

Radio *best*

THE RADIO
& TELEVISION
PICTURE
MAGAZINE



In This Issue



The Real Life Story OF Tom Breneman.

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THE SAVOY (at right) — Small space receiver with 12 channels, AM, FM radio, and a record player. **\$795** plus installation

THE CHATHAM (above) — Table top television on 72 sq. in. *direct view* screen, all 12 channels, plus FM radio. **\$645** plus installation



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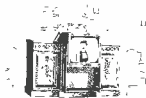
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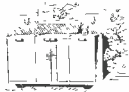
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Please send me Dress-Of-The-Month Club Style No. 4853 shown above in the size and color I have indicated below
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Cash enclosed Ship postpaid Ship COD I will pay postage.

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For a limited time only, you may buy this **DOMC** creation without joining to prove to yourself the value of becoming a **Dress-of-the-Month Club** member.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEED

Of course, dresses may be returned for exchange of size or style within 5 days!



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THE SHARPEST TASTE IN ENTERTAINMENT

Radio & TELEVISION
THE RADIO & TELEVISION PICTURE MAGAZINE
Radio best



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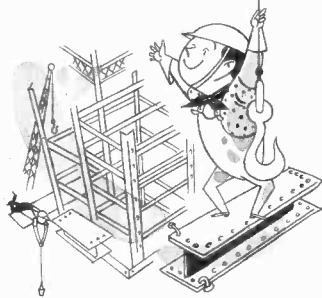


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Some words fool you:

Steel means



Steele means

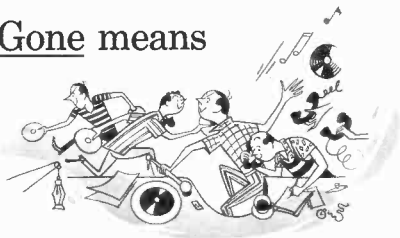


hours and hours of radio's top tunes played, sung and spun by **TED STEELE**, genial WMCA disc jockey. Make a daily date for the Ted Steele Show. You'll always find him on hand with your favorite musical fare at 570 on the dial.

Gone means



Gone means



the greatest, the best in "bop" music... presented by one and only **SYMPHONY SID**, on his all night, all frantic record sessions. Stay awake, listen and phone your requests to Symphony Sid, Midnight to 6 AM on WMCA.

First on your dial means

exciting new listening
every hour around the clock—
twenty-four hours a day

Wmca

570 New York



★ with a nod to Ballantine Ale & Beer

The Radio & Television Picture Magazine

www.americanradiohistory.com

The Stars Are Back

Favorites return on
NBC parade of hits:



Ozzie and Harriet get all tangled up.



Fred Allen has trouble with Portland Hoffa as Minerva Pious (left) grins.



Jack Benny parts reluctantly with a dime as Rochester puts on the pressure.



Al Jolson warms up famed vocal chords.

Radio
best

TELEVISION

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The
Real
Life Story
of
Tom
Breneman



In radio circles, the loyalty of Tom Breneman's audience was legend. There were few, if any, radio performers who could claim as faithful and devoted a following than Tom's. With true American intuition his audience seemed to sense his sincerely heart warming goodness, his kindness and generosity. He had the gift of bringing happiness and laughter to all. Tom wanted to spend more, much more than a half hour a day with his audience. He wanted them to share the many, many interesting and inspiring things that came to his attention, sent from every corner of the globe. This was one of the reasons why he started the TOM BRENNEMAN Magazine, which embodied his rich, warm, gentle and happy spirit. With characteristic modesty, he didn't want the magazine named after him. He didn't think he was important enough. So he ran a contest to allow his audience to pick a name for the magazine. Now, although Tom is gone, the magazine goes under the new title BEST YEARS. We wish the magazine success.

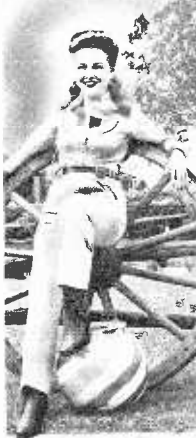
Usually, this space is devoted to a brief "profile" on the front cover personality. "The Real Life Story of Tom Breneman," of which the second installment appears in this issue, deals fully with the life of this month's cover-subject. We hope you will enjoy this series written in tribute to a man who became an American institution.

LETTERS to the editor

His Own Candidate

→ TO THE EDITOR: Maybe the final winners in your "Most Glamorous Disc Jockey" poll deserved the honor, but for my books the most glamorous and beautiful disc gal is Pat Brown of station KTUL, Tulsa, Oklahoma. I'd rather spin on her turn table than on the world's axis.

J. K. L.
Tulsa, Oklahoma



Why Jockeys Whisper

TO THE EDITOR: Noticed in your August issue that Hyman Messing, of Toronto, Canada, is complaining about disc jockeys who whisper into the mike in a "sexy confidential tone." If I were clever I would probably think up something funny, but I'm not, so I'll just inform Hyman that that whisper is probably from some poor fellow who has worked an eight hour shift before he went on the air — and after all that talking who could yak above a whisper. And maybe the guy is just as tired talking as Hyman is listening. By the way, Hyman, is there only one station in your local area at that time? Bill Browning, Announcing Staff KMON, Great Falls, Montana ↓



poor fellow who worked an eight hour shift

Playing Favorites?

TO THE EDITOR: Why, is WSYR, Syracuse, the only station receiving any publicity from this area? It couldn't be because they plug RADIO BEST? The favorite program for Syracuse listeners is Jim Dine's "Musical Clock" heard over WFBL. There are also three other Syracuse stations: WNDR, WAGE, WOLF.

Mrs. A. Mitchell
Syracuse, N. Y.

Life of Radio Announcer

↑ TO THE EDITOR: It's about time somebody burst this "radio announcers lead such a glamorous life" bubble. Actually the radio announcer's life is a deplorable one. Because of the few big names, the thousands of little guys are thought of in the same way. Why do we stay in this profession(?) Well, we all believe that sooner or later we'll hit the top, but how many of us do? Most of us will plug on and on at a dismal fifty or sixty dollars a week. Many announcers now middle and past middle-aged are making just that. I've been with any number of small and large stations, and I have yet to find a station that can assure an announcer security and a future. Not only is the announcer terribly underpaid, he is also subject to any whim of the sponsor, the manager's wife and dozens of station flunkies — stooges who know nothing about radio. It's a dirty racket — dog-eat-dog racket, and it's time something was done about it. Every station, small or large should be forced

to accept one of the announcer's unions — and a livable wage scale should be set up. I could cite examples from stations I've been in and I have enough evidence to have at least two of them investigated by the FCC. What about the 36-year-old Miami, Florida, announcer who was forced to give away his children in order to live on his salary? Recently a Wisconsin announcer was arrested for committing a robbery. And remember the New York announcer who committed suicide last year? Not too pretty, is it? I could go on and on, but it's time for me to go to work. Oh yes, we work on holidays too. Tomorrow, for example, we have to work from 6:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. Now, a bit of closing advice to those who'd like to be in radio: STAY OUT! Hope you print this, but if you don't, it won't be the first time the truth has been withheld. I hope you will print this, but by all means withhold my name.

Just Another Announcer



"Phew! Have I been rushed since I put up that sign!"



SIGN OF
DEPENDABLE
RADIO SERVICE

Most of the people in your community stop at the shop displaying the Sylvania sign, when their radios need fixing. Why? Because that emblem means dependable service. The man who stands behind it has the skill and the equipment to turn out the finest radio repairs at fairest possible price. He's got Sylvania testing devices to help him do a better job faster. This super-sensitive equipment roots out failing parts with greater speed and certainty. He has a complete stock of Sylvania radio tubes on hand... they're the finest sound receivers made and assure you of richer radio listening. When your set needs care, call the man at the Sylvania sign of dependable service.



PRODUCT OF SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC.

SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES

Sportscasting Is Serious Business In Philadelphia

**HARRY ROBERT,
KYW'S SPORTS DIRECTOR,
FINDS IT'S A
FULL DAY'S CHORE.**



Rube Weilberg, George Earnshaw and Max Bishop, three members of Connie Mack's famous '29, '30 and '31 Pennant winning teams, chat with Harry Robert.



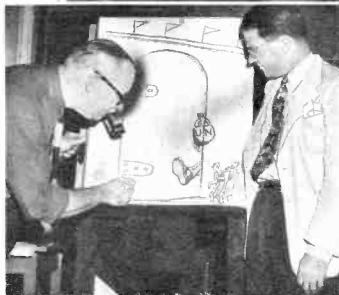
Eddie Sawyer, new manager of the Phillies (right) in a close radio huddle.



Old times powow included (seated l to r) Cy Young, Ford Frick, Cy Williams, (seated) and Frank "Home Run" Baker, (standing center) along with Robert.



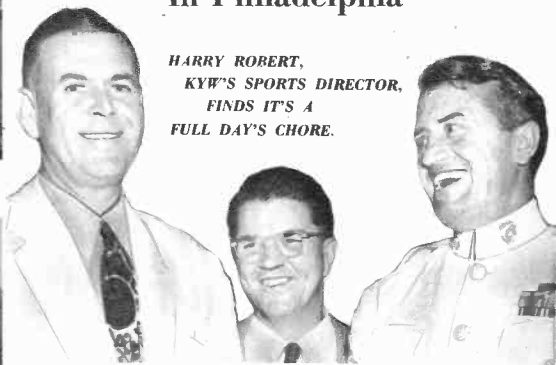
Cy Williams and Cy Perkins told fans of baseball's past.



Sportscaster Robert makes Television debut with cartoonist Jerry Doyle on Evening Bulletin's video station.



Harry greets famous "Giant Killer" of the Phillies 40 years ago, Harry Coveleski.



HOME-LOVING, sports-loving Philadelphians are in a class by themselves when it comes to the world of athletic competition. They take their sports as seriously as the flavor of their peppercot. And the man who provides the right dash is KYW's Harry Robert.

Harry has been presenting his brand of searching, analytical sports reporting on the Philadelphia Westinghouse station for over a year. Prior to that he had covered the national and local sports scene for a quarter century for Philadelphia newspapers.

Harry has seen, met and become closely acquainted with a number of famous athletes. It was like old times recently when KYW and the Philadelphia Phillies arranged for an "old timers night" that saw the gathering of many famous "greats" of bygone years.

Close association with important people in sports combined with a lengthy background of covering varied sports activities, equips Harry to cover the sports scene from the viewpoint of the fan. And it's top, factual reporting. It's got to be, for Philadelphians accept sports as a serious business.

Harry (center) greets George Earnshaw, famous A's pitcher and Major Andrew Geer, during "old timers" gathering.



We Like Johnny Too

↑
TO THE EDITOR: Enclosed you will find your cover picture of the July issue. Where's Johnny Mercer, please? And you had the nerve to picture Johnny with Dinah Shore and Harry James without mentioning one word about him. Now, hey Mister Editor, is that fair — or was it a stunt to find out if any of Johnny's friends objected? Johnny

happens to be my very favorite of all song writers—I even enjoy his "gravel" voice. I also have a music room and Mom calls it The Mercer Room. You can't do that to my Johnny. But I'll forgive you if you front-page him and give us a big write-up.

Diane E. Tassinari
 East Pepperell, Mass.

Cover Boy Durocher

→
TO THE EDITOR: How you got the gall to put Leo Durocher on the cover of your September issue is simply beyond me. Only reason I can think of is that you got the "inside" on his change to the New York Giants and timed your issue accordingly. Isn't it a funny coincidence that your September issue reached the newsstands at almost the same moment that the newspapers screamed the headlines about Durocher's switch to the Giants?

H. L. C.
 New York City

Candidate

TO THE EDITOR: Just saw your picture in RADIO BEST. When can I cast my vote for you as the Nation's Most Glamorous Editor?

Lonesome Gal
 WING, Dayton, Ohio



Finds RB A Pleasure

TO THE EDITOR: A word of praise for your magazine from the entire Morrison family. Thanks for your mature personality stories, your wonderful pictures, Seat-on-the-Dial and Report to the Listeners. What a pleasant interlude it is for every member of my family whenever RADIO BEST comes into our home. What a pleasant departure from the usual "fan" magazines which confine themselves to insulting the intelligence of the average American.

Mrs. Selma Morrison
 Dayton, Ohio

← **Wants Gene Autry Article**

TO THE EDITOR: Please, before you do anything else, let's have a nice big picture and story feature on Gene Autry.

Alice Friborg
 Berkeley, Calif.

Questions & Answers

(Send all questions to Q. & A. Editor, RADIO BEST, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y. All answers will be confined to this department, so please do not send stamped envelopes.)

Q. What is the general outlook for network television broadcasting?

Alice Friend, Hollywood, Cal.

A. Transcontinental network television broadcasting, linking stations via coaxial cable or microwave is expected to be in full operation within five years. Meanwhile the use of 16mm. film transcription facilities will make possible some regional and coast-to-coast telecasting.

Q. Has the "First Nighter" program disappeared from the air?

Mrs. Alton Flanton, Augusta, Me.

A. "First Nighter" series, sponsored by Campana Sales Company, returned to CBS on Thursday, October 7th. The show is heard from 10:30 to 11:00 p.m., starring Olan Soule and Barbara Luddy.

Q. Will Dinah Shore be heard on a program of her own this season?

Robert Lewis, Dayton, Ohio

A. Miss Shore has signed a 39 week contract with the Eddie Cantor Show with complete freedom to do a show of her own or guest on other programs provided there's no sponsor or product conflict.

Q. Who is the president of station WMCA in New York City?

Peter Ramplrell, Peoria, Ill.

A. Nathan Strous.



Q. Who are the actresses who play the title roles in the daytime serial, "Stella Dallas?"

Mrs. Matilda Hemingway,
 Chicago, Ill.

A. Anne Elstner (left) plays the title role and Vivian Smolem portrays her daughter. Miss Elstner, who created the role of Stella, has played it since the a.m. program began 11 years ago.



Q. I've always been curious about the "looks" of Lora Lawton. Would you be good enough to print her photograph?

Sara Wright, Cleveland, Ohio

← **A.** Miss Jan Miner is the lovely actress who portrays the role of "Lora." Looks the part, too.

Q. I enjoyed your recent picture story on Lon Clark, better known as Nick Carter. Is handsome Lon married or can he still be had?

M. L., Eureka, Cal.



← **A.** Lon Clark is very much and happily married. Here's "dad" Lon with sons, Kippy and Stephen.



***Just ask your
Raymer representative**



...SO
WHAT'S
TO
GET
EXCITED!!!

**THE STORY OF ARNOLD STANG
 THE BOSTON BOY WHO
 PARLAYED A BROOKLYN ACCENT
 INTO A FORTUNE.**

SO WHAT'S to get excited about Arnold Stang? So, to paraphrase the irrepresible Gerard of the Henry Morgan show, what's not to get excited?

After all, people constantly are getting excited over the Boston kid who parlayed a feigned Brooklyn accent and a boyhood penchant for comedy into a modest fortune and a bright future that has a long time to burn before reaching peak incandescence.

During the past 10 of his 24 years, the anemic looking New England comedian's earnings for Milque-toasting on radio and screen—he's now doing comedy narration on Warner-Pathe newsreels—have snowballed into a quarter of a million dollars.

Arnold answers all fan mail personally. Some fans he keeps. Those are the ones who do not ask for money.

Continued on Next Page



by William Tusher



Who, me? Nah, I should have a wrong remark.



Uh, huh. Push me around, yet. Wait and see.



So what's not to like about it? It's smart, huh?!



Friends, my sponsor says you should, so you should.



So what's not to get excited? So tell me, tell me!



Arnold admires Henry Morgan, and you can bet the feeling is mutual.

This Is Arnold Stang... So what's not to like?

... SO WHAT'S TO GET EXCITED!!

Continued

heard on the radio and regaling the team with his wit.

"It worked out great," Arnold recalls. "They could play ball better than I. I could tell jokes better than they."

Stang's humor has improved, and his audiences have multiplied through the years. He owns one of the funniest and most ubiquitous voices on the air. He is perhaps best known and most deservedly celebrated as the hyper-suspicious, delightfully cynical, albeit meek Gerard on the Henry Morgan show.

His radio performances are legion and legend. His querulous, high-pitched tones have been enlisted by the greatest funny-men of the kilocycles to keep their followers laughing. Some who answer to this roll call, in addition to Morgan, are Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Ed (Archib) Gardner, Alan Young, Milton Berle, Judy Canova, Groucho Marx, Eddie Cantor, Abbott and Costello, Bob Hope, Al Jolson, Frank Fay, Kay Kyser and William Bendix.

Shortly before comedian Jack Paar's half hour on ABC was canceled, he wooed Stang with a \$1,000 a week offer to appear on his show for a few minutes each Wednesday night to give it a sorely needed shot in the Hooper.

"If I have to mortgage myself, I'll pay you what you want," Paar pleaded.

Arnold was flattered, but the offer did not pierce his fidelity to boss Henry Morgan whose show

then rode the same network the same evening at a time when Paar was being ballyhooed as another Morgan and Morgan was privately chafing at the similarity between Paar originality and old Morgan scripts.

There's been a steady clamor from Stang addicts for a show of his own. The temptations have been great, but Arnold has cautiously resisted rushing in prematurely. He's rejected thirty different program ideas. At one time eight comedy shows were being dangled before him simultaneously, and all he did was shake his rabblelike head and shrug, "So what's to rush?"

"My own show would need good writing, strong support and a certain warmth," Arnold told us some time ago. "I would never try to carry a program by myself. I want a situation comedy, not a gag deal."

Apparently, Arnold has finally found what he wants for he is even now busy preparing his "dream show," while continuing his appearances on the Milton Berle and Henry Morgan shows. Another Stang venture will be a lead comedy role in a Broadway musical this season.

Hollywood which has had Stang and wants more—is crazy for him, but he keeps turning down fat paying movie roles because he does not deem them suitable to his personality. He insists upon reading the script before accepting a part. If he had an agent,

the agent would need an agent to deal with him.

While Arnold was in Hollywood last year with the Henry Morgan show, Eddie Cantor signed him as a supporting comedian. Stang drew a bumper crop of laughs, but he was called on to play a different character each week.

Dissatisfied, Arnold asked and received from Cantor an "amicable" release.

Stang issued a statement: "Due to inability to fulfill a contractual obligation to develop an identifiable character, I have parted company with Eddie Cantor."

Not only because of contractual ties, but because of warm personal regard, the Boston kid isn't likely to walk out on Henry Morgan.

"Henry is one of the most intelligent people I know," Stang avers. "I am most grateful to Henry because he has raised the standard of radio a great deal. He has made sophisticated stylish in radio. He has stimulated many others to raise their standards."

Literally, Stang was torn almost limb from limb by the three top comedians—Morgan, Berle and Cantor—who wanted him on their programs while he was in Hollywood.

"It almost killed me," he gasps at the recollection.

His schedule called for appearances on the Eddie Cantor preview in Hollywood on Monday, on the east and west coast editions of the Milton Berle show in New

York on Tuesday, on the Henry Morgan show in Hollywood on Wednesday, and on the Eddie Cantor show in Hollywood on Thursday.

Midnight Monday, he boarded a plane to New York. In Gotham, he remained long enough to play Berle's psycho-neurotic son on the east coast broadcast and the west coast repeat. With the studio audience still applauding, he raced back to La Guardia Field and hopped a plane that got him to Hollywood late Wednesday afternoon, just in time to answer his cue on the Morgan show.

After three sleepless days, he managed on one instance to induce some shuteye on the flight back to Hollywood. He was asleep ten minutes when the hostess shook him awake.

"Are you really Gerard on the Henry Morgan show?" she wanted to know. From there in, further slumber was out of the question.

Two weeks of that grueling timetable was enough for Arnold. Berle had to find himself a less neurotic neurotic.

Stang's reluctance to appear in just any movie stems from his burning desire to become the Harold Lloyd both of talking pictures and radio. He has the looks, the ability, the point of view—and the eyeglasses.

Arnold's hobby is collecting lensless eyeglasses. His collection of more than 100, gathered from the far and far-sighted corners of the myopic world, probably is

one of the greatest extant, barring those of optometrists. Stang always is in the market for new additions. Friends dig up odd looking glasses for him. Arnold spots specimens himself in pawnshop windows, then bangs the lenses out of them.

His most unusual is a pair of small, round Mother Hubbard spectacles he bought in Boston. His favorite possession is the pair of frames Harold Lloyd wore in the silent films. Lloyd gave them to Stang while producing "Seven Days Leave." Arnold's ambition is to acquire a pair of Bobby Clark's glasses. His—Arnold's—habit is to keep the cheaters he wears in every picture and play in which he acts. He tags them and tenderly stores them in a drawer. They have become Stang's trademark, along with his never-absent bowtie. He will not perform without them.

