			Rosemary
11:45	David Harum			

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45	LeW Webb		Gems For Thought	Local Programs
9:00	Red Foley	Robert Hurleigh	Breakfast Club	This is N. Y.
9:15	Tell Your Neighbor	Tennessee Jamboree		
9:30	Clevelandaire			
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	John Bosman	My True Story	Music for You
10:15	Faith in Dur Time	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:30	Double or Nothing		Victor Lindlahr	
10:45	Dorothy Dix			
11:00	Haskell & Co.	Behind the Story	Modern Romances	
11:15	Report From Pentagon	Bob Poole	Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam
11:30	Jack Berch	News		Rosemary
11:45	David Harum			

Afternoon Listening

12:00	News	Kate Smith Speaks	Chuckie Wagon	Wendy Warren
12:15	Echoes From the Tropics	Lanny Ross		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Hometowners	Ladies Be Seated		Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Dur Gal Sunday
1:00	Luncheon With Lopez	News	Baukhage Talking	Big Sister
1:15	Earl Godwin	Harvey Harding	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	We Love & Learn	Music	Art Baker	Young Dr. Malone
1:45		Checkerboard Jamboree		The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Ladies Fair	Welcome to Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Live Like a Millionaire	Queen For A Day	News	Perry Mason
2:30			Peace of Mind	This is Nora Drake
2:45				Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Chance of a Lifetime	David Harum
3:15	Road of Life		Hannibal Cobb	Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young			
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Surprise Package	
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs	Tune Time	Treasury Bandstand
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Hoe Down Parly	Melody Promenade	
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Ted Malone	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Straight Arrow	The Green Hornet	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life	B-Bar-B Riders	Sky King	Galen Drake
5:30	Just Plain Bill			Martha Tilton
5:45	Front Page Farrell			

12:00	News	Kate Smith Speaks	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren
12:15	The Hometowners	Lanny Ross		Aunt Jenny
12:30		Chucklewagon		Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Dur Gal Sunday
1:00	Luncheon With Lopez	News	Baukhage Talking	Big Sister
1:15	Earl Godwin	Harvey Harding	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	We Love & Learn	Music	Art Baker	Young Dr. Malone
1:45		Misc. Programs		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	News	Perry Mason
2:30	Light of the World		Peace of Mind	This is Nora Drake
2:45				Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Chance of a Lifetime	David Harum
3:15	Road of Life		Hannibal Cobb	Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young			Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Surprise Package	Strike It Rich
4:15	Stella Dallas	Georgia Jamboree	Tune Time	Treasury Bandstand
4:30	Lorenzo Jones		Melody Promenade	
4:45	Young Widder Brown		Ted Malone	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Mark Trail	Challenge of the Yukon	Galen Drake
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Tom Mix	Jack Armstrong	Martha Tilton
5:30	Just Plain Bill			
5:45	Front Page Farrell			

Evening Listening

6:00	Bob Warren		News	"You and—"
6:15	Clem McCarthy		"You and—"	Herb Shriner
6:30	Music	Local Programs	Music	Lowell Thomas
6:45	Sunoco News	News	Lowell Thomas	
7:00	One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Jack Smith Show
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Club 15
7:30	Music	Gabriel Heatter	Counter Spy	Edward R. Murrow
7:45	Richard Harkness	I Love a Mystery		
8:00	Calvalcade of America	Count of Monte Cristo	Carnegie Hall	Mystery Theatre
8:15	Baby Snooks	Official Detective	Gentlemen of the Press	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:30		Bill Henry		
8:45				
9:00	Bob Hope Show	John Steele, Adventurer	America's Town Meeting	Life With Luigi
9:15	Fibber McGee and Molly	Mysterious Traveler	Erwin D. Canham	Truth or Consequences
9:30			We Care	
9:45				
10:00	Big Town	News	Time For Defense	Hit The Jackpot
10:15	People Are Funny	Mutual Newsreel	A. F. of L.	Pursuit
10:30				

6:00	Bob Warren		News	"You and—"
6:15	Clem McCarthy		"You and—"	Herb Shriner
6:30	Music	Local Programs	Music	Lowell Thomas
6:45	Sunoco News	News	Lowell Thomas	
7:00	One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis Jr.	Headline Edition	Jack Smith Show
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Club 15
7:30	Music	Gabriel Heatter	Lone Ranger	Edward R. Murrow
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	I Love a Mystery		
8:00	Halls of Ivy	Can You Top This?	Dr. I. Q.	Mr. Chameleon
8:15	Great Gildersleeve	Intern'l Airport	Sherlock Holmes	Dr. Christian
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	Break The Bank	Mr. Feathers	Gregory Hood	
9:15	Mr. District Attorney	Family Theater	Buzz Adlam	Bing Crosby
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	The Big Story	News	Music	Burns & Allen
10:15	Richard Diamond	Mutual Newsreel	Dn Trial	
10:30				

RITA LYNN

Lovely actress heard Sundays on "True Detective Mysteries" at 5:30 p.m.



DENNIS DAY

Heard Saturdays at 9:30 p.m. as star of "A Day in the Life of Dennis Day."



CONNIE RUSSELL

Songstress featured on Dave Garroway's three network shows.



THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember		Gems For Thought	Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Red Foley Clevelandaires	Robert Hurlleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is N. Y.
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	John Bosman Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Music for You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Haskell & Co. Report From Pentagon Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember		Gems for Thought	Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Red Foley Clevelandaires	Robert Hurlleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is N. Y.
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	John Bosman Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Music for You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Haskell & Co. Report From Pentagon Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole News	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Listening

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Music	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Kate Smith Sings Heatter's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Dur Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon With Lopez Earl Godwin We Love & Learn	News Harvey Harding Music Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Talking Nancy Craig Art Baker	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood News Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Chance of a Lifetime Hannibal Cobb	David Harum Hilltop House
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Georgia Jamboree Two Ton Baker	Surprise Package Tune Time Melody Promenade Ted Malone	Treasury Bandstand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow B-Bar-B Ranch	The Green Hornet Sky King	Galen Drake Martha Tilton

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	U. S. Marine Band	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Chuckwagon Heatter's Mailbag	Ladies be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon with Lopez Earl Godwin We Love & Learn	News Harvey Harding Music Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Talking Nancy Craig Art Baker	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Ladies' Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood News Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Chance of a Lifetime Hannibal Cobb	David Harum Hilltop House Garry Moore
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Georgia Jamboree	Surprise Package Tune Time Melody Promenade Ted Malone	Treasury Band
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Galen Drake The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

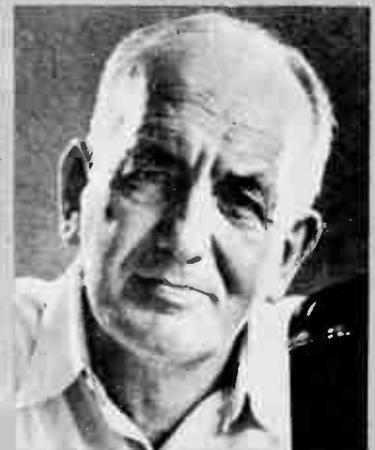
Evening Listening

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Music Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	News "You and—" Herb Shriner Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World Music Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Father Knows Best	California Caravan Sports For All	Screen Guild Players	The F.B.I. In Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Screen Actors Guild Duffy's Tavern	Comedy Playhouse	Amateur Hour Robert Montgomery	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Dragnet Sara's Private Capers	News Mutual Newsreel	Author Meets the Critic Let's Go To The Met	Hallmark Playhouse Hollywood Theatre

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Clem McCarthy Music Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	News "You and—" Herb Shriner Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World U. N. is My Beat H. V. Kallenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Stars & Starters We The People	Bandstand U. S. A. Music	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	The Show Goes On
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Dimension X Jack Lait	Straight Arrow Meet the Press	Ozzie and Harriet The Sheriff	Songs For Sale
10:00 10:15 10:30	Life of Riley Bill Stern	News Mutual Newsreel	Boxing Bouts	We Take Your Word Capitol Cloakroom



FRAN CARLTON & EDWARD PAWLEY
Heard as reporter
Lorelei Kilbourne
and editor
Steve Wilson
on "BIG TOWN"
every Tuesday
evening at 10:00 p.m.



GABRIEL HEATTER
Heard in a new
Sunday night series of
news commentaries
via MBS from
9:30 to 9:45 p.m.



MARIE WINDSOR & STACY HARRIS
G-Man and beautiful gal heard over ABC's network show "Special Agent—Jim Taylor."

MUSIC

on a platter

by Sammy Kaye



AS we place this column on the Editor's desk, the following ten tunes, not necessarily in order of popularity, seem destined to maintain their standings in the Honor Roll of hits: 1. MONA LISA. 2. GOODNIGHT, IRENE. 3. TZENA, TZENA, TZENA. 4. HOOP-DEE-DOO. 5. THIRD MAN THEME. 6. I



Dennis Day

WANNA BE LOVED. 7. PLAY A SIMPLE MELODY. 8. BEWITCHED. 9. SAM'S SONG. 10. COUNT EVERY STAR.

The survey conducted by the popular trade magazine, "The Billboard" based on replies from weekly surveys among the nation's disc jockeys showing the records most played over the greatest number of record programs follows:

(This, too, is not listed in order of popularity.) 1. SIMPLE MELODY with Gary and Bing Crosby. 2. I WANNA BE LOVED by The Andrew Sisters. 3. SAM'S SONG again with Gary and Bing Crosby. 4. GOODNIGHT IRENE by Frank Sinatra. 5. TZENA, TZENA by Gordon Jenkins Orchestra. 6. BEWITCHED by Gordon Jenkins Orchestra and as if to prove that the public enjoys Gordon Jenkins unsurpassed talents his re-recording of GOODNIGHT IRENE is way up there on the list. 7. HOOP-DEE-DOO—take your choice of Kay Starr's recording for Capitol Records or Perry Como's on the Victor label. 8. SENTIMENTAL ME by the Ames Brothers. 9. MONA LISA as played by Charlie Spivak or the King Cole Trio. 10. COUNT EVERY STAR with Ray Anthony.



Nat Cole

MINUTE REVIEWS:

HERB JEFFRIES (Columbia 38915) A lovely new ballad, "Love Me Long—Hold Me CLOSE—Kiss Me Warm and Tender," gets excellent vocal treatment by Herb. This is backed by an oldie, "If I Should Lose You" and this too is done very well.

DENNIS DAY (VICTOR 20-3870) Dennis does neat job on "All My Love" with excellent orchestra and choral backing by Charles Dant. Another pretty good job is done on "Good Night, Irene."

The Andrew Sisters



SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Down Homers		Kelvin Keach	This is N. Y.
9:15				
9:30	Coffee in Washington	News Misc. Programs	Conservation With Casey	Mrs. Goes A-Shopping
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring		Music	Galen Drake
10:15				
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor	Leslie Nichols Helen Hall	Junior Junction	Joe DiMaggio
10:45				
11:00	Ed McConnell	Coast Guard	Navy Hour	Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Archie Andrews	Man on the Farm	Roger Dann	
11:45				

Afternoon Listening

12:00	News		Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affair			
12:30	Luncheon With Lopez	Music	American Farmer	
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Joseph M. Coffrey	American Jazz	Stars Over Hollywood
1:15		Jerry & Sky		
1:30	Music	Music	Music	Give and Take
1:45				
2:00	Voices and Events	Music		Music With the Girls
2:15				
2:30	U.S. Army Band		Football	
2:45				
3:00	Football			Report From Overseas
3:15				Adventures in Science
3:30				Cross Section U.S.A.
3:45				
4:00				
4:15				
4:30				
4:45			Doubleday & Co.	
5:00		True or False	Tea and Crumpets	Philadelphia Orchestra
5:15				
5:30		Bands for Bonds		
5:45	Closures			

Evening Listening

6:00	Bob Warren	Music	Scouting The Stars	News From Washington
6:15	Bob Considine		Bible Messages	Memo From Lake Success
6:30	NBC Symphony	Mal Allen	Harry Wismer	Red Barber
6:45			Music	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls	Remember	
7:15			Bert Andrews	
7:30	Joe DiMaggio	Comedy of Errors	Chandu, The Magician	Camel Caravan with
7:45		J. B. Kennedy		Yaughn Monroe
7:55				
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions	Superman	Gene Autry Show
8:15				
8:30		Take a Number	Hollywood By-Line	The Goldbergs
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Meet Your Match	Crosby's Night Shift	Gang Busters
9:15				
9:30	Dennis Day	Guy Lombardo		My Favorite Husband
9:45				
10:00	Judy Canova	Theatre of the Air	Introduction to Music	Sing It Again
10:15			Irving Fields	
10:30	Grand Ole Opry			

program highlights on the TV networks

SUNDAY

SUPER CIRCUS—ABC—5:00 p.m. Circus show for children.
PAUL WHITEMAN GOODYEAR REVUE—ABC—7:00 p.m. Musical revue headed by "Pops" Whiteman.
THIS IS SHOW BUSINESS—CBS—7:30 p.m. Variety and panel show. Clifton Fadum, Abe Burrows, George Kaufman and guests.
TOAST OF THE TOWN—CBS—8:00 p.m. Ed Sullivan presides over hour long variety show.
STARLIT TIME—DUMONT—7:00 p.m. Musical revue including Phil Hanna, Ed Holmes and Bibi Osterwald.
THEY STAND ACCUSED—DUMONT—9:00 p.m. Hour long courtroom drama.
COLGATE COMEDY HOUR—NBC—8:00 p.m. New variety show with alternating emcees, Eddie Cantor and Fred Allen.
PHILCO TELEVISION PLAYHOUSE—NBC—9:00 p.m. Hour long dramatic show.

