

# Today's Radio Highlights

## Special Programs

7:30 p. m. — President Eisenhower (WIBA): international and domestic problems, concerns of the atomic age.

9:15 p. m. — William H. Dieterich (WIBA): candidate for supreme court justice.

## Music

7:45 a. m. — George Morgan (WIBA): songs about Tennessee.

12:15 p. m. — Farm Service (WIBA): Sauk County Male chorus.

6 p. m. — Tennessee Ernie (WKOW): "I Get So Lonely."

7 p. m. — Show Train (WIBA): Gordon MacRae, Mimi Renzell in "Great Day."

7:30 p. m. — Talent Scouts (WBBM): contralto, vocal-instrumental quartet, concert pianist.

8 p. m. — Great Artists (WIBA): George London; Massenet's "Elegie," "A Poor Wayfarin' Stranger," "Gambler's Song of the Big Sandy River," "Monolog" from "Boris Godounow."

8:30 p. m. — Band of America (WIBA): "Trifolium," "April Showers," "You Are My Sunshine," . . . Of These We Sing (WISC): Virginia Haskins, Morton Gould.

9 p. m. — Perry Como (WISC): "No Greater Love." . . . FM Concert (WHA-FM): "The Red Poppy."

9:45 p. m. — Hymns of the World (WIBA): "Waiting," "The Child of a King," "Art Thou Weary?," "Saved to the Uttermost."

## Religion

10:15 p. m. — Your Pastor Speaks (WIBA): Dr. Ernest B. Steen, Trinity Lutheran church.

## Drama

10 a. m. — Modern Romances



GRANT



EISENHOWER

(WISC): on new schedule.

7 p. m. — Suspense (WBBM): David Niven in "Grand Theft"—WBBM.

8 p. m. — Radio Theater (WBBM): Cary Grant, Barry Fitzgerald, Pat Crowley in "Welcome Stranger."

9:15 p. m. — Under Arrest (WISC): "A Murder Without a Suspect."

10:30 p. m. — The Falcon (WISC): "Careless Cutie."

## Documentary

9:05 p. m. — Night Watch (WKOW): new series of programs on police work.

## Sports

5:45 p. m. — Sports Parade (WIBA): with Arthur Mansfield, Wisconsin baseball coach.

## Miscellaneous

9:30 a. m. — Bob Hope (WIBA): with Rosemary Clooney.

10 a. m. — Homemakers (WHA): "Know Your Fabrics — Buying Acrylics," Gladys Meloche.

12:30 p. m. — Farm Hour (WHA): "Timely Tips on Grassland Farming," Henry Ahlgren, Vic Burcalow; "Nitrogen Fertilizers Can Boost Yields," C. J. Chapman.

## Crosby's Radio and TV

# Bing's Not Retiring; He's Unsure About TV

By BING CROSBY

I snapped like a badger at this chance to do a guest column for John Crosby not only because I'm a frustrated columnist, but because I am a charter member of that ever increasing group who have felt the sting of his critical lash.

I figure anything I can do to get him away to Europe and off our backs will be a great service. For a time, at least, we poor players can strut and grimace, bow and bask, secure in the knowledge that his vigilant eye is "casing bikinis and Beaulajais in the south of France. Liberace, for one, will be ecstatic.

Actually, I scarcely qualify as guest columnist, and my connection with this medium has been very fleeting to say the least. Just two short films made and released on the networks this season, and I must say received with something less than widespread approval. Although honestly I thought they were at least as good as some of the old Warner Brothers musical shorts made when Vitaphone first was used. I swear we gave it the full try and we probably will again—I hope with better success.

I asked John what he thought I should talk about, and he averred that there was some interest among the viewers as to what my plans for next year were likely to be—with relation to TV of course.

Well, honestly, I don't know. That's not a very newsy item, I appreciate, but at least its true. Along this line I saw a story recently in the papers where I was quoted as saying "I don't need TV"—misquoted, rather, as I certainly never said anything as smug or fatuous.

TV is certainly a large part of show business. Maybe the way it's going lately it might be the largest, and if I am going to be in the entertainment field I will certainly have to grab a little of it here and there. Like any other entertainer, I like to be "on." Not as much as Hope, maybe, but some. With him, being "on" is a passionate hunger. I never knew him to turn down a chance to say a few words any place he can get more than two people to stand still for a minute, and if they'll laugh a little, he'll homestead.

But here is the thing with me. I'll be "half a C" come May next, and as I look back on it I see that I have been pretty busy for about 26 years. I don't want to appear modest or coy, but I have a gnawing fear of being "on" too long, of having someone say "oh, no — not him again!" I want to stay in action for a while, the good Lord willing but I think audiences could hold still for maybe just a good movie now and then, without national apathy setting in.

To reduce it to sordid figures, I got \$200,000 for a film, which takes about nine weeks to make. If I made nine TV films they

would take about nine weeks and I would get \$90,000. In the first case I would net \$20,000 from the film after taxes, and from the TV I would net \$9,000. So, as I say, I just don't know. It certainly gives one to think.

There is lots of golfing, fishing, traveling to be done while I have the desire and am still able to do these things. And I have four teen-age boys, all with the usual built-in problems, some of them of major dimensions. Things that require my continuing attention. Seems as though you get one fellow straightened out and on the beam and another one goes over the wall. Sometimes, I feel like going with him. So there is my dilemma. I guess I better make up my mind pretty soon, or everybody will lose interest, particularly the sponsors.

Now there have been some premature announcements of my imminent retirement—untrue of course. I would like to keep my hand in some phase of show business as long as I can get away with it. But I don't want to get involved in a yearly series of farewell appearances, like Eddie Leonard, or Melba, or Harry Lauder. (Putting myself in some pretty good company there, ain't it?)

There used to be an actor in vaudeville called Bob Ward. Bob used to do seven or eight minutes of songs, patter and parodies, but he never knew when to get off. If there was single patron in the theater who could be milked into some demonstration of approval, such as light applause, Bob would stay on forever. One week in Boston he was followed on the bill by an act called "General Magano, Marksman and Trick Shot Expert."

Closing night the General wanted to make a train for New York so he could open there the next day, and he went to Ward and implored him to keep his act to reasonable length so the General could get on and do his stint and still make the train.

BY THE