This caused an impasse when Arnold co-starred in the Broadway revival of "Sailor Beware" in 1943. Stang insisted upon wearing spectacles in the show, and

NEXT MONTH

RADIO BEST Celebrates Its FIRST BIRTHDAY

Don't Miss This Big Exciting Event Do So! At Your Local Newsdealer NOVEMBER 24 RESERVE YOUR COPY NOW!

producer Arthur Beckhardt was dead set against the idea.

"Who ever heard of a sailor wearing glasses?" Beckhardt groaned.

The dicker—and bicker—continued. Meantime Arnold did a benefit at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. At supper, he wrung from the commanding officer an admission that in his outfit there were no less than 30 gobs who wore glasses. The C.O. obligingly gave Stang a note to that effect, and in the face of this evidence, Beckhardt capitulated.

Stang executes his bowtie-and-glasses identity even to the caricature on his letterheads and envelopes. He never has appeared without them, except once when as a joke he wore a long tie for a day.

"Nobody noticed it," he confesses.

Among the films in which Stang has garnered additions for his glasses eyeglass collection have been "My Sister Eileen," with Rosalind Russell; "They Got Me Covered," with Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour; "Let's Go Steady," with Skinny Ennis; "Hepcats," with Bob Crosby, and "Seven Days Leave," in which he was the featured comedian sharing billing with Victor Mature.

On the set the two were known as "Mature and Immature."

Stang has been in the boy wonder business a long time. He left Chelsea at 12 when a postcard request won him a New York City radio audition. He used as fare the money he had saved for his mother's wedding anniversary present. Two weeks after the bespectacled urchin stormed Gotham, he was commanding fat checks on "The Children's Hour." His mother found the belated gift worth waiting for.

Arnold has been in radio ever since. He did not take time out even during school days. He was admitted into Townsend Harris to High School in New York, an institution reserved for students with the capacity to absorb four years' learning in two or three. Arnold eschewed all school dramas. He was too busy acting for cash on the radio. His extracurricular endeavors had a marked effect on his studies. At the age of 14, Stang won a gold medal for attaining the highest scholastic average in the city.

Stang's proficiency as a laugh-getter to the fact that he approaches comedy as acting, not clowning. For the same reason, he is understandably proud of his little known serious work. He played "Spit," the tough young hoodlum in "Dead End," on the New York stage and on the air. He portrayed the murderer in radio dramatizations of Ring Lardner's "The Haircut" twice on the Philip Morris Playhouse and once on the Great Plays series.

"So what's to be modest?" he asks. "I used to be a pretty darn good actor." *END



① **Morey was wide-awake** (?) when we climbed through the transom. Morey explained the funniest things happened to him in bed where he usually stayed until someone climbed through the transom. When the phone rang, Morey grabbed for it quick as a snail. CBS' new comic star was certainly the picture of vim and fatality.

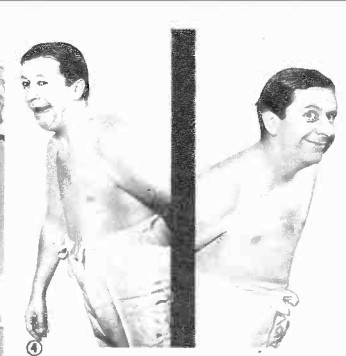


Radio's best Calls On Morey Amsterdam

RADIO'S NEWEST COMEDIAN



③ **After all that exercise and fresh air**, Morey gently lectures his family on the importance of complete repose before starting anything as over-strenuous as having breakfast. Kay and Gregory always cater to the strong-minded head of the Amsterdam clan.



④ **Morey was about to dress** when the phone caught him with his pajama tops off, but his chagrin #5 didn't last long for it was a call from his sponsor telling him how amazed he was to find he had bought this year's rival to Bing Crosby and not a comedy show as he thought all along. Morey (see right) was plainly pleased since his vocal talent had won recognition finally.

② **When time arrived** for the family's daily limbering up session, Morey snapped to attention, his spinal cord snapping as well. Morey explained confidentially he was as healthy as an ox (if you'll excuse the expression on his face) and that this routine was for the good of his wife, Kay, and 5 year old son, Gregory, who never had the good fortune of growing up in the robust atmosphere of New York's night clubs.



③ **After a leisurely breakfast** at which Morey consumed 4 raw eggs to give him the strength to drag his hill fide^l out of the closet, the Amsterdams hold their matinee musicale. It is more than coincidental that the Amsterdam repertoire consists of songs written by that famous composer, Morey Amsterdam.



④ **Morey never misses** this reading period because he suspects that Gregory, who is being billed as the world's youngest comedian, gets his lines from these Mother Goose books. Morey shows a complete understanding by laughing out loud when the wolf swallows Little Red Riding Hood's grandma.



⑦ **Morey had the fright** of his life when this face appeared before him. He insisted that the repair man be notified at once because things like this should never happen to a television set.



⑧ **For a highly-praised ad-lib comic**, Morey approaches his script seriously. He dictates for hours on end to his dog, Snow, who doubles as Morey's secretary.



⑨ **Morey again forgot** to wind his Mickey Mouse watch with the resultant confusion around lunch time when he was due for rehearsal. Morey grabs sandwich, Kay hands him his "dog-gone" script, and Gregory hangs on for the two bits pa promised him for last week's jokes.



Hollywood On The Air

MIKE SIDE

By Favius Friedman

With the upsurge of the gal comedienne, something new has been added to radio. The male funny men, if not exactly deteriorating, are at least sadly in need of fresh and novel material. In a way, they're marking time. But now we have a coterie of feminine comics — Marie Wilson, Lucille Ball, Eve Arden and some others — who show promise of taking over a king's size share of the comedy field.

In the magazine world there's a hoary tradition that women can't write humor. (We disagree, violently!) But in radio, at least, there's evidence that the gals can put over a boffola as adroitly as the gents. They get their laughs like the men. They rely less on ancient gags and more on situations, but they are creating humorous programs. And that, as we see it, is very much to the good.

★ ★ ★

Seems like the psychologists are at it again. Now they've devised a self-analysis questionnaire for radio listeners through which — they say — they can tell whether you are, (a) extremely intolerant of radio, (b) critical of some aspects of it, or (c) merely indifferent. Some of their questions are: Do you believe radio has lost its pioneer spirit? Does radio cater too much to the tastes of the sponsors? Is radio comedy inferior to that of the legitimate stage? And so on.

To us, using a questionnaire of this type would achieve results about as enlightening as the "fortunes" you get out of a weighing machine for a penny. Kind of fun, but hardly to be taken seriously.

★ ★ ★

A lady by the name of Shirley Bottspiegle got a "Wishing Ring" from "Breakfast In Hollywood" just because she happened to live in



The Halloween spooks are Peggy Knudsen, star of "Junior Miss," and 5 year old daughter, Peggy.

Eavesdropping Ernest Chapel tries to learn name of "Mystery Melody" from Harry Salter and Claudia Morgan.



Family Theatre program featured its eighth husband and wife team when Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ager (Shirley Temple) co-starred in "Christmas In July." They're pictured with former Patrick Peyton and James Craig, who emceed show.

the right town. The town was Rabbit Hatch, Kentucky, and it was declared the most unusual of the place-names sent in to the famed breakfast program during the recent past. Other towns that ran the Kentucky community a close second were — so help us! — Ship's Bottom, New Jersey; Seven Sisters, Texas; Frost Proof, Florida; and Fair Dealing, Missouri.

★ ★ ★

Blonde chirper Helen Forrest told me she heard this in a local market, when a clerk tried to give a shopping basket to a customer: "I



won't need it," the customer said. "I'm only going to spend ten dollars."

★ ★ ★

Anybody who visits the Westwood home of song writer Hoagy Carmichael knows it immediately as the domicile of a musician. Books on music fill the shelves. Plants grow in musical bar wall brackets. The dictionary has pages marked with scraps of paper bearing lyrics and musical themes and the piano is covered with fragments of songs he's composing. And to top it off, on the bedspread in Hoagy's room, his mother has embroidered the opening bars of "Star Dust!"

Betty Hutton (left) and Harriet Parsons rehearse their lines for special Sunday evening broadcast.



The happy Nelsons' lunch in Hollywood's Brown Derby. That's Ozzie, Harriet, Rickey and David.

Peggy Lee feeds a piece of cake to husband Dave Barber during cocktail party in honor of Peggy's return to coast.



The cameraman caught editor Ed Babley in deep conversation with songstress Jane Pickens.

The studio audience and the groom on a recent broadcast of "Bride and Groom" both received pleasant surprises. Every day on the show since John Nelson takes advantage of his position and kisses the bride. But on this particular broadcast, pretty Nell Nelson, John's wife, pulled a switch. She showed up at the broadcast, was introduced by her husband and then kissed the groom. Everybody seemed happy.

★ ★ ★

Backstage at one of the studios a number of musicians were discussing Bing Crosby and his shekels when Frankie Carle piped up. "Of course, I haven't as much money as Crosby — but neither has any other nation!"

★ ★ ★

Overheard in the NBC corridors: Three young actresses were chatting, with two of them trying to sell the third one where to go for her vacation. But nothing they suggested — Sun Valley, Yosemite or the Grand Canyon — aroused the bored gal's interest. Finally they suggested, "Why not take a trip around the world?"

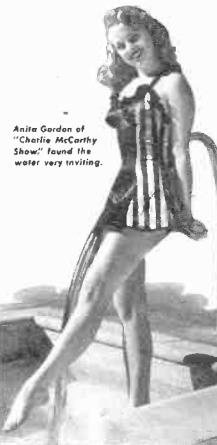
"Oh, no," replied the third gal, "there are so many other places I'd rather see first."

★ ★ ★

DIAL SPINS

If you hear odd sounds coming from your loud speaker, these Sunday evenings, don't be frightened. It will only be Edgar Bergen, singing. The Inimitable Swede plans to do a little crooning occasionally for his NBC show, just for the heck of it. Edgar, by the way, was the first entertainer to get to Berlin since the tightening of the Russian blockade. And in his two weeks' engagement in London, where he played to as many as 12,000 people in an evening at the famed Palladium, Bergen's smash success was the talk of show business. ... Now they're thinking about midgeet personal sending and receiving radio sets that you can carry around with you, something like a walkie-talkie. Should be swell things for ordering up a Sunday paper those mornings you don't feel like getting out of bed. ... Thought for the day: It's Alan Young who pays tribute to the supporting players and maintains that most comedy shows stand or fall on the caliber of the support given the "name" star. How right he is! ... Proof that radio is not exclusively for 12-year-old minds is the success of such intelligent programs as "Lux Radio Theatre," "Screen Guild" and "Theatre Guild On the Air" ... Now in the hopper and likely to hit the airwaves any time is a new CBS show by Cy "My Friend Irma" Howard called "The Little Immigrant" which has been getting raves by the barrels-full from the insiders. ... Lever Bros., one of the biggest spenders on the air, is

Continued on Next Page



Anita Gordon of "Charlie McCarthy Show" found the water very inviting.

Continued

shuffling most of its shows around with CBS' originations shifting to NBC, NBC-ers moving to CBS and so on. It's got Sunset and Vine in a tizzy . . . You won't be hearing Dick Haymes in those operettas which were to be sponsored by the Association of American Railroads. Inside story is that Haymes turned down the deal because of a conflict over television rights. According to John Crosby, in England they can tell how popular a radio program is by the rise in water pressure. Seems that when a show really hits the Britons entranced, they desert their water faucets to such an extent that pressure leaps 20 to 30 points. Perhaps that's why they call British humor dry . . . A certain big radio star claims he was thrown out of Harvard for using a four-letter word — Tale!

★ ★ ★

If's Jean Hersholt who reports that the most beautiful radio studios he's ever seen are in Copenhagen, Denmark. But the lead in a big dramatic show gets only \$75, in our money. Denmark's radio industry is government-operated . . . Don Ameche will emcee and Ken Carpenter announce Elgin's "Two Hours of Stars" broadcasts on Thanksgiving and Christmas Days. Among stars already signed are Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore, Red Skelton, Jack Benny, Edgar Bergen, Ozzie and Harriet, Cass Daley, and Danny Thomas . . . Roger Price quips:



"Working on 'The Comedy Writers' Show' I get three square meals a day. The only trouble is I've got a round stomach" . . . And Bob Hope claims a bookie is just a pickpocket who lets you use your own hands . . . What big radio star was warned by his psychiatrist to "pay your bill—or I'll let you go crazy?" . . . Maestro Meredith Willson has written a brand new number called "Iowa March," which he has dedicated to his home state. Willson hails from Mason City, Iowa . . . Musical director Charles "Bud" Dant is a topnotch harness racing driver with a trotter and a pacer in his own stables . . . Mutual commen-

The girl who meets the eye here is Janet Waldo of "Meet Corliss Archer."

John Brown, NBC's Digger O'Dell, explains intricacies of sound effects to Leonore Griffen, Television starlet.



tator Gabriel Heatter gets a hilarious plug in the Paramount comedy "A Foreign Affair," starring Jean Arthur. Says Miss Arthur, demanding that certain action be taken: "I'll go to the General. And to the War Department. And to the President. And if that doesn't do it, I'll see GABRIEL HEATTER!" . . . Many radio personalities who are record favorites are very unhappy over the pirating by record-referencers of their best-selling discs . . . And speaking of records, Red Ingle, the Tim-tay-shun man, has a new ditty called, "Get Up Off'n the Floor, Hannah. Them Hogs Gotta Be Fed" . . . Snooping around we discovered that Jim Hawthorne, zany new disc jockey, will pull down \$40,000 a year under his new contract. Up to a few months ago Hawthorne was earning a fast \$85 a week on a Pasadena, California station. Proves that opportunities still exist, or somethin'.

★ ★ ★

Out-of-the-mouth-of-babes Department: Peggy Lee was rushing to keep an appointment when her young daughter Nicki asked where she was going. "I'm doing an appearance on television," Peggy told her daughter. "Well, Mummy, please don't sing 'Mauana' again!" said the youngster . . . Al Jolson reports that he'll have a completely new radio show this season. Oscar Levant will wear a different suit . . . One of the reasons millionaire disc jockey Martin Block is leaving Hollywood and going back to New York is that his children couldn't seem to take to the California climate . . . Comedienne Eve Arden, who plays the title role in what is one of the few radio shows built around a school-ma'am, has been getting riffs of fan mail commending her new CBS program for presenting a schoolteacher "as a human being with a sense of humor and even a touch of glamor" . . . Reports have it that Bing Crosby has been advised to lay off television for at least one more year . . . Now it's showman Billy Rose who is being wooed to headline a new coast-to-coast show at a salary that will almost rival Walter Winchell's . . . Newest sensation of the night club circuit is a bald-headed, foghorn-voiced character named Abe Burrows, who used to be in radio. Like olives, you've got to acquire a taste for Burrows, but personally, we think he's terrific. (All right, so cancel your subscription!) . . . Vine Street chuckling over the thrifty radio writer who bought a dachshund so the whole family could pet it at one time . . . Brooke Temple, who plays "Red Ryder" in the Western serial of that name, auditioned for the part by first reading a comic magazine . . . Snag Werries has a song for those people who've been seeing flying saucers. It's "Carolina Moon, What Are You Doing Over St. Louis?" . . . Two noted radio directors went to the fights in Hollywood the other evening and were forced to sit through some particularly bad "battles." One of the directors turned to his companion and said, "It's fights like this that will kill television!"

★ ★ ★

WHAT'S WITH THE SHOWS

"Hearts Desire," the Mutual daytime which was created as a running mate to "Queen For A Day," is being dropped. Lack of interest



Judy Clark and Roddy McDowell are evidently enjoying the mystery that cloaks Hollywood's Masked Spooner.

You'll be hearing the famed "Amateur Hour" once again, and seeing it, too, on television, under the sponsorship of Old Gold cigarettes. "Texaco Star Theatre" is headed for a new format, with Gordon MacRae and Evelyn Knight out of the stanzas . . . It's now "Erskine Johnson's Hollywood Story," instead of "Background For Stardom." Johnson is on Mutual . . . Lum and Abner go into the Sunday night spot on CBS, replacing "The Man Called X" . . . Canadian comic Alan Young is Jimmy Durante's new sidekick. Young also has a show of his own coming up . . . Ford Motors is going to give "Lux Radio Theatre" a battle with a new series based on movie adaptations . . . Another CBS house-built series—"Our Miss Brooks"—has won itself a sponsor. Bank-roller is Colgate . . . There's a strong possibility that the "Blondie" series will move to NBC if plans go through . . . Dorothy Lamour all set to head up a new variety show for sponsorship by Sealtel. Format of the program will be a take-off on Dottie's "Front and Center" which she did for U. S. Army recruiting last year . . . There's talk that a new half-hour series will be sponsored by the Episcopalian churches.

Jane Meer, whose loveliness deserves to be seen, is heard on "Joyce Jordan," "Big Sister," and others.



Continued

THE SEEING EYE

One of the oddest manifestations in the Hollywood picture is the way the tele medium can build up a hitherto-unknown personality. A local, and until recently, very minor, wrestler named Gorgeous George has been transformed into a big box office drawing card, largely because his fantastic grunt-and-groan antics have been made visible to a far larger audience, via television. Now the zany is getting picture offers and making guest appearances on big network programs. He's probably television's biggest rooster.

★ ★ ★

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD

Where, according to Garby Moore, everyone is so title-conscious that garbage collectors call their trucks "Used Vitamin Conveyors" . . . Where a writer, previewing a new picture written by a rival, sneered, "It's just another cops and robbers story. Outside of the general public, nobody will go to see it" . . . Where too many femmes think that a lot of new diamonds are the only kind of "rock pie" a gal should go for . . . Where a certain big star who always had a yen to be a snake charmer went down to the railroad yards and took a rattler out of town (Ouch!) . . . Where they'd have you believe that a producer of a comedy program is so eager to be in condition to cope with his gag-writers that he dons gym clothes and takes a mile run before reporting for script conferences . . . Where many a girl admires the tone of a bachelor's voice — so long as there's a ring in it . . . Where a big name actor imagines that he's a fascinating conversationalist when all he does is keep the conversation ho-humming . . . Where a friend remarked of a ham thespian noted for the extra height he gives himself via his elevator shoes, "Every time that guy takes his shoes off his ears pop" . . . Where a new men's shop specializes only in knitted sweaters and socks, but at fabulous prices . . . And where it was very early discovered that a tight sweater improves a gal's circulation! #2ND



Mickey Rooney, star of CBS' "Hollywood Showcases," goes over script with little Anna May Slaughter.

Lucille Ball and Richard Denning get some expert advice from hubby Desi Arnaz just before air-time.

Harold Lloyd tells one that tickles Frances Bergen. What's Edgar wearing for a necktie?





Ah radio! The city room was never like this.

by Paul Denis, RADIO EDITOR, NEW YORK POST-HOME NEWS.

Hildy Johnson is annoyed when his city editor, Walter Burns, gives him an assignment. When he's good and ready, he informs his boss, "I'm free now. What can I do for you?"

I do not suggest you imitate Hildy.

Hildy does not belong to the Guild. He is one of the many newsmen portrayed in radio dramas, and he'd just as soon spit in his boss's eye as write a lead story.

Hildy (portrayed on the ABC network by movie actor Dick Powell) is dynamic, rude, wise-cracking, egotistic, shrewd, casual, flippant, remarkable—and completely unread. He is part of the continuing legend of the free-wheeling, independent, devil-may-care, romantic newspapermen, as built up by magazines, novels, movies, radio and, soon, by television.

He is cut from the same stereotype, the same hunk of ham that has been smelling up the newspaper business for decades in novels, plays and movies.

Hildy, for instance, snarls at his city editor: "You sound almost human today, Walter." And, when the boss scolds him for not reading his own paper, Hildy snaps back, "I didn't know it was part of my job to read this rag."

Hildy is virtually a one-man reform squad. He can't be bothered with office hours, rewrite, doing obits, covering press-release handouts, clambakes, fires and conventions. Hildy chases crooks singlehanded and the cops pay as well take a vacation.

All radio newspapermen chase crooks. Apparently, newspapers run nothing but crime news. Even a radio program that proudly dramatizes true stories of newspapermen's experiences (The Big Story, on NBC) rarely uses anything but a crime yarn.

The crime reporter and photographer are apparently the only acceptable newspapermen in radio—fictional or alive. Reporters who dig up sensational yarns on finance, politics, industry, science and labor are never, never recognized.

But bet you some brand new, never-used Stassen buttons that you'll never hear a radio dramatization of Bert Andrews' exposure of the government's security fringes, or of Sylvia Porter's scoop on the I. G. Farben Trust's Nazi American ties, or of Albert Deutsch's exposure of degradation in mental institutions.

Look at radio's leading newspapermen: You know what a whack Hildy Johnson is. Mickey Rooney just finished playing a reporter, Shorty Bell, for CBS. Shorty exposed crooks, fought with his editor, turned the town upside down—but radio lis-

teners yawned, so Shorty disappeared.