MONDAY

TREASURY MEN IN ACTION—ABC—8:00 p.m. Dramatic show about Treasury Department.
SUGAR BOWL—ABC—9:00 p.m. Musical comedy starring Chico Marx.
ARTHUR GODFREY'S TALENT SCOUTS—CBS—8:30 p.m. Talent Scout program.
THE GOLDBERGS—CBS—9:30 p.m. Family situation comedy starring Gertrude Berg and Philip Loeb.
STUDIO ONE—CBS—10:00 p.m. Hour long dramatic show.
AL MORGAN SHOW—DUMONT—8:30 p.m. Variety program.
KATE SMITH—NBC—4:00 p.m. Hour long variety show of songs, interviews, household hints and drama. Monday through Friday.
CHEVROLET TELEVISION THEATRE—NBC—8:00 p.m. Dramatic plays.
VOICE OF FIRESTONE—NBC—8:30 p.m. Howard Barlow, Conductor, guest soloist.
YOUR LUCKY STRIKE THEATRE—NBC



MOREY AMSTERDAM

9:30 p.m. Dramatic show produced by Robert Montgomery, alternates with Schubert Operettas.
BROADWAY OPEN HOUSE—NBC—11:00 p.m. Variety show Monday through Friday. Alternating emcees, Jerry Lester and Morey Amsterdam.

TUESDAY

BILLY ROSE'S PITCHING HORSESHOES—ABC—9:00 p.m. Dramatization of anecdotes told by Billy Rose.
CAN YOU TOP THIS—ABC—9:30 p.m. Quiz on jokes as told by Joe Laurie, Jr., Peter Donald, Senator Ford and Harry Hirschfeld.
SUSPENSE—CBS—9:30 p.m. Mystery thriller.



ONE MAN'S FAMILY
 Standing (l to r) Ken Marie Saint (Claudia), James Lee (Cliff), Lillian Schauf (Hazel), seated, Russell Thomson (Paul), Marjorie Gattson (Mother Barbour), Bert Lytell (Father Barbour) and Arthur Casel (Jack).

CAVALCADE OF BANDS—DUMONT—9:00 p.m. Different name band each week, also name variety acts.
STAR TIME—DUMONT—10:00 p.m. Musical starring Frances Langford, Benny Goodman and Lew Parker.
MILTON BERLE—NBC—8:00 p.m. Hour long variety-comedy show featuring stars of stage, screen and radio.
ARMSTRONG CIRCLE THEATRE—NBC—9:30 p.m. Dramatic plays.
ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR—NBC—10:00 p.m. Amateur hour emceed by Ted Mack.

WEDNESDAY

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME—ABC—7:30 p.m. Audience participation show emceed by John Reed King.
ARTHUR GODFREY & HIS FRIENDS—CBS—8:00 p.m. Variety show with guest stars featuring Arthur Godfrey.
HAZEL SCOTT—DUMONT—7:45 p.m. Musical program.
FAMOUS JURY TRIALS—DUMONT—9:00 p.m. Dramatic series.
BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD—DUMONT 10:00 p.m.—Gossip about the entertainment world and previews of new films.
KRAFT TELEVISION THEATRE—NBC—9:00 p.m. Dramatic plays.
BREAK THE BANK—NBC—10:00 p.m. Quiz show featuring Bert Parks.
STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD—NBC—10:30 p.m. Dramatic show.

THURSDAY

HOLIDAY HOTEL—ABC—9:30 p.m. Comedy-variety with mythical hotel as its locale.
I COVER TIMES SQUARE—ABC—10:00 p.m. Story of high-powered journalism.
ALAN YOUNG SHOW—CBS—9:00 p.m. Comedy-variety featuring Alan Young.
JOAN EDWARDS—DUMONT—7:45 p.m. Musical show.
MOREY AMSTERDAM—DUMONT—9:00 p.m. Variety program.
YOU BET YOUR LIFE—NBC—8:00 p.m. Quiz show featuring Groucho Marx.
KAY KYSER'S KOLLEGE—NBC—9:00 p.m. Musical program.
MARTIN KANE—NBC—10:00 p.m. Mystery program starring Bill Gargan.

FRIDAY

TWENTY QUESTIONS—ABC—8:00 p.m. Family quiz show conducted by Bill Slater.
PENTHOUSE PARTY—ABC—10:00 p.m. Variety show with interviews starring Betty Furness.
MAMA—CBS—8:00 p.m. Dramatic show about Norwegian family.
FORD THEATRE—CBS—9:00 p.m. Hour long dramatic program.
HAZEL SCOTT—DUMONT—7:45 p.m. Musical program.

HANDS OF MYSTERY—DUMONT—9:00 p.m. Mystery drama.
ROSCOE KARNS—DUMONT—9:30 p.m. Mystery drama.
CAVALCADE OF STARS—DUMONT—10:00 p.m. Jackie Gleason emcees this variety show.
WE THE PEOPLE—NBC—8:30 p.m. Dan Seymour interviews people with strange stories . . . guest stars.
THE CLOCK—NBC—9:30 p.m. Mystery program . . . alternates with Big Story.
BOXING—NBC—10:00.

SATURDAY

LIFE WITH THE IRWINS—ABC—7:30 p.m. Situation comedy.
FRANK SINATRA—CBS—9:00 p.m. Musical variety.
KEN MURRAY BLACKOUTS—CBS—8:00 p.m. Hour long variety show with many guest stars.
SPORTS—DUMONT—9:00 p.m. All events from Madison Square Garden.
ONE MAN'S FAMILY—NBC—7:30 p.m. Family drama starring Bert Lytell.
JACK CARTER SHOW—NBC—8:00 p.m. Hour long variety show featuring Jack Carter and guest stars.
SHOW OF SHOWS—NBC—9:00 p.m. Hour and a half variety show featuring Sid Caesar, Imogene Coca, Marguerite Piazza and Robert Merrill.
YOUR HIT PARADE—NBC—10:30 p.m. Musical show featuring top songs of the day.



ALAN YOUNG

a verdict for: *Love*

(Continued from page 45)

ruined by Sam Roberts' revelations about the secret confession, but to throw himself into a fight he believed in.

"Good boy," Carolyn whispered to herself.

"I'm glad," she said aloud to Miles. "And the best of luck to you."

She wanted to say much more, but neither the warmth of his kiss nor her newly awakened admiration for him were strong enough to melt completely that old hostility toward the man who had accused her of a crime she had not committed.

"Thank you," Miles returned. "I'd like to ask a favor—another favor—of you. Mrs. Jordan has asked me to come to see her in her room at the Hotel Walton—she's been living there with a police matron since she was released on bail—and I'd appreciate it if you'd go with me. I want to talk with her anyway, and it seems she's heard about my resignation."

AT the Walton, Miles asked Carolyn to wait in the lobby for a few moments. "I think she wants to speak with me alone," he explained.

About fifteen minutes passed before he returned, and led her to the elevators. "Come quickly," he said, his ordinarily calm voice almost breaking with excitement.

"What's happened?" Carolyn asked. "What did she say?"

Miles shook his head, smiling; he was breathing quickly. Once outside the elevators, he led her to a door and knocked.

"Come in," said a quiet voice.

The woman who had been seated at the window rose and came toward them as Miles and Carolyn entered the room. She was short, with dark hair streaked heavily with grey. Her face was lined, but her eyes were aglow with happiness. This woman has been accused of murder, she's going on trial for her life, Carolyn told herself wonderingly as Miles introduced them.

"Carolyn, I want you to meet—my mother," he said, his voice trembling slightly.

"How do you do, my dear," Mrs. Jordan said, taking Carolyn's hand in hers. "I'm so glad to know you."

Carolyn felt the smile fade on her face and her eyes widen as the full significance of Miles' words came home to her. She looked from Miles to Mrs. Jordan and back again as he put his arm around the frail little woman.

"Your mother!" she exclaimed.

Miles nodded. "My mother," he said. "I'm the one she's been trying to protect all this time. Isn't it wonderful? I've found my mother!"

Carolyn stared at them, remembering bit by bit what she had been told about Miles' family. His father was a stern, unforgiving man who had accused his wife of infidelity. Insisting on her inno-

cence but refusing to defend herself because she felt that her love was sufficient proof of her fidelity, his mother had left their home and had later obtained a divorce. This had happened while Miles was still a child and he had never learned what had become of her.

"Mrs. Jordan—your mother!" Carolyn repeated.

"Yes, Carolyn, my mother," Miles said, smiling. "I must have been blind. It makes so many things clear—my feeling of friendship for you from the very beginning."

Mrs. Jordan looked up at him, sadness clouding her eyes for an instant. "Yes, your mother. And because of me you've given up your career as district attorney."

Miles was suddenly serious. "I don't want you to think that you—rather—I don't want you to think that Mrs. Jordan has hurt me. I could still be the district attorney if I wanted to forego certain principles. Please don't blame yourself for it."

Carolyn had regained her voice and her wits. "He's right, Mrs. Jordan. You mustn't blame yourself."

Miles bent and kissed his mother on the forehead. "Now, we have work to do. We're going to win this trial, mother, and you're going to help us."

As they seated themselves, Mrs. Jordan said, her eyes on Miles, "Until today I didn't really care if I lived or died. But now—now I want to live—because of my son."

"You'll live, mother, and live happily. But you must help us. I know you've gone over it so many times, but tell Carolyn and me once more about what happened the day that Jordan was shot."

Mrs. Jordan's face looked suddenly drawn with weariness and her eyes were dull. "I hate to remember it. But if it will help you, I'll tell you briefly. Arthur and I went for a ride that afternoon—it was a lovely day. Jameson gave him a message when we got home—someone must have called—and upstairs, in my room, Arthur told me you would be there at any moment. To prevent his arrest, he was going to tell you of our relationship."

Her voice faltered. "Then, for the first time, he told me of the trail of evil and wickedness he had left behind him—all these years. I suddenly discovered that the man I loved and trusted and believed in wasn't worth the trust of anyone. I learned that his soul had been sold to the devil and that his life had been built on corruption."

She turned to Carolyn, her face contorted with grief. "Have you ever thought what that might be like? And then—to have your heart tell you you still loved him—in spite of what he'd done—to feel sorry for him because he couldn't help himself—and then to find him gone—gone. . . ."

Her voice trailed off and she burst into tears. Miles let her cry for a moment before he took her hand in his. "Yes, mother, but all that's behind you now. Please finish your story."

Mrs. Jordan dried her eyes. "There isn't much more to say. I threw the key out the window, thinking that I might persuade him to change his mind, and we argued. He said that nothing would stop him from telling you the truth and then—then I must have fainted. When I came to, Arthur was gone—I was on the floor and the revolver was just beyond my reach."

Miles and Carolyn looked at each other as Mrs. Jordan finished her story. "She didn't do it, Carolyn—I know she didn't do it. Even in a moment of temporary insanity, she wouldn't have shot him, loving him as she did. And the only other person in the house was Jameson." He paused and spoke with new determination. "Carolyn, we must go out to the Jordan house and see if there isn't some scrap of evidence we've overlooked."