Then there's Superman, on ABC network, the only reporter who doesn't have to phone or wire in his stories. He flies them in personally. There's also Front Page Farrell, on NBC, who doesn't write for the inside pages, Page One or nothing, bub. Farrell lets his wife come along and they slug crooks, trap politicians and, on quiet days, smash hijacking rackets.

Christopher Wells, on CBS, is a columnist and radio commentator who roams the world, talks to kings, solves international crimes, and shakes the nation with his columns. (Winchell, Pearson, Superman combined.) Casey, "Crime Photographer," is radio's only glamorous cameraman (on CBS). He solves, as well as photographs, all choice crimes.

The only glamour editor-publisher in radio is Britt Reid of the Daily Sentinel (on AEC). When suspicious of dastardly crime afoot, Reid slips out of his office into a secret garage where he leaps into a "sleek, high-powered black car" which "roars into life." At the proper moment, he dons a mask, becomes the Green Hornet, apprehends the crooks, and rushes back to his desk to write the story, Page One, of course. To this day, his staff hasn't wised up.

Occasionally, there appears a plain, ordinary, mortal newspaperman, and I tremble for his safety. That happened when Rex Taylor, newspaperman, jeopardized his life by accusing the sheriff and land commissioner of being crooks. Thank God for the Lone Ranger, who happened by and put the crooks in their place. (ABC network.) Yes, in radio, reporters are called Scoop or Flash. The editor is addressed as Chief, and behind his back, The Old Man. Reporters rush in breathless and gasp, "Stop the press!" or "Replate!" To relieve the monotony, they sometimes phone in front-page editorials.

Nobody talks about any page but the front page. Nobody mentions hours and wages, expense accounts, Guild cards, overtime, office politics. Reporters roar in and out of editors' offices, never look at the clock, never go home on time. They take on any enjoyable, but dangerous, assignments. They let a girl hang around and never bother to romance her. They feud with rival newspapermen, denounce big shots, boast of abominable behaviour. They know all the crooks and political bosses by their maiden aliases.

They solve murders, snare thieves, uncover scandals.

But always, always, they GET THAT STORY.

(This article appears through the courtesy of the editors of FrontPage.)

Report to the Listeners

A summer hangover is upon this reviewer. While the fresh season is under way, the time is not yet ripe for the unscrambling of the digestible from the noxious among the new eggs being laid over the airwaves. Much of the summer fare is standard matter, still very much on the air and, for all I know, destined to bounce through the kilocycles forever. Let's take a look at the warm-weather log ere the frosts set in.

Where I spent my summer, newspapers were not obtainable as a daily diet. I could have subscribed to some of the dailies, but I had been tipped off—our Rural Free Delivery friend does not like to overload his car with the city journals, he gets most of his news over his radio, and what's good enough for him should be ample for the forswingers from the metropolis. Being at heart a conformist, I adhered to the rural mores and got much of my fresh news that way—thus being forced to listen more often than my wont to so many aircasters whose existence I had taken for granted.

I shan't start to evaluate them all. But I found Mutual dependable and, on the whole, fair as well as comprehensive when I dialed for news. Mutual's frequent recording of big news—done for its nightly, 9-15 "Newsreel"—helps many of this net's other broadcasts in the same department. Lyle Van's 6 p.m. stint, and Vandevanter's 11 o'clock roundup are solid. A big hand to A. A. Schechter: Mutual's news vice-president, who still leads the field.

Once in a while, I'd listen to Robert Trout. He went over to NBC from CBS shortly after he had dropped the habit of calling himself just "Bob." Too often, Trout, despite the greater dignity of the full name, is just too cute and coy. He can do better, straightaway. He should.

The No. 1 news-analysis personality is CBS' Edward R. Murrow. And for foreign news coverage, you cannot beat CBS. . . . For the sourest, most didactic fulminations, try Elmer Davis on ABC. . . . For the liveliest commentary from a dependably liberal viewpoint, catch Arthur Gueth on ABC, Mondays at 10. . . . Next to him among the weekly commentators is Mutual's Robert S. Allen.



JINX FALKENBERG

Luncheon at Sardi's on Mutual, daily at 1, and Tex McCrary with his gorgeous wife Jinx Falkenberg filling in during the summer hiatus on NBC, Wednesdays at 9, are worth juxtaposing. Both are interview shows, as you should know by this time. Both carry commercials. But Tex and Jinx show how it can be done with taste and balance. My notes show that, one day on "Luncheon at Sardi's," there were five guests interviewed but the commercials numbered eight—not counting free plugs for books, plays, movies, etc. Bill Slater does an excellent job on "Luncheon," but the business department might be less greedy. Anyway, the program pleases me for its very locale—I happen to like Sardi's: it's my favorite restaurant; Vincent Sardi is my favorite host; and the only reason I wear a hat in warm weather is so that I could have it checked by the Sardi wardrobe concessionaire known as Renee.

In late afternoon, I'd listen often to three-quarters of an hour of Mutual kid shows, from 5:15 to 6. I could take the last quarter-hour, Torn Mix, or leave it alone—the singing and banjo twanging are pleasant, the shooting frightens me and the corny comedy too. Preceding Mix, an old friend, John Griggs, told classic children's stories extremely well on "Adventure Parade." And just before that, of course, "Superman" combined his meteoric doings with excellent, solid little morals on tolerance and understanding addressed to the kid audience. I'm sure that Robert Maxwell, "Superman" producer, would rather have a sponsor than give up his plug-time to the preaching of essentially-sound Americanism. But his loss is the listener's gain. "Superman" still fights for justice—with pyrotechnics, to be sure; but the aims of the show are still high, thanks to this same Maxwell.

(Continued on Page 43)

Radio
best NOVEMBER

SILVER MIKE AWARD
For
Outstanding Performance
to Ted Mack

Silver Mike Awards honor the month's outstanding contribution to the advancement of radio and television. Every broadcasting craft is eligible for these honors: actors, writers, announcers, commentators, technicians, producers, directors, etc.



Miss Regina Kesnick, a graduate of the Original Amateur Hour, and now a star of the Metropolitan Opera Company, makes RADIO BEST Silver Mike Presentation to Ted Mack.

THE NAME of Ted Mack has been an important one for the untired youngster who was seeking a break in show business. For nine years Ted was an important part of the amateur radio shows presented by the late Major Bowes. During those years Ted auditioned more acts than any other person in theatrical history. As Major Bowes' understudy and right hand man, Ted reached a point where he won recognition as the final authority for recognizing and developing latent talent in young performers. Since the death of Major Bowes, Ted joined several former members of the Major's staff in the operation of a successful entertainment bureau. Now with the revival of "The Original Amateur Hour" as a television and radio network presentation, Ted has again proven that a program devoted to the untired performer can provide real exciting family entertainment. Right now the Ted Mack show leads the television Hooper. So for his devotion to bringing new talent forward and for his skillful handling and imaginative direction, Radio Best is proud to add the name of Ted Mack to the proud company of Silver Mike winners.



When two autocrats of the Breakfast Table met — Breneman welcoming Don McNeil at "Breakfast in Hollywood" session.

**THE MOST EXCITING
ISSUE IN
RADIO BEST'S HISTORY!**

The big December issue, celebrating RADIO BEST's first birthday!
On Sale At Your Newsdealer
NOVEMBER 5th
DON'T MISS IT...
RESERVE YOUR COPY NOW!

TOM BRENEMAN, the man who put early morning gloom practically out of business, had, in life, one all-pervading object. Tom worked to make people laugh. Because laughter was so much a part of his own existence, he loved to see others happy. He devoted himself, as Mark Woods, president of the American Broadcasting Company so well said in his eulogy, "to making a portion of other people's lives a little easier, a little savor and a little less burdened by hardship."
Few people know that on the very day before he died, Tom's thoughtfulness eased an embarrassing situation for a newspaper syndicate photographer—a situation that might easily have put the cameraman on a spot.
The story hasn't yet been told, and I discovered it only inadvertently. It's a Breneman anecdote

that is as typical of Tom as his booming laughter, his lightning wit, his unbounded affection for the plain, unassuming people who daily flocked to his broadcasts.
Big radio star that he was, Tom was called upon almost every day to give interviews, to pose for magazine layouts, to do the thousand and one things required of a national entertainment figure. Not that Breneman himself sought publicity. It was the other way 'round. Magazines and newspapers come to him over and over again for new facets of his life story, for anecdotes about his home life, for inside revelations about "Breakfast in Hollywood" and his own part in it.
All this adulation could have become a trial to a lesser figure. There is no doubt that it did tire him. He would have been less than human if he didn't rebel occasionally

**TOM BRENEMAN WAS AS AMERICAN AS FIRECRACKERS ON THE FOURTH OF JULY,
HIS KINDNESS AS WARM AND EMBRACING AS A GOOD NEIGHBOR—
HIS LAUGHTER AS BRIGHT AND INFECTIOUS AS A BURST OF SUNSHINE
AFTER A RAINY DAY, HOLLYWOOD AND RADIO WON'T BE QUITE THE SAME WITHOUT HIM.**

second installment

**THE REAL
LIFE STORY
OF
Tom
Breneman**

by Favius Friedman

ally at the heavy demands upon his ever-decreasing free time. But even in ill health, fatigued as he often was, Tom could remember that others had their own jobs to do. That's why this little story concerning one of Tom Breneman's last and characteristic gestures is so appropriate here.
The day was April 27th; the time late afternoon and the scene was Encino, California, the little community in the fabled San Fernando Valley where Tom and his family made their home. Here Tom served as honorary mayor. And as mayor, Tom took a deep and responsive interest in all the township's civic problems and particularly in its fire department.
A brand new pumper had just been delivered, and Tom, as mayor, was asked by a national newspaper syndicate to pose with the bright red engine in front of the

fire house. Tom agreed and the photographer who claimed that he is the best shot in the West. He told me to hold a pencil in my right hand and he'd shoot the tip off. Hmm!" The letter was signed "Lefty" Breneman.
What gave Tom probably the biggest laugh of all was his memory of the time when he was 16 and tried to join the army. His father wouldn't give his consent, so Tom ran off to Baltimore. There he worked in a factory making bottle caps and lived in all innocence in a house of ill repute until his father discovered where he was, had him arrested and brought back home.
Tom's early career was full of such semi-tragedies; occurrences that would have defeated or at least dented a less-resilient human. But to Breneman they were merely things to laugh at along the way. "Don't take it so hard," Tom

said. "Wait here while I see what I can do." With that Tom got into his car, drove to a friend's house and was back within fifteen minutes with a borrowed Speed Graphic like the one that had gone bad. If there was ever a grateful individual, that syndicate photographer was one. But Tom only smiled. "Forget it," he said. "I've been in tough spots myself."
The photographs were taken. Tom went home to spend a jovial and apparently carefree evening with his family and some close friends. The next morning Tom Breneman was gone.
Some one once called Tom the "happy prince." Perhaps, more than anything, it is his happy laughter by which Tom will be best remembered. Certainly he was no haloed hero. While he displayed a burbling good nature on the air, he was quiet and often hard-boiled in private life. And yet, as his friend Gerald King told me, "Tom never said an unkind thing about anyone. Even during these tragic months following the accident that almost cost him his voice and his livelihood, Breneman wrote his friends, during the month that he rested in Arizona trying to regain his health, that show that no matter what else was preying on his mind, he still retained the ability to laugh at himself."
"They gave me the key to the city," Tom wrote one of his cronies from the Arizona resort. "But the next day they went out and changed all the locks on the doors." And to another friend Breneman reported, "I just met a cowboy who claimed that he is the best shot in the West. He told me to hold a pencil in my right hand and he'd shoot the tip off. Hmm!" The letter was signed "Lefty" Breneman.
What gave Tom probably the biggest laugh of all was his memory of the time when he was 16 and tried to join the army. His father wouldn't give his consent, so Tom ran off to Baltimore. There he worked in a factory making bottle caps and lived in all innocence in a house of ill repute until his father discovered where he was, had him arrested and brought back home.
Tom's early career was full of such semi-tragedies; occurrences that would have defeated or at least dented a less-resilient human. But to Breneman they were merely things to laugh at along the way. "Take the time when he first

came to California and decided to have a fling at being a movie actor. Somehow he managed to scangle a job as an extra at M-G-M. Tom's role was to carry a spear among a mob of other extras in that super-epic, "Ben Hur." Although he was only one of thousands of other spear-carriers, for some odd reason an assistant director picked Tom out and assigned him a small speaking part as a Roman gambler. The pay was \$25 a day. This should have been a Midas-like wealth to a struggling young thespian (steaks were not yet \$1.25 a pound) but Breneman just didn't seem to care for motion pictures. After two days in the mob scenes, Tom handed in his toga and went home. "Those darn Roman sandals nearly killed my feet," he said.
Even after Breneman got into radio he had more ups and downs than a Coney Island roller coaster. Like the time he was program manager for KFAC and KFVD, two Los Angeles stations then owned by E. L. Cord, the automobile tycoon. Unfortunately for Tom's dignity, the studios were located right in the display rooms of the Cord Automobile Company—a minor detail in those early days, except for the one night a week when studio audiences were invited to catch one of Tom's programs. As station manager, Tom really had to put the program on the air. He and some of his assistants had to first shove the display cars out into the street in order to provide room for the folding chairs on which the audience was to sit. After the broadcast, they temporarily dropped their roles as entertainers and pushed the cars back into the display rooms for the night.
Imagine how Tom felt when he overheard a neighbor of his in an adjoining apartment tell a friend, "That Tom Breneman! Bragging to everybody that he's a big radio executive! Why, my sister saw him with her own eyes and all he is just a roustabout in a garage!"
On still another occasion Tom suffered from one of those queer disasters that radio is filled with. It happened shortly after his marriage to Billie Dunn, when Breneman was hired at a magnificent \$500 a week to do his song and patter act over station KNX in Hollywood. Unluckily for Tom, his program was sponsored by a woman humorologist who had invented a hair restorer. Unluckily, because when sales of the so-called boon to bald-headed men failed to hold up, the lady sponsor concluded it was because Tom Breneman's name was out of "harmony"

Continued on Next Page

Everything you need to know

TO GET AN ACTING JOB IN RADIO in This Practical Book by a Leader in Radio

- PREPARING FOR AUDITIONS
- RADIO LANGUAGE
- ACTUAL SCRIPTS

with foreword by
ARCH OBOLER



If you're trying to break into radio, or planning a career in radio acting, here's the book that can help you step up to the microphone with a better chance to succeed!

Here are the answers to your questions about how and where to look for a job, what to do because radio executives and teacher Ted Cott knows beginners and their problems. He is Vice President and Director of Programs and Operations of WJWV, New York, and Instructor in Radio Script Writing and Dramatics at the College of the City of New York. He works with budding radio performers, knows what makes or breaks the newcomer.

Here in this book you'll get the helpful, step-by-step advice that gives you background, sureness, and understanding—the requisites for radio success! Mr. Cott takes you inside the studios,

inside the scripts, and INSIDE YOUR-SELF, to show you what makes a good radio actor tick!

No punches are pulled. He shows you just what you're up against, then helps you plan your approach. More than that, he brings you the priceless counsel of his panel of radio auditioners—the top-notch agency talent people and station casting directors, who tell you what they are looking for, and how you can make the most of your experience and ability. Learn from them how to sell your performance!

Every important technique is covered: Voice, Balance, Pace, How to Work With The Director, How to Use a Script, and more! It's just like having expert Ted Cott right at your side when you take that first deep breath before you're on the air!

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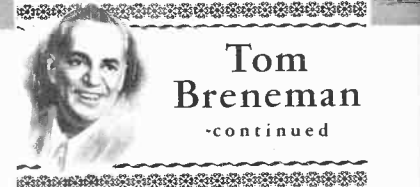
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Tom Breneman

-continued-

with the word "hair!" So she demanded that her \$500-a-week radio star change his name to something more numerologically in tune with the product. This was too much even for Tom Breneman's sense of humor. While those five C's a week loomed up mighty big, and the temptation to yield was almost overpowering, Breneman finally rejected the good lady's mandate and held firm to his own name. He and the numerologist parted company shortly afterwards.

At still another point in his pre-"Breakfast In Hollywood" days, Tom could have been a millionaire, had he invested some of his money in KNX when that station was suffering from starvation of the exchequer. It was at a time when Breneman was doing 17 shows a week and coining money hand over fist. The management of KNX tried to persuade Tom to put \$10,000 of his salary back into the station for two years. But Tom couldn't see it. (Perhaps he

figured radio was just a passing fancy!) Instead, Breneman sunk his savings in a building and loan association. Not long afterwards the company failed and Tom found himself broke. Station KNX, of which Tom could have owned a substantial share, was later purchased by the Columbia Broadcasting System for close to \$3,000,000.

"When that happened," says Mrs. Breneman, "Tom came home and said, 'Take a look at a man whose financial wizardry kept you from becoming a millionaire's wife!'"

In those early years it was either feast or famine with Tom. But mostly it was famine, at least by comparison with Breneman's fabulous success after "Breakfast In Hollywood" once took hold. Tom's schedule had dwindled to just one weekly program called "What's On Your Mind?" when he and his associates started the new show. But when, three years later, both the Hooper and Crossley ratings ranked "Breakfast In



Hollywood" as the most popular daytime program, Tom realized he was "in." His appeal, as some one said, to "Mrs. American Housewife, to forty-ish spinsters and to mellow great-grandmothers" was the magnet which drew those faithful millions of listeners.

For plump, greying Tom Breneman, a man with the features of a small town realtor, certainly had no romantic appeal. His was more an appeal of kindness. Of genuine kindness, too. With Breneman it was no act. Not while he cavorted around the floor of his Vine Street restaurant, dragging the longest microphone cord in radio behind him. Whatever it took to make his peculiar type of program successful, Tom Breneman had it—up to the hilt. Why else would more than a million women stand in long lines and elbow their way

into his restaurants merely to watch this man who offered "ham for breakfast" go through his act? Oddly enough, though Breneman planted more friendly kisses for public consumption than anyone else in the entertainment business, he himself would often hark back to the time when, as a boy of ten, he had very much disliked kissing older ladies. "Tom," said his mother, Mrs. Ida Smith, "used to like to sing and entertain from the time he was in knee pants. Even then older women confessed to an overpowering impulse to kiss him. Tom wasn't exactly happy about it."

But Breneman genuinely loved to see others happy, and out of this desire grew the personality that made his program what it was. Tom was always the Good Neighbor; the man who could pull up at a little dirt road farm, prop one foot up on a fence rail and talk for hours about the crops, the stock and the other earthy things that made neighborliness real.

It was strange, too, how his own attitude made others—total strangers—do kindly things. Was it because they, too, longed to be an important figure like Tom Breneman? Or was it merely because the man's kindness poured itself out on the air, so that it was felt by others thousands of miles away? Whatever it was, Breneman's Good Neighbor feature



Tom playing host to singer Dennis Day and guests at his Vine Street restaurant.

Tom Breneman played host to America in his Hollywood restaurant where plain folk mingled with the stars in a friendly, homey atmosphere.

If YOU want to enjoy that
SLIM
'TEEN SIZE
feeling . . .

Does a bulging tummy make you look plain, or does it make you really sexy? Are ordinary girls' inseparable to wear? — do they fall to fatness and your abdomen the way you want? Then here is look in SLIM-MODE to your necklines, collars, blouses, dresses, and slacks. SLIM-MODE's health supporter girdle is built to help you look and feel like a young girl again.

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QUIZ ON KIDS

Thumbing through their own family albums RADIO BEST has procured a fine collection of today's stars as only their family and childhood playmates knew them. From this collection, we select three more of these tykes for our own "little" quiz. With the help of the accompanying clues see if you can name them, but if they baffle you, too, turn to page 63 for all the answers.



← CAN YOU NAME HIM?

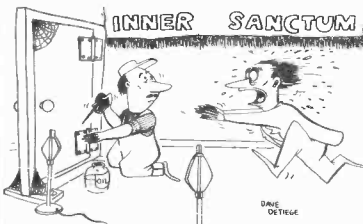
If you've been keeping a score card on this quiz corner, this one should add a couple of percentage points to your standings. As they usually say, we don't think this lad has changed a bit since we saw him as a juvenile in the Mickey McGuire comedies.



CAN YOU NAME HIM? →

They all can't be easy, but here's a fairly broad tip about this young man's present status in show business. He's a frustrated violin virtuoso who grew up to be a comedian before anyone could be gotten to listen to his atrocious fiddling. There wasn't much need to turn to the answer page was there?

RADIO BEST Cartoon Of The Month.



"No, no! No, no!"

radio stars



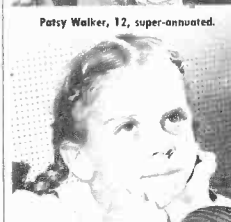
Mark Arthur, 7, brews mischief.



Peggy Bruder, 11, Brooklyn specialist.



Dicky Dean, 7, Finnish wit.



Patsy Walker, 12, super-annuated.



Kong Liu, 7, sparkles brilliance.

have such interesting faces

The mischievous moppets on Juvenile Jaz.



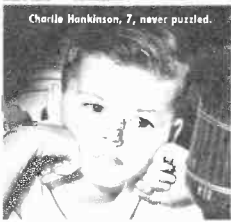
Robin Morgan, 6, always poised.



Errol Foz, 6, looks like Levant.



Elizabeth Watson, 5, sees the answer.



Charlie Hankinson, 7, never puzzled.



Cherry Ward, 9, ponders brightly.

SO YOU WANT TO GET INTO RADIO

The gateways to stardom are high, wide and varied in this greatest of all talent fields. There are no set rules for admission. Follow this series of those who travelled the road to radio fame.



DOROTHY LAMOUR is the girl who made two yards of gay-colored tullecloth an object of international conversation and admiration! As the star who made the world sargon-conscious she has been the subject of song parodies, cartoons, gags by famous comedians and magazine articles. When the Marines landed in various South Sea isles, they wrote back their own brand of humor. "Well, we're on a South Sea island, but Dorothy Lamour is missing!"

Dorothy's first memories are of New Orleans, La. — a natural place for her to be born since it's considered one of the three most romantic cities in the United States.

But sharper than any of those memories was the excitement of becoming Miss New Orleans in one of the city's annual beauty contests. After high school, Dottie took a quick business college course and worked for a while with a New Orleans business firm. The jump to becoming the city's most beautiful girl was exciting and adventure-laden — and gave Dorothy her first taste of show business.

Shortly after, she and her mother moved to Chicago, where they found show business a mysterious labyrinth, and Dorothy couldn't find her way. So, being practical and wanting to eat, she hid over to Marshall Field's, the world's largest department store, and secured herself a job as an elevator operator.

One day she got a rush call to come and model an evening gown for a young lady by the name of Dorothy Gulman, a Chicago press agent, who was setting up some sort of fashion show. In the course of conversation, the publicity girl learned that Dorothy Lamour was Miss New Orleans and invited her to come down to a "Celebrity Night" at the Morrison Hotel and take part in the show. Miss Gulman handled the hotel and had to dig up the "celebrities."

At the Celebrity Night, Dorothy was introduced to band leader Herbie Kay, who was playing an engagement there, and he asked her to audition for a singing job with his aggregation. Dottie auditioned, won the job as vocalist and three years later married her boss. The marriage terminated in a divorce.

NBC brought her to Hollywood where she was up for the Helen Morgan role in "Showboat" in the Universal production. Dorothy received consideration, but Irene Dunne got the role. This was good fortune in disguise for Dorothy, because Paramount was also interested and signed her for their first strong picture, "Jungle Princess," with Ray Milland. Her exotic, hibiscus-type of dark beauty caught on — her pictures were escapism — lovely adventures in flower-banked, palm-shadowed isles — so Dorothy became symbolic of all that. It brought her a fabulous amount of success and fame.

She has found a great happiness in her marriage to William Ross Howard, III, of Baltimore, Md. They have a son, John Ridgley, born in 1945.

Her favorite sports are tennis and swimming. She loves to wear clothes made of satin. Diamonds are her favorite jewels and she goes for blue and shades of roses in the color chart.

Red beans in rice is her favorite dish, and cream comes between meals. Before going to bed, she makes a cold milk drink with egg yolks.

She loves dancing, music and driving her own car. Her pet peeve is early rising. She loves autographs and premieres and going to New York for "doing the town," but she also gets a kick out of doing her own marketing.

She's five feet, five inches in height, weighs 110 pounds, has blue-gray eyes that photograph dark, and black hair.

Speak up!

—and be counted



Have you joined the Tampax millions?

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No belts, no pins and no external pads are worn with Tampax. Therefore no bulk to show you down. No edge-lines to fret about. No chafing and no odor. Nothing in fact to distract your attention or lower your self-confidence. Made of pure surgical cotton compressed into slender applicators, Tampax is easy to use, quick to change and no trouble to dispose of.

Now are you ready to join the millions who have these advantages every month? You can get Tampax at drug stores and notion counters. Three absorbencies — Regular, Super, Junior. An average month's supply will slip right into your purse. And there's economy too with 4 months' average supply. Look for Tampax. Vendor in restaurants throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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He Kissed the Back of His Hand.

A RADIO BEST

Real Radio Romance



*Gloria was spoiled
and bratty,
so Fred
shattered
all the rules
to teach her a lesson
mother forgot
to administer.*



by Judith Cortada

IT WAS about nine o'clock in the morning when Gloria Carey opened the door of her New York apartment to admit her mother.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" Gloria exclaimed, throwing her arms around her mother. There had always been a close relationship between mother and daughter and they had not seen each other for several months, but even taking these factors into account, Mrs. Carey thought that her daughter's greeting was unusually warm. She seemed to cling to her mother, like a little child afraid of the dark. There were circles under her eyes, too, and her red-gold hair looked limp and lifeless.

"It's about time you paid me a visit," Gloria said, after her mother had made herself comfortable in a large chair in the small living room. Coffee was perking on the stove in the tiny kitchenette and Gloria curled herself up in another chair.

"Well, you know I intensely dislike big cities, particularly New York," Mrs. Carey reminded her. She brushed a thread off her finely-tailored suit and then critically examined her well-kept hands. "Besides, I've always thought you could get along very well without me."

Gloria looked up at her in surprise. "What makes you think I can't, now?"

Mrs. Carey met her daughter's eyes squarely. "It's very evident in your letters that something is wrong — even though you didn't say so."

"You mean to say you come all the way to New York because you were worried about me?" Her mother nodded, solemnly, and Gloria laughed, much too gaily, as she began to pour the coffee.

"You're imagining things. But I'm so glad you're here. We'll have fun seeing the sights together. Why, you know I've never seen the Statue of —"

"Don't change the subject," Mrs. Carey interrupted her abruptly. She made a wry face as she tasted the coffee. "You're so nervous you can't even make a decent cup of coffee. What's happened to this Fred Milton you were thinking of marrying?"

Gloria settled herself in the



Mrs. Carey was prepared to see tears in her daughter's eyes because it was very evident in Gloria's letters that something was wrong, even though she didn't say so.

chair again and lit a cigarette. Only a mother could have noticed the sigh in her voice as she replied. "It might be a relief to talk about it. I haven't seen Fred in two months—I've even refused to set with him on the radio. I'm angry at him because — because," she hesitated before she continued, as if her words sounded foolish even to her. She finally blurted them out. "Because of the way he kissed a woman in a play he acted in last summer."

"You, an actress, jealous because of the way an actor kissed another actress on the stage?" Refusing to meet her mother's level gaze, Gloria stared unseeingly at a painting on the opposite wall. "Not only that," she went on, her mouth tight with resentment. "He told me that he enjoyed the kiss. And he said that I was jealous because my rich parents

had danced attendance on me and that he wasn't going to sit at my feet and worship. Can you blame me for refusing to see him?"

Her words pleaded for sympathy as she looked across the room at her mother. Mrs. Carey's face still wore a wry expression although she could no longer taste the coffee. She was tasting, instead, as she had known for some time that she must, a really "bitter pill," the realization that her daughter was self-indulgent to the point of arrogance — purely because of her mother's coddling. The spoiled child who sat there, fighting herself, trying to deny her love, heading for the lonely path reserved for unloved women, was a creature molded by her mother. She longed to cry out a warning, to beg for forgiveness.

Her hands moving slowly, her mind working swiftly, Mrs. Carey

placed the cup and saucer on a table. Gloria, after all, was still young and perhaps it was not yet too late for her mother to atone for her error.

"Gloria," she said, speaking slowly and carefully. "I don't know Fred Milton. But judging from your letters and what you said just now, I imagine he's a fine, young man — the type a girl doesn't meet very often. Furthermore, I'm sure you're in love with him. Isn't Fred more important than — than your pride?"

The look of amazement on Gloria's face at her mother's first words had disappeared. She kicked angrily at the hassock at her feet. "He can't do that to me!" she exclaimed, as if, unable to answer her mother's arguments, she sought vainly for another avenue of escape.

Continued on Next Page

*A million people
were listening in when Fred
decided to teach the facts
of life to a spoiled
little rich girl.*

A RADIO BEST

Real Radio Romance!



Fred's entrance was Gloria's cue for a quick departure while director Jim Fowler tore his hair in torment.

You might enjoy a glimpse of radio from behind the scenes."

It was only about fifteen minutes later that Gloria ushered her mother into the broadcasting studio where the director, Jim Fowler, greeted her joyfully. After a hurried introduction, a copy of the script was placed in Mrs. Carey's hands and she was led to the control booth where the engineer was seated before a complicated array of switches, dials and lights. She was just taking note of her surroundings when a young man entered the studio. Through the glass of the control booth Mrs. Carey saw Gloria step back, look at the director for a long moment and then start toward the door. Fowler grabbed her arm while the young man stood there, an amused expression on his face.

"That, I gather, is Fred Milton," Mrs. Carey said.

The engineer nodded and turned the switch that cut off the flow of sound from the studio to the booth. "This'll be too painful to listen to. We can watch and see what happens."

Fowler, holding Gloria's arm and gesticulating wildly with his free hand, was obviously pleading with her. Once he pointed at the studio clock.

"He'll get down on his knees any minute now," the engineer muttered.

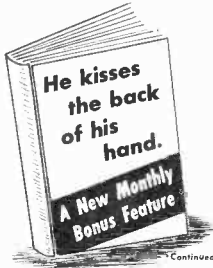
Gloria was frowning, evidently torn between two great emotions. The rapid beating of her heart,

But her daughter sat there, staring numbly at the hassock at her feet, oblivious to the cigarette that threatened to burn her fingers. Frowning in bewilderment now instead of anger, her mouth trembling instead of pouting, she no longer looked like a sophisticated young radio actress but again like a child, confused and helpless, desperately anxious for a word of guidance, but not quite ready to admit she was lost in the grown-up world.

Watching her, Mrs. Carey prayed for inspiration. The tiniest push, and Gloria would be crying in her arms, her pride dissolving in her tears. "What should I say?" she asked herself. "Where are the words?"

The telephone rang and Gloria leaped to her feet. "Hello. Yes, No, I'm free this morning. The show goes on in an hour! Not much time for rehearsal. Well—all right, Jim, I'll do it. Be there as soon as possible."

Too much in a hurry to notice that her mother was biting her lips in vexation, she dashed into the bedroom and called, "An actress got sick this morning and they want me to fill in. Say, why don't you come with me, mother?"



"Kicking and stamping won't get you what you want anymore, Gloria." Mrs. Carey pursued relentlessly. "Unfortunately, it worked when you were a child. Deep in your heart you know that that kiss was very unimportant, that Fred is right in refusing to bow down to you and that it's only your pride that keeps you from calling him."

She had expected a cry of protest at the mere suggestion that Gloria should make the first over-

was almost visible beneath the simple lines of her dress. She glanced sideways at Fred who was walking around the studio, whistling and pausing occasionally to kick idly at a chair. He was evidently completely indifferent to the outcome of the heated argument. As the director finished his plea with both hands held out in supplication, Gloria's chin went up. There was defiance in the way she tossed her coat onto a nearby chair. The director grasped her arm again and quickly propelled her across the studio to a small table. He gestured to Fred and the three sat down at the table, scripts in their hands.

In the booth the engineer clapped his hands together and exploded with relief. "She's a real trouper!"

The first battle won, Mrs. Carey released her chair again and turned her attention to the script. As she idly thumbed through the pages, she caught sight of the words, LOUD SLAP. "Does he really slap her?" she asked.

The engineer glanced over his shoulder at the script and smiled. "Oh, no," he explained. "The sound effects man slaps his two hands together for that. He does practically everything. The actors on a program like this don't have to do much but read their lines because there's no audience to see them. When they're supposed to kiss, the actor just kisses the back of his hand."

A few minutes before the broadcast was due to go on the air the director entered the control booth. He was still breathing heavily and seemed even more anxious than before the rehearsal. He lit a cigarette and puffed at it nervously. "Relax, man, relax," the engineer said as he fiddled with the dials. "It's only a fifteen-minute show and they're both experienced actors."

"I'm not worrying about their experience." Fowler replied, ges-

Continued on Page 57

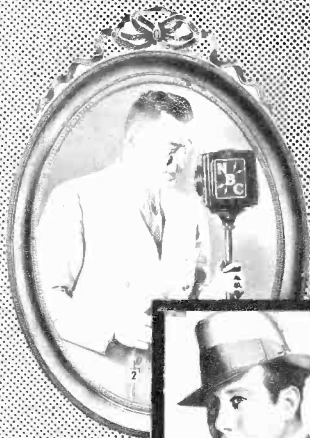
The picture portraits for this fictional story were played by: Louise Snyder as Gloria Carey, Hazel Latowsky as Mother Carey, and Arthur Van Horn as Fred Milton. Miss Snyder is heard on MBS' "Special Agent," Miss Latowsky on MBS' "Nick Carter, Master Detective," and Mr. Milton on MBS' "Golden Hope Chest."

Back in the early days of radio, the "experts" did everything including a double back-spring to effect believable sound for dramatic shows. Here's a 1925 scene of the WGY production of "Rip Van Winkle," sound devices and all. We were able to identify the gal in kneeling position as Rosaline Green.

**Radio
best** PICTURE
ALBUM



RADIO'S MEMORY LANE



(1) Before he invented the Telephone, Don Ameche was an NBC leading man. Here's how he and June Merideth appeared nearly 20 years ago.
 (2) The arrival of the giant German airship Graf Zeppelin was the big news on August 4, 1929. Here's the late, fabulous reporter Floyd Gibbons describing the historical event.
 (3) And the handsome Judd of 1923 is comic Bert Lahr.





FIGHT CRIME?

by Phillips H. Lord

Creator of "Gang Busters" cites contributions of outstanding mystery and crime programs in fight against underworld.

would be attempted and carried out if the incipient gangster actually realized that he has no chance of escaping punishment, that the much-labeled "flatfoot," far from being a comedy character, is an intelligent, highly-trained member of an agency which uses every known scientific method of crime detection to identify and track down the law-breaker.

headed in that direction. A second tip revealed their new address and as police cars were being dispatched to pick up the bandits, the tavern owner reported that he had been held up by two men. Four hours later, Rose and Avery were found covering in a friend's apartment.

These cases are typical of those which I broadcast every week on my "Gang Busters" program (which I originated more than thirteen years ago). Then, as now, I visualized it as an example of Public Service in broadcasting and for that reason, I decided to use only actual case histories, to name names, so that the people of the United States would have a completely factual picture of how their police departments operated to protect the community.

"Gang Busters" Public Service contribution does not end with the weekly dramatization. The broadcasts of nation-wide clues of wanted criminals are sent to our office by law enforcement agencies throughout the country; our alert listeners, through prompt identification, have cooperated with the police in the capture of more than three hundred dangerous felons.

"Gang Busters" not only works to capture wanted criminals; we have joined with the National Exchange Clubs in a campaign for National Crime Prevention.

Recently, the governors of three states: the Hon. Earl Warren of California, the Hon. Millard F. Caldwell and the Hon. Thomas J. Herbert of Ohio, used the medium of our program to urge all Americans to cooperate in measures to suppress crime and wherever pos-

sible, to destroy its roots. My feeling of obligation to the community extends to a second program, "David Harding, Counter-Spy." This fictional "agency" was created during the war as a tribute to the many anonymous men and women who protected the nation from its enemies at home and abroad. Since their work has not ended with the signing of the peace; since the problems of the post-war era are many and crucial, "David Harding, Counter-Spy" continues to alert the citizen, by means of dramatizations based on living history, to his responsibilities.

What are some of these responsibilities? Well, here's one: The disabled war veteran. Surely, our debt to him cannot be cancelled by the simple granting of a pension, for he has a right to get and to hold a job, to live in decency and self-respect like any other citizen.

It is to our shame, however, that too many prospective employers have discriminated against these men by dismissing their applications without giving them an opportunity to display their capabilities. What is worse, crooked promoters, confidence men, have sought to exploit these wounded veterans by making them key figures in their swindles.

We dramatized a situation like this in "The Case of the Handicapped Hero," in which a smooth-talking operator almost succeeded in selling stock shares in a factory manned by disabled veterans. The factory was, of course, nonexistent; the promoter planned to leave town as soon as the local

business men and industrialists had made substantial donations. Through "David Harding, Counter-Spy" we were able to put the spotlight on such a critical post-war condition as this, with the cooperation of the President's Committee to Employ the Physically Handicapped; its Chairman, Vice Admiral Ross T. McIntire, appeared on the program to restate these words of the President:

"One of the most important



Programs assist veteran rehabilitation program.

things I can think of is rehabilitating handicapped Americans and placing them in gainful employment."

I feel I have a right to believe that our program, through this dramatization, assumed a share in the community's responsibilities not only to the disabled veteran, but to all the handicapped.

Another recent "David Harding, Counter-Spy" broadcast won the Award of Distinguished Merit of the National Conference of Christians and Jews for a dramatization based on the activities of a power-mad, potential American dictator who thought that, by

Continued on Page 65

EXPOSED

Timeliness is important feature in rousing public against rackets and criminals

Pinkerton detectives join "David Harding, Counter-Spy" expose work of notorious jewel thieves (above).

PRODUCERS of mystery and crime programs are under a two-fold obligation to the listener. Their shows must entertain and, what is more important, offer something that will materially benefit the listener as a citizen. I call the latter Public Service.

Let me enlarge upon the incorporation of the Public Service ideal into radio programming.

It is not enough for the producer of these shows to tack the classic "Crime does not pay" ending on the script. His obligation goes further than that.

Understand, please, that I am no moralist. I am not a professional "do-gooder." It is my business to produce radio programs, but I am constantly reminded of what the British poet, John Donne, said centuries ago:

"No man is an island unto himself."

For that reason, I cannot ignore the fact that a post-war crime wave of terrible proportions is continuing to flourish in this country, despite the fact that the number of unsolved crimes has diminished to the point of nothingness. Why, then, do men and women imperil themselves and the community by breaking the law?

It is my belief that few crimes



Police toxicologist tests slip for clues in New York triple murder.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ Governors On "Gang Busters" ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Governors Thomas J. Herbert of Ohio, Earl Warren of California and Millard F. Caldwell of Florida used "Gang Busters" microphone to appeal for all out measures to suppress crime and destroy its roots.





Dave Barry, Amateur Hour Alumnus, was surprise guest. His success story encouraged the unknowns who appeared with him to do their best. Dave plays part of "Mr. Kippel" on the Duranto show.



Donald Mosher is a Gimbal's salesman who wants to be like Nelson Eddy. He is married and pursues his voice studies at the New York Juilliard School.



Theodore Palmer has vocal ambitions. He's in business with his brother—a rug cleaning establishment in Wildwood, N. J.



Gloria St. Mauro helps her mother at home. She quit school because of illness, but continues with her voice training. Her home town is Jersey City, N. J.



Lloyd Small puts 320 pounds behind his saxophone exhibition. Lloyd belongs to a musical family and says family jive sessions shake the walls down. His home is in Harlem.



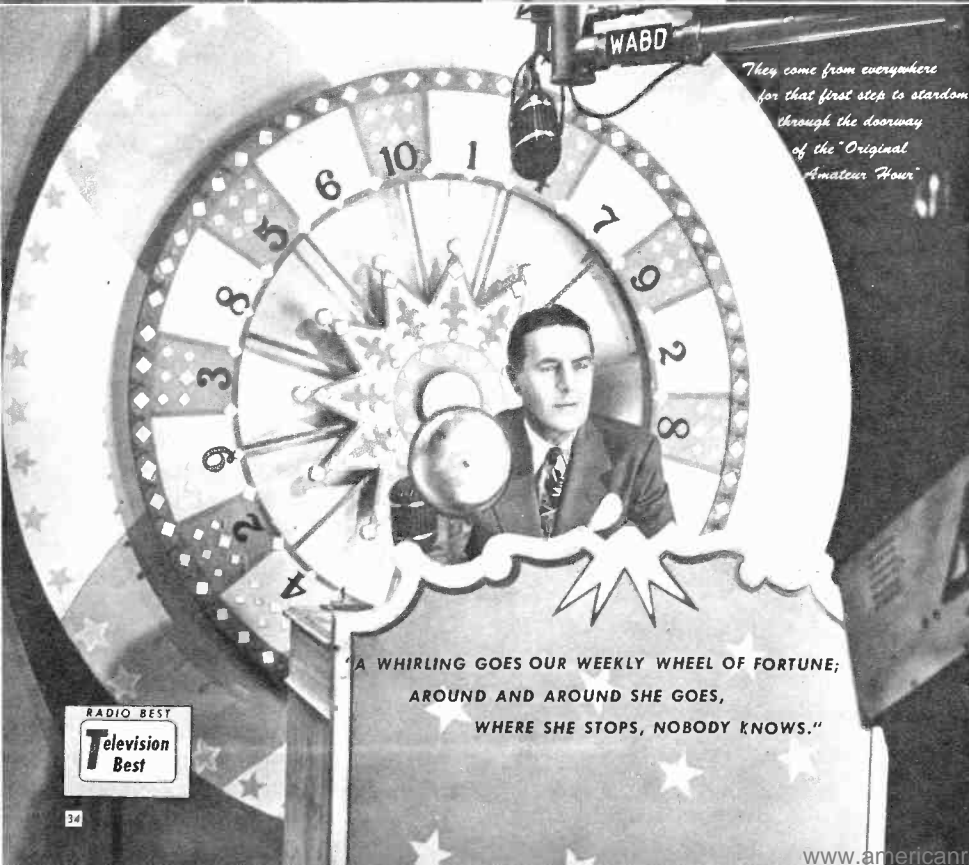
Cher Roswell interprets "Be-bop" music which he says is "long hair jazz." He hopes to desert his mechanic's bench for a full time professional career. He's from Hoboken.