* * * *

THE trial had already begun before Miles and Carolyn had the opportunity to visit the Jordan home. Paul Scott, the new district attorney, had accused Mrs. Jordan of deliberately taking the law into her own hands to kill the man who had revealed himself to her as the most wicked and corrupt human being she had ever known. Miles, in turn, had detailed the extenuating circumstances that had led him to believe, as district attorney, that every aspect of the crime should have further investigation before Mrs. Jordan was accused. He had hinted at the possibility of temporary insanity but had also pointed out that it was possible for someone else to have murdered Jordan—something he could not, as yet, prove. Finally, he had emphasized that no one could prove that—if she had committed the murder—Mrs. Jordan's action was premeditated.

Miles' chief problem, for the time being, was to throw doubt into the jurors' minds, to make them wonder. His case was not too strong and Carolyn could see, on the day they drove out to the Jordan home, that the doubts and fears in his own mind were almost overwhelming. He kept his eyes on the road, answering her only in monosyllables, and she knew that again he was reviewing the facts, trying to find some loophole, some incongruity in what seemed to all others to be a clear case of premeditated murder.

Silhouetted against the early evening sky, the massive stone bulk of the Jordan home rose before them. Already the house had a look of decay, of desolation and emptiness, although the tall, gaunt trees, the swirling leaves and the shutters fastened tight over the downstairs windows were the only evidence of the changes that had taken place since Jordan's murder. Carolyn shuddered as the car stopped outside the door.

"I hate this place, Miles," she said.

"It's no different from any other house," he replied, almost harshly, as if he wanted to be sure that no emotional fog would

hamper their search.

Carolyn understood. She swallowed hard; took a deep breath and, after showing their credentials to the police guard, followed him into the house. They searched Mrs. Jordan's room thoroughly and as they worked, Carolyn, too, forgot Arthur Jordan and concentrated on her task. There was nothing of significance either there or in the library, which had been Jordan's study. Weary and discouraged, they walked toward the rear of the house.

"Might as well go out on the terrace again," Miles said, his voice betraying his disappointment, "though I don't think we'll find anything there."

His hand was on the knob of the door that opened on the terrace when he stopped. Carolyn, thinking only of the futility of their search, looked up at him in surprise.

"Did you notice, Carolyn, how quickly we passed through the house—from the front to the back?" he asked.

"Why, no—no, I didn't."

CAROLYN could sense the rising excitement within him.

"Look, now. Anyone on the terrace could open this door and enter this back hallway." He moved quickly toward the front of the house again. "And this door opens from the back hallway into the kitchen. And then there's another door, over there, opening from the kitchen into the front hallway. Don't you see what I mean?"

"Yes, I see what you mean," Carolyn said, speaking slowly. "You mean that Jameson could have killed Jordan from the terrace and still be able to open the door for you fifteen seconds later."

"Of course. I hadn't realized what a short distance there is, because of these three doors, between the rear and the front of the house. He could have wiped the fingerprints off the gun and thrown it up into Mrs. Jordan's room."

Carolyn shook her head. "I hate to discourage you, Miles, but you forget that the medical examiners said that the bullet was not fired at an angle—as it would have been if anyone had shot up at Jordan from the terrace."

Miles was only momentarily discouraged. "Yes, I remember. But let's look at that aspect of it again. I'll go out here on the terrace and you—please, Carolyn—go upstairs again and stand on the balcony of Mrs. Jordan's room."

"But, Miles—"

Realizing it was futile to argue, Carolyn stopped in the middle of her protest and shrugged her shoulders. It was a waste of time with a man as stubborn as Miles. Trotting obediently up the stairs, she smiled at herself. That she should be taking orders from a man—and that man, Miles Nelson!

Once on the balcony, she called down to Miles, standing on the terrace beneath her. "Jordan could have come out here to let in some air when your mother fainted."

Miles pointed his arm in the air, holding an imaginary gun. "Yes, and if Jameson had been standing where I am now,

pointing like this—"

"That wouldn't do it, Miles," Carolyn called. "From there—can't you see?—the bullet would have entered Jordan at an angle."

She could see the sag in Miles' shoulders. Seeking desperately to help him, she asked one last question. "Were there any fingerprints here on the railing?"

"Yes, Jordan's, about the middle, I think." He was walking toward the house. "But I don't think that's going to help us. I guess we're stumped."

All antagonism gone now, longing only to comfort him, Carolyn leaned over the railing. "I'm so sorry, Miles."

He looked up at her, a hint of a smile on his tired face. "Thanks, darling. We'll find something, we'll—"

Carolyn interrupted him with a loud exclamation. "Look, Miles, look!" she cried. "Go stand over there where you were before and point the 'gun' at me!"

"What is it, Carolyn?" Miles was staring up at her. "What are you so excited about?"

Carolyn almost stamped her feet in her impatience. "Oh, please do as I tell you, Miles!"

He moved slowly back onto the terrace and lifted his arm.

"Look, Miles, when I lean over the railing—move over a little. There. Now the 'gun' is pointed straight at me: The bullet would move in a straight line!"

Miles repeated the words, slowly. "A straight line."

Carolyn wanted to dance with excitement. "It could have happened this way, Miles. Jordan leaning over here, the gun pointing right up at him. That would account for there being no angle! Oh, Miles, did it happen this way?"

Once in the car again, Miles drew her to him. "May I reward my first assistant for her amazing deductions?"

Carolyn smiled. "My deductions are no more amazing than my being here—in your arms."

Her "reward" was long and satisfactory. It was only a brief vacation from their work. On the ride back to town, they were silent, both thinking again of the murder and Carolyn's discovery, which made Jameson the chief suspect.

"I just can't accept the idea that Jameson murdered Jordan, Miles," Carolyn said finally. "He was involved in Jordan's crimes—we know that—but Jordan had told him that he was sure he could prevent you from arresting them. There was just no reason for him to kill Jordan."

"He's the only suspect right now—our only hope."

"My mind keeps going back to Paul Scott."

It was dark and she sensed, rather than saw, that Miles was frowning. "You've never proved anything you have said about him, Carolyn. I can't believe that Paul was ever involved with a man like Jordan."

Carolyn squirmed in her seat. She would have to find a way of getting around his stubbornness. "Now that we have proof that someone else could have murdered Jordan—I'll admit it could be Jameson—would you consider Scott

what's on your

the question & answer clinic

Q. Why are so many "Whodunits" filled with names which tend to identify gangster and criminal types as Italians? Do you think this is fair?

Al P., New York

A. I don't think it's true. All four networks, ABC, Mutual, CBS and NBC have long adopted a steadfast policy using neutral names when possible and rotating the names of criminals among various nationalities.

Q. I've been missing the voice of Norman Brokenshire, isn't he with WNBC?

Hilda Marx, New York.

A. Norman is now an exclusive ABC property.

You'll enjoy his afternoon show "Take It Easy Time" on Station WJZ.

Q. Who is the producer of the radio program, "Strike It Rich"?

John McGlynn, Minn.

A. Walt Frammer. (Ed. note: See "Strike It Rich" story on page 12 this issue.)

Q. Would you briefly outline Lucille Ball's career before she reached stardom? Also, where was she born and when?

H. F. J., Mont.

A. Lucille was born in Butte, Montana, August 6th (you guess the year), started music lessons at 5, entered the John Murray Anderson Dramatic School in New York at 15. Landed chorus job in road company of Ziegfeld's "Rio Rita," later became soda clerk in drug store, model for Hattie Carnegie, and then was seriously injured in auto accident. Recovering after eight months in bed, she became stock player for Columbia Pictures, then better roles for Paramount, bigtime with RKO, and finally stardom with MGM. That's all for the space we have.

Q. When did Irene Beasley and her "Grand Slam" program first go on the air?

Shirley Masters, N.J.

A. The program had its premiere broadcast over CBS on Monday, September 30, 1946.



mind?



conducted by
Ben Grauer

Q. Was Dennis Day born in Ireland?
G. H., Ont.

A. Dennis was born in the Bronx, New York, early in May, 1918, third child of Patrick and Mary McNulty who left County Mayo, Ireland, earlier that year.

Q. What's the age of Edgar Bergen and his birthplace? Will Morgan, Vt.

A. The famous ventriloquist was born in Chicago, Feb. 16, 1903.

Q. Please give me some names of Mr. and Mrs. teams on radio.
Mae Wickersham, Cal.

A. Ronald and Benita Colman, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa, Phil Harris and Alice Faye, Jim Falkenburg and Tex McCrary.

Q. Will you please tell me how old Jerry Lester is and will he be on television this season?

T.C., Waltham, Mass.

A. Jerry was born in 1910. His show, "Broadway Open House" on NBC, will continue all season.

Q. Will Eddie Cantor be back on radio this year?

M.C., Buffalo, N.Y.

A. Mr. Cantor is now devoting his time to a monthly television program. He can be seen on the Colgate Comedy Hour, NBC, 8:00 p.m., one Sunday a month.

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.

as a suspect if I could prove to you that he was connected in some way with Jordan?"

After a long moment, Miles answered. "Yes, but remember it must be real proof."

They were silent for the remainder of the trip, Carolyn wondering how she was going to prove that Miles' trusted friend had been involved with a criminal. Back in the city, Miles stopped at his office to see if there had been any telephone calls.

"I'll go up with you," Carolyn said. "I want to call my office."

The only message for Carolyn was that there had been a call from Dick Campbell who had asked that she call him. The message was marked "Urgent." Dick was still at his office when she called.

"This is really 'urgent,' Carolyn," he began. "Paul Scott was out to see Susan Wakefield today."

"Paul Scott to see Susan!"

Miles was at his desk and she saw him raise his head as she spoke.

"Yes. You know Susan was always afraid of Jameson, Jordan's butler. We've forgotten it in the excitement of the murder but I'm sure you remember that Susan has always claimed that Jameson tried to drown her while they were swimming—the very day Jordan was murdered—and that she got away from him only by running through the fields. It's possible that Jordan thought she knew too much about him and had ordered Jameson to do away with her."

HIS explanations made Carolyn impatient. "Yes, I remember now. But why did Scott want to see her today?"

Miles reached across the desk and grasped her arm. "What is it, Carolyn? What are you talking about?"

She shook her head, appreciating that he was agog with curiosity and enjoying the spectacle just a bit.

"Scott asked Susan to sign a statement that Jameson had not tried to harm her—this in return for Scott's promise that Jameson would never go near her again. She's still afraid of the man, you see."

Carolyn was thinking quickly. "Yes, and I think that Scott is doing this for Jameson so that Jameson will give false testimony about Mr. and Mrs. Jordan. If Jameson tells the truth, that they were such a devoted couple, that would hurt Scott's case."

"And something else," Dick continued. "It seems that Scott frequently visited Jordan at his home. Susan had never seen him there but when he visited her today she recognized his voice as the voice of a man she had heard, from behind the closed door of Jordan's library."

"Oh, Dick, that's such wonderful news," Carolyn breathed.

Unable to restrain himself, Miles grasped Carolyn by the shoulders and shook her. "Will you tell me what you are talking about?" he cried.

Carolyn's eyes were shining as she put down the phone. "I have the proof you asked for, Miles. Now we really have something to work on."

* * * *

Granting that Paul Scott might have killed Jordan because he feared that Jordan would reveal his criminal activities, there was no proof that Scott was at the Jordan home on the day of the murder. Only one car had been seen in the neighborhood—an isolated spot—on that afternoon; a man, travelling with his wife, had stopped to fix a flat tire.

BUT Carolyn had advanced a plausible theory. Scott, after calling Jordan to tell him that Nelson would arrest him that afternoon, had gone to the Jordan home on Ocean Drive where Jameson had given him Mrs. Jordan's gun. Not too much was known about Jameson's part in Jordan's activities. Standing on the terrace, Scott had shot Jordan, who had leaned over the railing to speak with him. After wiping the fingerprints off the gun and throwing it into Mrs. Jordan's room, he entered the house and hid there until after the homicide squad had left. It was because of Jameson's knowledge of the crime that Scott had persuaded Susan to sign the statement absolving him of any guilt with regard to her; Scott was doing everything in his power to win Jameson's favor for fear that the latter would "talk."

It was a good theory but it meant nothing unless they could find evidence that Scott was actually at the scene of the crime.

Realizing the difficulties involved, Miles hired Bob Reagan, a private detective, to reconstruct Scott's movements on the day of the murder, and Carolyn, too intrigued to sit by and wait for his report, decided to work with him. Acting on Reagan's instructions, she learned from the attendant at the parking lot where he kept his car that Scott, obviously excited and pressed for time, had taken his car from the lot some time before Miles and the squad cars had left for Jordan's home.