Robert Johnson showed a nimble technique on skates. When he's not skating, he works in a shoe repair store in Harlem.



Sandra Ashman, Kay Gardeas, N. Y., is secretary to a wholesale jewelry executive who says she prefers a dancing career to diamonds.



They come from everywhere for that first step to stardom through the doorway of the "Original Amateur Hour"

"A WHIRLING GOES OUR WEEKLY WHEEL OF FORTUNE; AROUND AND AROUND SHE GOES, WHERE SHE STOPS, NOBODY KNOWS."

RADIO BEST
Television
Best



Tommy Cook believes folks worry too much and work too hard. His idea of fun is playing mouth organ. He's from Toms River, N. J.



Eleanor Cavanaugh sees a dancing career as a means to helping the family finances. Nubby is a laundry truck driver. There's a baby, too. She's from Stratford, Conn.



Burt Ross is a pharmacy student at a New York school. He has talent as pantomimist. Home is Richmond, Va.



George Marlin learned to play the musical spoons while on active duty in the galleys of warships. He's now on reserve duty in Marine Corps.

THE RETURN OF THE... "Original Amateur Hour"

Memories of a fabulous era return as Ted Mack takes over the wheel of fortune once piloted by the late Major Bowes.



Major Bowes
Ted Mack

THE SUCCESS of the Major Bowes program was proof that America loved its amateurs. And now the wheel of fortune which the late Major made famous is spinning once more as the untried, unheard, unseen hopefuls appear again on "The Original Amateur Hour" on a combined television and radio hookup. The introduction of television is about the only thing that's changed since the Major introduced his first amateur buck in 1934. Otherwise the format remains much the same. In the place of the Major sits his former understudy and right-hand man, Ted Mack, and behind the scenes are again many of the Major's former associates. Ten to fifteen acts are presented weekly. The home audience still votes for their favorite performers and the votes are tallied and the

count announced between acts. And each week the program salutes a city, presenting an amateur from that city. As a matter of record it is interesting to note that the Major's all-time Hooper high for a commercial broadcast still stands—a garish 46.9 mark representing nearly half of the listening audience. Upon its revival as a television program, the amateur format again proved itself as a vote getter, garnering a 46.8 mark which is so far a new record for television broadcasts. It is fairly definite that the Major uncovered one of the main streams of youthful ambition in these 48 states when he started his program. The 7000 amateurs who have taken part in this talent parade over the past fifteen years represents but a minute fraction of the half million announced since the Major gave fortune's wheel its first spin.

Continued on Next Page



Original Amateur Hour

with TED MACK

TED MACK HAS A WORD of encouragement for the untried youngsters as showtime nears.



BACKSTAGE, WAITING THEIR TURN for the opportunity that may mean fame and fortune, are...



(Left to right): Sandra Ashman, pop singer; Gloria St. Mauro, long-hair soprano; and Morine George Martin, who plays musical spoons.



ELEANOR CAVANAUGH, tap dancer, has make-up checked before her appearance on program.

"Original Amateur Hour"

with MAJOR BOWES

THE AMATEUR reached a new height of popularity during the "Major Bowes Era." In many cases during this fabulous period, the professional entertainer had to take a back seat while the thousands of amateurs appearing on this program enjoyed their day in the sun. With the return of "The Original Amateur Hour" many look forward to a new revival of interest in America's hidden talent.

"The Original Amateur Hour" which had its start back in 1934 became a national institution during the reign of the late, fabulous Major Bowes seen here with Vince Mondri, "The Original One Man Band."



Here's the Major with three of his proteges. At left with Tommy Dix; above with Harvey Means, who performed expertly on the Javanese Bells; at right with Ted Lesber, billed as the "Jack of All Instruments."



RADIO BEST
Television
Best

continued

WHY CONTESTANTS WANT TO...

"Strike it Rich"!



All you need is a "reason" to "Strike It Rich" on Todd Russell's Sunday night CBS quiz show. But it better be a good one. Like the sailor who wanted some money to blot out the tattoos on his arm because his girl didn't like the picture version of Gypsy Rose Lee; Or the girl from Brooklyn who wanted to learn how to walk and talk like a debutante because her longshoreman boy friend insisted she acted like one; Or the little old lady who wanted to give herself a present and go back to the "Old Sod," because she hadn't been to Ireland in 50 years. For additional hints on how to "Strike It Rich" see the picture series on this page.

Todd Russell, quiz master, at left; Walt Fremer, producer, center; and contestant Mrs. Thomas Hickey get set for "Strike It Rich."

You'll need a good reason to hit the jackpot on this... unusual quiz program.



A Lindhurst, L. I., Grammar School teacher wanted some "Strike It Rich" money for a big surprise party for her students. Todd Russell obliged with a \$525 prize and even brought the show along for good measure.



This busy chap is attempting to find 5 real bills which were placed by emcee Russell in a batch of fake money. Poor contestant failed to pick out the real moola within the one-minute limit. He went home quite sad.



This 4-year-old lad has a club foot and parents Mr. & Mrs. Jack Mendoza wanted to "Strike It Rich" to pay doctor bills. Besides hitting the jackpot, a California woman listener contributed her own check for \$800.



Contestant Mrs. Thomas Hickey wanted the jackpot to help Mrs. Patrick Ruane, a recent widow with 7 children. Mrs. Hickey hit it for \$645, much to the delight of the smiling youngsters and their widowed mom.

Heritage or Art?



Illustrated
18" Band blanded to order \$12.50
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Poets have sung praises of lovely locks since words were first spoken... Today, hairdressing creates have become a requirement for that soft look. And that look can be yours—even if your hair is short or too fine. Hairlooms® of Loveliness—bands, curls, pulls, made of the finest quality American and European human hair in shades perfectly matched to your own—are the answer to your search for "crowning glory." We guarantee perfect matching of your hair samples.

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Mail this coupon to RADIO BEST, 452 Fifth Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

Please enter subscription to RADIO BEST for the attached list of names. I understand a special Christmas Card bearing my name will be delivered with each order. My romance is enclosed.

Kid Quips- from Juvenile Jury



by Jack Barry

A six and one-half year old Brooklyn youngster, a doctor's son, complained to the Jury that his father "won't take me with him on his calls because he's afraid I'll catch something."

Juror Robin Morgan agreed.

"Sure, you might catch chicken coop, measles, babies or something."

Juror Dickie Orlan advised: "You'll have to anti-peptic yourself so you won't catch those things."

The jurors were asked to recommend a solution for a boy whose home work was disturbed because his sister was typing her autobiography. Peggy Bruder suggested he tell his sister all good writers used pens.

"That's not entirely true," interposed emcee Jack Barry, "Walter Winchell uses a typewriter."

"But Shakespeare used a pen," countered Peggy.

A young listener complained that he had to watch his baby sister who continued to drop things on the floor, so much so that his back hurt from picking them up.

Juror Robin Morgan: "Wear a two-way stretch corset."

Juror Peggy Bruder: "Better not take any rhumba lessons."

Juror Kong Liu: "Put the baby on the floor and she won't have any place to drop things."

A mother asked the jurors to advise her on a mat waxing problem. Her son, she said, was a six and a half year old inventor who constantly plagued her to call up the President of the United States and advise him about the boy's latest inventions.

Juror Peggy Bruder suggested that mother put in a call to the vice president. "But why?" asked moderator Jack Barry. "You know there's no vice president at present." Peggy smiled: "Of course I know it. But that should cure the boy."

Tiny Robin Morgan, five year old belle, wisely refrained from judicial comment when a six year old guest appeared before the panel with a request for an increase in allowance.

When asked for his reason, he blushing confessed: "I want to take out Robbie and I can't go big time on 25¢ a week."

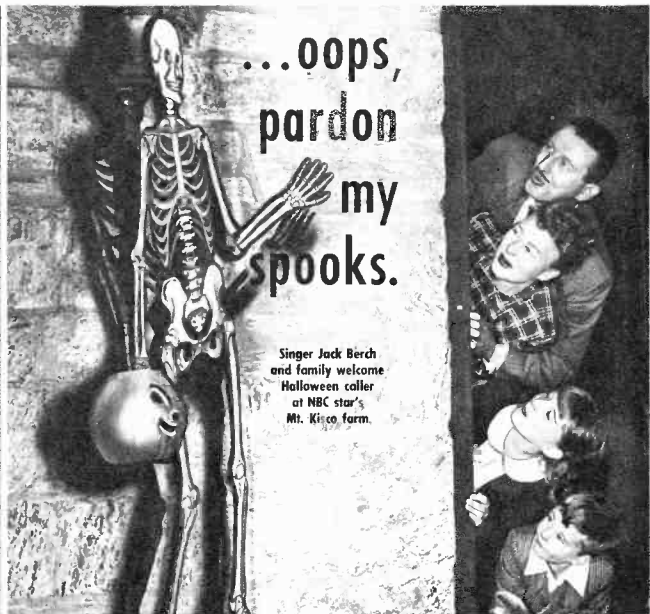
That same day when the jury disbanded a dignified olister was seating outside to congratulate Robin. "He's 75 years old and this is the first time I've ever been a Stage Door Johnny."

"When we have company at our house," complained 3 year old Joan Goldman of New York City, "my parents talk about me and my sister."

The jurors advised: "Whenever your parents start talking about you and your sister, you two should start singing the Star Spangled Banner. Then they can't talk."

...oops, pardon my spooks.

Singer Jack Berch
and family welcome
Halloween caller
at NBC star's
Mt. Kisco farm.



When Mr. Bones came calling he found a wary reception committee headed by Jack, his wife, Margo, and their children, Shirley, 10, and Jon, 2½ (top to bottom).



Shirley, Jon and Jack O' Lantern were just too tired after it was all over so they got on Dad's back for trip to slumber land.

Jon peers at welcome sight over his Dad's shoulder as Carol and sister Shirley, 14, cast yum yum glances at well-browned guest.



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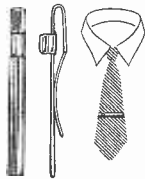


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GOLD PLATED

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TAX
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**DUO-
WRITER**

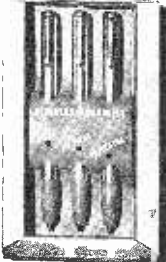
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LITER**

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EXQUISITELY DESIGNED EARRINGS—DELICATELY FEMININE—These Wonderful New Earrings have built-in charm that secretly holds a SAMPLE OF YOUR FAVORITE PERFUME! DURING HOT WEATHER YOUR body gives off an odor that offsets the odor of perfume on your skin. WITH THESE NEW AND CLEVER EARRINGS this problem is eliminated! TO GET YOU ACQUAINTED WITH THESE EARRINGS WE WILL INCLUDE A 1 DRAM SAMPLE VIAL OF OUR NEW ENCHANTING "ROMANCE" PERFUME AT NO EXTRA COST—BUT ACT AT ONCE BEFORE OUR SUPPLY IS EXHAUSTED. EARRINGS come in striking gold color finish. PERFUME REFILLS AVAILABLE AT 98¢.

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SLIDES CLOSED for PROTECTION

ENLARGING LITTLE BRACELET WITH HEART SHAPED LOCKET HAS ROOMS A PICTURE OF YOUR FAVORITE ONE—Ball-Point Pen is DETACHABLE—easily comes off for smooth writing. Pen is RETRACTABLE and when in closed position is locked so that it does not LEAK COVERS OR LOCKS. Greatest photo at all times. Price is ONLY \$1.49 Federal Tax Included!

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Rush me the following items — an arrival I will pay postman the sale price and C.O.D. postage charges with the understanding that I must be delighted in every way or I can return within 10 days for full refund.

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ITEM WANTED: _____ AMOUNT \$ _____

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Enclosed is full payment in advance to save shipping charges — same money back guarantee applies.

Radio best Gives a Silver Mike Party
to Dave Garroway.



Dave Garroway accepts coveted Silver Mike Award from beautiful songstress, Peggy Lee.



Rehearsal: Peggy addressed Mr. Mike: "Sure you wanna go to Dave?"



The fans in Chicago decided that NBC's Dave Garroway was that city's "most popular" disc jockey. RADIO BEST readers elected the tall, handsome, amiable giant as "the most original radio personality of 1948."

Since such popularity must be recognized, the editors of RADIO BEST flew to the windy city armed with a Silver Mike trophy. A surprise party was arranged with gorgeous Peggy Lee as mistress of ceremonies. Top NBC officials, a sprinkling of curious sponsors and a crowd of local talent joined the party. At air-time, the studios were filled with milling fans who came to witness the Silver Mike Presentation and to pay tribute to Chicago's most popular radio personality.



The pre-broadcast rehearsal continues in party mood with plenty of sharp repartee—but big man Garroway got his Silver Mike anyway. And Peggy got her wish (right), Dave had to get down and beg for it.



Report to the Listeners

Continued

I'll skip out of the chronological order to touch upon another Maxwell program, "Criminal Casebook," on the ABC network, Thursdays at 8:30 p.m. I confess that I postponed listening to that show for a number of weeks. There were two excellent reasons.



JANE CARROLL

First of all, I liked NBC's opposite number, same time-rival network, called "New Faces." It was a review-type show, in which satirical songs, well sung, were interlarded with the kind of material one used to get in the better intimate reviews on Broadway. The continuity was thin, but the amusement value was high. However, there was a second reason why I kept, unconsciously, sloughing-off "Criminal Casebook." I knew what it was about. I thought so, anyway—I thought it was just another, ordinary "crime doesn't pay" type of production. When I did get to it—simply because it's my job to listen to so much—I was pleased and a bit ashamed for not having heard this one sooner so that I might beat the drums for it.

I seem to recall the same show, at least the same intent, over Mutual several years ago. It was called then "I Was a Criminal." A gentleman named Edwin J. Lucas, director of the Agency for the Prevention of Crime, interviewed real criminals in an effort to discover what it was that had made them enemies of society. It wasn't a bad show, when it was on Mutual, but it lacked real interest and excitement.

Now, under Maxwell's production, it is a top show. Nelson Case apparently goes without his supper the night "Casebook" is on to do the narrating—Case is Lowell Thomas' announcer on that gabber's CBS strip which does not go off the air until 7 p.m.; that leaves Case just enough time to rush to ABC to do the dress rehearsal for "Casebook." But if he is physically starved by that time, he does not sound from hunger. He guides

the show with a sure, firm hand, authoritatively and with taste.

The show needs to watch its taste. It introduces a real criminal but not by name. His career is traced, usually from childhood past crimes petty and major, to imprisonment, to the night of the broadcast. The career is dramatized, but if there is melodrama it is apparently inherent in the criminal's life. We see the forces that made him what he is today—the faults of society, or of his parents, or of his schooling, or of a number of factors that combined to produce in him hatred, fear, bravado, guilt, rejection, etc. When the career has been relived—by a cast of actors as good as any on the air—Case switches the doings over to Lucas. The criminal, in person, isolated in a separate studio, is then interviewed. The picture becomes whole. Lucas does not preach; he does not scold; he merely assembles the pieces of the human puzzle, lets it underscore the moral. "Casebook" is an excellent piece of work, a credit to radio, a lesson in how to make a "message" show dramatically palatable.

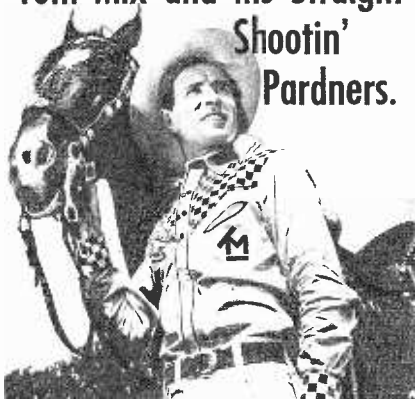
The summer went on—just as this space does. One must mention NBC's "Swingtime at the Savoy." This one fell short chiefly because it insisted on emphasizing the first word in its title—as if Negro talents were incapable of anything but jazz, swing, and minstrel-type comedy. It did, once again, hit the point proven only too rarely—that the microphone knows no color. But there is greater Negro artistry to be tapped. (WNEW, New York, showed how a few years ago, when it organized its "American Negro Theatre of the Air.")

Often of an evening at 7, I listened to Robert Q. Lewis on CBS. That network has not yet found really important use for Lewis. Maybe his singing of old songs could be the making of him. The fault for Lewis' being a second-stringer, I feel, is not his but his material's. I hope he stays with CBS long enough for his bosses to find his best format. Then he might really shine.

Jack Pearl, on NBC, Wednesdays at 8:30, was tops. Some of the jokes were old, some of the gags hoary—just as the style itself is. But Pearl is such a consummate showman that he can get away with stuff that would absolutely ruin a younger man like Berle or Morgan (Milton and Henry, I mean). If Pearl is still around, just listen to him—and note Cliff Hall who operates so skillfully as part of the team. They're really amusing.

Getting back to the youngsters, (Continued on Page 52)

Tom Mix and his Straight Shootin' Pardners.



Curley Bradley, radio's dashing "Tom Mix," poses for the cameraman with his horse Tony, for benefit of "Straight-Shooter" fan members.



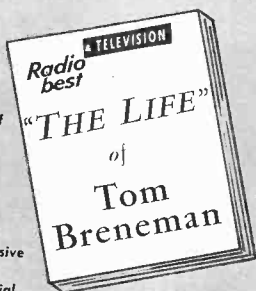
Jane Webb is the glamorous two-gun gal who graces the Tom Mix show. Leo Curley is grizzled, two-gun Sheriff Mike, outlaws' nemesis.



The famous radio hero addresses a meeting of youngsters who comprise a unit of his fan club. Message to all kids: Be Straight Shooters.

**did you miss
the first installment
on . . .**

We have on file a limited number of OCTOBER ISSUES which contains the complete first installment on the life of Tom Breneman, together with exclusive pictures and biographical material.



YOU MAY OBTAIN A COPY OF THE OCTOBER ISSUE BY SENDING THIS COUPON AT ONCE!

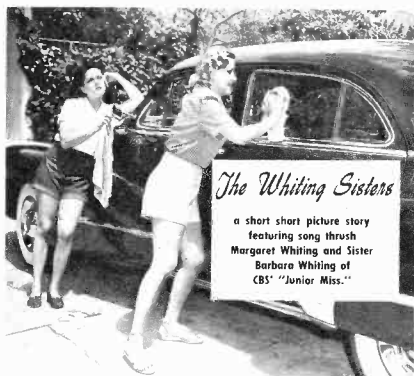
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Barbara puts on "Gold-brick" act as Margaret puts the polish on family car.



Actress Barbara shows her songstress sister how a gal should look in furs.



Barbara watches Margaret run through song with Bob Crosby on CBS' "Club 15."

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Musical LINKS
by Harry Link

Many letters have been received by this column asking "how do songs get in movies? Who writes them and what chance have I sending my songs to the motion picture studios?" After nine years of close association with M-G-M, Universal and independent studios, I could write pages on this subject. But in a few words, I will try and give my readers a thumb-nail description of the specialized job of writing songs for motion pictures.

Most of the studios have a staff of song writers or two or three free-lance teams who specialize in this work and the producer picks his song writers in the same manner in which he picks his cast. From there on the song writers take the script of the picture and try to write to the musical situations created therein and fit words and music to the theme of the play. In many cases, the song writers have created their own situations in the scripts that were accepted by the producer and many of these songs have played an important part in the success of hit pictures.

SONGS I Predict Will Reach Hit Stage

- "I'll Be There" (M-G-M)
- "The Way You Look Tonight" (M-G-M)
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- "The Way You Look Tonight" (M-G-M)

For instance, *Arlan and Harburg* were chosen by the producer, Mervyn LeRoy of Metro, to do the score for "Wizard of Oz" and came up with "Over the Rainbow" which yours truly promoted and exploited into an Academy Award winner and there is no doubt that the song was responsible for hundreds of thousands of dollars going into the box office to see this picture and hear Judy Garland sing the song. Remember "Casablanca" and its great music theme "As Time Goes By" and the sensational "Forty-Second Street" by Harry Warren and Al Dubin and winner again with Johnny Mercer and Arthur Freed's "Harvey Girls" with a big hit, "Achison, Topeka and the Santa Fe," a new approach to a railroad song.

One of the writers in California who seems to have the magic touch for writing movie songs is Mack Gordon, top writer at Twentieth Century, who has that terrific quality of writing songs that not only fit the situation in the picture, but sell millions of copies and records. To name a few, as follows: "You'll Never Know," "Down Argentine Way," "Kalamazoo," Bing has his Burke and Van Husen—nuff said. The results have been in the form of **just lately, a theme song** was written

for a picture called "To Each His Own." The studio didn't consider it to be one of its super-duper sensational specialized pictures but as a result of the song's popularity created by a recording by Eddy Howard, the picture was one of Paramount's money makers of the year. When we speak of writers, we naturally have to think of Berlin, who is in a most unusual situation, as his old songs have been the inspiration for many producers to use as basic themes for the entire story of a picture. For instance, "Alexander's Ragtime Band," a top grosser and a song that became a bigger hit when it was revived in this picture, than when it was originally written thirty years before. The same with "Blue Skies," which Paramount reported as one of its "two time" money makers. And "Holiday Inn," in which Berlin used many of his old timers and then wrote the never to be forgotten "White Christmas." And currently, "Easter Parade," the new M-G-M smash box office hit. It only goes to prove what an important part music plays in the success of motion pictures—dramatic as well as musical.



When you look at a tense scene in a dramatic picture, it never occurs to you that the musical background you hear is unconsciously "doing something to you" and building up an emotional reaction. I should like to see you sit in a projection room many times looking at "rushes" of scenes without music and later seeing the same scenes with a musical background and the difference was like day from night.

TIP TO SONG WRITERS
Do not send manuscripts to the Hollywood studios. Your chances for acceptance are a million to one for you must be contracted by a studio to write for pictures and you must be "on the ground" for some time it takes months and months of writing and rewriting before the producer gets the songs he wants.

Radio best Records of the Month
by Les Mannon

Best Female Vocals

For our dough, Lena Horne is cooking the best biscuits these days. Torrid is the word for her soulful version of the hoary but grand Youmans-Caspar tune "Sometimes I'm Happy" (MGM 10246). And just to prove you can get some items from the bottom of the batting order, BERYL DAVIS surprises with a highly pleasing interpretation of another standard, "Don't Blame Me" (20-3019) for RCA VICTOR. . . Given the right ballad, DINAH SHORE can be counted upon for an ear-cessing performance and "This Is the Moment" (38269) for Columbia fills the bill neatly. . . For the PEGGY LEE fans, "Don't Smoke in Bed" (2641) is on the unusual side with some tender lyrical ideas by Willard Robison. CAPITOL.

Best Male Vocals

Just about the most romantic disk of the month is JEAN SABLON'S knowing way with the lyrics of "Au Revoir Again" (20-3050) for RCA VICTOR. . . JACK OWENS on the tiny TOWER label is a pleasing feller, indeed, and if you can snatch the record you could do worse than whirl his "Don't Take Your Love From Me" (rb-971) on your gramophone. . . DERRY FALIGANT is another troubadour (he plays a guitar) who pleases. "Cool Water" (10256) is a neat ballad, nicely sung. MGM. . . GOLDON MAGRAE is a sure-fire bet for top stardom and "Win or Lose" (15154) on CAPITOL is just another one of his pointers.

Best Vocal Group

That THE PIED PIPERS have another fine disk this month is hardly news. This time it's "Goodbye Romance" (2902) and good enough to give a credit to its composers Jack Elliott and Les James. It's about a dame who mourns the fact that her feller forgets to be romantic at the movies when they show Western films. Good gimmick and played for rhythm and laughs to the hilt by the group and Paul Weston's orchestra. (CAPITOL). . . MGM comes up with another good novelty by the SLIM GAILLARD TRIO offering "Puerto-Vootie" (10231), a hep Harlemite's tongue-in-cheek interpretation of what a native Cuban ditty sounds like to him.



Best Album

A rather obvious idea comes off fairly well in an RCA VICTOR album titled "Theme Songs" (2117) featuring signature tunes played by the dance bands that made them famous. Most of the numbers are just about the best things the respective bands have done and are benefited by well-worn familiarity. Three Suns, Wayne King, Tex Beneke, Freddy Martin and Larry Green, "Samba With Cugat" (C165) offers some of the successful sambas identified with Cugat, notably "Brazil," "Tico Tico," "Chi-Chi-Castanengo" etc. and like the maestro himself they are much sleek and sophisticated. COLUMBIA. . . RCA VICTOR offers a rather notable item to its Hot Jazz Series with "Louis Armstrong All Stars" (HJ-14) featuring recordings from "Ol' Satchmo's" Town Hall concert. Perhaps not the Armstrong of his salad days but nevertheless good jazz and good entertainment aided no end by the trombone and voice of Jack Teagarden.

Best Dance Band

Quite the silkiest music around is CLAUDE THORNHILL'S ventures with "La Paloma" and "Arab Dance" (35041) for COLUMBIA. On a twelve inch platter, the stuff is soft and intelligent enough to please the most discriminating listener. . . Rating a nod for its novelty is "Spanish Boogie" (15167) by ALVINO REY for CAPITOL. . . Two newcomers, both former band vocalists, come through with worthwhile efforts, namely BUDDY MORENO for RCA VICTOR with "I Went to Virginia" (20-3053) and HAL DERWIN for CAPITOL with "At the Flying W" in their debut as orchestra leaders. There may well be a star of the future in this pair. A real oldie, but from way back, emerges as a pleasant piano solo as FREDDIE SLACK toys with "Kitten on the Keys" (15155) via CAPITOL. There's a lot of vitality and feeling in the way ZIGGY ELMAN trumpet-soleos through "You're Fine, You" (MGM 10248), a standard that is well worth reviving. SKITCH HENDERSON frolics nimbly, pianistically speaking, through the Gershwin oldie "Mime" (1733), abetted by some "ellow" French horn effects.

Best Small Band

Benny Goodman has all the answers to his critics with "Love Is Just Around the Corner" (2035) for not only is he great on his clarinet but he's as modern as plexiglas with a talented sextet that plays pop and all the other 1948 stuff to a turn. Equally hot and honey is the reverse version of "Cherokee" CAPITOL. . . The same label is building up pianist Barelay Allen and though we listened to several sides and wondered what they saw in him, he finally comes through like a real pro on "Green Eyes" and "Barclay's Boogie" (3328), demonstrating an immense technique and impeccable jazz taste. . . Old-timer RED NICHOLS has revived his group called, naturally, The Penicks, and comes up with a tasty rendition of "If I Had You" (CAPITOL 432). It seems as if the revivals of old tunes are coming out best on wax. Facing the band, the companies played it safe by vaxing a goodly supply of these evergreens and the wisdom of this is being commended to the modern stuff, most of which is much below even Tin Pan Alley's pallid par, the older tunes are the basis for the best performances on wax these days.

Radio best This Month's Disc Jockey



Beautiful Faye Emerson drops in for a chat with Marvin Elin.

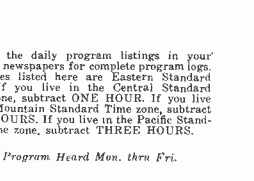
WCAO's Marvin Elin

Marvin Elin interviews WCAO's popular afternoon disc show, "Varieties" meets with top entertainment personalities plus clever disc-spinning round out his successful format. MARVIN is a home town boy who became interested in radio at an early age. He got his start some years back with Harrisburg's WKBO but hit the real success ladder as a disc jockey on Newark's popular station, WAAE. But Marvin wanted to go back home and successfully auditioned his "Varieties" program on WCAO. He was an immediate success with his home town friends and was soon the recipient of a series of awards for outstanding performance. Recently Marvin unearthed and popularized an eighteen year old recording, Columbia's "You Darlin'." It quickly caught on, resulting in the national re-releasing of the old famous tune. Striking a happy medium on musical presentations, everything from Be-bop to Ballads, and mixing his program with delightful chatter and unusual interviews, Marvin Elin's "Varieties" is on the Baltimore billboards for a long run.

BMI Pop-up Sheet
Radio's Best Hit-Tunes

- CHILLICOTHE, OHIO (Mellin)**
Ari Mooney MGM
Peggy Mann-Eddie Heywood Victor
The Four Tones Mosaic
Les Brown Columbia
- COOL WATER (American)**
Vaughn Monroe Victor
Nella Lutzner Capitol
New of the Pioneer Vito-Gloria
Gene Smith MGM
Tex Ritter-Dianing Sisters Capitol
Ray Wiley Mercury
- CUANTO LE GUSTA (Peer)**
Andrew Sisters-Carmen Miranda Decca
Xavier Cugat Columbia
- FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE (Duchess)**
Adela Clark Decca
Claude Thornhill Victor
Jay Garber Capitol
Roy McKinley Victor
- HAIR OF GOLD, EYES OF BLUE (Mellin)**
Jack Emerson Metro-Gon
Ann Lund MGM
Homesaunt Universal
Gordon MacRae Capitol
Mercury Mercury
Les Mills Variety
- HIGHWAY TO LOVE (BMI)**
Fred Payne Capitol
John Carroll & Safflers Victor
Tommy Tucker Columbia
- IT'S SO PEACEFUL IN THE COUNTRY (Regent)**
Mildred Bailey Decca
Charlie Spivak Oklah
Les Jones Capitol
Jan Savvi Victor
- LONESOME (Republic)**
Sammy Kaye Victor
- SOMEONE CARES (Porgie)**
Vaughn Monroe Victor
Frankie Carle Columbia
Art Lund MGM
John Leuant Mercury
Mills Brothers Decca
- TAKE IT AWAY (Pemora)**
Ella Fitzgerald Decca
Xavier Cugat Columbia
Emil Coleman DeLuxe
Edmundo Ros London
- THE THINGS I LOVE (Campbell)**
Duke Rhythm Boys Decca
Jimmy Dorsey Decca
Raymond Scott Victor
- TIME AND TIME AGAIN (London)**
Buddy Clark-Wayne King Victor
Eddy Duchin Columbia
Tommy Tucker Oklah
- YOURS (Marks)**
Xavier Cugat Victor
Vaughn Monroe Victor
The Guarneri Victor
Eddy Howard Columbia
Benny Goodman Columbia
Andi Russell Capitol
Jimmy Dorsey Decca
Ray Armengod Decca
- YOU WALK BY (Covallier)**
Jerry Wayne Bobby Byrne Decca
Bliss Barron Columbia
The Chantones Victor

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Consult the daily program listings in your favorite newspapers for complete program logs. All times listed here are Eastern Standard Time. If you live in the Central Standard Time zone, subtract ONE HOUR. If you live in the Mountain Standard Time zone, subtract TWO HOURS. If you live in the Pacific Standard Time zone, subtract THREE HOURS.

* Program Heard Mon. thru Fri.

Guide to DAYTIME PROGRAMS

Guide to DAYTIME PROGRAMS

Guide to DAYTIME PROGRAMS

Guide to EVENING PROGRAMS

Guide to EVENING PROGRAMS

Guide to EVENING PROGRAMS

Guide to EVENING PROGRAMS

Guide to EVENING PROGRAMS

★SERIALS
MONDAY thru FRIDAY
8:00 ABC—My Two Sons
8:30 CBS—Legend of Life
8:30 CBS—Mystery House
8:30 CBS—Newspaper
8:30 CBS—Doris Morrow
8:30 CBS—The Dick Van Dyke Show
11:15 NBC—Katie's Daughter
11:15 CBS—Maverick
11:15 CBS—Newspaper
11:15 CBS—The Dick Van Dyke Show
12:15 CBS—Antony
12:15 CBS—Honey West
12:15 CBS—Day 68
12:15 CBS—Night 68
1:15 CBS—Night 68
1:15 CBS—Gooding Light
2:00 CBS—Secret My, Partners
2:15 ABC—Ethel & Albert
2:15 CBS—This Is My New Drama
2:30 NBC—Today's Children
2:45 NBC—Light of the World
2:45 NBC—Life Can Be Beautiful
3:00 CBS—The Dick Van Dyke Show
3:30 CBS—Papper Vengeance
3:30 ABC—Lone Wolf
4:15 NBC—Stella Dallas
4:15 NBC—Loretta Jones
4:15 NBC—Vivian Vance
4:30 NBC—When a Girl Marries
4:30 NBC—Portia Faces Life
4:30 NBC—Just Plain Jane
4:30 NBC—Front Page Women
4:30 CBS—Law & Order

★NEWS COMMENTARY
★QUIZ VARIETY
★RELIGION
★MUSIC
★CHILDREN'S
★JUVENILE JURY
★HOUSE OF MYSTERY
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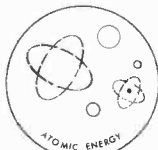
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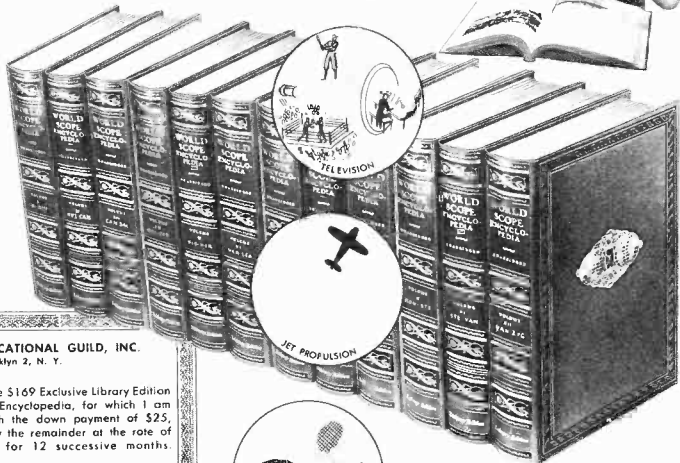
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Radio Announcers are Normal People. . .

BUT SOMETIMES THEY JUMP THE TRACK!

Don Gabriel, WJW's crack announcer, is even sane at sunrise.

RADIO ANNOUNCERS are funny people, period. On the surface they are like other men. They raise families, they take home their pay to the little woman, they are sober, industrious, hard-working, tax-paying citizens according to the dictates of their respective dispositions. But somewhere along the line, they jump the track.

They are just different. Not obviously. Like wearing their trousers at half-mast, Tyrolean style, or wearing hair shirts. But they're a separate breed, like men who climb high tension poles, or sword-swallowers.

But here's a guy—name o' Don Gabriel—who goes upstage, who is as sane and matter of fact as that nice Mr. Jones down the street. It's not that he isn't a full-fledged announcer. He is. And a devil of a good one. His shows have the sparkle and originality that bear the stamp of a radio-wise production man. Like other announcers, he has worked an equal number of different stations—a vocational habit—as other announcers. His popularity among fellow announcers is immense. But how can he be blasted normal in a role that requires showmanship, and originality, remains a mystery.

There's nothing too mysterious in Don's past. He was born in Clarksburg, West Virginia, on August 28, 1921. When he was in high school, his folks moved to Columbus, Ohio. This was one of those apparently meaningless moves that holds a later significance. At North High in Columbus, he achieved the following: he won the Ohio-Indiana Speech championship, the National Forensic League championship for Ohio, Michigan, and Pennsylvania, and was ranked as the seventh best boy speaker in the country. Before the family move, Don was interested in nothing more serious than a fast game of shindy.

Don can thank his speaking ability for getting him two years at Ohio State University, because it was a Speech scholarship that took him there. His speaking ability was funneled toward radio when he became interested in WOSU, the university station. He did staff work at WOSU and also at WHKC, a Columbus commercial station.

Don got along with school work like the Hatfields got along with the McCoyes. His interest in radio had grown all out of bounds, and his school work was suffering. Being a very direct guy, he went

to Springfield, Ohio, and radio station WIZE where he did everything from washing the floors to rattling the sound effect props. He announced the Springfield High School football games, among these a game between Father Flannagan's Boystown football team and Springfield Catholic High. After the game, Don interviewed the late Father Flannagan whom Don remembers as one of his favorite people. Speaking of interviews, Don's very first one was noteworthy. It was with a famous correspondent and pretty fair radio reporter himself—Quentin Reynolds.

The next three years of Don's life were spent in the company of a lot of other guys who couldn't do anything about it. The Army, naturally. Don was with the Tank Destroyers both stateside and in the European Theatre of Operations, where, incidentally, his "operating" was strictly from duty. He did, however, leave his outfit, the 809th T.D., and go with the American Forces Network as a Ninth Army reporter. In addition to newscasts, Don did some disc shows which a lot of G.I.'s found pretty good listening. Don did his shows from a "castle in Kassel" (Germany) when, thanks to Allied bombardments, the city was reduced to the appearance of a king-sized anthill.

Don had married his staunchest rooter, Jean Muscoff, before shipping overseas. Jean was also a

product of Ohio State, at which school—as they say in books—their love blossomed into something beautiful and enduring. The next Gabriel production was Raymond Neil who seems to be as buoyant as his old man. It probably serves Gabriel right.

Don joined WJW after his discharge, September 27, 1946, to be exact. Since then his air time has been pretty well sold. This, to an announcer, is like hitting the daily double. His shows are all on the sunrise side of the clock. "Top of the Morning" is heard from 6:00 to 7:00 A.M. "By Dawn's Early Light" is heard from 7:05 to 8:00 A.M. Between and after these shows, Don is on standby, reading commercial spots and chain breaks. Listeners who hear him sign on with his now-famous yawn, and "wonder what the weather looks like," can be assured that he's sincere. The yawn is real, and he usually gets to the studios wondering what the weather is like, not having taken the trouble to open his eyes on the way down. Don thinks that anyone who can be cagey at 6:00



Announcer Don Gabriel—he's still sane in spite of fan mail.

A.M. deserves what's happening to him.

One of Don's favorite stories about his early morning listeners is this one: it concerns an elderly lady who leaned heavily on Don's early morning chatter. In response to his request that listeners call in and give a personal weather report from their particular neighborhood, this lady would faithfully trudge across the street and check a thermometer in a gas station nearby. One wintry morning, in spite of the blast, she crossed to the gas station whereupon she was immediately arrested by two patrolmen who thought that she was breaking into the place. Don's competitors gleefully jumped on him: "See what happens when you listen to Gabriel."

Don's latest venture, and one for which he has fond hopes, is Television. Don is doing a "Clem McCarthy" on WEWS's televising of the Randall races. The TV station films the races in the afternoon, and transmits them at night with Don giving the description. It's tricky going. Don knows which horse is going to win, but he has to be trigger-sharp to describe what's happening in a packed bunch of horse flesh.

Gabriel got the job the hard way. He auditioned for it, and in landing the contract, beat out some of Cleveland's best sports-casters. Which is as it should be. Don's first love is sports, and that's the field he wants to crack. He's just liable to do it. Doing the races is not exactly a punch in the nose.

There's not a racing form handy, but on past performance he has never run a bad race, has performed well in fast company, and figures to finish in the money. Then again, there's that normalcy. What can you do with a guy who wants something, and simply goes and gets it?

Report to the Listeners

Continued from Page 43

again, I found "World Over Playhouse" (NBC, Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m.) a fine, sensitive, story-telling quarter-hour. But for major importance in the children's department you still cannot beat Helen Parkhurst's "Child's World" on ABC (Thursdays at 9) and CBS' "Doorway to Life" (Thursdays at 10:30). They are as different as they can be, but they form a pattern.

Between the two, some of my professional child-expert friends have preferred "Child's World" for its authenticity, while others gave prior rating to "Doorway" for its psychological insight. Miss Parkhurst's piece, too, deals in psychology—but in a different manner. She may bring to her microphone a group of as many as eight boys and girls, aged—say—from 9 to 12. Not until about 5 minutes before broadcast (actually, the show is recorded in her home, then presented unedited) do the children know what the subject of discussion will be. She tosses the topic at their heads, and lets them rip. But always she guides the doings: her end of the job is thoroughly planned; she knows what she wants the kids to talk about, although heaven alone knows what they are likely to say. It's a great job, well done—usually amusing, always informative, never dull for a moment.

"Doorway" is much slicker. Here the psychological problem—why, for instance, a child from a well-provided home might develop into a kleptomaniac—is also worked out carefully. The dramatization is very good (it should be: William N. Robson, one of CBS' very best men, produces the program in Hollywood). When the show is over, the listener has usually come very close to understanding the problem involved, and is unlikely ever to make the mistakes that may have led to personal tragedy for the child or the parents involved in the dramatization. I think that "Doorway" and "Child's World" complement each other. I'll let the professors fight over their relative rating as educational material. I hope both shows stay on the air for a long time.