The next afternoon Carolyn and Reagan began their long, tedious search, determined to question storekeepers, filling station boys, children—any one who might have seen Scott or his car along the one road that led to the Jordan home. If Jordan had learned from Scott that Miles was on his way, Scott must have used a telephone at some time during the course of his ride. Also, since Scott's car had not been seen near the Jordan home, they had to figure out how he got there.

It was a long, tiring day. Carolyn, carrying a picture of Scott, asked hundreds of questions of filling station attendants, grocery and drug store clerks, and could find no one who had seen him. One small boy raised her hopes when he said he had seen the man in the picture but it developed that he had recognized him from newspaper pictures. Carolyn was almost ready to give up when they reached the filling station that was the last possible place along the road where Scott could have stopped.

Reagan, who had at first irritated her with his patient, plodding way of working, and then impressed her with his thoroughness, tried to cheer her. "Never

say die, Carolyn," he said as they crossed the street. He approached the filling station boy and held out Scott's picture.

"Say, young fellow, will you take a look here and tell me if you've ever seen this fellow?"

"Sure, that's the district attorney, Scott," the boy replied. He looked at them curiously. "What's this about?"

CAROLYN sighed wearily. "And you recognize his picture from the newspapers but you've never seen him in person, I suppose?" she asked, overlooking his question.

The boy frowned at her for a second. "Sure, I've seen him in person. Latter part of last year it was."

"Oh, Bob!" Carolyn gasped.

"Steady now," Reagan said, and turning to the boy he went on, "Now look here, young fellow, I'm a private detective and I'd appreciate it if you'd think carefully and tell me about the time Scott was here. You needn't be afraid to talk. Did you see him on the day Arthur Jordan was killed, maybe?"

The boy eyed them both and then, evidently satisfied, he replied. "Sure, that was the day. I remember because everybody was talking about it for weeks. He stopped to have the gas tank looked at and he used the telephone and then he asked if he could park his car here for a while."

"That's what I thought he must have done!" Carolyn interrupted excitedly.

"And then?" Reagan persisted, his eyes on the boy.

"Well, first he asked if he could get a cab 'cause he wasn't feeling well and he didn't want to drive his own car. Said he wanted to go out to Ocean Drive. Then he sort of hesitated and I guessed maybe he wanted to hook a ride so I asked him if he wanted to ride on an oil truck that

was just going out. Driver's a pal of mine. And that's what he did."

"And when did he come back for his car?"

The boy thought for a moment. "I remember waiting a long time because he still owed me for the gas. Must have been about half past nine that night."

Carolyn was so excited she could scarcely control herself. The boy was the first and only witness who had placed Paul Scott near the scene of the crime. A hundred questions raced through her mind but, before she could speak, she felt the pressure of Bob Reagan's hand on her arm.

"That's an interesting story, young fellow," he said, with no excitement apparent in his voice. "Could you tell me how this guy seemed when he came back that night?"

"Oh, he was quiet and looked kind of tired. Didn't say much."

After getting the address of his friend, the truck driver, from the boy, and asking him not to talk about their conversation, Carolyn and Bob returned to his car, parked a short way down the road. Reagan said not a word and as Carolyn seated herself in the car, she burst out.

"How can you be so quiet, Bob? This proves that Scott must have been hiding in the Jordan home all that time, doesn't it?"

Reagan shrugged his shoulders. "It looks encouraging, but we could never pin a murder on him. We know he was at that filling station about forty minutes before Jordan was killed and that he didn't get back until hours later—but that doesn't prove he killed Jordan."

Impatient as she was, Carolyn knew that Bob was right. Their next stop was the home of Mike McDonald, the truck driver.

"Yeah, I remember picking up a guy that day—vaguely," he said.

"Vaguely?" Carolyn repeated.

"Yeah. I know I gave this guy a lift but I don't remember much what he looked like. Let him out on Ocean Drive somewhere. He was only with me about ten minutes or so."

"That's all we wanted to know," Carolyn said, smiling. "And thank you, Mr. McDonald." She turned to Bob as they walked out to the car again. "Well, are you satisfied now?"

Reagan nodded. "This takes us out to Jordan's house. The next step is up to Nelson."

By a streak of luck, court was recessed the next day and Miles himself was free to go to the Jordan home with Carolyn. The possibility of finding some clue indicating Scott's presence there was probably the last step he could take in his desperate effort to vindicate his mother. He scarcely spoke on their drive out to the house but Carolyn could almost see the tension in his body when they separated, inside the house, to search the different rooms.

"If I could only comfort him, assure him," Carolyn breathed as she went quietly to work, determined to be as coldly methodical as Bob Reagan until

she found something of concrete value.

About two hours later, having searched the first and second floors and the cellar without results, they met in the hallway of the second floor.

"Not a sign, not a single clue," Miles said. "Well, I wasn't too hopeful anyway."

Carolyn knew that he was not telling the truth, that he had been very hopeful. "There's still the attic," she offered, trying to make her voice sound cheerful. "He could have come up the back stairway to this hall and then gone up there."

"Yes, the attic," Miles said. "We'll go up there as long as we've gone this far."

"It's our last chance, our last chance," Carolyn whispered to herself as they walked up the stairs.

She was first to reach the top floor and as she opened the door to a room at the end of the hall, she felt a sudden new surge of hope.

"Look, Miles. This room has no windows. It would have been a perfect place to hide. But there is a window in the hall. He could have watched everyone come and go from there!"

"Yes—but was he here?" Miles asked as they walked into the room. "You're grasping at straws, Carolyn."

Someone was always putting the damper on her enthusiasm, Carolyn told herself. Maybe she was too impatient. Flashlight in hand, she looked around her at a small, dark room.

"Carolyn!" Miles' voice was tense. He was standing at the small dresser and she was at his side in an instant. "Did Jordan smoke?"

"I don't think so—but he's not likely to have come up here to smoke anyway."

They both stared at the cigarette in the ash tray. It had been lighted and almost immediately snuffed out—as if some one had thought better of it.

"And it's Paul Scott's brand," Miles said slowly. "I remember it well."

"Oh, Miles, I think we've found what we were looking for." She played her flashlight around the room again and suddenly grasped his arm. "Look! The bed! Someone was lying on it! And there's something over there on the floor!"

Moving like a streak of lightning, Carolyn crossed the room and picked up the handkerchief that was lying on the floor next to the bed. Her hands were trembling as she held it under the flashlight. "It's smudged with grease, Miles. You can even see the outlines of the fingers. Scott must have used it to wipe the fingerprints off the gun."

Delirious with joy, Carolyn cast aside all attempts at restraint. She dropped her flashlight on the floor and flung herself into Miles' arms, open wide to receive her.

"Miles! Isn't it wonderful? Your mother will be freed!"

Miles was speechless and almost calm but he held her tight in his arms and Carolyn did not complain about his lack of emotion. One uninhibited personality in a family was enough. THE END

WATCH FOR: First Issue of "TV SCREEN" (see page 7)

off the air

(Continued from page 11)

a diploma. Mrs. Massey still treasures that symbol of proficiency and, as she explained to us, "You never can tell when one needs a good trade to fall back on."

Martha Raye's decision to make New York her home was a break for vocalist Doris Day. Doris bought Martha's Hollywood home indicating that she hopes to stay around the movie lots indefinitely.

TEN YEARS AGO: Dorothy Thompson was signed to do a Sunday commentary program . . . Ben Grauer was a seven-time-a-week newscaster for NBC . . . "Information Please" was begging for a sponsor . . . Bob Hope demanded and nearly got \$8,000 weekly for his new show . . . Milton Berle, a vaudevillian, guested on the Rudy Vallee show . . . John McCormack introduced the young Irish baritone, Robert Irwin. THE END

"2" to make music

(Continued from page 25)

with the Golden Rule as a personal code of conduct.

"But," says Peggy firmly, "I think what we believe in is something to be lived and not talked about . . ."

So she doesn't talk about it. But she'll talk about her gratitude to those who helped her on the way up. Ken Kennedy, the manager of station WDAY in Fargo, North Dakota, who gave her her first chance and suggested she take "Peggy Lee" for a more singable-sounding name than her own conservative "Norma Egstrom" . . . Benny Goodman, who recognized her talent and gave her that first big break on the big time . . . Bing Crosby, whose radio show she adorned for a long period and with whom she just completed her first movie role in "Mr. Music" . . . and, more than anyone else, Dave.

Dave, the other half of this gardening, painting, fishing, harmony duo—the guitar-stylist and arranger in a class by himself—the clever melodist and composer—the chap who's meriting raves for his own first picture role with Robert Ryan and Claudette Colbert in "Blind Spot"—the fellow who can cook a real Mexican meal or tuck Nikki into bed with equal adeptness . . . yes, Peggy gives her husband a lion's share of credit for her success, and happiness.

Once, when the guy was sick and things looked plenty dark for awhile, Peggy sat down and thought about their life together. All the little things and big things that make a marriage . . . the rainy day it happened back in March, 1943 . . . those first dates when Dave seemed like the fellow who was most disinterested in one blonde and adoring Peggy Lee . . . the time when Nikki came, and Dave's delight . . .

The long hours of the many nights they had hummed and strummed and fussed like crazy over a stubborn handful of notes, turning them into a song—Dave's wonderful background music for every number she sang and his selection of the unerringly right number at the right time—their companionship and joy together in things musical as well as things domestic . . .

Peggy promised herself then that if Dave would only get better she would spend every waking hour trying to make him happy. He did, and she does. If they quarrel, as all married couples do sometimes, they kiss and make up as quickly as Peggy . . . who can't bear to stay angry with anyone, least of all Dave . . . can manage it.

Not that Peggy doesn't have her "pet beef." Admitting that quiet, patient, and handsome Dave is just about the most perfect man to have around the house, still she does wish he didn't have such a mania for taking daughter Nikki out shopping, and buying her all kinds of clothes and cowboy outfits and toys she

hasn't the slightest need for!

Dave's beef . . . admitting that lovely Peggy is just about the charmingest chanteuse to find cleaning out the closets on a rainy day . . . still, does she have to go at it with such a will and a way that she doesn't even want to stop for dinner?

But such minor notes of discord make hardly a jangle in the song the Barbour's make together. As their wedding bands are alike, so are their thoughts and reactions on almost everything. Both like the same music and the same food, to go the same places and to do the same things. Both love kids and animals.

Right now the two are on another of those record-breaking tours that take them away from their Hollywood home and life so often that they try to take a little of that home with them . . . Nikki, for instance . . . and whatever else they can carry.

Way back when Norma pitched in and did farm work in the fields and tried her songs out on the blackbirds and crows, and cooked and washed dishes for the farmhands at Jamestown, North Dakota, she dreamed a little bit about being a great big success someday . . . but never, in her wildest dreams, did she imagine the kind of success that would be hers! It sometimes happens that way . . . that life has a surprise or two in store for us that we wouldn't begin to think up ourselves, and it happened that way for Norma Egstrom.

Norma—or Peggy—feels she owes life a debt in return. A debt she'll repay the best way she knows how . . . the way the robins and larks and thrushes do . . . she'll sing and add a bit that way to the happiness of the world.

She's sentimental, and she's sincere . . . and she has a heart full of love and lots of gratitude for those fans everywhere (Peggy thinks of them as friends) who like her and want to hear her songs.

Maybe that's why, when the lights around the Capitol or Paramount in Manhattan light up "PEGGY LEE" . . . the fans block the streets for hours and cheer the roofs off the theatres once they are inside! Not that she plays to them . . . or puts on a personal, one-woman circus the way some performers delight in doing—no, in the words of some of the critics, Peggy Lee has brought a new dignity and meaning to the singing of popular songs.

Quietly . . . beautifully . . . she hushes theatres and night clubs with a silver style that is almost everybody's idea of the best singing to be heard today, but even more important, is the quality of sincerity, happiness, and joy that comes over, too.

And quietly complementing every perfect note . . . is the perfect background of Dave Barbour's smooth arrangement.

Two . . . to make music!

THE END

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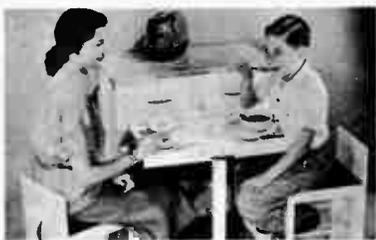
Famous WNBT-NBC Television Shopper



HOLD it! When I tacked a note to the column last issue inviting you to let me know what you'd like me to talk about, I really didn't expect to be swamped!

Reading through all of your very nice notes and letters, I gather that household items and things of interest to the youngsters are tops on your lists. But, before I plunge into the shopping news I want to let you know I enjoy hearing from all of you and hope these are the kinds of items you meant when you wrote "I need a good, small kitchen table." And, "Is there anything that will help me teach my pre-schooler how to dress herself?"

Scouting around town, I found the answer to that dining-space-in-a-small-kitchen problem in the "Demi-dine." Maybe you've got a smaller kitchen than mine, but I doubt it! Ours is one of



those streamlined, super-efficiency jobs where there's space for all kinds of fancy gadgets but no real dining area. Sometimes it looks like a short enamel and chromium corridor to me. But maybe that's because back in Ohio, where I come from, the kitchen was huge and the center of social activity.

To get back to the "Demi-dine" I started to tell you about, I think you'll find it the compact answer to any eating-in-the-kitchen problem you may have. The "Demi-dine" is about as high as the average floor cabinet or sink. It is big enough for two diners and has two drawers. When not in use, it folds easily and when it's taken out again it locks into place so you can use it without any fear of finding the gravy bowl in your lap during your meal. A pair of foam-cushioned upholstered chairs come with it. "Demi-dine" is made of white enameled hardwood and has a highly polished metal trim. The price tag reads \$54.95 (available at Abraham and Straus, Bklyn, NY)

So Nancy and Steve just can't seem to learn how to dress themselves? With nursery school and kindergarten teachers advising us to be patient and encourage the small fry to do so, it's a little discouraging when the only time they want to learn is when we're in a hurry. But it seems to happen every time! However, for \$1.98, (Plakie Toys,

Inc., Youngstown, Ohio) you can do something about it. A wonderful little book, "All By Herself" by Kay Clark has made its appearance to ease the entire situation. Ideally, the time to teach Nancy and Steve would be during those relaxed hours designed for reading. With "All By Herself" we can now do just that. It contains real life objects—buttons to button, snappers to snap and things to tie—all with clever little verses unfolding the mysteries of how to dress one's self. This little book will be a boon to every mother who has to cope with the problem—and that's EVERYONE!



If you have a set of good knives, you want to keep them as razor sharp as they were when you got them. Sure, everyone wants to, but it's very seldom that a really good knife sharpener comes along—I know because I've tried almost all of them. At first glance, (\$11.95, all houseware departments) may seem a bit steep for an electrically driven sharpener but I really believe



that the Cory Sharpener is something special. You can slip any knife at all, whether it's hollow-ground, scalloped or straight-edged, and whether it's made of vanadium or stainless steel, into the

Sharpener and get a professional edge. It will make sawing your way through vegetables a lot easier.

Have you ever watched your husband splash the contents of his pockets all over the top of the bureau at night and wonder how the crystal of his watch remains intact or how come the coins don't roll out of sight? Who hasn't! Last week, quite by accident, I came across a plastic dachshund with his nose turned permanently upward that will make a perfect watchdog, pardon the pun. This well trained canine costs but \$1.98 (Rubel and Co., 225 Bway, NYC) and invites watches to be hung around his neck at night. His upright tail will accommodate a ring. There are compartments on either side for keys, wallet and change. When he's not minding the contents of your husband's pockets, he makes an excellent paper weight. I call ours Rover.

With youngsters playing outdoors most of the time these days, a toy tea table is a good idea. My youngster, Pam, who's four, uses hers more often than her doll carriage. The tea table rolls about on wheels like the grown-up version and costs \$2.98—unlike the grown-up version! It's quite sturdy and comes with a complete service for two in brightly colored plastic. (Pressman Toys, 1107 Bway, NYC)

Speaking of festive eating, here's something that has as many purposes as you can name! It's a Swordette. What's that you ask? Well, a Swordette is about seven inches long (Lewis and Conger, NYC). It's made of stainless steel and has a plastic handle like a sabre. You can choose your favorite color from a list that includes red, blue, maroon, black or ivory. I use mine for shrimp and chunky salads as well as for canapes, cold cuts, olives, pickles and as a long skewer in a beverage.

If you're feeling sentimental about that early Ford your family owned, you can duplicate it for your what-not shelf for \$1.95. Other vehicles include fine reproductions of the Concord Stage Coach, the Conestoga Wagon (1832), and the Bryn Mawr, Pa., fire engine (1907). Each of these sells for \$3.95. Made of plastic, finished in gold, they're just right for your treasure cabinet or for gifts. They're light in weight and handsome in design. (Mary Ryan Company, 225 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City)

Whew! More items next time! Meanwhile I hope you will find these suggestions as useful as I do every day, and again, let me add, that the only way I have of knowing exactly what you want to hear about is from the letters you write to me in care of RADIO and TELEVISION BEST. So long 'til next time . . .

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Kathi Norris, Radio & TV Best Magazine, 9 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

MOREY AMSTERDAM

How many clues did you need to identify this famous comedian as the answer to Dan Seymour's WHO IS IT? (See page 10.)



soap opera grows up

(Continued from page 49)

situations which a person can face. It is, unfortunately, also a situation which many must face up to at some point in their lives. Dr. Jim is now completely alone, as far as his personal emotional life is concerned. He is a man robbed of a future, and at first, the realization numbs him. His days follow a pattern of aimless, meaningless and empty routine as he tries to forget the hopes that had been so bright.

But, then, the man's essential strength struggles through and he begins to put out feelers for a new kind of adjustment. With a firm grip on his deep-felt values, Dr. Jim re-examines his work, his friendships, his place in the world. From this inner probing comes a recognition of what he must do. Realizing that the small town in which he lives has become his spiritual home, he resolves to relate himself more closely to its community life, and decides, therefore, to go into general practice.

It is of such elemental human drama that today's day-time serials are woven. Told in vivid dramatic episodes, these powerful situations arouse a deep response in an audience which finds in them a wholesome combination of relaxing entertainment and instructive example. Far from standing alone, "The Road of Life" is typical.

Another much-listened-to daytime drama, for example, is "Young Dr. Malone," heard every weekday from 1:30 to 1:45 p.m. over CBS. Like "The Road of Life," this radio serial's central male character is also a small-town physician. But the similarity in situation ends there, because "Young Dr. Malone" is essentially the story of a typical young American couple—Jerry Malone and his wife Anne—and their struggle to preserve their marriage and ideals in the face of the tensions and conflicts of modern living. A trivial theme? Hardly.

Not only are the underlying themes of "Young Dr. Malone" and other radio serials tremendously significant, but the people caught up in them are as real as the family next door. This is the result of no accident, but of the hard-working sincerity of the actors and writers whose efforts produce the programs.

Julian Funt, who writes "Young Dr. Malone" says: "I always keep this test in mind—how will listeners compare the people, places and situations in 'Young Dr. Malone' with their own homes, friends and neighbors?"

How well Mr. Funt has succeeded in making "Three Oaks," the imaginary small town setting of his daytime serial, its people and their problems convincingly real is attested to by the surest index of audience reaction—the letters which are written in.

"I do hate to see Anne and Jerry Malone drifting apart," one young woman listener wrote, "and I can hardly wait

for them to come together again. I have a special reason for this which may interest you. My best friends have been going through a very similar set of difficulties. The wife listens to your program and I hope it may show her the way to save her own marriage."

If daytime serial's unfriendly critics are worried, as some say they are, about those twenty million listeners being exposed to an untrue picture of people and problems today, they can stop worrying right now. The people who inhabit the daytime serials of today are as true to our uneasy world as talent, research and understanding can make them.

Several years ago, it might be noted as a cast in point, a serial drama called "The Guiding Light" returned to the air after an absence of some time. Central figure of this serial is a non-sectarian minister, Dr. Charles Matthews. In order to make him as realistic a personality as possible, a costly, nationwide survey was conducted among thousands of clergymen, whose points-of-view were drawn upon in creating the fictional but authentic minister of this radio program.

Another famous daytime drama whose leading character is a minister is "The Brighter Day," written by Orin Tovrov and heard on CBS. The reality of the characterization of the Reverend Richard Dennis is attested to by letters which come in regularly from listeners asking whether their own minister was the prototype for "Poppa" Dennis.

With this kind of pains going into the delineation of today's soap opera characters, it comes as no surprise that the radio audience which listens regularly should, despite all critics, find such three-dimensional reality in the world of the daytime serial. Nor does this audience consist of the mass of empty-headed ninnies which the sourpusses would have you believe. On the contrary, statistics show that about half the listeners are high school graduates and that forty percent of all college-educated women tune in regularly.

Furthermore, the audience includes both men and women from all walks of life, some of them very far indeed from the stereotype of the "typical soap opera listener" which detractors like to picture. One well-known daytime serial writer reports among her listener correspondents several teachers, two famous movie stars, several well known lawyers, and the wife of a state governor.

Two national magazines, RADIO BEST and another, published by MacFadden Publications, devote many pages each month to daytime serial players and full-length novelettes based on actual radio plays.

Why do these people find radio's daytime serial dramas worth their while? To anyone who is still genuinely puzzled, there is only one answer—listen in for a few days and you'll find out.

THE END



Salute to—

Bea Kalmus

Bea Kalmus, the glamorous singing star who rose to even greater fame with her midnight to 1:00 a.m. disc jockey program over New York's WMGM, now heads up a brand new television program designed to showcase the talent wares of budding stars. As her countless fans had expected, Bea's deft emceeing is a joy to watch and hear—and her singing continues to set a standard for all comers. The queen of the disc jockeys is now the queen of TV, a lovable, discerning, sincere video-mistress destined to win new laurels in the newest of mass entertainment mediums. Bea Kalmus is the only member of her sex who has emerged as a top disc jockey in radio. Here she is with Bert Wheeler on her midnight-to-one program.



a briefcase in my arms

(Continued from page 35)

different from what they had been while I was working. I had always brought my work home with me and, more often than not, I spent the evening poring over a case. If I did take the time to talk with Walter, I didn't give him more than half my attention, the other half being on my client. Walter, a sensitive person, was keenly aware of this preoccupation with my work and he had gotten out of the habit of confiding in me.

Now, however, he would often spend the evening discussing a character or some phase of his plot with me. My mind was completely free of other things and I was often able to help him, give him a fresh slant. Sometimes, when he wanted to forget about his work, we would go for a walk. Arm in arm, we would stroll down the street, saying little, happy in our companionship. Once, after a long, quiet walk, Walter pulled me into his arms as we reached the doorstep and said, "It's so good to have you, all of you, back with me again," and he kissed me right then and there. It was like a second honeymoon.

And when Walter sold the story he'd been working on to the movies, that seemed the final word I needed to assure me that I had done right in giving up my practice. Walter was almost deliriously happy. He had proved himself, once and for all, and his mind was bubbling over with new ideas.

It was in this atmosphere that the startling news about Jack Canning erupted like a volcano. Jack had been working for a small investment company. I had reason to think that Ralph Haley and Carl Watkins, two politicians whom I had always suspected of crooked dealings, were the powers behind this company but I had no proof and the company seemed to be operating in legitimate fashion.

One morning I opened the newspaper at breakfast—I hadn't been able to get over my habit of reading the paper before starting to work—to see a glaring headline, "Jack Canning Jailed For Fraud." Everyone connected with the investment company had disappeared, along with some \$150,000 invested by the people of Parkerstown in various mining concerns, and Jack had been arrested as he was crossing the border into another state. According to the newspaper story, he had none of the money with him and claimed he was to be notified where to meet the others and get his share of the loot; he had no idea where they were.

"I don't understand it," I murmured, not realizing that I was speaking out loud.

"What's the trouble, dear?" Walter asked.

"It is amazing," he agreed, when I told him the story. "Young Canning's not the type to get involved in something like that."

I shook my head. "That's not the only amazing aspect of it," I said. "If you'll read this story carefully, you'll see that Jack left such a clear trail behind him they couldn't help but find him. And in the meantime, the others got away."

"Oh well, don't worry about it." Walter got up from the table and kissed me lightly on the forehead. "Remember, you're not a lawyer anymore."

There was a note of warning in his voice and I tried to forget the whole thing. But try as I did, the story kept revolving in my mind. In the afternoon, I succumbed to my curiosity and went to see Nanette, Jack's wife. The poor girl was in tears.

But she knew no more about the whole scheme than the newspapers had told. Then I went to see Jack in the Parkers-town jail. He seemed a bit frightened but defiant.

"That's the whole story," he said, when I asked him if there wasn't something he hadn't told. "We thought we'd get away with a lot of money and—well, I got caught and the others got away. My hard luck, that's all."

"But Jack," I pleaded, "don't you realize you might go to jail for years for this? And think of the scandal!"

"Oh, people will forget about that and I'll get off with a light sentence," he said. "I'm sure of that."

On the way home, I kept thinking of the way he said that, as if he was trying to reassure himself. The more I thought about it, the more I became convinced that Jack was "covering up" for someone else and I remembered my early suspicions of Haley and Watkins. All through dinner I was preoccupied, listening to Walter and Dickie with only half my mind, and once or twice I caught Walter watching me.

"You're not thinking of taking that boy's case, are you?" he began.

"I don't know what to do, Walter," I confessed. "But I'm convinced that there's something phony about this and I must find out what it is."

It was then he lost his temper and accused me of preferring a briefcase to my husband. All the next day he was in a horrible state of depression. He spent the day in his study but I knew he wasn't working because I couldn't hear the typewriter. We didn't exchange a word the whole day. I just couldn't stand it. That night I went to him and told him that I had changed my mind, that I was going to forget about Jack and let him take his punishment for whatever it was he had done. Walter didn't say very much, just held me in his arms for a moment. I was so relieved that I almost cried. But that night, I dreamed about Jack and Nanette.

The bombshell was dropped by the next morning's newspaper. The body of an-

other employee of the investment company had been found in the woods on the outskirts of Parkerstown and Jack had been accused of his murder. This time I didn't even try to hide my concern. Without a word, I put the paper in front of Walter and went to get my hat and coat. Silently, he watched me go out the door.

Once in the jail, I found that Jack's self-confidence, or his attempts at it, had vanished. He was in a state of panic and I didn't find it difficult to get him to talk. He told me the whole story. The plan was that Jack should allow himself to be captured while the others escaped with the money. He had been assured that pressure would be exerted so that he would escape with a light sentence and he would be paid \$25,000 by the "big shots" who were behind the whole scheme.

Who they were he didn't know.

"But nothing was said about murder, nothing," he concluded, his voice trembling. "I wanted the money to get a house for me and Nanette, but not bad enough to get involved in a murder."

There were deep circles under his eyes and his young face was drawn and lined like an old man's. He could hardly hold his hand still long enough to light a cigarette. Instinctively, I felt that he was telling the truth, that he had been "used" by someone who had taken advantage of his burning desire to buy his own home. I felt pity and anger—pity for him and anger toward the mother whose intolerance had driven her son to such lengths.

I don't remember anything about the walk home. All I could see was Walter, on the one hand, depressed, reduced again to the status of a lawyer's husband, robbed of the stimulus that seemed so important to him, and on the other hand, Jack, his eyes like a hunted animal's, his voice rising with hysteria, his hands trembling in panic. I could forget about Jack, keep my normal, happy homelife, sustain my husband's faith—but how happy would I be with Jack's voice, like the voice of my conscience, ringing forever in my ears? Could I stand by and watch him run the risk of going to the electric chair for a crime I was sure he had not committed?

"You don't love me—you love your career."

Now it was Walter's voice, reminding me that I might be ruining my life as a woman, as the wife of the man I loved so much. Could I take the case, with the possibility that I would lose my husband's love and devotion?

Walter was waiting for me when I got home. I knew he had not touched his typewriter.

"Are you going to defend him?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, realizing that all along I had known that this must be my answer.

While a human being's life hung in the balance, I had to risk my happiness. I not only had to live with Walter—I had to live with myself. Can you blame me for my decision?

THE END

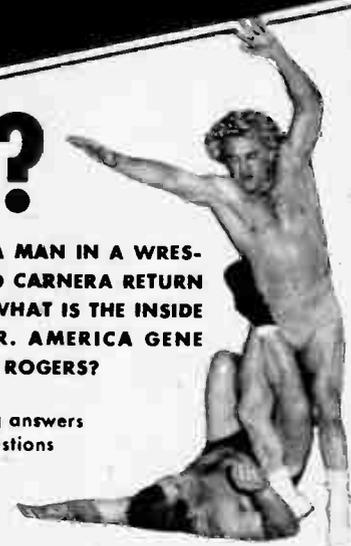
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“the *real* Milton Berle”

(Continued from page 16)

mother to the stage. ‘Parade for the boys, Ma. Show them your mink coat.’ She opened it and turned. Milton smiled at the comedians. ‘I want you boys to know your gags paid for this.’

“But, again, here’s a contradiction. He is more often completely original. And the question usually is—Who stole from whom?”

“We were sitting in Toot Shor’s restaurant one day. A well-known comedian joined us. He was all hopped about a booking he’d just landed at the Roxy. But he didn’t know what to use for material. Radio and TV had drained most of his routines. There and then, in one hour, Milton mapped out a new act for him—and in the comedian’s own style.

“Here’s another puzzling fact about Milton. He is very sensitive about criticism of his show. Yet he constantly sticks his neck out, taking a chance on new skits and new faces. Did you know that practically every comedian on TV today started as a guest on Milton’s show? That includes such luminaries as Sid Caesar, Phil Silvers, Buddy Lester, Jack Carter, Bob Alda and Morey Amsterdam. Many others, such as Will Mahoney, were spotted for vaudeville and nightclubs from his show.

“During television rehearsals I have watched him work himself batty trying to get perfection in every guest’s act. He leaves his own material until the last. Therefore, with all the work to set everything just so, he doesn’t rehearse his own material enough and is often forced to depend on ad-libbing. Fortunately, this is his forte and it gives the show a feeling of spontaneity.

“This brings up another inconsistency. He can get all the perfection he wants by ‘kinescoping’ the show; that is, putting it on movie film and cutting it. Many comedians do. But Milton feels the future of television is in the ‘live’ show. So, every Tuesday night is a Broadway opening for him.

“Nor do the incongruities stop here. Take the question of hogging the camera. He’s been accused of this many a time. We had Ted Lewis on one show. During the rehearsal you could see that Lewis was worried that Milton would take the camera away from him with some key-stone-cop clowning. Milton sensed this and was all tact and restraint. He offered few suggestions. But when the show hit the air, he gave Lewis one of the biggest introductions in his career. Then he left him on his own. You never saw a performer more pleased.

“As a matter of fact, Milton never throws himself into somebody else’s routine. And he never breaks up an act he is doing with an entertainer unless he feels the pace is dragging or the comedy is falling flat.

“Most guest stars sense that he’s a

master of TV and are willing to put themselves in his hands. For a long time Martha Raye wouldn’t go on any television program except Milton’s. He always tries to show the guest to his best advantage. The first question Milton asks is—‘What can you do best? We’ll do it.’

“Many of them wonder where Milton picked up his knowledge of video. They would be surprised to discover he was on TV as early as 1929 when experiments were going on in Chicago. With an eye to the future of show business, he studied the camera, talked to the engineers, and kept up with all the technical developments over the years. He was also the first to use movie camera techniques on television. It seems he kept his eyes open while making some fourteen pictures in Hollywood.

“There’s a lot of talk about another paradox. Why does he surround himself with such a large staff—about fifty people—if he all but runs the show himself? It’s true he has a hand in everything—from the musical arrangements to the shifting of scenery. But often, where he seems to run the show, he is really only co-ordinating the twenty or more elements into a smooth-running program. And more often, it’s simply a matter of giving ideas to his staff in order to get a unified show. Woody Kling and Buddy Arnold—his songwriters—will tell you the theme tune ‘We are the Men of Texaco’ is based on a suggestion from Milton.

“You have to keep in mind Milton’s versatility. He can do almost anything—sing, dance, juggle, ride a unicycle, mug under water, or write songs. From the age of six, when he first imitated Charlie Chaplin to win an amateur contest, to the present age of 42 he’s been on the stage. He worked with the best of them and learned the business the hard way. When he was seventeen, he was already emceeing and taking part in the acts—the format he uses today on the Texaco program. Therefore, if he seems to know what he wants in his own show, remember he knows a lot about it. And it’s already paid off with a record Hooper rating of 79.8.

“With all the clowning the real Milton Berle is dead serious about his work. Three days before the show he is already deep in its production. Sunday, he sets the format. Monday, he rehearses the acts. On Tuesday, he arrives at 9:00 a.m. He works through until 9:00 p.m. without a stop, integrating the show and tying the acts together.

“There must never be a break in the show. It has to have pace, flow smoothly. He applies this rule as rigidly to himself as he does to others.

“In a barbershop skit with Lauritz Melchior, a swinging bucket cut his nose. It bled badly. There was talk of changing the show because Milton couldn’t

play in the next skit. But without as much as a band-aid, he covered his face with the minstrel black and appeared on the stage.

“Another paradox is that he doesn’t relax after the show. Once he gets before an audience, he seems to wind up for a big pitch that takes a long time in unwinding. Frequently, he can be discovered later in a night club like the Copacabana, clowning with such comedians as Joe E. Lewis, Jimmy Durante and other topnotchers.

“Because of this, the wiseacres would have it that Milton never relaxes, that he finds nothing as interesting or as exciting as his work. Now, it’s true that he doesn’t drink or play cards, and he’s lost interest in the racetracks. But drop in at the Friar’s Club almost anyday and you’ll see him in a billiard game or trading tricks with another card prestidigitator.

“For the past eight months he’s been writing a novel, using his vacations and trips to work on it. He also enjoys writing parodies on well-known songs. Some, such as ‘Sam, you made the pants too long,’ which he wrote with Sam Whitehouse, became popular in their own right.

“Milton also has the contradiction of most comedians. He’s dying to play tragic roles like Romeo and Hamlet. He can recite much of Shakespeare from memory. But the nearest thing he’s ever come to a tragic part is the half-witted Lennie in *Of Mice and Men*—and this was in a summer stock company.

“Another paradox is Milton’s personal life. He doesn’t seem to have one. Actually, this is not true. First, he has his family. Strange as it may seem, he really has a brother named Frank—his affable business manager. And his sister, Rosalind, does a remarkable job as the Texaco costumer—he has ten to twelve costume changes every show.

“Then there’s his mother. In spite of his kidding about her furs, he is thoroughly devoted to her. It’s more than just a mother-son relationship. She acted as his agent until he was sixteen and knew what it was to be ignored and all but kicked out of booking offices. They traveled together from town to town in broken-down railroad coaches, sleeping in desolate stations while they waited for the next train. Many a day was spent in a cold boarding house room, eating a dish of beans heated over a can of sterno.

“When showtime came, she would plant herself in the audience to spark the laughs and clamor for the encores. It was her son and she was fighting for him. Milton still discusses many of his acts with her. He considers her tops when it comes to predicting the audience reaction.

“Perhaps Milton’s best audience is his five-year-old daughter. Many an appointment is interrupted so that Milton can pay his daily visit to gay, charming Victoria. He is completely wrapped up in her.

“Where you would expect a father to teach his child nursery rhymes, he teaches her old vaudeville songs, routines,

and jokes. In fact, she's developed one herself. If Milton's around, ask her who's the funniest man alive and she'll snap: 'Bob Hope, of course.' Then she watches for the 'take' on Milton's face. He doesn't disappoint her.

"Perhaps the most glaring inconsistency in Milton's career was his marriage. Picture a man who yearns for domestic happiness but is married to the stage, and you have Milton's dilemma.

"He met Joyce Matthews in 1940 and married her a year later. She was beautiful, gracious, and an actress herself. There was every reason to believe they would be happy. There are many married acting teams in the business.

"But Joyce never appeared professionally with Milton. She wanted to be a dramatic actress and he would rather have her stay at home. But how many nights does an entertainer get home himself! So, for six years there was a constant strain.

"In 1945, they adopted Victoria with the hope that she would save the tottering marriage. But it was no use. The

nuptial knot was untied at Reno the following year. But they still loved each other. And they both felt that they should try it again for Victoria—who had quickly won their hearts. But it was the same story, ending this time with a Virgin Islands divorce. I guess they were just two people shooting for different stars. Milton has often said that he and Joyce were apparently meant to be good friends—not man and wife.

"Well, there goes the orchestra. I've got to get back to the rehearsal. Write what you've got."

Irving Gray rose to his feet and emptied his cup of coffee.

"One thing more. I'm often asked if Milton is a happy man. In a sense, yes. He knows he's far from perfect and admits it. And it's our weaknesses that make us vital and human. Overall, I'd say he's a dynamic, highly sensitive guy with a heart big enough to include everyone he meets. He lives by his audiences. He's a man in love with a challenge. That's the real Milton Berle."

THE END

my most memorable Christmas

(Continued from page 17)

for breakfast the next morning. This had been going on for a great number of the old gentleman's 76 years. We went to bed thinking only of the fact that my \$15 a week salary as a vacuum cleaner salesman allowed so little leeway for the buying of gifts for my family.

It must have been 5 o'clock when Grandpa Jordan awakened, dressed and quietly descended the stairs to the kitchen to whip up his beloved pancake batter.

In the midst of his work, Grandpa dropped a pan. No one in the house heard this; that is, no one except 4-year-old Jim, Jr., whose dreams of Santa Claus and his reindeer and the joyous day to come had left time for only periodic bits of slumber. The noise from below brought him to his feet beside his crib. Slowly and stealthily he crept down the stairs to the front room. His first sight of the decorated tree with its presents beneath brought sparkles of happiness to his eyes. And his first thought was that somewhere beneath that tree was a gift for his beloved Grandpa Jordan. He crept under the lowest branch and chose the largest package.

Quietly he tore the wrappings from the package. As he pulled out the contents, little as he was he must have thought it was a strange gift for Grandpa, but nevertheless it was the largest thing under the tree, and only the largest was a fit offering for his Grandpa on Christmas morning. With the present clutched tightly in one hand he tip-toed to the door of the kitchen, then shouting "Merry Christmas, Grandpa," he burst into the room.

Grandpa Jordan, directly in front of the door, was struck in the legs by the youngster, and the two of them along with the crock of pancake batter and the gift all hit the floor at the same time with a crash. If the roof had fallen in it wouldn't have seemed louder to Marian and me, half asleep as we were.

We both immediately thought some small disaster had befallen the children and were out of bed and down the stairs in an instant.

The sight that greeted us in the kitchen I shall never forget. There was Grandpa Jordan seated on the floor with Young Jim clasped in his arms, tears streaming from the child's eyes. Both of them were covered with the pancake batter, as was the gift which the boy had wanted to give to his Grandpa. It wasn't a particularly appropriate gift—10 yards of gingham dress material which Marian had bought for Grandma Jordan to make into house dresses.

But the look in the child's eyes, as he held up one end of the material which was covered with pancake batter, I shall never forget. And I'll always remember what he said as he held back his tears. "I'm sorry, Daddy, but I just had to give Grandpa his Christmas present first."

THE END

yours for the asking

(Continued from page 28)

the fear that besets all older people—the fear of not being needed or wanted—and she is trying to make a place for herself in your home. I would say that you must use infinite tact and understanding, don't overlook the good in her character and try to forgive the interference. Swallow the sharp words; they leave wounds in the old that never heal. There is also the possibility that by coming between your mother-in-law and your husband you would weaken the bonds of your marriage. He undoubtedly has a strong feeling of love and devotion for her and might harbor a deep resentment toward anyone—even his wife—who hurt her.

* * *

4. *I am engaged and am saving to make a down payment on a house of my own. But my fiancée wants me to take a six-weeks leave of absence as soon as we are married and take a trip to Europe, instead of the comparatively inexpensive honeymoon that I was thinking of. I would have to start saving for our house all over again. I have told my fiancée that there will always be time for such a trip later on but she says that since we can afford it now, we should go to Europe, that once we get married and start having children, we'll never be able to get away. Would you go to Europe or buy the house?*

—S.L.W., Portland, Me.

I think your fiancée is quite right. You should have your trip to Europe and have lots of fun. It will be something precious and wonderful to remember always and will contribute greatly to your future happiness. If you postpone it until some later date, you will be forever putting it off and even if you do get there, you might not enjoy it nearly so much as you will now. Sooner or later, you'll have a

house of your own but you might not be able to go to Europe because of your new responsibilities as the head of a home. A trip to Europe is a very wonderful way to start out on a marriage and you are very fortunate that you can afford it. Take your trip now and your home will be all the happier with the memory of the fun you have shared.

* * *

5. *My daughter will be graduating from high school in January and seems to resent it that her mother and I expect her to work in the beauty parlor we operate. She says that she is "sick of the beauty parlor" and that she wants to be a secretary. Her mother and I have worked hard to put our daughter through school and it is in that very beauty parlor that we have made our money. We think it only fair that she should now help us instead of going into another line of work.*

—L.C.P., Waterbury, Conn.

I think your daughter should be allowed to choose the work she likes best. It is very unfortunate that her wishes are not in line with yours. I think too that you would regret it if you should try to force her to do as you wish because she would always resent it, always hold it against you, and for that very reason, I don't believe she would make a very good assistant. I don't really think that your daughter is ungrateful to you, her parents, but rather that she wishes to stand on her own feet and live her own life, which is the right of every adult person. Don't you think it only fair that she be given the opportunity to realize her ambition? I'm sure your daughter's love and respect is worth far more to you than another beauty parlor assistant.

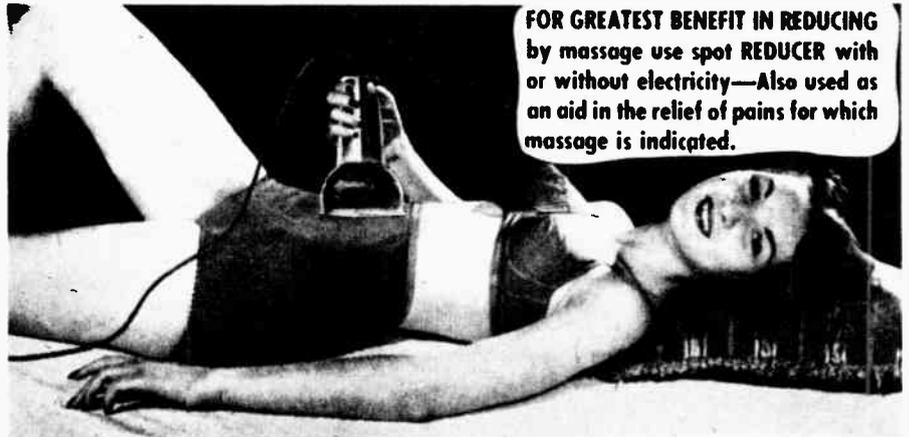
THE END

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LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

"strike it rich"

(Continued from page 19)

to "Strike It Rich." There are no gasps of awe and excitement because no one is showered with money in staggering amounts or merchandise of astonishing variety and value. The emphasis is on human interest, rather than on cash and refrigerators.

"Strike It Rich," three years on the air and growing in popularity, is based on the novel idea that the radio audience is interested in the contestant as a person and that this person's reasons for wanting a certain sum of money have genuine entertainment value. Since the contestants are chosen according to the reasons they offer, the program really begins where others end. The average quiz show awards the prizes and leaves the audience wondering how the winner is going to use them.

There are four different ways to become a contestant on the "quiz show with a heart." The most effective method is to write a letter stating a compelling need, a letter which answers the question, "Why do you want to 'strike it rich'?" A second way to get on the show is by means of the cards on which all members of the studio audience can write the answer to the same question. A third method is to be selected by chance as a "lucky number." Finally, there is the "Helping Hand": a celebrity appears as proxy on the show for someone who has a good reason for wanting the money but cannot appear in person.

Of the 3,500 letters that producer Walt Framer receives every week, some are sad and some are amusing. One of the most fantastic was from a half man-half woman who worked in a carnival and wanted the money for an operation which might result in a whole man or woman. Pathetic as the case was, Walt was afraid to use it on the air. A lifer in San Quentin wrote that he was prepared to give his eyes to a hospital in exchange for money which he would leave to his family; he also wanted to get on the show and donate any money he might win to some charitable cause. This plan fell through because Walt was unable to get the man out of prison and he had not yet initiated the "Helping Hand." When an ex-GI wrote that he was absolutely destitute and unable to care for his family, and willing to sell his left eye as proof that he needed money, Walt referred the case to the Veterans Administration.

One particularly dramatic story that came through the mail was about a boy who had been ill with pneumonia in a hospital and had been pronounced dead. About twenty minutes later, a doctor, quite by chance, entered the room where the boy lay, a sheet over his face: the sheet was moving. The boy was revived, had now regained his health and wanted

to reward the hospital that had reclaimed him from the dead. He won \$650 for the hospital clinic.

Five or six contestants appear on the program every day but no one, including Walt, knows just who they will be before the broadcast. Six letter writers are interviewed every day between eleven in the morning and two in the afternoon by Warren Hull. If their "screening" is satisfactory, they are invited to attend the broadcast and are seated on the platform. During the warm-up before the broadcast, some members of the studio audience are selected by the reasons they state on the cards (their stories are checked by telephone) and they are also seated with the "Lucky Numbers" and the "Helping Hand." No more than thirteen prospective contestants are ever present on the platform, this being a quirk of Walt Framer; thirteen, he insists, is his lucky number.

From these thirteen, fifteen or eighteen people are selected the five or six who appear on the show. Since Warren has talked with the six letter writers, Walt knows what he can expect from them but, experienced showman that he is, he prefers to delay the final selection until the program is actually on the air. Some one in the studio audience may have a very moving or amusing story. If a contestant goes bankrupt, the studio and the listening audience is disappointed and, with a large number of prospective contestants at his disposal, Walt can make a last-minute choice of some one whose story will lift the spirits of his audience again. These hair-trigger decisions, combined with the unrehearsed stories of the contestants, give the program the spontaneous flavor that is chiefly responsible for its popularity.

On one occasion, when a contestant went bankrupt, Walt chose a member of the audience, a French war bride who wanted to bring her mother here from Paris for a visit because she was homesick for her cooking. She gave proof of her mother's existence with a picture from her wallet and her ex-GI husband had an identification card.

The audience really enjoyed it when the girl said that she wanted to win \$185, the price of a one-way ticket, and her husband, after hesitating a moment, suggested, "It would be better to get a round-trip ticket, don't you think?"

While each contestant is at the microphone with Warren Hull, Walt is watching the audience and its reactions, in terms of laughter, smiles or tears, all of which help him to make his decision as to the next contestant.

The questions are in five categories. During one week, the categories were: Give The Word (definition of a certain word), Nose For News (knowledge of

some news event), Musiquiz (identification of a song played on the organ), Hit The Spot (geographical), and Before and After (identification of a person who was formerly in one profession and later in another; for example, before, this man was a newspaper publisher, and after, he was a president: answer, Warren G. Harding). Walt's superstition shows up again in his card file of questions, with a selection of thirteen in each category.

Each contestant is given \$15 to start out with and can multiply this to a maximum of \$500 (the maximum was formerly higher). The program has awarded approximately \$250,000 during its three years on the air, the average winnings being \$301. A contestant can invest as much as he chooses on each of the five questions. Whatever amount he risks is doubled if he answers the question correctly. If he invests the whole amount on each question and answers all of them correctly, he multiplies the original \$15 to \$480 which the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, the sponsor, increases to the round sum of \$500. The contestant who loses every cent is given a consolation prize of \$5.

In nine cases out of ten, according to Walt, a listener will call and offer to give the money, or part of it, if a contestant fails. Sometimes listeners don't even wait to hear if the contestant fails. A Baltimore woman wanted \$350 to visit her oldest daughter who was in Paris. The mother had a feeling her daughter was ill because she had not heard from her in six months and the daughter had not even answered her mother's trans-Atlantic telephone call. A listener in Chicago called immediately to offer an unused return ticket to Paris on the French line, and an eye surgeon, listening to the program as he drove to Connecticut, pulled over to the side of the road, made an emergency telephone call to a CBS executive with whom he was acquainted, and offered \$100. The Baltimore woman won \$385 on the program, and her story drew a total of \$500 from listeners.

So far as is known, only one false story has been told during the three years. A woman, about fifty years of age, said she had been ridiculed all her life because of her name, which was Gawkin, and she wanted \$100 to pay for the cost of changing it legally.

She won \$85 and a few days later, Walt received a letter from her returning the check. She had told the story merely to see if she could get on the show, since she had heard that all such programs were "fixed" in advance. Now her conscience was bothering her, she said, because she felt as if she was stealing the money from other deserving people.

"My name is Smith," the letter concluded, "and I don't want to change it."

The format of "Strike It Rich" was born twenty-one years ago when Walt Framer, in his first year in radio, was doing one of the first sidewalk audience participation shows for Station KDKA, Pittsburgh. The show was called "Have You Got It?" and Walt, wearing a high silk hat, played the role of a sidewalk pitchman who bargained with passersby for

their possessions. The silver dollars he paid out were carried by the announcer, Bill Cullen, now known as the emcee of a variety of quiz shows.

One day Walt stopped a young Polish girl who worked in a nearby bakery. He offered her five silver dollars for the letter from her sweetheart she was carrying in her handbag but first they talked about her work. The girl, whose name Walt still remembers—Martha Pitzkowski—was talkative and spoke with an engaging accent which made the conversation all the more hilarious.

"I put the holes in the doughnuts," she said.

"What happens to the dough in the hole?" Walt asked. "Do the doughnuts get smaller?"

"No, you add it to another doughnut." "Then the bigger the hole, the bigger the doughnut?"

This went on for twelve of the fifteen minutes that Walt was on the air and he wound up by asking her to return the next day. In the meantime, he discovered that Martha was one of nine children and that she had worked in the bakery for four years without a vacation, contributing the two weeks' vacation pay to the family coffers. Her one wish was for a vacation.

"I want to go to the country, away from the holes in the doughnuts, away from the fellas—they give me a pain in the neck."

The next day, when she returned to the microphone, Walt offered her a chance to win \$160 by answering five questions correctly. For the first correct answer, she would double the \$5 she started with and the money would double with each subsequent answer. Bill Cullen was holding a sack, heavy with 160 silver dollars. Martha went broke but Walt gave her a portable radio and later arranged with friends, owners of a hotel near Pittsburgh, for her to have a vacation.

Nine years ago, when Walt was producing and appearing on some thirty shows weekly, he came to New York as the producer of "Ladies Be Seated," featuring Ed East and Polly. It was some time later, while he was producing "Break the Bank," that he thought of Martha Pitzkowski and the program on which she had tried to win the money for a vacation.

"Why," he asked himself, "can't I do the program I've been dreaming about all this time, where people appear as individuals, instead of symbols, and give the audience a chance to learn what they want to do with their money?"

After leaving "Break the Bank," he drew up an outline for his new show and called it "You're in the Money" but the networks were not interested. One night Walt and his wife were preparing to go out to dinner and the theatre. From the bedroom, where he was dressing, Walt talked with his wife, who was taking

a shower in the bathroom, about what was foremost in his mind.

"You know, I think they'd go for that program," he shouted above the noise of the shower, "but I have a feeling there's something wrong with the title. It's not strong enough."

"Well," his wife shouted in return, "people's dreams will come true, their aspirations will be realized." For half a moment, Walt could hear only the rushing noise of the shower. "In essence," she finally concluded, "they strike it rich."

Walt responded with a shout of pure joy. "That's it!" he cried. "That's the title! 'Strike It Rich!'"

The title has become well-known since then, not only because of the daily broadcast but through the word-of-mouth advertising by successful contestants. Judging from the letters which arrive every day, there is no limit to their enthusiasm for the program which has helped them to realize a cherished dream.

One of Walt's favorite thank-you letters was in the form of a picture. A high school athletic coach from New England had appeared on the program, his aim being to win enough money to buy uniforms for his baseball team, "the only kids in the Public School Athletic League without uniforms." The picture showed nine boys, all in baseball uniform, each one lettered with the name, "Strike It Rich." THE END

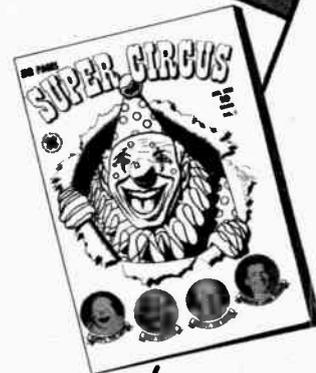
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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Dear Mr. Anthony

(Continued from page 38)

I knew that he would make me happy in marriage, but never once had I expressed any love for the man. During the Saturday mentioned the son almost violently threw at me, "Did you ever tell my father you were in love with him?" Obviously I had to reply truthfully, and while this may seem almost unwholesome, my feelings towards the younger man were certainly not those of a step-mother-to-be. Had I never met his father and had this younger man asked me to marry him, I would have jumped at the chance. I begged the son not to make his attitude toward me known to his father, for certainly this would cause him untold anguish. What am I to do, Mr. Anthony? I am not in love with the older man, yet had nothing interfered, I would have been very happy to marry him. I think I may be in love with the son, although at this point I am so confused I can hardly think straight. Won't you please try to help me?

V.F.S.

Dear V.F.S.,
Into what strange situations life some-

times places us! It seems that you were a fairly well adjusted and happy person until all this began to happen with such rapidity. Thirty-four years of living, no marriage, and then suddenly two men! Both want to marry you, and by a strange quirk of Fate they are father and son. It would be so simple for me to say, "Marry neither one of these men at this point until your heart literally cries out the truth as to which one you really desire." But for me to do this won't solve your problem, for you must be very strong to accept such counsel. Making a choice of either one of these men obviously will cause pain to the rejected suitor. Not only will there be pain, but there is a good likelihood that a lasting scar would result and unhappiness visited upon the entire family. Only your conscience and a deep-seated conviction as to what is right in this instance must govern your choice.

What I have to say now should not be construed as advice. It should be looked upon, however, as a mode of conduct that I would adopt were I to find myself in a

similar situation. I would look carefully into my own soul to find out what I wanted out of life. Most likely I would discover it was love that I sought. Reason would then dictate that a truer concept of love and the fulfillment of emotional and biological needs might be more apt to be found with the younger man. If I arrived at such a conclusion, I would then leave for a short period of time to see if I couldn't straighten out my conflicting emotions and rationalize the entire situation. I am certain that I would arrive (remember again, please, that this is not advice to you; this is merely a viewpoint if I were in your place) at a choice of the younger man. Then I would in all honesty and humility go to the father, explain my feelings and offer to marry him if under those circumstances he would accept me, knowing that I truly loved another man. I would do this only because I would know in my heart and soul that no fine person would accept the sacrifice of another in his own interests. I would be convinced before I took this step that this offer falling upon intelligent ears would never be accepted. If, however, it were, I would dedicate my life toward making the good wife and companion for the man I married.

John J. Anthony.

THE END

the life of Arthur Godfrey

(Continued from page 27)

best number, George."

That night, George Guest played "Flight of the Bumble Bee" on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts radio program—and won!

The reporter followed Arthur into the control booth, where he listened to the rehearsal over the mike. "How much rehearsal time do these youngsters get?" he asked.

"As much as they need," Arthur replied.

Somewhat later he went up on the stage to the desk he still uses during the broadcast which you now see on television. Addressing the RADIO BEST writer, he said, "Come on up, Johnny, and make like a talent scout."

"Do I get twenty-five bucks for this?" the reporter asked as he started to laugh at his own joke. Arthur gave him that "Huck Finn" look.

"It's not that good a joke, John."

Just then, there was a brilliant flash of light and there was a photographer skulking away.

"What goes on?" Johnny wanted to know.

"I've got a sponsor now," Arthur whispered. Imagine Arthur Godfrey excited about getting a sponsor! Today the incredible Godfrey has 'em waiting in line. "Every time I put on a new suit," he continued, "they take a picture. They have been doing it since my first commercial broadcast last week, when I told the audience I had made my suit out of

old Lipton tea bags. Lipton wants to prove that since I got a sponsor, I can afford to buy 'em."

Well, that was Arthur Godfrey in 1947. Talent Scouts was in its second year and had already received close to a million letters from every state in the Union and from Canada, Mexico, South America and Puerto Rico. Over a hundred thousand requests had been received for auditions, and CBS suddenly became aware that a former early morning disc jockey was quickly becoming its biggest nighttime radio star.

Today, with the magic of television, Arthur Godfrey has emerged as the miracle man of American broadcasting. He earns more than a million dollars a year for himself—and better than ten million dollars for his network, the Columbia Broadcasting System. Forty million followers tune him in each week and he has received more coveted awards than Lipton has tea bags. Sponsors cry for his services, for the voice of Arthur Godfrey is the most persuasive in the history of mass communication.

What, even his most ardent followers ask, makes Arthur Godfrey great? His two top programs, "Talent Scouts," and "Arthur Godfrey's Friends," have never been acclaimed by critics as "great" shows. Yet those programs have consistently rated the top positions in the national popularity ratings conducted by

Hooper and Nielsen. It's a fact that Arthur Godfrey will never win a singing role with the Metropolitan Opera Company, nor will he replace the late John Barrymore as the greatest "Hamlet" of our times.

Well, then, what has Arthur Godfrey got that millions love? Our fellow reporter, Peter Rogers, summed it up this way: "He's got nothing the other radio and TV stars have—and the people love him for it. He's Arthur, the schoolboy with rumpled hair and kindly twinkling eyes. He's Arthur with the clumsy gait and drawling speech and infectious grin. He's the guy who talked his way into your living room and made you fall for everything he had to sell. He's the most careless, the most amusing, the most genial, the most warm-hearted voice radio ever invented. His personality is solid and delicate, giant-like and gentle. He has a great wholesome hearty laugh and merely to see and hear him makes you smile and feel better. You love him for his delightful frailties as you do for the qualities that make him big. He's the man who came to dinner and rewarded you with the most enjoyable evening you've ever spent. He's the fresh wind that revitalized the airways, a delightful breeze to stir the sinful and the pure in heart—l-o-v-e that man, Godfrey!"

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE:
INSTALLMENT TWO, THE
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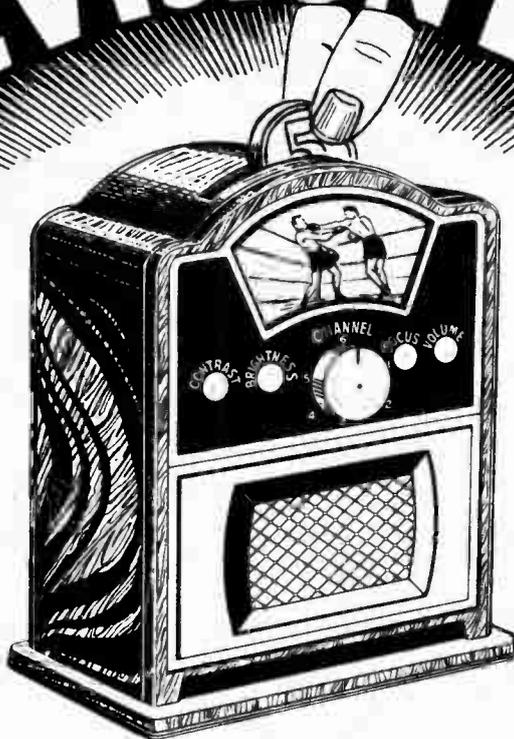
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AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

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complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

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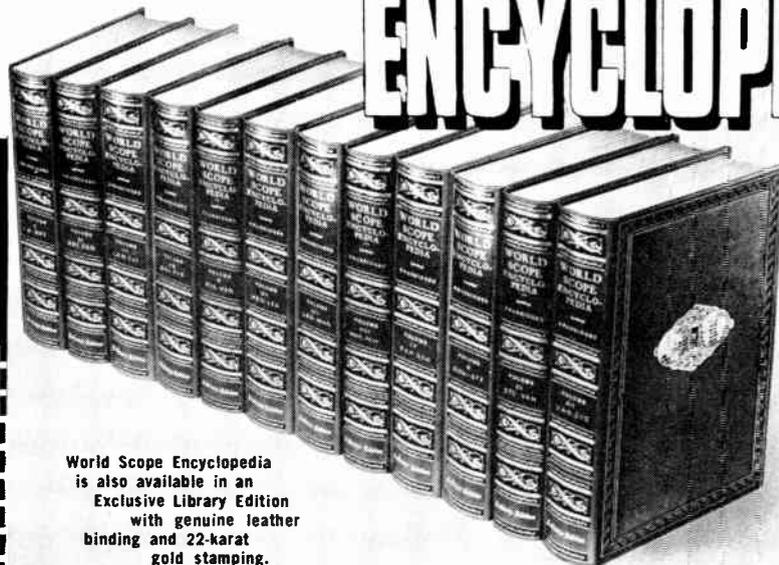
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