There were other things to talk about—"Candid Mike's" television debut, indeed the premieres of two major New York television stations, WPIX and WJZ-TV. . . . There were things I wanted to say about Mary Margaret McBride and about Kate Smith. . . . There were the political conventions held in Philadelphia, where television did a splendid job throughout, while radio gave a good shake to the Republicans and Democrats but sloughed off the Progressive Party. . . . But these matters will have to rest. My airtime is up. Keep listening!

★END

Radio Row's Hollywood Rendezvous.



Ronald Reagan and Dinah Shore drop in for a quick pick-up after show time.

A favorite rendezvous for Hollywood's radio row is Coffee Dan's where the coffee and cruller glamor crowd munch on their vitamins around the clock while they discuss the headaches, hopes and hits in the biznest entertainment business of them all.



Jimmy Durante fills cups for coffee emporium's boss Joe Bulasky, manager Jerry Freeman & Mrs. Freeman.



Writers Sam Perrin, Milton Josetsberg, Cleveland Amory, Nancy Fields and George Bolger talk shop.



Evelyn Knight and Gordon MacRae give fossils needed rest.



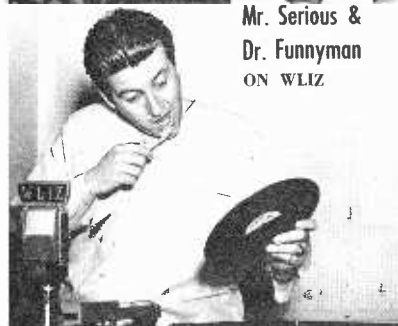
Frankie Laine pauses to chat with cashier Goyke Rubin on his way back to studio.



Lou Costello, Bud Abbott dunk donut with Penny Singleton.



Mr. Serious &
Dr. Funnyman
ON WLIZ



After talking over matters with his farm friends on "Sunnyside Up" (above), Jack Scanlon cuts up for early risers on his "Musical Clock" (below).

EVER TRY a *top-rock* cigar? It's the cigar designed so that you smoke it at both ends.

How about a *glo-a* cigarette? They go in the dark. What's more they're the only cigarette with DDT added to keep away insects during the summer months.

Kidding? Of course we're kidding. But you'd never suspect that WLIZ's Jack Scanlon was kidding when he sells these and many other outrageous products on his two daily "get-up" shows, "Sunny Side Up" and "Musical Clock." Jack's poker-faced brand of dry humor picking on everything from advertising to serious music has put WLIZ's six a.m. to nine a.m. segment right up on top of the heap in Bridgeport listening habits.

It all starts out rather tamely when Jack plays it straight from six to seven. During that time he knows his thousands of farm fans want a little music and a lot of butter and egg prices, weather information and news. Once having dispensed with the serious business of the morning, though, the mad Jack starts sending early-rising factory and office workers to their jobs with silly unexplained grins on their faces. Only complaint so far has been a result of Jack's interrupting the Jan Peerce record of "Bluebird of Happiness" to crack wise in a couple of spots. The station switchboard got all tied up trying to handle the calls of irate listeners.

At first station executives were pretty disturbed about the whole thing and it looked as though a memo was in order for Mr. S. But then the dawn broke through and everybody realized what a nice free and unsolicited "Hooper" WLIZ had received. Besides, it's suspected that many of the complaints were in fun anyway. After all, how would you talk to a guy who repeatedly refers to the "humility" being such-and-such a percentage, without a sign of a smile in his voice?

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YOUR SOUTHERN HOST YOU HEAR THE MOST



Represented by

THE WALKER COMPANY



Meet the family



Crooner Jack Owens, Mary Ann, wife, Johnny and Noel.

The editor's desk these days is piled high with requests from readers for pictures of radio stars and their children. Our cameraman came up with these four portraits just in time for this issue. The series will continue in subsequent issues.



↑ The Kay Kyser with daughters Kimberly and Baby Carol.
→ Comie Milton Berle and three-year-old daughter Vickie.



Radio & Television Best—November 1950

The Nation's Stations, Radio and Television's Biggest Stars
Will Pay Tribute to RADIO BEST'S FIRST BIRTHDAY
In The Big December Issue!
On Sale At Your Local Newsdealer NOVEMBER 5th
Ask Your Dealer To Reserve A Copy For You Now!

Actress Angelina Orr spends Christmas Day with son, Douglas.



Jack McElroy, who succeeded Garry Moore as "Breakfast in Hollywood" emcee, Jack once understudied the late Tom Breneman.

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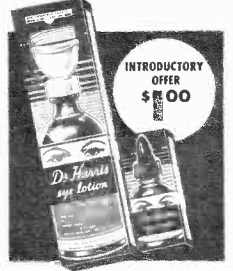
help keep that "youth sparkle" in your eyes

Beauty demands that eyes be bright...vividous...sparkling. And you can start right now to help keep that "YOUTH SPARKLE" in your eyes. Give yourself a 5 minute eye-beauty bath with Dr. Harris special-formule Eye Lotion.

Just saturate 2 of the cotton pads enclosed in the package of Dr. Harris Eye Lotion and place gently over each eye for 5 relaxing minutes while you are lying down. Then notice how this soothing lotion helps rest and refresh your eyes. Dr. Harris Eye Lotion is a scientific preparation beneficial for adults and children.

TAKE ADVANTAGE
 of our special

\$1. INTRODUCTORY OFFER
 We will send you our large 8 oz. package of Dr. Harris Eye Lotion which sells for 89¢ and Dr. Harris Eye Drops regularly selling for 49¢—you get both for only \$1.00 and you save 38¢. This offer for a limited time only!



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 Gentlemen:—
 Please send me your special offer consisting of the large Economy Size package of Dr. Harris Eye Lotion with eye-cup and eye pads and a package of Dr. Harris Eye Drops with eye dropper. All FOR \$1.00. I am enclosing
 Cash Check Money Order.
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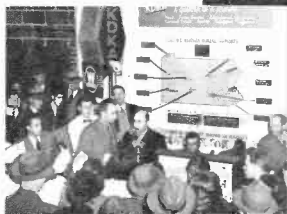
Radio "Farmer"

IT'S A SUNRISE TO SUNDOWN JOB
FOR KDKA'S HOMER MARTZ.

Field trips take Martz to all sorts of shows in KDKA area. Here he interviews a winner in Junior Livestock show.



At Allegheny County Fair Martz interviews (l-r) county agent C. D. Morley, student exhibitor Richard Knd, and Nina Hirschner, Potato Blossom Queen.



Martz broadcasts from State Farm show at Harrisburg each fall. Here he talks to State Agriculture Secretary Miles Horst.



Discussing farm problems with Dr. Fred V. Gray of Penn. State College and Dr. Richard Bradford of Cornell U.



THEY'LL TELL you that the farmer works from sunrise to sundown but there's one farmer—the radio farmer—whose work, like that of the proverbial housewife, is never done.

Take Homer Martz, Agricultural Director for KDKA. For example. He's on the air Monday-through-Saturday from 6-7 a.m. with the KDKA Farm Hour, and when he completes his studio stint he's busy making field trips to farm areas.

Let's go back to the 77 working days during January, February and March in 1947. He was in the field a part of, or all of, 85 days. On 8 days he attended affairs in Pittsburgh.

The field trips included the making of transcriptions and speaking to special farm groups. During the period he prepared 48 pro-

grams away from the studio, with 157 persons participating in the broadcasts. And he covered 2,083 miles through Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Ohio.

And to top off these field and broadcasting activities, Martz is Farm and Garden Editor of the Pittsburgh Press.

Martz came to KDKA as Agricultural Director in September, 1942. His background was one of practical farming, college agricultural training and other agricultural employment. Reared on a Westmoreland, Pennsylvania farm, Martz was graduated from Pennsylvania State College in 1933 with a B. S. degree in Agricultural Economics. This academic training was followed with an M. S. degree received in 1938.



There was a gleam in Fred's eye that portended no good for her dignity as an actress or lady.

"The big bully. He can't do that to my daughter," cried an indignant Mrs. Carey from the confines of the control room. He could and did — with obvious relish, finally dunking a raging Gloria into the sound man's tub of water.

and the announcer's voice came through the loudspeaker in the booth. A few words from Gloria opened the drama. A thrill of excitement ran through Mrs. Carey as she realized that the voice of her daughter was being carried to thousands of homes throughout the country.

The first few minutes of the drama, depicting the early acquaintance of the hero and heroine, went smoothly enough. Mrs. Carey noted with satisfaction that Gloria seemed to have regained

her self-control. Like a real actress, she had forgotten herself and was immersed in her role.

Fred was speaking. "No, I don't believe you've ever been slapped. That's just the trouble. But we can make up for lost time. Here's a demonstration, first in a series."

Mrs. Carey looked up from the script in time to see Fred signal to the sound effects man, then lift his arm to deposit a really powerful slap on Gloria's face. The director let go with an oath as she

Continued on Next Page

turing toward the pair in the studio. "It's Milton that bothers me. There's something about the way he's been acting since he read the script, there's a gleam in his eye. And I tell you I don't like it. One minute to air time."

He held up one finger as a signal. The announcer took up his stand at one microphone, and the two actors at another. Gloria's attitude was self-consciously nonchalant. Fred watched her, a barely perceptible smile on his lips. As she looked at him, Mrs. Carey sympathized with the director. She also decided that he definitely was the proper husband for her daughter. Noting the determined line of Fred's chin, she remembered Gloria's words, "He can't do that to me!" and mentally replied, "I wonder!"

Now the lights flashed on the board before the engineer. They were on the air. Fowler pointed



"So he kisses the back of his hand, does he," exclaimed Mrs. Carey with the genuine pleasure that comes to a mother who sees her daughter's problems solved for ever and ever.



water which the sound effects man was about to use to produce the sound of a loud splash. The latter stepped out of the way as Fred grabbed Gloria, propelled her backwards and pushed her into the tub. The sound of the splash was loud and satisfactory.

"Oh, no, no," Fowler moaned, signalling violently. Fred merely smiled as with one hand he dragged Gloria up and out of the tub and back to the microphone. Her eyes blazing, she clapped her hand to her mouth to silence the words that bubbled up from her throat.

Open with amazement and indignation. Mrs. Carey's mouth slowly closed and gradually widened into a smile of sympathy. Unconscious of the stares of director and engineer, her eyes on the slender girl who stood, shaking with anger, before the microphone, she whispered, "My poor darling! It's all my fault, all mine."

A pool of water formed at Gloria's feet as the play went on. The scene on the water was not yet over. Wet as she was, boat and moonlight notwithstanding, the mighty beauty had another painful lesson coming to her. Gloria drew back and away from the microphone, but her voice faded and she obeyed Fowler's signal to resume her position. "I don't care if he beats her black and blue," he muttered. "They're not going to spoil my show."

He raised his hands in an attitude of prayer but Fred had given up all pretense of watching him. Mrs. Carey glanced through the next page of the script and moved forward to the edge of her chair. Shaking her head sadly, she whispered, "My poor, little baby!" while the engineer said grimly, "This should be interesting."

Fred did not disappoint them. Holding his script with one hand, he used the other to draw a small chair up to the microphone. When the right moment came, he dropped the script, yanked Gloria off her feet and across his knees and began to administer a sound spanking. "There! And there again!" he said, accompanying each word with a vigorous slap. "You've had this coming to you for a long time!"

Coming through the loudspeaker were loud and angry yells, just the type the script called for. So full-throated they were that the engineer had to tone them down a bit. "The first time in her life

she's been spanked," said Mrs. Carey softly. "and all the world listening in." Fowler ran his hands through his hair, already standing on end. "With all the dark alleys in this city, he has to tick my show to give his girl a beating."

As Gloria struggled to her feet again, tottering a bit but still holding on to her script, she glanced toward the control booth, as if searching for advice and comfort. Her mother, smiling and nodding, raised her hand in a gesture of encouragement. Gloria turned back to the microphone and her voice was properly plaintive as she read the lines. "All right, all right. I'll admit I love you. But let's have no more lessons tonight."

Finished with her part at last, she stepped away from the microphone, but Fred grabbed her arm and pulled her back while he read his last lines. "Just one more," he said. "You've never learned how to kiss and make up. I'm just the one to teach you."

With these words, he tossed his script into a far corner of the studio and swept her into his arms. Gloria struggled for a moment but gradually her body yielded, and her script fell to the floor as she wound her arms around his neck. From the control booth Mrs. Carey watched entranced, not hearing even the voice of the announcer, as the pool of water grew larger at the base of the microphone.

"So he kisses the back of his hand!" she said finally to the engineer, whose only reply was a long, low whistle of appreciation. Sighing with relief, Mrs. Carey opened the door of the booth. "This will be," she murmured "the shortest and happiest of all my visits to New York." *END

and Mrs. Carey allowed herself to be seated in the chair again. Her breath was still coming in quick gasps as she turned toward the two at the microphone.

Gloria's face was red with anger but she continued to play her part, betraying her emotion only by the faintest quiver in her voice. Crises were developing quickly in the drama because the hero was embarked on a campaign to show the heroine, a pampered female, that for once she had met her match. She was definitely intrigued because, despite the slap on her face, she accepted his invitation to go sailing in the moonlight.

The director lit another cigarette as the scene approached its climax. The heroine refused to be kissed, moonlight or no. Mrs. Carey rolled the script and clutched it tightly in her hands as Fred and Gloria moved about before the microphone to convey the impression, with their voices, that they were wrestling with each other. Now the hero lost his patience.

"All right, don't kiss me," he said. "But I've always wondered how you'd look if somebody dumped you into the water — and now I'm going to find out!"

Behind them was a large tub of



reeled slightly. "Y'see what I mean! I knew he was up to something!"

"The big bully!" Mrs. Carey exclaimed, leaping to her feet. "He can't do that to my daughter!"

Fowler stepped in front of her, placed his hands on her shoulders and gently pushed her back to her chair. "Sorry, Mrs. Carey," he said gently. "We're on the air, you know. And I'm not going to stop this show for anything short of murder—or, well, serious injury."

His voice had a determined ring

Mack is best known for his handling of Cleveland Orchestra Summer Pop Concert series.



Best Known Voice in Cleveland Belongs to Wayne Mack.

VETERAN ANNOUNCER HAS RUN THE GAMUT
IN ANNOUNCING, WRITING AND PRODUCING.

IN PROBABLY every radio city in the United States there is a name or two which is virtually synonymous with radio itself. In Cleveland, such a name is that of Wayne Mack, the youthful WGAR veteran whose radio voice has been part of the community for eighteen years.

Eighteen years—fifteen of which have been spent with WGAR—is a long time and in that time Wayne has run the gamut of assignments in announcing, writing, producing and directing.

His name has been associated with quite a bit of Cleveland radio and some network too. It runs from a variety show called "Open House" which at one time was fed to CBS to the Cleveland Orchestra series which Mack produced and which WGAR fed to CBS.

In between there was a good deal of variety like Trout Theatre, an amateur show; Afternoon Concert, a classical and semi-classical recorded program; the Summer Pop Concert of the Cleveland Orchestra, a quiz show; a morning hour stint and so on ad infinitum.

Several years ago, his "Serenade for Smoothies," which Wayne wrote, produced and announced, won a City College award.

When WGAR moved into the 50,000 watt class it was Mack who flew in the WGAR helicopter to neighboring cities and communities as the radio ambassador of good will.

He did an almost 'round the clock stint on the tragic East Ohio Gas Co. fire, coverage of which won WGAR endless kudos.

If that seems like it's going back a long way we should tell you that this Cleveland veteran is only 37 years old.

Wayne is a native of Ashtabula, Ohio, of Finnish descent, blue eyes, six-foot tall and an athletic 200 lbs. At 11 he began the study of music and while in his teens Wayne developed two major ambitions: to become a symphony fustler and the theatre.

Following graduation from Ashtabula Harbor high school at 16 he planned to enter the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York but instead went abroad, as fustler with a concert band, which toured northern Europe.

On this trip Mack met the famed Jean Sibelius at his country estate near Helsinki. Wayne laughingly tells that after trying one of the composer's famous black cigars, he played the next three concerts by instinct.

Drama wise, he has handled numerous shows for WGAR including a series with the Tower Theatre of Western Reserve University which had in its casts David Wayne, star of several New York stage successes; John Price, who earlier in the year joined the cast of "Duffy's Tavern," and Marta Abba, the noted Italian actress.

He has taught production and radio drama at Cleveland College. His Christmas style show for a leading Cleveland department store has become an institution which draws well over 1000 leading Cleveland men annually.


Of course, there is Mrs. Mack, formerly Rosena Turnbull of Jackson, Michigan, and three daughters, Donna 14, Jean 11 and Lorna 6.

When WGAR moved into the 50,000 watt class, Mack became station's flying ambassador.





Tom was delighted to pose with songstress Marion Morgan when she presented him with a Washington Monument chapau in honor of Cherry Blossom Festival.

Tom Breneman

continued

bound bride. All of them were Breneman fans, devoted to their idol, and eager to duplicate in their own way some of the kindly things Tom Breneman did on his program.

That hypnotic hold that Tom had on his listeners has already been illustrated by the story of the woman in Oklahoma who was listening to his program and broke one of her best dishes when Tom, during one of his broadcasts, told a lady in his restaurant audience to break the ash tray she was holding. Even that incident was topped by the case of the visitor to his program who was overtaken by conscience and later mailed

Tom a pair of salt and pepper shakers with a note saying, "When we had breakfast at your place one of the girls in our party took this set, which you will recognize, and gave it to me as a souvenir. Since then I have become a Christian and as they are only a remembrance of sin, I am returning them and asking your forgiveness."

Tom's mail was full of letters like these. And yet not all the mail was laudatory. There were a few people who thought that Breneman could do better. Like the woman in Maine who told Tom that he ought to improve his technique in kissing the ladies when they receive their orchids. "Over the air," wrote this listener, "you sound like a cow pulling its foot out of the mud!"

It surprised even Tom himself when a survey disclosed that more than a million men a day listened to "Breakfast In Hollywood." Tom had long believed that his show was strictly for the disaff side. Once Tom confessed, "Even when I noticed that there were usually a couple of hundred men in each morning's audience, I just thought, 'Poor guys! Getting dragged here by their wives!'" Tom was probably recalling the time, during the

early days of "Breakfast In Hollywood," when the Breneman troupe had gone down to the swank resort town of Del Monte, California, there to broadcast a performance for the benefit of a group of potential sponsors.

Before the performance went on the air, Breneman hung about the hotel door, playing host to the guests who walked in, kidding the elderly lady vacationers and keeping a sharp eye out for possible sponsors. In the midst of all this, Tom's ear was bent by a remark he overheard. "I'd like to get a look at this guy Breneman," said one husband to his wife. "He must be something to get you out of bed at this hour!"

Glaucing around, Tom saw an expensively-clad matron. But her husband was dressed in probably the most outlandish costume that ever graced a California resort. The man wore pajama bottoms, a sweat shirt and a weatherbeaten beret atop his head. Tom walked over to the man, extended his hand and said, "Well, I'm that guy. I'm Tom Breneman."

The gent turned a disillusioned eye on Breneman, looked him up and down and exclaimed. "Huh! I'm going back to bed!"

Yet not all males looked with such disfavor on the man who made a hobby out of bussing elderly ladies. There were plenty of Hollywood's big names who used to drop in on "Breakfast In Hollywood" just to catch the show and enjoy the laughs that Tom created. Jimmy Durante, Paul White-man, Lum and Abner, Hal "Gildersleeve" Peary, Kay Kyser, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Freddie Martin, Orson Welles, Xavier Cugat and columnist Erskine Johnson were just a few of the male luminaries who visited with Tom on his program. Even Bing Crosby himself once confessed to Tom

Continued on Page 62

NEXT MONTH

RADIO BEST
Celebrates his
FIRST BIRTHDAY

Don't Miss This
Big Exciting Issue
On Sale At Your Local
Newsdealer **NOVEMBER 5th**
RESERVE YOUR COPY NOW!

Anything goes on WWL's "Whaddya Know." Here contestant strips to his shorts while friend wife squirts seltzer.



Hoerner plays Halloween pranks on willing contestants.



A Barnum and Bailey clown shows contestants how to do it.



Zany Quiz Show, "Whaddya Know," Knocks Radio Fans for a L O O P.

Down New Orleans way, one of the most contributing factors to "big doings" on Saturday night is the broadcast of the WWL audience participation program, "Whaddya Know," at 7 p.m. from the Roosevelt Hotel's University Room. Actually, it's a potpourri of questions-answers, giveaways, zany gags that may involve a little pie-throwing and uninhibited clowning, and the appearance of a big name guest-star. Adding to the visual appeal of the program, there are a pretty, vivacious little blonde, Jill Jackson, and her mike-partner, matinee-idol-looking Ed Hoerner who handle the business of emceeing the fun-fest, while a handsome young announcer, John Kent, is on hand for the commercials.

According to the Hooper ratings, the half-hour of merriment is tops in popularity; but judging from the number of persons who clamor to join the studio audience, it's a wonder there's anyone left to answer the phone for Mr. Hooper.



Emcee Ed Hoerner (right) conducts hair-shaving contest.



CAST-MEMBERS GET INTO THE ACT. Right to left, Ed Hoerner, Bill Bregel, Lee Edwards, Stanley Reyes, Milton Nicholas, Charlie Blaise, Howard Summerville, Ray MacNamara, Jill Jackson and Manuel Biesey in big Mardi Gras broadcast.

Tom puffed mightily to blow out the six candles in celebration of his 6th anniversary on the air on January 13th, 1947.



Tom Breneman

continued

that as he drove to the Paramount movie lot in the morning he couldn't resist joining Breneman in occasional duets while his car radio was tuned to "Breakfast In Hollywood."

Probably the most unusual manifestation of the kind of feeling or atmosphere that was created by Tom's program were the parties that sprang up throughout the country, all modeled on Breneman's breakfast broadcasts.

It all started when several clubs mentioned that they were holding "Tom Breneman Parties" at which the club members staged a party created along the lines of the radio show itself. This was too good a publicity medium to pass up, so John Masterson, then Tom's man-

ager, sprang the idea of sending out special kits for such occasions. And so, when some Parent-Teachers' Association, Eastern Star chapter, Elks' Auxiliary or other social group decided to put on their own version of "Breakfast In Hollywood," with the minister, local radio announcer or town humorist enacting the Breneman role, they received a complete kit for their little get-together — the outside cigar Tom made famous, the replicas of other paraphernalia used on the show and pictures of the show's performers. Even a real orchid was sent by air express.

It was probably the popularity of these neighborhood Breneman take-offs, along with Tom's own personal appeal, that encouraged

the production of the "Breakfast In Hollywood" motion picture made some time ago. Tom's mother was in that picture, playing herself. This second entry of Tom's into motion pictures turned out considerably better than his first (when he played an extra in "Ben Hur") but Tom still didn't enjoy acting before the camera. He was nervous and had trouble remembering his lines. He didn't always know what to do with his hands, because on his radio program he usually held a mike in them. Tom worked hard at picture acting, according to those who were in the picture with him. Yet he'd still wake up in the middle of the night, seeing those big cameras staring him in the face.

Breneman's creed was happiness and he purveyed it in his own way. He was probably the last romantic memory of many an old lady. As he often said, "I'm probably the only man in the country who can gab with 600 women every day—and still get a word in!" There is no denying that there was something heartwarming about presenting a glamorous

orchid to an ageing great-grandmother—probably the first recognition some of these elderly women ever received in public.

Yet Tom could handle the younger housewives in his own inimitable way—a way that sometimes called for publicly spanking a brash guest with the business end of a pancake-turner—for laughs, of course—if the guest got out of line and tried to slip in a fast greeting to the home-

The Nation's Stations, Radio and Television's Biggest Stars

Will Pay Tribute to
RADIO BEST'S
FIRST BIRTHDAY

In The Big December Issue!

On Sale At Your Local
Newsdealer NOVEMBER 5th
Ask Your Dealer To
Reserve A Copy For You Now!

**HOLLYWOOD AND RADIO WON'T BE
QUITE THE SAME WITHOUT HIM.**

folks over Tom's microphone. But once one of Tom's little arguments with a visitor turned into a draw with victory going to neither side. It happened when a lady visitor from Arkansas gave Tom a verbal battle as to the relative merits of hogs, with the lady insisting that the home-grown crop were superior, while Tom just as steadily held that the California products were pretty fair, too. There was no decision that day. But a short time later, comedian Bob Burns, who had been listening to the broadcast, sent Breneman one of his own hogs raised on his San Fernando Valley ranch, assuring Tom that it was an Arkansas porker brought up in the California way. "Just to prove," said Bob, "that both ways were good." Tom shipped the critter to the lady in Arkansas, with a note saying, "Now you can give it the woman's touch!"

Memories of Tom Breneman among his Hollywood friends and associates are many, but I think this one is probably the most poignant and touching. It was Frank Wigham, photographer at American Broadcasting Company in Hollywood, who gave me the story. The network wanted to get a picture of Tom and his two youngsters—Glória and Tom, Jr.—to be used as a magazine cover for

Father's Day. (Such covers, of course, are planned far in advance.) Tom looked through his files and could find only an old picture showing the entire family, which wasn't exactly what the magazine wanted. He promised Wigham that he and the kids would pose for a new portrait within a week or two. This was only a few days before Tom died and Wigham's final talk with him ended with Tom making a note on his calendar pad:

"Arrange to shoot Father's Day picture," Tom wrote on his appointment calendar.

It was a picture that was never taken...

This was Tom Breneman; the man who was so good to old people, who made millions happier with his laughter; who made other people's lives a little easier, a little gay.

Hollywood and radio won't be quite the same without him. *END

Millions will long mourn Tom Breneman whose love for his fellows enriched the lives of all America.



Quiz On Kids—ANSWERS

1. Mickey Rooney
2. Jack Benny

PICTURE RING \$1.

FREE PRIZE! Your choice of 1000 Pictures from the world's greatest stars. Includes: Mickey Rooney, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, etc. Each picture ring costs only \$1.00. Order today!

ASTHMA

WRITE FOR NO-COST TRIAL OFFER!
IF YOU SUFFER FROM BRONCHIAL ASTHMA PAROXYSMS, from coughs, gasping, wheezing, or a tickle in the throat. Write today for a free trial of our "Wigmore" Inhaler. No cost, no obligation. Write: **Wigmore Inhaler Co., Dept. 1712, 5 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis 4, Ind.**

RADIO BEST'S SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

In Honor of Our First Birthday

Will Appear On the Newsstands **NOVEMBER 5th**
Don't Miss This Big Exciting Issue

RESERVE YOUR COPY NOW!

IS YOUR RADIO!

FITS IN YOUR HAND!

MAKES WORK 10% EASIER! THE ONLY PORTABLE RADIO ON THE MARKET! HANDY TO TAKE ANYWHERE! BATTERY POWER! NO PLUGS! NO WIRES! NO ANTENNAS!

GUARANTEED TO WORK

Only \$3.95 POSTPAID. No money down! \$1.00 down, \$3.00 per month. Complete. Ready to use. **FREE BOOKLET!** Write today! **Midway Sales Co., Dept. 121-12, Kenosha, Wis.**

SO REAL THEY'LL GASP AMAZED.

SANTA CLAUS RUBBER MASK

Covers Entire Head

Made of real rubber that stretches to your face. Guaranteed to hold securely attached. These might even melt! The mask never melts! Slips on over the hair without pulling. Fits and mouth moves with your lips. It's like your own face! No breathing. Will last for weeks! A great gift for Santa Claus! Buy one today! **FREE BOOKLET!** Write today! **Midway Sales Co., Dept. 121-12, Kenosha, Wis.**

SEND NO MONEY ORDER NOW
Mail to order. Mask delivered before Christmas.
C. O. D. plus postage.
Other Masks: **\$3.95**
Old Lady Old Man, Satan, Monkey, Blue/Face/Boon, etc.
\$1.00 each. U. S. C. O. D. postage extra. Mail order 100% SATISFACTION.
RUBBER FOR MOLDS, INC. - DEPT. 476P
6441 Avenida, Chicago 15, Ill.

BOBBING BLUE BIRD CLOCK

AS THE CLOCK TICKS THE BIRD

only \$4.95

BOBS UP
BOBS DOWN

Clever bluebird goes bobbin' along with each tick of the clock; it bobs up, bobs down. You will love this unique American-made replica of a famous Swiss Clock! Quaintly designed, hand-crafted, cuckoo-clock style case in rich antique walnut and gold finish. Long winding chain with balanced weights for accurate timekeeping. Clock runs 24 hours on one winding! YOURS for only \$4.95 plus tax.

Mail Order Today! Postmaster: only \$1.95 and 20% Fed. tax, a total of \$3.94, plus postage. If you prefer, send \$3.94 with order and we'll post. This is a written guarantee of complete satisfaction. Money refunded, return within 10 days for most refund.

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SEND NO MONEY

LEG SUFFERERS

Why not take to water without attempting to do anything? Try **THE LEPIDOPTERON FOR HOME USE**. It's a shock, surface, them and open leg. Some legions hold that you can't have more than 10 years of success. Practice and determined by outlander.

FREE BOOKLET

LEPIDOPTERON, 3284 N. Ocean Bay Ave., Dept. 211 N. Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Your Name Here

NAME RING

Thrilling New Fad!

Your name in a sparkling ring! Nothing so beautiful! The only name ring in the world! The only name ring that is so beautiful! The only name ring that is so beautiful! The only name ring that is so beautiful!

Only \$1.00

SEND NO MONEY! Write today! **Midway Sales Co., Dept. 121-12, Kenosha, Wis.**

Easy as ABC

Be Your Own Music Teacher

LEARN AT HOME THIS QUICK MONEY-SAVING WAY! Simple A-B-C-Your lessons consist of real selections. Instead of tiresome exercises. You read real notes—no "numbers" or "trick music." Some of our 500,000 students are born LEADERS. Everything is in print and pictures. First you are told what to do. Then a picture shows you how. Soon you are playing your favorite popular songs. Manages for our illustrated **Free Book and Print and Picture Sample.** Mention your favorite instrument, 50¢ yr. U. S. School of Music, 1331 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.

FREE PRINT AND PICTURE SAMPLE

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1331 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.
Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play (Name Instrument). Have you Instrument? _____

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____



ABC's Sky King Rys in an WMAW's Hal Walker at a Wisconsin Centennial broadcast



WMAW General Manager Jack Bundy walks across ABC's Tommy Borllett to the WMAW-ABC Affiliation Celebration



ABC's Johnny Olsen gives WMAW's Tom Mercein a few dice pointers during a guest appearance

WMAW MILWAUKEE
DIAL 1250 5000 WATTS
 THE NEW VOICE of ABC IN MILWAUKEE



WTOP's Al Hardy, Larry Beckerman and Clyde Hunt get set for symphonic show.

Mr. Producer . . . LEADS A BUSY LIFE AT WTOP.



Larry Beckerman

WHAT DOES A producer do?

Just everything, that's all, says Larry Beckerman, one of the busiest producers at WTOP, the 60,000 watt CBS outlet in Washington, D. C.

In one day, for instance, Mr. Beckerman will:

Make sure that a complicated recorded-and-live music show gets on and off the air on time;

Take a quick taxi to Capitol Hill to produce a special interview be-

tween a CBS newsman and a Senator who has just stepped off the Senate floor.

Return to the WTOP studios to edit a tape-recorded interview with a venereal disease patient as part of WTOP's prize-winning series on V. D. in Washington;

Coach an announcer of news on a speech inflection. . .

"One minute you're an office boy and the next minute you're almost executive vice president of the network," Larry says. "One minute you're frantically searching for a piece of music. The next minute you're trying to figure out a delicate policy matter within 30 seconds of air time. It's a wonderful job."

Larry's interest in radio and acting goes back to the age of eight, when he played the part of a preacher in a Pageant concerned with the Pilgrims' Landing.

He was a member of the drama society in high school and college. In 1932 he began work as a free lance radio actor in New York City, and continued his activities in Washington, where in 1936 he directed the prize-winning play for the Federal Bureau of Investigation in a city-wide contest.

During the war, Beckerman was master of ceremonies at the Stage Door Canteen of Washington.

He joined WTOP in 1944 as a producer-director.

WTOP programs which he has produced include "Top Talent"; "Quidnort"; "Let's Play Baseball", the prize-winning series on venereal disease, "The Undiscovered"; the Watergate Concert series and various news and commentary shows.



American Automobile Association for a "David Harding, Counter-Spy" expose of the gray market racket in the used car industry. Furthermore, we are planning well into our 1948-49 program schedule to prepare scripts on every kind of post-war situation which will have an effect on the lives and well-being of the American people.

This article would not be complete without a review of what some of my fellow radio producers are doing to fulfill their Public Service obligations with regard to crime and mystery shows. I am genuinely pleased to point out that we are not alone in the field.

The producers of "Superman" have managed with great skill to combine entertainment with food for thought; I cite, as an example, "Superman's" campaign against racial and religious intolerance.

An enviable record of hard-hitting broadcasts has been compiled by "Mr. District Attorney" which I originated and is now produced by Ed Byron.

I wish to salute producer Robert Maxwell for his wonderful "Criminal Case Book" series. These are dramatizations of authentic cases taken from the files of the Society for the Prevention of Crime.

All of these programs—mine included—have been consistent leaders in their respective Hooper brackets; this means, if I am any judge of facts, that we radio producers do not lose our audiences by placing issues of the moment before them. In my own case, the "David Harding, Counter-Spy" broadcast of the War Trophies menace showed a 25% jump over its last Hooperating.

We shall continue to justify the listeners' faith in our programs by presenting not just "cops and robbers" entertainment but broadcasts in which the ideals of Public Service are indelibly stamped. *END

"David Harding, Counter Spy" cited for public service dramas.

CAN RADIO HELP FIGHT CRIME?

continued

playing certain religious minorities against the other, he could take up where Hitler left off.

While I am deeply proud of the record of achievement we have maintained on these broadcasts, my staff and I received just as great a sense of accomplishment when "David Harding, Counter-Spy" collaborated with the United States Treasury Department's War Trophies Safety Committee.

This agency was organized in grim recognition of the countless deaths and injuries which were caused by explosive war souvenirs. These trophies—live bombs, pistols, hand grenades and "booby-trapped" cameras and field glasses—had been brought home by veterans who were ignorant of their potential deadliness.

Following "Harding's" dramatized plea that listeners send all explosive memorabilia to the Committee for deactivation, their owners literally flooded Committee field offices with these lethal souvenirs. According to the Treasury Department, our broadcast was instrumental in the saving of thousands of lives.

All this has been a recital of past performances but I want to make it clear that we are not going to rest on our laurels at my office, in fact, as I write this RADIO BEST article, our staff is working in cooperation with the



Phillips H. Lord program is cited by U. S. Treasury for exposing menace of explosive war trophies (above); and by American Hospital Ass'n. (right and below) for stimulating interest in nursing careers.



Mr. and Mrs. Lord checking scripts—that's "Pip Squeek," their pet deer.



PHILLIPS H. LORD's creations are the *Abie's Irish Rose* of radio. His "Seth Parker" series ran for ten years; "Gang Busters," "We, the People" and "Mr. District Attorney" are thirteen, twelve and nine years old, in that order. "David Harding, Counter-Spy," the baby of the Lord office, has been on the air since 1942.

Born in Vermont, Lord refuses to become transplanted to Radio City; he owns and operates Bartlett's Island in Maine, where he combines lobster fishing and farming with writing.

Despite the distance, Lord keeps a tight rein on his production team in New York. All rehearsal records of his shows are flown to Lord well in advance of the broadcasts; these are played back, revised with a line-by-line analysis of their flaws, then returned to New York, again via plane.



*Radio
best*

PERSONALITIES

...ON THE
NATION'S
STATIONS...

HAS RECORD
OF MANY FIRSTS.



WSYR's (Syracuse, New York) genial news editor Fred Hillegas, who heads three man news bureau, brought about the capture of two Indiana bank bank bandits recently. He took the time to look up the color of Indiana's license plates and added this to his newscasts about the escaped bandits. A 19 year old youth who heard the broadcast and remembered the license plate color, spotted the desperado car and police caught them within a half hour.



"Prettiest Man" contest,
conducted by station WBIG,
was won by
William J. Armfield, 3rd.
(Future RADIO BEST
"Cover-Man?")



Anything for publicity, Don Perazzo, KBON's (Omaha) emcee,
gets this picture published by biting dog's tail. Even dog is amused.



Nelson King (center) and Billy Snyder (upper right)
invite Cincinnatians to sign petition for a separate Hollywood
post office during broadcast over WCKY.

Easy Way Tintz Hair

BLACK, BROWN, AUBURN (Henna) or BLONDE

YOUR CHOICE OF EIGHT LOVELY SHADES

Creme Shampoo Adds Lovely Natural-Looking Color to Hair that is

STREAKED DULL GRAY FADED GRAYING AGEING BURNT LIFELESS

● This remarkable discovery, Tintz Creme Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull burnt, off-color hair a minute longer, for just a 22-minute home trial of Tintz Creme Shampoo will instantly recolor your hair so natural it defies ready detection. Leaves hair lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Get your shade of this easy to use shampoo, that gives fresh glowing color to your hair, today.

● **SHAMPOOING SPREADS COLOR EVENLY**

It's easy to enjoy complete success with TINTZ Creme Shampoo-Tint! The shampooing action insures perfect distribution of color. Clip coupon now - make the 22-minute home trial that shows how easy it is to win fresh, glowing, natural-appearing tresses - results must delight you or money back.

● **AVOID THE "HEARTBREAK" AGE . . . LOOK YEARS YOUNGER**

When hair starts turning gray it often indicates you're getting old. There is no need letting gray hair handicap you and hold you back. Whether your hair is streaked, gray or graying, try TINTZ Creme Shampoo Tint. Mail the money back trial coupon today.

SEND NO MONEY . . . TEST AT OUR RISK

Try TINTZ' amazing new home shampoo-tint for obtaining fresh, glowing natural-appearing, colorful hair. One 22-minute home test will convince you that at last you have solved your hair color worries. Then all you need is an occasional touch-up with TINTZ Creme Shampoo at the roots as hair grows out. TINTZ contains Paraphenylenediamine, the best hair coloring agent known! It instantly colors gray, streaked, faded hair to a natural-appearing lasting color that matches and defies detection. Won't wash off. Will not affect permanent waves. Now being introduced from coast to coast at the amazing low price of \$1.25 plus tax, 6 beautiful shades to choose from.

TEST TINTZ now - Send no money, just clip the coupon, check your shade and mail today. On arrival deposit \$1.25 plus postage and tax with post-man, then shampoo-tint your hair right in your own home. We are sure our trial will convince you that, here at last, is the hair color of your dreams! But you are the judge. If you are not 100% satisfied, just return the empty container, and we will immediately refund your money.

Don't delay—mail today, Caution: Use only as directed on label.

**A NO-RISK OFFER YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS
SIMPLY SEND LETTER OR CONVENIENT COUPON**
TINTZ CO., DEPT. 476C 205 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



TINTZ HAIR-TINTING
CREME SHAMPOO

CHOOSE FROM THESE 8 LOVELY SHADES AND MAIL COUPON NOW

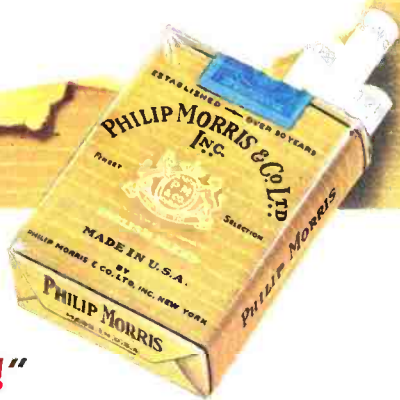
- 1 B 1 ● 2 B 6 ● 3 B 12 ● 4 B 18 ● 5 B 24 ● 6 B 30 ● 7 B 36 ● 8 B 42
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MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY SURE!

TINTZ CO., Dept 476C, 205 N. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.
L. 1-25-55 OH - Dept. 476C, 56 1/2 Adelaide St., East Toronto, Ont.
Send me full size Tintz Creme Shampoo Hair Color in shade 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50
I enclose \$1.25 plus postage and tax with this coupon for my trial of Tintz Creme Shampoo at the roots of my hair. (If \$1.50 then I enclose \$1.50 plus postage and tax with this coupon.)
 1 B 1 2 B 6 3 B 12 4 B 18 5 B 24 6 B 30 7 B 36 8 B 42
 1 M 1 2 M 2 3 M 3 4 M 4 5 M 5 6 M 6 7 M 7 8 M 8

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
Caution: Use only as directed on label.

Leading Nose
and Throat Specialists
Suggest...



"Change to
PHILIP MORRIS!"

HERE'S WHY:

Because PHILIP MORRIS is the ONLY cigarette proved definitely far less irritating . . . top-ranking nose and throat specialists suggest PHILIP MORRIS to their patients in cases of irritation due to smoking.

Remember: LESS IRRITATION MEANS MORE ENJOYMENT . . . the perfect enjoyment in PHILIP MORRIS of the fine flavor and aroma of the world's choicest tobaccos.

Yes! If every smoker knew what PHILIP MORRIS smokers know, they'd all change to PHILIP MORRIS . . . America's FINEST Cigarette!



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS