

TUNE IN

FEBRUARY, 1946

FIFTEEN CENTS

50¢ IN CANADA



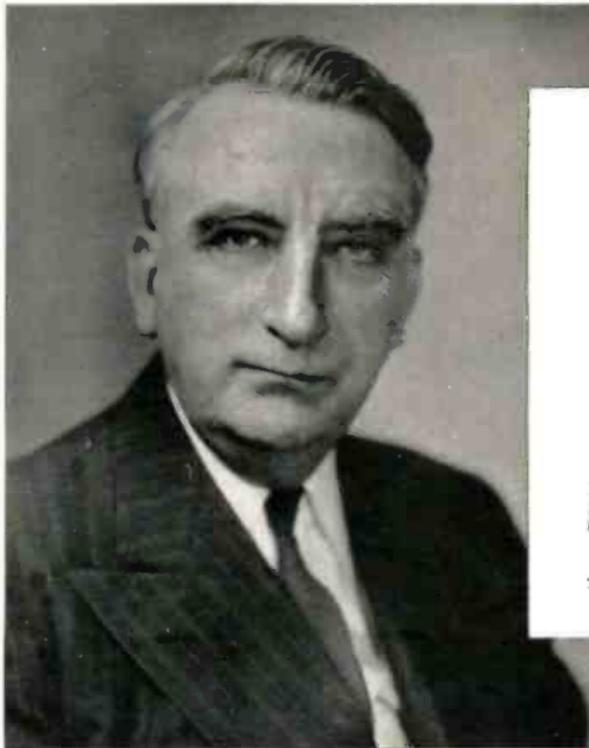
MARTHA TILTON

KEEPS LILTIN'
ON RADIO HALL OF FAME

A. N. C.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE RADIO LISTENER'S MAGAZINE



A Timely Message to Americans

from
The Secretary of the Treasury

America has much to be thankful for.

Aboard we have overcome enemies whose strength not long ago sent a shudder of fear throughout the world.

At home we have checked an enemy that would have impaired our economy and our American way of life. That enemy was inflation—runaway prices.

The credit for this achievement, like the credit for military victory, belongs to the people.

You—the individual American citizen—have kept our economy strong in the face of the greatest inflationary threat this nation ever faced.

You did it by simple, everyday acts of good citizenship.

You put, on the average, nearly one-fourth of your income into War Bonds and other savings. The 85,000,000 owners of War Bonds not only helped pay the cost of war, but also contributed

greatly to a stable, prosperous postwar nation.

You, the individual American citizen, also helped by cooperation with rationing, price and wage controls, by exercising restraint in your buying and by accepting high wartime taxes.

All those things relieved the pressure on prices.

THE TASK AHEAD

We now set our faces toward this future: a prosperous, stable postwar America—an America with jobs and an opportunity for all.

To achieve this we must steer a firm course between an inflationary price rise such as followed World War I and a deflation that might mean prolonged unemployment. Prices rose more sharply after the last war than they did during the conflict and paved the way for the depression that followed—a depression

which meant unemployment, business failures and farm foreclosures for many.

Today you can help steer our course toward a prosperous America:

—by buying all the Victory Bonds you can afford and by holding on to the War Bonds you now have

—by cooperating with such price, rationing and other controls as may be necessary for a while longer

—by continuing to exercise patience and good sense with high faith in our future.

The challenge to America of switching from war to peace with a minimum of clashing gears is a big one.

But it is a small one compared to the tasks this nation has accomplished since Sunday, December 7, 1941.

Fred W. Vinson
Secretary of the Treasury

TUNE IN

VOL. 2, NO. 16 FEBRUARY 1943

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ON THE COVER

MARTHA TILTON, POPULAR SINGER HEARD ON ABC, HALL OF FAME PAGE 32

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BETWEEN ISSUES...

CBS' tremendous publicity and promotion for their ace producer resulting in radio circles tagging CBS as the Corwin Broadcasting System . . . Mary Patton, our December cover girl, being screen tested by a leading film company . . . Ed Gardner following Sinatra's example. He's formed a baseball team called "Duffy's Tavern" . . . Still no reply from Stalin and Molotov to George V. Denny's invitation to engage in a trans-Atlantic "America's Town Meeting" program . . . Betty Lou Gerson (Jan. issue) temporarily forsaking her farm to look over New York stage possibilities . . . Best example of Maggie Teyte's impishness--leaving a President Truman reception after five minutes in order to catch Charlie McCarthy's act at a Washington hotel . . . Now it's Bill Goodwin, one of our favorite announcers, who's made a terrific success in movies. His portrayal of Sherman Billingsley in "Stork Club" has brought raves from everyone including



Mr. B. . . . Amusing presents Arthur Godfrey received on his birthday--among them a huge cake with a bottle of cognac in the center, a tie painted with bananas and two dozen strictly fresh eggs . . . Amazing to discover attractive Minerva Pious (page 16) relying solely on facial expressions to put her in character . . . We noticed an autographed picture of President Truman on the piano in Elsa Maxwell's suite at the Waldorf . . . Radio Row welcoming Norman Brokenshire (page 30) back to the fold with open arms . . . Harry von Zell (Dec. issue) another example of radio-announcer-turned-successful-movie-actor. His sterling performance in "Uncle Harry" wins him plaudits and a new contract . . . Alan Young, Eddie Cantor and Serge Koussevitsky among those authoring stories for March and April issues . . . Sinatra keeping those bobby-soxers quiet during his broadcasts with nothing more than a firm look and a raised finger. Great improvement . . . Most refreshing thing encountered this month--the extreme modesty of Fibber and Molly (page 13) . . . Story of Radio Registry, the service which plays Good Samaritan to most

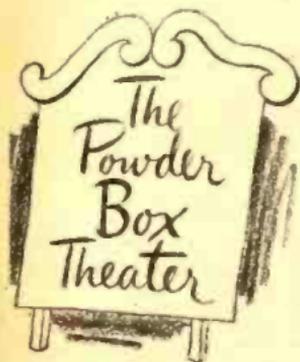


radio actors, scheduled for March issue . . . Phil Spitalny's musical maids planning a book with each girl penning a chapter on the study of her instrument . . . "Mr. District Attorney" is the latest program to be made into a movie . . . June, our pretty switch-board girl, showing the office pictures of her sister's wedding . . .



73

Evening in Paris
PRESENTS



FEATURING

DANNY O'NEIL

Radio's new singing star

EVELYN KNIGHT

Radio, night club and
Decca recording artist

RAY BLOCH

The Evening in Paris
Orchestra and Chorus

JIM AMECHE

Host and Master of
Ceremonies

with

GUEST STARS

From Stage, Screen and
radio in dramatic playlets

Every Thursday Evening
over the

CBS NETWORK

10:30 E.S.T.

OF MIKES AND MEN

By
LAURA HAYNES

Some people throw their hats in the ring, but ILKA CHASE was almost ready to throw herself in the ring when she attended the rodeo recently at New York's Madison Square Garden. ILKA was present with her husband and some friends when she became excited about the cutest horse she ever saw. It was so white and so nice, she said, "just like a lamb" and she wanted to pet him. ILKA was prevailed upon to remain in her seat for it was discovered that the horse had more kick than Kentucky moonshine. Just before ILKA arrived he had thrown three riders. The brilliant actress-writer restricted herself to merely taking notes for a broadcast. The moral—never look a gift horse in the mouth, especially at the rodeo.

★ ★ ★

When they're in service, PHIL BAKER lends them a helping hand toward the correct answer to the \$64 question on his "Take It Or Leave It" quiz. And when they're out of uniform, he lends them help toward the correct answer to an even more important \$64 question—the question of postwar careers. BAKER has helped several ambitious ex-servicemen to find jobs in the theater, after being impressed with their talents in camp shows. Through his bookish agent, BAKER is auditioning all comers who believe that they have the stuff of which stars are made. Those who show real talent are coached by PHIL, who also lines up jobs for them. His most spectacular success to date is Edna Skinner who with BAKER'S help went from an AWWVS uniform into the comedy lead in "Oklahoma!"

★ ★ ★

BOB HOPE, who has been bragging about being a wolf for years, really is one now. MAJ. GEN. TERRY ALLEN, commander of the famed 104th (Timberwolf) Infantry Division, made BOB an honorary Timberwolf after a recent broadcast from Camp San Luis Obispo.

★ ★ ★

A radio producer may make cuts in a script for a variety of reasons, including time or dramatic value, but when JACK MACGREGOR altered a recent "Nick Carter—Master Detective" script, it was for reasons of health. The script called for a total of 27 gun-

shots, many of them directed at a Tibetan mastiff, a dog as big as a horse. By the time the last scene arrived, the studio was filled with smoke . . . and to make matters worse, the scene called for gasps from the actors. Each gasp drew more smoke into the actors' lungs. And by the end of the rehearsal, the coughs were coming thick and fast. MACGREGOR trimmed down the number of gun shots, and placed a pitcher of water conveniently near the mike, to allow the actors to clear their throats from time to time.

★ ★ ★

AMBITIONS OF THE STARS: ED EAST, jolly emcee of "Ladies Be Seated," would like to be a foreign correspondent . . . RALPH EDWARDS, "Truth or Consequences" pilot, wants to be a comedian in the movies . . . PAUL LAVALLE, CBS conductor, wants to be a railroad engineer . . . GUY LOMBARD, long a speedboat enthusiast, would like to be a captain on an ocean liner . . . BOBBY HOOKEY, seven-year-old emcee, wants to be a jockey . . . JAY JOSTYN, star of "Mr. District Attorney," would like to be one in real life . . . but perhaps the only radio personality who has already realized his ambition is TED COLLINS, who is KATE SMITH'S producer-manager. TED owns the Boston Yanks, a pro football eleven.

★ ★ ★

ETHEL SMITH, the featured organist on the Teacup show, arrived home one afternoon to find her new husband, RALPH BELLAMY, entertaining two young servicemen. Of course, they insisted that she give a special performance. After she played several numbers, they asked to hear more—this time some of her famous recordings of sambas and rumbas—and to dance. When the session was finished, the slender Miss SMITH was almost exhausted. She begged off by saying, after all, she was handicapped, not being quite as rugged as the two youngsters. "I don't know, mam," replied one of them, "you see, I have an artificial foot, and Joe's leg from the knee down is one that the government fixed up for him after he got back from Tarawa."

★ ★ ★

The craftsmanship of GEORGE HICKS with easel and brush bids fair to become as well known to art enthusiasts as his voice is to American listeners. HICKS, whose word-pictures of the war from D-Day to the final Axis collapse skyrocketed him to fame as a war correspondent, was represented at the 22nd annual exhibit of the American Artists' Professional League in New York. The painting, titled "D-Day Normandy," commemorates one of HICKS' most famous broadcasts.

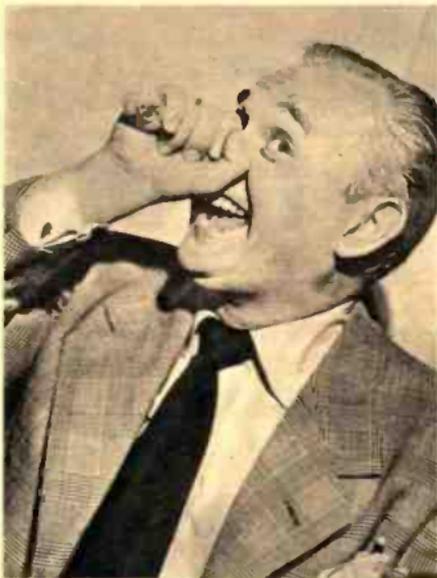
Along Radio Row



WHAT IS DAGWOOD LIKE in real life? Pretty much the same caretree-pur he is on the "Blondie" program, as Arthur Lake, creator of the role, demonstrates in this picture. That's Arthur, Jr., with him.



"THE LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR" on the Jack Carson Wednesday night comedy show, seven-year-old Norma Nilsson, seems to have learned at a very tender age the secret of how to get the boys to like you.



PHYSICAL IMPERSONATIONS is the name that Cliff Arquette, American's comedy show, seven-year-old Norma Nilsson, seems to have learned movie stars. Here, with the aid of a flash bulb, he's W. C. Fields.



PRETTY AS A PICTURE is this study of Norman Corwin and his assistant, Lou Sawyer Ashworth, at work on scripts for Corwin's CBS series. They're in the California garden of lyricist Yip Harburg.



CROSSED FOR LUCK are the hangers of The King Sisters, Harriet Hilliard, and Ozzie Nelson. These headlines on the domestic comedy series, "The Adventures of Harriet and Ozzie," should have nothing to worry about—their show is a big success.



THE MOST CELEBRATED spendthrift and miser of their time is the dubious distinction earned by the incomparable Charlie McCarthy and stooge, Edgar Bergen.



AT HOME IN CALI-FOR-NY-AT are newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Hyatt Robert Dehn. The attractive Mrs. Dehn, just in case you didn't recognize her, is none other than CBS's popular songstress and mistress of ceremonies, Ginny Simms. Dehn is a financier.



LOVELY INGENUE Janet Waldo, who plays the lead in that saga of American adolescence, "Corliss Archer," gets lesson in typing from David Light of same show.

THE PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA in this hete picture, pablnuh, is the star of CBS's Ford Show and NBC's Supper Club, Jo Stafford. Surrounding her are boys from the 53rd Division, whom Jo went to the docks to meet as they disembarked from the *Queen Mary*.



THE PATRON AND PROTEGÉES: Jean Tennyson, star of "Great Moments in Music" and Doreen Wilton and Milton Day, who appeared as guests on her show.





WHAT MIRACLES TIME HATH WROUGHT: This business-like gentleman is none other than former child star, Jackie Coogan, who appeared on "Town Meeting."



PERENNIALY POPULAR Edward Everett Horton had quite a pianful of guests at one of his recent Kraft Music Hall broadcasts. Seated beside him is extremely decoratave Paula Kelley, surrounding him are the Modernafres, directly behind is Les Tremayne.



HOW TO COOK SPAGHETTI in one easy lesson Is being demonstrated by ace comedian Jimmy Durante. The bewildered student is his side-kick, Garry Moore.



PRICELESS IS THE WORD for these beautiful Paganini instruments, recently brought together for the first time in more than a century. They can be heard on Paul Lavalle's popular Dinning Sisters, the crooner, that delight of the bobby-soxers, Perry Como.

RELAXING FOR A BRIEF MOMENT before resuming a frenetic search for an apartment are Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bellamy (she's Organist Ethel Smith).



THREE LITTLE SISTERS AND A CROONER get together for some harmonizing on a Hollywood sound stage. The sisters, on a visit from Chicago to make some movies, are the popular Dinning Sisters; the crooner, that delight of the bobby-soxers, Perry Como.



Three Men On A Mike

By FREDERICK HARRIS

YOU may have heard of three men on a horse, but did you ever hear of three men on a mike, including a President of the United States?

Radio recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary and many weird and wonderful things occurred in that first quarter of a century. But for sheer bedlam and complications, taking place while a whole world waited, the incident in the East Room of the White House on July 24, 1929 is not only historic — it is hysterical.

The famous Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact had been signed and President Herbert Hoover was about to make a speech. Dignitaries of forty-five nations were seated austere. Former President Coolidge, Secretary of State Kellogg, Senator Borah and other American representatives were present as Mr. Hoover arose to declare that the pact was to be in effect. Throughout this country, and in others, people were stationed at their radios awaiting the important words.

Just as President Hoover got to his feet the photographers asked for pictures. Here is where the details really became gruesome.

Upon the table stood the microphones of the two existing networks of the period, CBS and NBC. So that the paraphernalia wouldn't be in the way of the photographers Clyde Hunt, chief engineer on the Washington scene, dashed out and placed the microphones on the floor. The happy photographers shot

pictures to their hearts' content. Clyde Hunt, meanwhile, told an assistant to return the microphones to the table.

Hunt blithely adjusted his headset in the control boxes in the far corner of the room and waited for the President's voice to come through the earphones. His watch ran past the appointed time, and nothing happened. Looking up, Hunt was flabbergasted to discover Hoover already on his feet, delivering his address. The microphones were still on the floor and couldn't pick up a syllable. What had happened was this — the President, without sitting down, had started to speak immediately after the photographers were through, and the assistant never had the time to return the microphones to the table.

Clyde Hunt's first impulse was to dash down the room towards the President and put the mikes on the table. Then he realized that the Secret Service men have a habit of shooting first and discussing situations of this nature later.

Glancing about desperately for a solution, Hunt spotted Frederick William Wile and Herluf Provenson, CBS and NBC commentators respectively who had been assigned to the broadcast. They were standing near two microphones which stood at the open ends of the long sections of the table. By great good fortune, they held copies of Hoover's

address in their hands.

Hunt gesticulated wildly to the startled pair, pointed to the microphones on the floor, held an imaginary script in front of his eyes, opened and closed his mouth rapidly in an exaggerated yammer as though he were speaking into a mike, and conveyed the idea to both Wile and Provenson. They understood and stepped up to the microphones, while Hunt immediately switched to the air. And they started to read their scripts.

Diplomats are accustomed to hearing some indescribable speeches, but this surpassed all. Three persons reading the same speech, at the same time, in the same room. Wile spoke loudly, a habit he had cultivated to get proper expression and volume. So Provenson spoke up louder to give his network proper representation. They sought to anticipate Mr. Hoover's change of pace, but some times they didn't. The diplomats listened to the chaos, and felt that they were ready for a meeting of the League of Nations.

President Hoover maintained his composure throughout and at the end of his address, smiled, nodded and sat down.

Clyde Hunt, the engineer at the control box, sat down all right — he just couldn't pick himself up. Today he still has his same job and arranges for President Truman's speeches. No trouble anymore — no more vacuums like the Hoover speech nightmare. But sometimes Hunt remembers — and shudders.



THE OCCASION OF THE BROADCASTING OF THE KELLOGG-BRIAND PEACE PACT PROVIDES RADIO WITH ONE OF ITS RICHEST ANECDOTES

TUNE IN'S LISTENING POST

TUNE IN RATES SOME OF THE LEADING NETWORK PROGRAMS. THREE TABS (▼▼▼) INDICATES AN UNUSUALLY GOOD SHOW, TWO TABS (▼▼) A BETTER PROGRAM THAN MOST, AND ONE TAB (▼) AVERAGE RADIO ENTERTAINMENT.



Arturo Toscanini: a great master returns for winter concerts

SUNDAY

8:30 a.m. THE JUBALAIRES (C) Highly recommended to early Sunday risers is this half-hour of spirituals and folk songs sung by what is probably the best Negro quartet around at the moment. ▼▼▼

9:15 a.m. E. POWER BIGGS (C) Music especially composed for the organ—well-played by the organist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. ▼▼

9:30 a.m. COAST TO COAST ON A BUS (A) Milton Cross emcees this children's variety show, one of the oldest programs on radio. Recommended only to those who like to hear children entertain. ▼

1:30 a.m. INVITATION TO LEARNING (C) For those who like to start off the week with some fancy book-learning; a bad spot for a good show, with guest speakers discussing the great literature of the world. ▼▼

1:15 p.m. ORSON WELLES (A) One of the liveliest, most spontaneous fifteen-minute commentaries to hit radio since the days of Alexander Woolcott. Highly recommended. ▼▼▼

1:30 p.m. CHICAGO ROUND TABLE (N) Another fine program that comes along too early in the day and interferes with the Sunday comics; stimulating discussions on the state of the world. ▼▼

1:30 p.m. SAMMY KAYE (A) A half-hour of the tremendously popular "Swing-and-Sway" melodies that to trained musical ears always sound about a half-note off key. Sammy recites a poem every week. ▼▼

2:00 p.m. HARVEST OF STARS (N) A pretentious but entertaining musical revue. Howard Barlow conducts the fine 70-piece orchestra; Raymond Massey narrates; and the Lyn Murray chorus does some vocal. ▼▼

2:00 p.m. THE STRADIVARI ORCHESTRA (C) Paul Lavalle conducts a string orchestra that plays semi-classical music sweetly and agreeably, with Harrison Knox pitching in for an occasional tear solo. ▼▼

2:30 p.m. JOHN CHARLES THOMAS (N) The baritone makes an upgrading M.C.; John Nesbitt spins some fancy tales; Victor Young conducts the orchestra. ▼▼

3:00 p.m. NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC (C) An hour and a half of symphony music played by one of the great U. S. orchestras with emphasis on serious contemporary music in addition to classics. ▼▼▼

3:30 p.m. ONE MAN'S FAMILY (N) An old radio favorite; one of the first and best of radio's chronicles of American family life. ▼▼▼

3:30 p.m. LAND OF THE LOST (M) Isabel Manning Hewson's fantasy about a kingdom at the bottom of the sea. Excellent children's show, with a large adult audience. ▼▼

4:30 p.m. NELSON EDDY (C) Well produced musical show, with the baritone getting expert help from Robert Armstrong's Orchestra. ▼▼

4:30 p.m. MUSIC AMERICA LOVES (N) A talent-laden, but slow-moving, musical variety, with Tommy Dorsey as the emcee. ▼▼

5:00 p.m. SYMPHONY OF THE AIR (N) The great master of them all, Arturo Toscanini, returns to conduct a new series of fall and winter concerts. The high point of the day for many music lovers. ▼▼▼

5:00 p.m. FAMILY HOUR (C) Pleasant half-hour of semi-classical music with teen-age diva Patricia Munsell as the star. ▼▼▼

5:45 p.m. WILLIAM L. SHIRER (C) The former European war correspondent is one of the softer-spoken and more qualified of the news analysts. ▼▼▼

6:00 p.m. ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET (C) Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson attempt to do a Junior League Fibber McGee and Molly but never quite make it. ▼

EASTERN STANDARD TIME INDICATED. DEDUCT 1 HOUR FOR CENTRAL TIME—3 HOURS FOR PACIFIC TIME. NBC IS LISTED [N], CBS [C], AMERICAN BROADCASTING CO. [A], MBS [M], ASTERISKED PROGRAMS [*] ARE REBROADCAST AT VARIOUS TIMES; CHECK LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

6:00 p.m. HALL OF FAME (A) One of the better programs on radio. Paul Whiteman and the talented boys of his band are around for the music; Martha Tilton sings some of the better ballads; and a guest star is honored each week for some outstanding contribution to the entertainment industry. ▼▼▼

6:30 p.m. SUNDAY EVENING PARTY (A) A pleasant, uninspired half-hour of some of the popular tunes of the day; with vocalists Louise Cavale and Felix Knight, Phil Davis and his Orch. ▼

6:30 p.m. FANNIE BRICE (C) The old favorite stars as Baby Snooks, with Hanley Stanford as "Daddy." Usually funny. ▼▼

***6:30 p.m. THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE (N)** Uneven comedy series, with the humor ranging from the corny to the very entertaining with Hal Peary as Throckmorton. ▼▼

7:00 p.m. JACK BENNY (N) A program that's as much a part of the average American family's Sunday as going to church and noon-time chicken dinner. ▼▼▼

7:00 p.m. OPINION REQUESTED (M) A panel of four authorities guest on this one, and talk about some of the problems that confront the discharged service man. Bill Slater is the moderator. ▼▼

7:00 p.m. DREW PEARSON (A) One of the liveliest and most controversial of radio's news commentators. ▼▼

7:30 p.m. BANDWAGON (N) Cass Daley is featured in some not so good comedy routines, with a different guest band around every week. ▼

***7:30 p.m. QUIZ KIDS (A)** Joe Kelly presides over this motley collection of miniature geniuses, absolutely the last word in quiz shows. ▼▼

***7:30 p.m. BLONDIE (C)** Each week Blondie and Dagwood get into a new scrape; routine Sunday evening entertainment. ▼

8:00 p.m. BERGEN AND MCCARTHY (N) One of the fastest moving, slickest variety shows on the air. Charlie makes love to a beautiful guest star each week. ▼▼▼

8:00 p.m. MEDIATION BOARD (M) A. L. Alexander conducts this most reliable of radio's "Dear Beatrice Fairfax" shows. ▼

8:00 p.m. FORD SYMPHONY (A) A new theme and a new network for this popular Sunday radio concert; the show now runs to a full hour, resulting in a more varied selection of music. ▼▼▼

8:00 p.m. BEULAH (C) The versatile Martin Hunt plays three character parts, including the peppy "Beulah," formerly of the Fibber McGee and Molly show. The result is a pleasant half-hour. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. FRED ALLEN (N) Without a doubt the best comedy program on the air; fast-paced, well-produced, and blessed with the incomparable, strutting Allen humor. ▼▼▼

TUNE IN'S LISTENING POST (continued)

9:00 p.m. WALTER WINCHELL (A) Fast talk and saucy gossip from one of the first and best of the radio columnists. ▼▼

9:30 p.m. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC (N) Frank Munn, Jean Dickenson, Margaret Damm, Evelyn MacGrager, and the Buckingham Choir sing, and the Haenschen Concert Orchestra plays old and new American songs. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. OPERATIC REVUE (M) A fresh approach to a familiar theme: opera in English, produced with an eye on entertainment rather than tradition. With Met stars Frances Greer and Hugh Thompson, and Sylvan Levin's well-conducted orchestra. ▼▼▼

10:00 p.m. THEATER GUILD ON THE AIR (A) An ambitious show that never seems to come off as it should. This series of condensations of outstanding Broadway hits should please the intelligentsia, however. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. HOUR OF CHARM (N) A little too gay for some listeners, but there is no doubt that Phil Spitalny's is the best all-girl orchestra around. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT (C) Most people would rather take this glib show starring Phil Baker. ▼▼▼

10:30 p.m. WE THE PEOPLE (C) One of the better radio programs, bringing into focus some of the delightful and ingenious of the 130,000,000 people who make up the population of the U.S.A. ▼▼



Bulldog Drummond, of Mutual's mysteries

MONDAY

8:00 a.m. WORLD NEWS ROUND-UP (N) James Stevenson reviews the morning news and calls in staff correspondents from Washington and abroad. ▼▼

***9:00 a.m. BREAKFAST CLUB (A)** Juicy, entertaining early morning program, with Don McNeill anchoring for a surprisingly talented and wide-awake cast. ▼▼

10:00 a.m. VALIANT LADY (C) High-fashion soap opera for housewives who want to start off their day with a sigh. ▼

10:00 a.m. ROBERT ST. JOHN (N) Many housewives precede their frantic sessions with the soap operas with this daily fifteen-minute news analysis by the well-known foreign correspondent. ▼▼

10:30 a.m. FUN WITH MUSIC (M) Daily half-hour variety shows designed as a background for the morning's dusting. ▼

10:45 a.m. ONE WOMAN'S OPINION (A) Lita Sergio analyzes the latest developments in the war theaters in her crisp, precise accent. ▼▼

***10:46 a.m. BACHELOR'S CHILDREN (C)** Dr. Graham solves his personal problems, and those of his patients, five days a week. Very popular morning serial, better written than most. ▼▼

11:00 a.m. FRED WARING (N) The genial band-leader presides over a show that is so good it can hold its own with the best of the evening programs. Every week-day. ▼▼▼

11:55 a.m. CLIFF EDWARDS (M) The old vaudevilian, better known as "Ukulele Ike," in a "between-the-shows" song or two. ▼

12:00 p.m. KATE SMITH (C) According to the Hooper polls, one of the top daytime programs in America. And there's a reason why. ▼▼▼

1:46 p.m. YOUNG DR. MALONE (C) The highly traveled young medic is the central character in this entertaining daily serial. ▼▼

2:00 p.m. THE GUIDING LIGHT (N) Early afternoon love story, heavy on pathos, light on humor. ▼

2:15 p.m. TODAY'S CHILDREN (N) A long time favorite with day-time radio listeners. A melodramatic rendition of the problems that face the younger generation. ▼

2:30 p.m. QUEEN FOR A DAY (M) From an hysterical studio audience each day a new Queen is selected and crowned, and given 24 hours in which to do whatever she wants to do. The tuner-in doesn't have half as much fun as the contestants. ▼

5:00 p.m. SCHOOL OF THE AIR (C) Radio's leading educational program. Each day, five days a week, a different subject is taught: Mon., American History; Tues., Music Appreciation; Wed., Science; Thurs., Current Events; Fri., World Literature. ▼▼▼

5:15 p.m. SUPERMAN (M) Children love this fantastic serial, and its flamboyant hero—a guy who gets in and out of more tight squeezes than you'll care to remember. ▼

5:45 p.m. CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT (M) The fearless World War pilot and his adventures with spies and children. Fun for children. ▼

6:15 p.m. SERENADE TO AMERICA (N) The NBC Orchestra under the baton of Milton Katims in a pleasant half-hour of dinner music. ▼

6:30 p.m. CLEM McCARTHY (N) The latest sports news delivered in the rapid-fire manner that seems to go hand in hand with all sports broadcasting. ▼

6:45 p.m. CHARLIE CHAN (A) Ed Begley plays the teen-witted inspector of the Honolulu police; not so spooky as it used to be in the old days. ▼

7:00 p.m. FULTON LEWIS, JR. (M) Fifteen minutes of the latest news with interpretive comments. ▼

7:15 p.m. NEWS OF THE WORLD (N) John W. Vandercook in New York, Morgan Beatty in Washington, and correspondents around the globe via short wave. ▼▼

7:30 p.m. BULLDOG DRUMMOND (M) Another of the many new mystery shows that have sprung a mushroom growth this season. This one battling about average as these shows go. ▼

8:00 p.m. CECIL BROWN (M) The former South Pacific war correspondent in a discussion of the news that is interesting for its liberal, hard-hitting analyses of political developments. ▼▼

***8:00 p.m. CAVALCADE OF AMERICA (N)** Dramatizations based on the lives of great Americans, well-written and produced. ▼▼▼

8:00 p.m. VOX POP (C) Informal interviews with the man in the street, conducted by Paris Johnson and Warren Hull. Anything can happen, and usually does. ▼▼

8:15 p.m. HEDDA HOPPER (A) From the West Coast comes 15 minutes of lively chatter from the highly-read movie gossip columnist. ▼

8:30 p.m. ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES (M) Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce of the movies star in these entertaining adaptations for radio of the Arthur Conan Doyle detective stories. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. VOICE OF FIRESTONE (N) Howard Barlow conducts the symphony orchestra, and guest artists appear each week. Fans of the show is a little stuffy, but the music is first-rate. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. JOAN DAVIS (C) The lively, uninhibited comedienne in a new comedy series destined to bring her many new fans. Andy Russell provides the vocals. Harry von Zell is the dapper straight man. ▼▼

9:00 p.m. RADIO THEATER (C) One of radio's top dramatic shows; smooth, professional adaptations of the better movies. ▼▼▼

***9:00 p.m. TELEPHONE HOUR (N)** One of the best of the Monday evening musical programs; with Donald Voorhees conducting the orchestra, and a new guest star each week. ▼▼▼

9:30 p.m. INFORMATION PLEASE (N) Some very eager people demonstrate how bright they are, and the result is a diverting half hour, if you have nothing better to do. Two of the experts are John Kieran and Franklin P. Adams; Clifton Fadiman is the emcee. ▼▼

9:30 p.m. SPOTLIGHT BANDS (M) A roving show that originates before groups of war workers or servicemen; popular tunes played by some of the sprightliest big bands. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. CONTENTED PROGRAM (N) Light and semi-classical music, sung by Josephine Aroine with the orchestra conducted by Percy Faith. ▼▼

10:30 p.m. DANNY O'NEIL (C) A pleasant enough half-hour of ballads and singing music; guest stars appear each week, but Rube Newman's band is a permanent fixture. ▼

10:00 p.m. SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS [C] Good radio plays adapted from outstanding movies; featuring Hollywood stars in the leading roles. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. AUCTION GALLERY [M] From New York's Waldorf. Astoria galleries expensive items that you and I can only dream of owning are sold to celebrities. Dave Elman conducts the show, and it's fun to listen to. ▼▼

10:30 p.m. DIL I, Q. [N] Jimmy McClain conducts a popular quiz that tests your knowledge on a wide range of subjects. ▼▼

10:30 p.m. THE BETTER HALF [M] Still another quiz show [aren't the networks overdoing a good thing?]. This one pitting husbands against wives for the stakes and the laughs. ▼

11:00 p.m. NEWS AND NEWS ANALYSIS [C] Two experts—John Daly and William L. Skires—combine their talents to bring you the latest news and interpret it. ▼▼



Amos 'n' Andy: they're still right at the top

TUESDAY

9:00 a.m. FUN AND FOLLY [N] The hour is early, but Ed East and Polly are as sprightly and gay as ever. Chatter, interviews, gags, designed to make you start the day smiling. ▼▼

10:00 a.m. MY TRUE STORY [A] Human interest stories built around real-life incidents, pretty dull and routine. ▼

10:15 a.m. LORA LAWTON [N] Radio's Washington story, with its young heroine facing bureaucrats and personal problems with equal fortitude. Daily except Saturdays and Sundays. ▼

11:18 a.m. ELSA MAXWELL'S PARTY LINE [M] The professional party-thrasher and columnist now turns her vast supply of energy to radio. Limited appeal, but more stimulating than many daytime shows. ▼▼

11:45 a.m. DAVID HARUM [N] One of America's favorite characters acts as Cupid and Mr. Fix-it to a host of people. ▼

12:15 p.m. CONSTANCE BENNETT [A] The versatile movie actress in a series of daily informal chats of interest to women. ▼

1:15 p.m. MA PERKINS [C] Another one of radio's self-sacrificing souls, who likes to help other people solve their problems. ▼

1:45 p.m. SINGING LADY [A] Irene Wicker dramatizes fairy tales and fables for children in a pleasant, pizizish manner. Excellent children's show. ▼▼

2:30 p.m. WOMAN IN WHITE [N] Soap opera with a hospital background; more entertaining than most. ▼▼

2:30 p.m. THE FITZGERALDS [A] Ed and Peggen in a half-hour of animated, lively chatter about this and that. ▼▼

4:15 p.m. STELLA DALLAS [N] The hard-boiled gal with the heart of gold is the heroine of this afternoon serial. ▼

6:45 p.m. LOWELL THOMAS [N] The late news delivered in a smoothly professional style by this well-liked newscaster. ▼▼

7:30 p.m. COUNTY FAIR [A] A quiz show that has its audience trying for prizes in a midway atmosphere: all right, if you like quiz shows. ▼

7:30 p.m. BARRY FITZGERALD [N] The beloved movie Academy Award winner in a new dramatic series entitled "His Honor, the Barber." Written and produced by Carlton ("One Man's Family") Morse. ▼▼

8:00 p.m. BIG TOWN [C] Murder, kidnapping, and other varied forms of violent activity are day by day occurrences in this fast-paced series of melodramas. ▼▼

8:00 p.m. WILLIAM AND MARY [N] A fine comedy series starring Carolella Otis Skinner and Roland Young, with music by Ray Block's band and Barry Wood as the emcee. One of the best of the season's new shows. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. THEATER OF ROMANCE [C] Hit movies condensed into a fairly entertaining half-hour of radio entertainment. The big-time movie stars recreate some of their famous roles. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. ADVENTURES OF THE FALCON [M] James Meighan is the radio "Falcon," and is almost as smooth and polished as George Sanders in the cinema version. ▼▼

9:00 p.m. MYSTERY THEATRE [N] Excellent mystery dramas adapted from famous whodunits. Espartly directed and produced. ▼▼▼

9:00 p.m. GUY LOMBARDO [A] Year in and year out America's favorite "sweet" band, although music experts often shake their heads and wonder why. ▼▼

9:00 p.m. INNER SANCTUM [C] For those who like bloody murders, and lots of them, this is tops. ▼▼▼

9:30 p.m. FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY [N] The escapades of the couple from 29 Wistful Vista make one of the most popular of all radio shows. ▼▼▼

9:30 p.m. AMERICAN FORUM OF THE AIR [M] Very entertaining discussions of some of the vital issues of the day. ▼▼▼

9:30 p.m. THIS IS MY BEST [C] Expert adaptations of good short stories and novels, well-acted by Hollywood guest stars. Superior entertainment. ▼▼▼

10:00 p.m. FORD SHOW [C] A new musical variety starring vocalist Jo Stafford and Lawrence Brooks, with Robert Russell Bennett conducting the orchestra. Good, light entertainment. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. BOB HOPE [N] One of the top radio comics in a spry, lively half hour of both good and bad jokes. Frances Langford provides the sex appeal and the vocals. ▼▼▼

10:30 p.m. HILDEGARDE [N] The chanteuse from Milwaukee 'smcees a fast-paced variety show, all the while charming half her listeners and sending the other half away screaming. ▼▼



Eddie Cantor: spends Wednesday with you

WEDNESDAY

10:45 a.m. THE LISTENING POST [A] Dramatized short stories from a leading national magazine; well-written and acted; a superior daytime show. ▼▼▼

11:30 a.m. BARRY CAMERON [N] Serial based on the emotional difficulties of a discharged soldier, a soap-operatic treatment of a problem that deserves more serious consideration. ▼

12:15 p.m. MORTON DOWNEY [M] Songs and ballads by the perennially popular Irish tenor. ▼▼

1:30 p.m. RADIO NEWSPAPER [C] Mild chit-chat aimed at the feminine trade, with Margaret MacDonald keeping the gossip and the commercials rolling smoothly. ▼

1:45 p.m. JOHN J. ANTHONY [M] Mr. Anthony dispenses advice to members of his bewitched, bathed, and bewildered studio audience. ▼

3:30 p.m. PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY [N] Very entertaining afternoon show—the story of an average American family told without the unhealthy emotionalism of most daytime serials. ▼▼

5:15 p.m. DICK TRACY [A] The adventures of the square-jawed detective among a group of the most unsavory criminals ever conceived. For children only. ▼

7:00 p.m. SUPPER CLUB [N] Good fifteen-minute variety, starring Perry Como with Ted Strles and his orchestra; Mary Ashworth, vocal; and Martin Block as M.C. ▼▼

TUNE IN'S LISTENING POST (continued)

7:30 p.m. HOBBY LOBBY (C) Bob Dixon is the M. C. on this reasonably entertaining show that parades some of the nation's more inventive collectors of hobbies. ♡

7:30 p.m. LONE RANGER (A) This Western is popular with children, and Poppy might be mildly interested too. ♡

7:45 p.m. H. V. KALTENBORN (N) The professional news analyst in a leisurely discussion of the day's headlines. ♡

8:00 p.m. ADVENTURES OF THE SAINT (C) Brian Aherne plays the debonair Simon Templar, and, with the help of a polished production, turns this into one of the better thrillers. ♡

8:00 p.m. PICK AND PAT (A) The old vaudeville team in a generous serving of familiar and reasonably palatable corn. ♡

8:00 p.m. SIGMUND ROMBERG (N) "Middle-brow" music (Romberg's expression for semi-classical songs like "Softly as it Mornings Sunrise") conducted by a man who's been writing it for years and understands it as well as anyone. ♡

8:00 p.m. JACK CARSON (C) The ace movie comedian has this season developed a very slick microphone technique. Diana Barrymore is the latest addition to a crack cast of stooges that includes Arthur Treacher, Dave Willcox and seven-year-old Norma Nilsson. ♡

8:30 p.m. FRESH-UP SHOW (M) Second-rate variety show, with comedy by Bert Wheeler, songs by Ruth Davis, music by Dave Terry. ♡

8:30 p.m. FISHING AND HUNTING CLUB (A) Informal discussions of some of the joys and tribulations that confront the sportsman. ♡

8:30 p.m. DR. CHRISTIAN (C) Jean Harsholt stars in this saga of a country doctor; good entertainment, if you don't take it too seriously. ♡

8:30 p.m. MR. AND MRS. NORTH (C) A married couple with a mania for solving murders; amusing. ♡

9:00 p.m. FRANK SINATRA (C) After all is said and done, the point remains that Sinatra is still pretty handy with a popular tune. ♡

9:00 p.m. EDDIE CANTOR (N) The new comedians have better material to work with and a fresher approach, but no one can match Cantor's vitality and energy. Still among the best for your listening time. ♡

9:30 p.m. MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY (N) Jay Jostyn and Vicki Volo star as the D.A. and his pretty girl Friday, and get in and out of tight squeezes—well after week. Probably the top radio action thriller. ♡

9:30 p.m. MAISEE (C) The radio version of the popular movie series lacks a lot of the punch of the original, but Ann Southern is as vivacious and lively as ever in the title role. ♡

10:00 p.m. KAY KYSER (N) The personality boy from North Carolina works as hard as ever to put over this combination of musical and quiz shows. But, after five years, the format seems a little stale and a change might be a good thing. ♡

10:00 p.m. COUNTERSPY (A) Good thriller, usually lifted from newspaper items. Dan McLaughlin plays David Harding, chief of the counterespies. ♡

10:30 p.m. ANDREWS SISTERS (C) Masene, Potty and LaVerne in their own variety show, singing as off-key and as enthusiastically as ever. ♡

11:30 p.m. PAULA STONE AND PHIL BRITO (M) Interviews with celebrities conducted by Miss Stone, and songs from Mr. Brito. Better-than-average daytime show. ♡

7:00 p.m. JACK KIRKWOOD (C) Fifteen-minute variety starring one of the best of the new comedians. ♡

7:30 p.m. PHILO VANCE (N) The adventures of S. S. Van Dine's master detective makes a pleasant enough after-dinner filler. Jose Ferrer and Frances Robinson play the lead roles. ♡

8:45 p.m. TOM MIX (M) Stock cowboy characters and situations slanted towards the after-school trade, particularly the boys. ♡

7:30 p.m. BOB BURNS (N) The Van Buren baroque player in a new winter show, with vocalist Shirley Ross. Ex-Dead End Kid Leo Gorcay heads the comedy cast. ♡

8:00 p.m. BURNS AND ALLEN (N) Admirers of early comedy will rate screwball Gracie and her maligned spouse Georgia as tops. Meredith Wilson supplies the music. ♡

8:00 p.m. SUSPENSE (C) Radio's psychological thriller, one of the finest mystery shows on the air. With different movie stars as guests each week. ♡

8:15 p.m. LUM 'N' ABNER (A) An old radio favorite of the folksy variety; recording the trials and tribulations of the two gentlemen from Pine Ridge. ♡

8:30 p.m. DINAH SHORE (N) The nation's top interpreter of a sentimental ballad in her own variety show. ♡

8:30 p.m. AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING (A) Usually stimulating, four-part discussions on subjects of note, with the studio audience pitching in afterwards to ask questions. ♡

9:00 p.m. DONALD VOORHEES (N) Very listenable arrangements of the better popular songs; with guest stars. ♡

9:00 p.m. MUSIC HALL (N) One of the better variety shows on radio; fast-moving, slick entertainment. ♡

9:00 p.m. GABRIEL HEATTER (M) A favorite American commentator interprets the news and the condition of your teeth almost in the same breath. ♡

9:30 p.m. VILLAGE STORE (N) Jack Haley and Jean Carroll in a not very inspired music-and-comedy show. ♡

10:00 p.m. ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN (A) Well-written stories about the problems of a minister and his family. ♡

10:00 p.m. ARCH OBOLER PLAYS (M) One of radio's top writers always guarantees a better-than-average show, though the quality is sometimes uneven. ♡

10:00 p.m. ABBOTT AND COSTELLO (N) Lively comedy with a burlesque flavor that makes up in energy what it lacks in good taste and good jokes. ♡

10:30 p.m. WE CAME THIS WAY (N) A drama series dealing with important events in the lives of well-known historical personalities. Sometimes interesting, sometimes not. ♡



Castello and Short: Beauty and the Beast



Ed "Archie" Gardner: all's well at Duffy's

THURSDAY

9:45 p.m. DAYTIME CLASSICS (N) A fifteen-minute interlude between the soap operas featuring Ben Silverberg and the NBC Concert Orchestra in light classics. ♡

10:30 a.m. ROMANCE OF EVELYN WINTERS (C) Each day a new chapter in the lady's complicated love life. ♡

11:30 a.m. A WOMAN'S LIFE (C) Joan Alexander stars as Carol West in this daily morning series written by novelist Kathleen Norris. ♡

FRIDAY

9:00 a.m. FRAZIER HUNT (M) The former magazine correspondent in a daily series of comments on the news. ♡

10:30 a.m. ROAD OF LIFE (N) The day-to-day happenings in the life of a Chicago family; less of an emotional strain and better written than most serials. ♡

11:00 a.m. BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD (A) Tom Breneman asks the studio audience their names, insults them, and makes them laugh. Very brisk and chipper show. ♡

2:15 p.m. **JUST BETWEEN YOU AND JANE COWL** (M) One of the theaters first ladies chats amiably and only occasionally gets a little hammy. ▼

3:30 p.m. **BEST SELLERS** (A) Dramatizations of the most popular of the current and older bestsellers; usually adult daytime show. ▼▼▼

4:00 p.m. **BACKSTAGE WIFE** (N) Soap opera with a theater background; cleverly written, well acted. ▼▼

4:30 p.m. **LORENZO JONES** (N) The story of the small-town inventor and his wife Belle, told with more comedy than most daytime serials. ▼▼

5:00 p.m. **TERRY AND THE PIRATES** (A) All the characters of the comic strip come to life in this serial, a favorite with kids. ▼

5:30 p.m. **JUST PLAIN BILL** (N) Good, kindly Bill Davidson dispenses advice on mortgages, love affairs, and other sundry matters. ▼

5:45 p.m. **FRONT PAGE FARRELL** (N) The story of David and Sally Farrell and their journalistic adventures in Manhattan. Well-written, well-acted serial. ▼▼

7:20 p.m. **GINNY SIMMS** (C) A fast-moving variety show, with Ginny starring as the impresario, Frank de Vol's band and a fine baritone who goes by the name of Lee Draper are around also. Guest stars come and go to give the program an added lift. ▼▼

8:00 p.m. **HIGHWAYS IN MELODY** (N) Paul Lavalle and his orchestra in an excellent half hour of music; with guest stars. ▼▼

8:00 p.m. **THE ALDRICH FAMILY** (C) Henry gets in and out of trouble while his long-suffering family watch quietly from the sidelines. Very good, if you like domestic stories. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. **DUFFY'S TAYERN** (N) One of the funniest shows on radio; the humor is sharp and inventive, the acting is top-notch, and the pace is fast and well-tempered. ▼▼▼

8:30 p.m. **KATE SMITH** (C) Kate returned to her old network with little drama and more of her songs. ▼▼

9:00 p.m. **WALTZ TIME** (N) Hardy radio favorite, with Frank Munn, tenor, Evelyn MacGregor, contralto, and Abe Lyman's Orchestra performing in three-quarter time. ▼▼

9:00 p.m. **IT PAYS TO BE IGNORANT** (C) CBS's satirical commentary on the quiz shows, with Tom Howard, George Shelton, Lulu McConnell and Co. Very funny. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. **MYSTERY THEATER** (N) Excellent mystery stories, adapted from famous Whodunits. Expertly directed and produced. ▼▼▼

10:00 p.m. **DURANTE AND MOORE** (C) One of the slickest comedy teams that has turned up in radio in years. Very funny, and highly recommended. ▼▼▼

10:30 p.m. **DANNY KAYE** (C) Last season this was one of the most expensive and least entertaining of the big radio shows. Now, with Goodman Ace of the "Easy Aces" writing the scripts, things may take a turn for the better. ▼▼

11:10 p.m. **WORLD'S GREAT NOVELS** (N) Carl Van Doren is the commentator; dramatizations of some of the world's classics. ▼▼▼

11:30 p.m. **THE AMERICAN STORY** (N) A series of dramatizations based on the development of America. Authored by post-scholar-erestman Archibald MacLain, carefully produced. ▼▼

SATURDAY

10:00 a.m. **ARCHIE** (M) Very funny adventures of teen-age Archie and his high school pals. ▼▼

10:00 a.m. **TEENTIMER CANTEN** (N) A new musical variety show featuring teen-age talent and fashion tips. Eileen Barton, 16, sings the female vocalist on the Sinatra show; is a regular each week. ▼▼

11:30 a.m. **SMILIN'** ED McCONNELL (N) Although many people consider this genial gentleman long on personality and short on talent, he has a devoted following among Saturday morning extraverts. ▼

11:30 p.m. **HOOKEY HALL** (M) B-bby Hobbey stars as the emcee of this children's variety show. Not for those who feel that children should be seen but not heard. ▼

12:30 p.m. **ATLANTIC SPOTLIGHT** (N) A forerunner of what will probably be a post-war commonplace: international variety shows. This one is jointly presented by NBC and BBC, is usually very good. ▼▼▼

1:00 p.m. **FARM AND HOME HOUR** (N) One of the better public service programs, this one dealing with some of the problems that confront the American farmer. ▼▼



Hershfield, Laurie, and Ford:
"Can You Top This?"

1:00 p.m. **GRAND CENTRAL STATION** (C) Slick, professional dramatic series, featuring stars from the big Broadway plays. Some of the stories are corny, but the show is always neatly produced. ▼▼

2:00 p.m. **OF MEN AND BOOKS** (C) Reviews of the new best sellers, a program designed for the bookworms. ▼▼

4:45 p.m. **TIN PAN ALLEY** (N) A program that takes you behind the scenes of the song-writing industry. Usually interesting and well done. ▼▼

5:00 p.m. **DUKE ELLINGTON** (A) A great American composer and conductor in a full hour of excellent jazz. ▼▼▼

6:00 p.m. **QUINCY HOWE** (C) One of the better news analysts discusses the state of the world. ▼▼

6:15 p.m. **PEOPLE'S PLATFORM** (C) Forums on some of the topical problems of the day; guest speakers; usually very good. ▼▼▼

7:00 p.m. **HELEN HAYES** (C) The polish of Miss Hayes' acting often takes the edge off some not very good radio plays. ▼▼

8:00 p.m. **THE LIFE OF RILEY** (N) William Bendis in a farcical-middling comedy serial about life in Brooklyn. ▼

8:00 p.m. **WOODY HERMAN** (A) One of the better bands in a half-hour of lively swing music for the Saturday night hop-cats. ▼▼

8:00 p.m. **DICK HAYMES** (C) A good, neatly-paced musical show, with Helen Forrest, Gordon Jenkins and his band, and the Rhythmic Swingette. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. **TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES** (N) A fast-moving quiz show that will be funnier when it's televised. Ralph Edwards is the impresario. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. **MAYOR OF THE TOWN** (C) Lionel Barrymore and Agnes Moorhead in an uneven dramatic series. Miss Moorhead is just about radio's top dramatic star, however, and it well worth listening to. ▼▼

9:00 p.m. **NATIONAL BARN DANCE** (N) Saturday night vaudeville with a rural flavor. With Lulu Belle and Scotty heading a large cast. ▼

9:00 p.m. **YOUR HIT PARADE** (C) The nation's top ten tunes, well played by Mark Wornow and his band and sung by Joan Edwards and Dick Todd. ▼▼

9:00 p.m. **GANGBUSTERS** (A) A show that dramatizes actual crimes, naming names, dates, places. Good listening. ▼▼

9:30 p.m. **BOSTON SYMPHONY** (A) One of the great U.S. symphony orchestras in an hour-long concert. Koussevitzky conducts. ▼▼▼

9:30 p.m. **CAN YOU TOP THIS?** (N) Harry Hershfield, Senator Ford and Joe Laurie, Jr., try to outshine one another, while the Lough Meter gauges the results. For those who like their fun frenetic. ▼▼

9:45 p.m. **SATURDAY NIGHT SERENADE** (C) Sentimental tunes, hit songs, light classics, carefully blended, well played and sung. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. **JUDY CANOVA** (N) Judy's comedy, is too carry to please a lot of radio listeners, but she has vitality and keeps the show going by the force of her personality. ▼

10:00 p.m. **CHICAGO THEATER OF THE AIR** (M) Pleasant, well-done condensations of the famous operettas. With Marian Claire. ▼

10:15 p.m. **REPORT TO THE NATION** (C) News interviews and sketches conducted by John Daly; excellent entertainment. ▼▼

10:30 p.m. **GRAND OLE OPRY** (N) Roy Acuff and company in another Saturday night slanted toward the hill-billy trade. This one is more authentic than most; many of the featured songs are authentic American folk ballads. ▼▼

AH, THEM WAS THE HAPPY DAYS

by RAY KNIGHT

During a recent meeting of the Radio Executives Club in New York, Ray Knight, topflight producer and writer and an old-timer himself, read a poem about the old days of radio. Want to know how things were then? Peruse the following:

"1 READ IT IN TUNE IN"

MORE and more, people are turning to TUNE IN for information about their favorite radio stars and programs. And why not? Every issue is chock-full of interesting anecdotes and sidelights on radio's foremost personalities. If it's in radio—it's in TUNE IN. Join that delighted group who have added this magazine to their regular monthly reading list. Then you, too, will be telling your friends "I read it in TUNE IN."

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D

When Crosby was only a crooner, and not a corporation,
When nobody ever used the phrase, "It's this kind of an operation,"
When Vallee had his adenoids, and Ed Wynn was top buffeton
And McNamee sold Texaco by calling it "gasaloon."
When Jones and Hare were on the air, and things weren't orthodox
And they weren't censored when they said: "There's Happiness in Every Box."
When the corn was green in the studios, and the Amateur Hour the craze
And Noble¹ was making Life Savers, ah them was the happy days.

When 'Menser² had the next desk to mine, up at 7:11
And he was sitting on a plain chair instead of a throne in heaven,
When the Blue and the Red were Sfamese Twins and were functioning, unwitting
That the FCC would later decide it an overt act they were committing,
When Orson was making headlines, and Major Bowes was making stars,
And Knight was making money, and Paley³ was making cigars,
Before Milton Cross went erudite, and still called a vase a vase
When Scoopagle blossomed with a Budd—ah them was the happy days.

When Winchell was a columnist, and not head of the FBI,
When NBC's Christmas parties definitely were not dry
When Sarnoff⁴ was still a private, when Trammell's⁵ title was new
When Kobak⁶ started looking South and Kobaked out of the Blue,
When Sinatra's voice was a whisper, when Bud Barry⁷ was trying to fit in
To NBC in Washington, and he didn't have an office to sit in,
When Heatter was hotter than Hitler, when Mark Woods⁸ got his first raise,
When a net went berserk if you used the word jerk—ah them was the happy days.

When Dr. Frank Black⁹ was a layman, when AFRA¹⁰ was only a yen
When Whitman was not an executive, when Spitalny was playing with men,
When Kate Smith breezed into radlo, and nothing at all could feaze'er—
Before Petrillo became aware that his given name was Caesar,
When an actor knew only the theater, and he didn't give a good damn
For Blackett or Sample or Hummer,¹¹ or Young or Rubicam¹²,
When the FCC was a nixing bee, and television was only a phrase,
When radio was in its infancy, ah them was the good old days.

But when 1960 rolls around, and we gather again to praise
The achievements since 1945, they'll be the good old days!

¹ Edward Noble, ABC President

² Clarence Menger, NBC vice-president

³ William Paley, CBS President

⁴ David Sarnoff, chairman RCA, now a Brigadier General

⁵ Niles Trammell, NBC President

⁶ Ed Kobak, Mutual President

⁷ Bud Barry, ABC national program manager

⁸ Mark Woods, ABC President

⁹ Dr. Frank Black, NBC medical director

¹⁰ American Federation of Radio Artists

¹¹ Blackett-Sample-Humant, advertising agency

¹² Young-Rubicam, advertising agency



IT'S A LONG WAY FROM PEORIA TO THIS CALIFORNIA RANCH, WHERE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY SPEND SUMMERS WITH DAUGHTER KATHRYN

HUMBLE AT \$10,000 A WEEK!

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY REMAIN PLAIN AMERICAN FAMILY DESPITE SUCCESS

TUNE IN: TUESDAY 9:30 P.M. E.S.T. (NBC)

by PHILIP KITCHENER

THE man who had only enough money for one meatball could have been little more timid than Fibber McGee when he stood on a line with his beloved wife, Molly, waiting to get into Lindy's restaurant in New York recently. Fibber and Molly—hereinafter to be referred to by their real names of Jim and Marian Jordan—stood on the line outside the building for perhaps half an hour.

Finally, Jim and Marian entered the famous pickled herring emporium which they have occasionally mentioned on

their top-rated radio program. After they finally worked their way into a seat Jim remarked wonderingly to Marian,

"I wonder if we mentioned who we were if that would have helped us get in sooner?"

Suffice to say that the proprietor would have broken down the doors to usher in Jim and Marian for he has always listened avidly—as have a large group of

Americans—to the lovable braggart, Fibber, and his understanding wife, Molly. But the Jordans are such plain people that they are not in the least impressed by their latest successes—namely, a tie with Bop Hope for the most popular program in America, and selection by the Newspaper Guild of New York as the program which did the best home front job in radio during the war.

Jim Jordan and his wife, who gross \$10,000 a week for their show which

HUMBLE AT \$10,000 A WEEK!

(continued)

is a faithful transcription of American life as she is lived today, are so unbelievably retiring in manner that they have to be seen to be appreciated. On the fateful New York trip which we have been discussing—it was the first time Jordan had been to the big town since he made good on the NBC network a decade before—a party was given for the Fibber and his wife at the exclusive Rainbow Room. Fred Allen was there to see the Fibber, and Walter Huston and other stars attended, as well as every conceivable celebrity of radio and the press. As for the press it was just plumb discombobulated, for locating Jim Jordan required an FBI agent. In other words, the honored guest was the man who kept most in the background.

Jordan was not always in the background on his unforgettable New York trip—and thereby hangs a rail of a shirt, or of half a dozen shirts. It appears that Jim was taken into Saks-Fifth Avenue,

and he thought that the shirts were too expensive. Then he was taken into the ultra-exclusive Triplers, and radio's Fibber McGee shuddered like a man who had to look at Boris Karloff for half an hour. 'Twas too much, shrieked the small town boy in the big city.

Then one night, while Jim was still thinking of shirts, the Jordans dropped in to see the Broadway show, *Harvey*. They were just leaving *Harvey* when somebody spotted Jordan and recognized him as Fibber McGee. People shrieked for autographs. Our brave hero dashed down the street to escape the hordes. He ducked into a doorway and was saved. Well, he looked in the doorway and a surge of joy went through him. It was a shirt place, a haberdashery.

"Would you like some nice white shirts?" said the man.

"I would," said the Fibber.

"Only \$4.95," said the man.

"I'll take six," said the Fibber.

Jordan returned blithely to his hotel, laid the shirts down gently, and awaited the arrival of a friend. When the friend arrived, Jordan showed him the shirts.

"Great buy, eh?" said Jordan.

The friend acquiesced because he did not want to break up a friendship. How could he tell the redoubtable Fibber McGee that those long collars and short sleeves signified summer shirts and that at best they were worth \$1.95 apiece!

Perhaps it is because of these so-human characteristics that the Jordans, in their roles of Fibber McGee and Molly, carry so well. Fibber McGee and Molly have been contemporaneous with Edgar Bergen, Fred Allen, Bob Burns, Red Skelton, Easy Aces, Burns and Allen, but the whimsical pair has managed, year in and year out, to maintain a higher public popularity.

Newcomers have arrived—Ed Gardner, Jack Carson, Joan Davis, Garry Moore, Groucho Marx, Jerry Lester, Phil Silvers.



MR. AND MRS. NILES TRAMMELL (NBC PRESIDENT) AND MR. AND MRS. FRED ALLEN HELP MR. AND MRS. MCGEE CELEBRATE RETURN TO RADIO



"THE INCOMPARABLE" HILDEGRADE'S FRED WARING STOP IN TO CONGRATULATE THE MCGEEs



FIBBER AND MOLLY IN A RELAXED MOMENT

Rags Ragland, Cass Daley, Bert Laht, Jimmy Durante—but when they count the house there usually is a plurality for Fibber McGee and Molly.

Why should this be? Why, entering their second decade of broadcasting for the same sponsor, should these two perfectly normal human beings maintain their grip on the pulse of the listening audience? That's the answer, of course. They are two perfectly normal human beings and the people understand exactly what they are talking about—no talking down, no talking up.

Jim Jordan and his wife were kicked around by life in the early days, and their days of adversity have enabled them to really speak the American tongue. Jordan is short and stocky with thick hair that is now beginning to gray. His nose appears to have made contact with the right hand of Joe Louis. His wife is fair-haired and nice-looking. You have seen her type a thousand times in a thousand American cities.

Last year the Jordans were signed up for a new four-year contract by Johnson's Wax and this must have been a source of special pleasure to the old vaudevillians who batted around the mid-Western circuit for years without raising a ripple in an ocean of wide disinterest.

Jim and Marian became chummy after their first meeting in their home town of Peoria, Illinois, at choir practice. Jim was an old buckeroo of seventeen, Marian sixteen when they were introduced. Jim, upon graduation from high school,

worked in a wholesale drug house while Marian gave piano lessons. She soon had twenty-three pupils and forged into the big money—eight dollars a week.

Jordan, however, had theatrical designs. He took an audition for a Chicago show, and wound up with a quartet known as "A Night With The Poets." We shall pass over this period of life for the farmer's son with one brief sentence. When World War I was declared Jordan couldn't get into it quickly enough to escape from "A Night With The Poets."

It was in August of 1918 that Jim and Marian were married and five days after the happy event, Jordan was shipped to France. Jim returned in 1919 and became in succession a machinist's helper, washing machine and vacuum cleaner salesman, day laborer and insurance salesman. At this stage he wasn't worrying about any Hooperating. Baby Kathryn was born during this period.

In order to augment their income the Jordans sang and played at club affairs in town, in dear old Peoria. Then somebody arranged a tour for them. They might have said, "Tanks a million," for they covered a million tank towns. In 1923, a son was born to the itinerant Jordans.

Mrs. Jordan then returned to Peoria—Jim travelled on to Chicago for vaudeville bookings, he hoped. His vaudeville hopes were dashed and his major appearances were as a clerk in a dry goods store. Things were looking down

for the Jordans for quite a while.

Then one night it happened. The Jordans were visiting Jim's brother and somebody turned on a radio. Jim listened and then he said, even as you and I.

"Say, we can do a better job than that."

The Jordans drove quickly to station WIBO, told the station manager they were Caruso and Galli-Curci combined, and he put them on the air at the lordly sum of ten dollars a week. Then they shifted to WENR for sixty dollars a week and stayed four years. In 1931 the Jordans met Don Quinn, a non-solvent cartoonist who aspired to be a radio writer (who doesn't?) But Quinn not only aspired—he wrote. Soon he and Jim Jordan were grinding out "Smack-out," a five-times-a-week radio serial.

In 1935 Johnson's Wax, which had been waxing wroth with other programs, heard "Smackout" and took a shine to the Jordans. And that's how Fibber McGee and Molly were born, with writer Don Quinn as the mid-wife.

Now the Jordans own a ranch in Encino, California, where Jim has twice been president of the Chamber of Commerce. They have 2,000 acres of grazing land and Jim is a top-notch rancher. But the Jordans, despite their success, still retain their pristine Peoria naivete.

We predict that even if they lead the Hooper popularity rating for the next ten years, Fibber McGee and Molly will still wait on the long line at Lindy's.



MINERVA PIOUS AS SHE APPEARS IN HER ROLE OF THE LOQUACIOUS MRS. NUSSBAUM

"HERE'S MRS. NUSSBAUM!"

MILLIONS OF RADIO FANS KNOW LITTLE ABOUT MINERVA PIOUS
ONE OF THE BEST COMEDIENNES TO EMERGE IN RADIO IN YEARS

TUNE IN: SUNDAY 8:30 P.M., E.S.T. (NBC)

IT is hard to determine the high point of a radio program that moves so swiftly and so evenly as Fred Allen's Sunday night comedy show. For Fred, master craftsman and coordinator, keeps all the component parts of his show

moving one against the other until the result is one of the sleekest, most successful comedy programs that has ever been heard on radio.

For millions of tuners-in, however, this disputed high point comes about

mid-way in the program when Allen, as the grand impresario, goes visiting down Allen's Alley and knocks on the door of Pansy Nussbaum. "Nu?" comes the quizzical reply. "Nu? Mrs. Nussbaum," Fred replies, and this is the signal for the listeners to start rolling on the floor for several minutes of the best dialect comedy that is available to mortal ears at the moment.

"Where in the world did Allen ever discover this funny woman?" is a thought that must have occurred to many of Allen's listeners when this barrage of priceless comedy is finally over and they are a little limp from laughing. The answer is an unexpected one—at a piano.

It was a warm spring day in 1932 when Harry Tugend, now one of Paramount Pictures top executives but then an aspiring singer, asked Minerva Pious to be his accompanist for an audition with a bright new radio comedian named Fred Allen. Minerva balked a little—she had played the piano and entertained with her monologues at small, intimate parties, but never before professionals. But Tugend, even then the persuasive business man, finally convinced her, and a little shy and awkward, Minerva tickled the ivories while Harry tried to sell his songs to Allen. He didn't quite succeed, but, after his audition, Tugend mentioned to Allen that Minerva Pious' dialect sketches were just about the funniest things that he had heard anywhere. Allen, who needed another character actress to round out his radio company, was interested, took a quick listen, and signed Minerva Pious to an exclusive contract.

It would be a wonderful thing to say that the characterization of Pansy Nussbaum originated right then and there. Unfortunately, it didn't quite happen that way. For the next eight years or so Minerva stayed with Fred Allen, playing bit parts and learning something about Allen's trigger-like comedy technique by watching quietly from the sidelines. Then one day Allen decided to incorporate his various stooges into an organized ten minute spot and call it "Allen's Alley." Of all the countless characterizations that Minerva had created, one stood out—a dry, acid immigrant woman who mutilated the English language to the point where it became a strange, haunting cacophony of sound and fury. Why not take this character, name her Pansy Nussbaum, and make her a regular of "Allen's Alley"? The idea caught on

so quickly that in just a few months Mrs. Nussbaum became the most famous inhabitant of the Alley, and was moved up to choice spot in the ten-minute routine—the highly sought after next-to-the-closing act. This season the character has become so well-known that for the first time Minerva Pious gets featured billing on the show—an almost unprecedented feat for a radio stooge.

In private life, Minerva Pious, like most of the radio comedienne, is completely unlike the characterization she creates on the radio. A small, quiet, cultured woman, she spends a lot of her spare time collecting antiques in the Second and Third Avenue furniture shops that are located just a few blocks away from her East River Manhattan apartment. She is delighted with the fame that has greeted her characterization of Mrs. Nussbaum, is happier in radio than she has ever been anywhere before.

As a matter of fact, she divides her life into two periods, B.A. (Before Allen) and A.A. (After Allen). The B.A. period she dismisses with a shrug of her shoulder—she was born in Russia, grew up in Bridgeport, Conn., got bored with Bridgeport, Conn., and came to New York. In New York she handled some of the countless fantastic jobs that are the lot of bright, young career girls who come in from the sticks—she wrote promotion copy for King Features Syndicate, wrote the trailer copy for the movies shown in Loew's New York theaters, during the depression even ghost-wrote the business letters of the illiterate executives of a large Fifth Avenue department store. She never in her life went to dramatic school, is the daughter of a wholesale candy merchant and has no tradition of the theater to back her up. The A.A. period of her life, however, has convinced her that her future lies in radio.

So enthusiastic is Minerva Pious about radio, as a matter of fact, that unlike most radio actresses she has no aspirations for the movies or the theater. Two years ago she appeared with Fred Allen in one of the most successful bits in his not very successful movie, "It's in the Bag." She sums up Hollywood in a phrase: "I was damn glad to get back to New York." The theater, too, doesn't quite fit into her scheme of things: "It takes too much out of you, and doesn't give you enough in return."

Radio is the most challenging of

all mediums," the comedienne continues in this vein, "because you have to project your material through only one medium—the ear. The particular kind of comedy that I do is essentially auditory, and radio is the perfect instrument for it."

Every once in a while, however, Minerva breaks down and succumbs to the actress' need for a live audience. She spent most of last summer with a U.S.O. Camp Show company that toured Pan-American bases. As is to be expected, hers was the kind of sketch that gave servicemen something to write home about. Written by Fred Allen, and titled "A-F WAC," the sketch described the attempt of a young lady of dubious abilities to get into the women's branch of the Army. This failing, she next tries the WAVES. When even the WAVES won't take her (a line that always got a laugh from the Army boys), she next tries the WICS—a completely imaginary outfit that finally admits the patriotic heroine as one of their members.

When the A.A. shenanigans make for rather tough going, the creator of Mrs. Nussbaum has also been known to take a busman's holiday, has appeared on the shows of Alan Young, Ed Wynn and Jack Benny. Her favorite guest spot, however, was on a show that her friend, Norman Corwin, wrote especially for her. "A Very Nice-Type Girl." In it Minerva played a younger, unmarried Pansy Nussbaum, who, with typical Corwin dexterity, brought love and rehabilitation into the life of a wounded serviceman.

To continue to work with Fred Allen is still Minerva Pious' greatest desire, however. When the character of Mrs. Nussbaum began to click so sensationally on the air, she was swamped with calls from the networks and the advertising agencies, all asking her if she would be interested in starting a program of her own. Her answer was a blanket, "No!" She considers Fred Allen the greatest living comedian, and to work with him about one of the most exciting jobs in the world.



MINERVA SERVES TEA IN HER MANHATTAN APARTMENT AFTER A BUSY DAY OF REHEARSALS

WHY I SAY "IT PAYS TO BE IGNORANT"

by TOM HOWARD

TUNE IN: FRIDAY 9:00 P.M. E.S.T. (CBS)

I HAVE been asked time and time again, totaling twice in all, what I mean by the brash and unqualified statement, "It Pays To Be Ignorant." I have decided to tell my secret at last for all the world to hear and take heed, or better still, take cover.

My story begins many years ago in Africa, or was it India? No, I think it was Brooklyn. At any rate, there I was, far from civilization with only my trusty rifle for protection against the many savage beasts and hostile natives that roamed the jungle. My only companion was my guide, Leo Durocher. I was hunting for a secret formula which miraculously transformed tired, old jokes into frisky, new ones quicker than you can say Joe Miller. Many radio comies tried to find this amazing formula, which had been buried over fifty years ago by a discouraged vaudevillian, little knowing that I was in possession of the only map in existence which would lead me to the exact spot. Now I was ready for my dangerous mission.

Day after day I trudged deeper and deeper into the jungle, with my only companion and guide, Bob Benchley, beside me. One early morning I heard the fearful sound of drums beating their relentless rhythm, accompanied by warlike shrieks and yells. Was it the natives preparing to attack us? No, it was Gene Krupa playing at the Capitol and sending the bobby-soxers into ecstasies. With a sigh of relief I turned to my sole companion and guide, Major Bowes, and asked him how close we were to our hidden treasure. He looked startled and replied, in his native tongue, "Are you kidding?"

This was not a question I could answer off-hand, so I retired to a little farm in Connecticut for two years to think the thing over. When I emerged, my faithful guide and companion, Monty Woolley, was still waiting for my answer. I looked him squarely in the eyebrows and answered, in a clear ringing tone of finality, "No!" This took him by complete surprise, so he retired to a little fishing village up in Maine for two years to ponder my strange answer.

I grew impatient. I also grew a beard. I decided to continue my journey alone I carved out of an old oak tree, my

little vessel and set sail up the turbulent waters of the Shrewsbury River. Night after night I walked the deck or my ship trying to sight land. Day after day I crawled along the desert sands trying to sight water. One day my sled dogs set up a terrific howl. I knew something was wrong so, slipping into skis, I started down the mountainside. At the bottom of the steep, white incline was my faithful guide and companion, Patsy Kelly, standing under a snow-laden tree in a sarong. Her eyes

were dancing with excitement. Not to be out-done, my eyes stepped out on the floor and danced with each other. Then the master of ceremonies stepped out on the floor and announced the floor show. It was then my devoted servant told me she had found the hidden treasure. Not wishing to betray my excitement, I executed a very intricate polka, most difficult to perform on skis, before I asked her where she had located the long-lost formula. She hesitated and for a moment I thought she was going to retire to Columbia Playhouse Number Three to wrestle with her conscience, but instead, she decided to wrestle with me. This I liked. When the referee stopped the match because I was using loaded dice, Patsy agreed to show me where the formula was hidden. "Follow me," she said, thinking her a great improvement over Durocher, Woolley and Bowes, I climbed back on my camel and followed.

As we crept deeper and deeper into the cave it grew dark and very damp. Water trickled down along the jagged rocks. It wasn't until a Paterson, New Jersey, bus whizzed by me that I realized I was in the Holland Tunnel. Half-way through, my devoted guide and companion, Deems Taylor, took his pick and started to hack his way through the stony ceiling. When, at last, we surfaced upon the Hudson River we were picked up by a Staten Island ferry boat, whereupon Mr. Taylor left me to act as commenorator for the three musicians in the bow of the boat.

And so, alone once more, I rode my weary pony across the plains of Texas, determined to catch the cattle rustlers single-handed. And as the golden sun sinks slowly into the sea, making a hell of a splash, we bid a fond farewell to dear old Lake Hopatcong, which in turn, bid four spades in the face of our double.

There is my story. It is not a pretty one but you must not judge me too harshly. Now that I have bared my sole (that long trek had worn out my shoes) I feel refreshed and uplifted. I feel that my experience will serve as a lesson to all humanity. A lesson we all must learn someday, no matter how briefly—that "It Pays To Be Ignorant."





PARALLEL RADIO LIVES

**HAYMES AND FORREST
MOVE ON SAME NOTE**

TUNE IN: SAT. 9 P. M., E. S. T. (CBS)

MAYBE they told you back in high school that parallel lines never meet. Maybe they don't in high school. But they do in radio—at least in the case of Dick Haymes and Helen Forrest, whose singing you hear these Saturday nights on "The Dick Haymes Show," over CBS.

The six-foot baritone and the five-foot thrush started poles apart: Haymes as an English rancher's son in Buenos Aires, la Forrest as a pig-tailed little midge in Atlantic City. Yet the two had this much in common. They had mothers to whom singing meant meat as well as ordinary bread and butter.

Here you see the first faint imprints of those parallel lines.

Haymes' mother was Margaret Wilson, concert singer heard in most of the capitals of Europe. Helen's distaff parent was a Russian who sang for the townspeople in her native Moscow in between earning a living for her brood.

The mothers of these two were themselves only teachers, and when both youngsters decided that they wanted to make singing their careers, they took still another step on those parallel lines.

Nothing unusual, of course. In fact, just a little corny. They began singing in night clubs. Then dates with bands—small combos and then bigger names.

Dick and Helen still didn't know each other, of course; that didn't come till much later.

But when they did become acquainted, it was because they just couldn't help it. They were both working for Harry James. Just a couple of vocalists—ambitious, and eager, and good.

They liked singing with The Horn, but they each wanted a little more. More than a five-minute spot making with the vocals.

Anyway, Helen got a call to sing at the Madrilion, in Washington, D. C. It was for just a couple of weeks, they said. She stayed six months. And Haymes got a date at New York's La Martinique, also for two weeks. And he, too, remained for months. Night clubs can be springboards, too.

Along about this time they both acquired the same manager—Bill Burton. And Dick got, all at one time, a Decca recording contract, a radio program of his own and a seven-year deal at Twentieth Century-Fox. Helen signed a Decca contract, too, and the two of them together made a recording of "Together" that sold into the millions.

After that, those parallel lines really came together. Helen appeared in a number of pictures with Harry James, while Dick was co-starred in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Diamond Horseshoe" with Mrs. James—once Betty Grable. And after Dick had his own coast-to-coast radio program, sponsored by Auto-Lite, The Horn himself came over one night as a guest on "The Dick Haymes Show," for a musical reunion with his proteges.

So, while parallel lines may never meet in a geometry book, the law doesn't apply when two youngsters are born with singing voices. Nor when the two youngsters are Dick Haymes and Helen Forrest—radio's newest, most popular tunesome twosome.



ALL DRESSED UP TO GO HUNTING ARE JACK BERCH AND THIS THREE-YEAR OLD SON, JONNY. LOCALE IS NEW YORK'S WESTCHESTER COUNTY

"YOU, TOO, CAN BREAK INTO RADIO" SAYS JACK BERCH

JOVIAL JACK BERCH MADE THE TRANSITION FROM SALESMAN TO RADIO STAR WITH A SMILE AND A SONG

TUNE IN! MON. THRU FRI. 4 P.M., E.S.T. (American)

IF YOU are ambitious and determined enough you can become a radio star in any number of odd ways.

Jack Berch, whose show on the American Broadcasting Company has been termed "the shortest fifteen minutes in radio" and whose crackerbarrel personality puts him and his material across with undeniable charm, began his radio career by selling tea and coffee.

Yes, the gallus-snapping, down-to-earth, "whistlin' and singin' star" of daytime radio started out by house-to-house canvassing, a far cry from the

situation of today when as a musical life insurance salesman, Berch reaches his prospects a million at a clip.

Berch always wanted to break into radio but he never could get past the girl at the reception desk. So he hawked wares and the first thing you know he was commercializing his singing knack in a small way. Finding bitter sales resistance Jack would prepare his customers with a little song. This gave him an idea. So in Youngstown, Ohio, he made arrangements to broadcast every morning gratis or, as they say in the music business, "for no." He mixed pleasure with business for in the middle of his program he would dedicate his song "to the prettiest housewife on . . . Street whom I'm going to visit a little later today." This was smart because each housewife thought Jack was referring to her. His sales—door to door—were tremendous.

Later on Jack moved to Cleveland, Ohio, where he was unable to arrange a similar program with any radio station. Cleveland was a town where all the air time was sold either to network or local sponsors. That's when the aggressive Berch really got himself into radio, a fact which should be a lesson to all.

Jack knew that a station manager's wife lived in a certain home. So planting himself in the vestibule, Berch sang a song. The station manager's wife liked his tune, talked her husband into listening to an audition, and, lo, Berch turned pro. Nowadays, he tells publicity men that he was in that vestibule by accident—but he's only fooling.

After becoming established in Cleveland, Jack came to New York and got started on a program called "Jack Berch and His Boys." This is similar to his present stanza. Some of his "Boys," then unknown, were Mark Warnow, Warnow's brother, Raymond Scott, and the late Bunny Berigan, legendary trumpeter.

In establishing his radio show, heard Monday through Friday at 4:00 p. m., EST, Berch capitalizes unashamedly on corn. That must be a popular dish in these United States for it has brought Jack such a large following that The Prudential Insurance Company of America, an organization which ordinarily associates itself with only the loftiest and most elaborate musical presentations, has become his sponsor.

Berch does the commercial announcement himself with the air of one neighbor giving another good ad-

vice on life insurance. Besides Jack, the program consists of Eddie Dunn, who plays straight man for Eddie's gags, and Charlie Magnante's Trio which, in addition to accompanying the star, plays an instrumental selection. Magnante is recognized as the world's top accordionist. Tony Motola, who plays an electrically amplified guitar, and organist George Wright are other top-notchers on the

fast-moving, slam-bang show.

Berch is married and has a wife and three children and a home in Mt. Kisco in Westchester County, a much more sophisticated community than Sigel, Illinois, the town which had a population of some 300 when Jack was born there thirty-five years ago. Jack's heart is still with the kind of "people" Sigel and they're the people he so successfully serenades on his radio shows.



THIS HAPPY LITTLE FAMILY SCENE is comprised of Berch and the three little Berches: Shirley, Jonny, and Carol. Berch has lost none of his characteristic simplicity since his new success.

So You Want To Buy a Radio Station!

So you want to buy a radio station, eh. You're tired of singing commercials, spot announcements, the same voices in all the mystery dramas, and you are going to take matters in your own hands. You are going to take a radio station into your own hands—you hope. What is the next step?

First of all, you have to apply for a standard broadcast license. It might be for FM, or for television, but let us start off with the standard broadcast license. Don't think for a moment that it's as simple as getting a marriage license or a license for shooting Siberian wolfhounds. The public has to be—and should be—protected in radio. Ever hear of the Communications Act of 1934, 48 Stat. 1064, 47 U.S.C.S. 151, which created the Federal Communications Commission as the licensing authority?

Well, frankly, we didn't either until we commenced to write this article. Then our eyes were opened just like our ears. Now it is all as clear as the creation

by PAUL GARDNER

of one of those ominous atomic bombs.

Without wasting another moment, you immediately write to Washington, 25, D. C., for copies of the Rules and Regulations of the FCC which may be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents in the Government Printing Office. Therein, the Rules of Practice and Procedure are published as Part 1 and the Rules Governing Standard and High Frequency Stations as Part 3. Do you follow or are you ahead of us?

The Communications Act provides certain limitations upon the holding and the transfer of a license. You can't license an alien or any corporation of which an officer or director is an alien or of which one fifth of the capital stock is owned of record or owned by aliens. You can't be licensed if you're the representative of a foreign government or are the member of a corporation organized under the laws of a foreign

country. All right, you're an American all the way through. So that alien business does not apply to you.

There are a few other technicalities about the anti-trust laws and monopolies which could be explained in a few million words but, like a bad hand in a poker game, we will let that pass. Where were we? Oh yes, at the FCC offices in Washington.

If you want to establish a nice, new itty-bitsy station for yourself and your application is satisfactory and the Commission decides that everything is proper and being done in regard to the public interest, the application is granted and a permit issued. But there can be complications if they say no, which they often do.

They may actually think that you are selfish and greedy and it is not an honest hate of singing commercials, spot announcements and the same voices in mystery dramas which drives you into your new hobby. Yeah? So what about it? What will they do about it, huh?



NEW YORK'S STATION WDV MIGHT EXCITE A GUY WHO WANTS TO BUY A RADIO STATION—BUT LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THE WORK INVOLVED

Friend, you will be called in for a formal hearing if the Commission is unable to reach a determination upon the validity of your application. The Commission will obligingly publish a bill of particulars, aimed to give notice of the issues raised by an examination of the application. The notice period may be thirty days or more.

How are you feeling now? When we started this quest you thought there would be nothing to it. Now you are all involved with hearings and you are not sure just how you stand. Applicants may appear before the presiding officer named by the commission either in person or they may be represented by counsel. Corporation applicants must be represented by a lawyer.

If and when you win your case, the construction permit which the Commission issues specifies a date for the commencement and the completion of construction. During the war everything was at a standstill. And if you peruse the Commission's statement of policy, made last January, 1945, you will establish that no new station will be authorized unless the applicant establishes that the construction will make service available to a community which does not receive primary service from any existing broadcast station. So the construction part of it seems to be a bit slow and your best bet is to buy a station from somebody who already has one.

All that we have been referring to applies to the standard or AM stations of which there are 934, with 22 under construction, and applications in for 180 more. But the trend is not towards these stations at all and, if you are in the market, you will probably hit upon something streamlined in FM or television. While there are 60,000,000 receiving sets in American homes the surface has not even been scratched.

Because, you see, frequency modulation is static free and it is high fidelity and, as recently as September 16, 1945, Paul A. Porter, chairman of the FCC pointed out that within a few years the number of commercial FM stations would outstrip the existing AM stations. About 500 applications are already in for FM and a tremendous rush awaits the erection of transmitters and the manufacture of receiving sets. Men and materials are the bottleneck at the moment—and this will soon be cleared up.

More newspapers than ever before are applying for FM licenses and it is interesting to observe outfits like Warner Brothers, the United Automobile Workers-CIO, Marcus Loew Booking Agency,



AMORY L. HASKELL, PROUD OWNER OF WBNS



NATHAN STRAUSS, WHO OWNS STATION WMAZ

Chicago Federation of Labor, Oak Park Realty & Amusement Company, Loyola University of New Orleans, Surety Life Insurance Company, and other diverse units seeking stations. If they can, why can't you? We will come to that in a little while.

Anyway, recently, the retiring Powell Crosley, Jr., owner of WLW in Cincinnati, sold his station to the Aviation Corporation of America. WLW is a tremendous AM station, operating on 700 kilocycles with 50,000 kilowatt unlimited time, and the coverage is 72,700 square miles with a population of 6,409,759 persons when we last counted. There may have been some change since then. Besides standard licenses, Crosley held licenses in FM, television and international broadcasting just in case. Everything he owned at WLW went, part and parcel, to the Aviation Corporation for a mere \$22,000,000.

While the FCC permitted the sale it did so with a pertinent comment, to wit:

"A basic infirmity of the Communications Act, which this case serves to highlight, is the fact that under the Act as it has been administered up to this time, a man retiring from the radio business has, for all practical purposes, the power to select his successor. Under the interpretation which has prevailed, his selection is final save in the very rare case where he elects to sell to a party who is found not to be qualified.

"This is obviously a deficient procedure because a person who is retiring from the broadcast business is, in selecting a purchaser, likely to be influenced by many considerations which are quite unrelated to the question

which should be paramount—namely, who is best qualified to continue to operate the station in the public interest."

And the FCC proceeded to point out that the retiring broadcaster would be more apt to be influenced by the size of the prospective purchaser's pocketbook than he would be by the prospective purchaser's aims for public service. In the case of Mr. Crosley, he testified that he wanted to sell the whole as a single unit. That narrowed the field to anybody with \$22,000,000 in his hip pocket. There are not as many of these people around as you might think. So the FCC concluded:

"It is difficult to reconcile procedures which on the one hand take such pains to insure the fullest competition among applicants for new stations and on the other hand permit a licensee to transfer to whomsoever he pleases—provided the transferee whom he selects is found qualified."

Please don't let the money in the Crosley deal get you down. You don't have to go that high at all. A glance at a recent list of transfers shows that KFDR in Lincoln, Nebraska, went for \$100,000; KLRA in Little Rock, Arkansas, \$275,000 for 64.5% of the stock; WQXR in New York for \$987,500; WMAZ in Macon, Georgia, \$121,000 for 41 per cent of the stock, and so on down the broadcasting line.

Oh, you think it's too much. You're not so sure you want to buy a radio station any more, eh? Okay, turn that dial. Ouch! The same singing commercial, the same spot announcement, and the same voices in those five different mystery dramas.

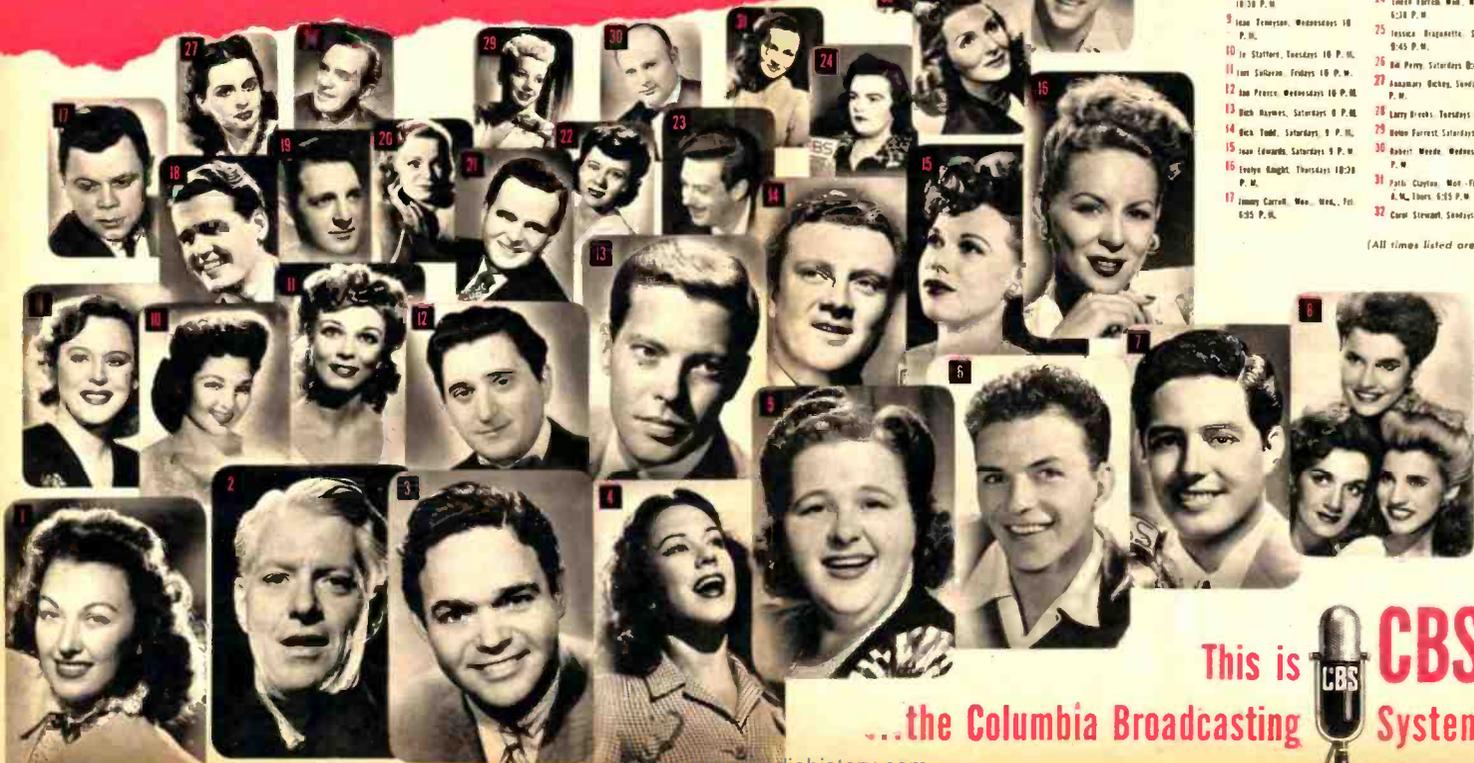
Who said Einstein had a problem?

TUNE IN America's greatest voices on CBS

The sweet land sings out over CBS. During 19½ hours every week, glorious voices take you to the heights of song when you hear Patrice Munsel, Nelson Eddy and Jan Peerce—or, ballads in the modern manner by Frank Sinatra, Dick Haymes and Joan Edwards—or irresistible rhythms by the Andrews Sisters. Here's the galaxy of them all!

- 1 Cissy James, Fridays 7:30 P.M.
- 2 Nelson Eddy, Sundays 4:30 P.M.
- 3 James Melton, Sundays 9:30 P.M.
- 4 Patrice Munsel, Sundays 5 P.M.
- 5 Kate Smith, Mon-Fridays 12 Noon, Fridays 8:30 P.M.
- 6 Frank Sinatra, Wednesdays 9 P.M.
- 7 Andy Russell, Mondays 8:30 P.M.
- 8 Andrews Sisters, Wednesdays 10:30 P.M.
- 9 Joan Edwards, Wednesdays 10 P.M.
- 10 Jo Stafford, Tuesdays 10 P.M.
- 11 Sam Salzman, Fridays 10 P.M.
- 12 Jan Peerce, Wednesdays 10 P.M.
- 13 Dick Haymes, Saturdays 8 P.M.
- 14 Dick Todd, Saturdays 9 P.M.
- 15 Joan Lewis, Saturdays 9 P.M.
- 16 Evelyn Knight, Thursdays 10:30 P.M.
- 17 Jimmy Carroll, Mon., Wed., Fri. 6:55 P.M.
- 18 Jack Smith, Mon-Fri. 7:15 P.M., Sun. 5 P.M.
- 19 Benny U'Ball, Thursdays 10:30 P.M.
- 20 Joan Pacheco, Tuesdays 7:30 P.M.
- 21 Bob Hannon, Tuesdays 7:30 P.M.
- 22 Evelyn MacGregor, Tuesdays 7:30 P.M.
- 23 Earl Wrighton, Sundays 9 P.M.
- 24 Glenn Ford, Mon., Wed., Fri. 6:58 P.M.
- 25 Jessica Hagenette, Saturdays 9:45 P.M.
- 26 Bill Perry, Saturdays 8:45 P.M.
- 27 January Gaches, Sundays 9:30 P.M.
- 28 Larry Brooks, Tuesdays 10 P.M.
- 29 Helen Forrest, Saturdays 8 P.M.
- 30 Robert Weira, Wednesdays 10 P.M.
- 31 Jack Clayton, Mon-Fri. 5:15 A.M., Thurs. 6:55 P.M.
- 32 Carol Stewart, Sundays 8 P.M.

(All times listed are EST)



This is  CBS System
...the Columbia Broadcasting System

MURDER IS MY BUSINESS!

by MAURICE ZIMM

THE man in the coroner's office glared at me! "What gave you the idea we freeze bodies?" he demanded.

"That isn't exactly what I meant," I said hastily. "You see—"

But it isn't easy to explain! It never is! People give you that strange look when you tell them that you're trying to figure out an interesting way of committing murder.

As a radio mystery writer, murders become my business. I lie awake nights devising new ways of committing the "almost-perfect" crime. The children wouldn't even look up from their cereal were I to exclaim to my wife at breakfast: "How would it be to kill a man in the private office of J. Edgar Hoover?" Friends are always dropping in to announce: "Say, I've hit on a marvelous way of killing somebody!"

Yes, murder is my business—and business is phenomenal! The demand for escapist entertainment is so insatiable that the airlines are literally cluttered up with criminologists hot on the trail of that elusive clue which will trap the killer just in time for the final commercial.

But it isn't so much the number of mystery series on the air as the fact that each program is broadcast weekly—at least thirty-nine, and often as not fifty-two weeks a year. And each broadcast is generally a complete "adventure" in itself! Consider the number of plots and counter-plots—of murders, motives, red-herrings and assorted clues—that this involves, and you'll begin to appreciate why the radio mystery writer is soon driven to phenobarbital!

After all, A. Conan Doyle was so exhausted with Sherlock Holmes after twenty-five stories that he tried valiantly to get rid of him over a cliff. And for all of Gilbert K. Chesterton's fabulous ingenuity, Father Brown had in toto but fifty adventures. Yet any run-of-the-mill radio hawkshaw can number his dramatic exploits in the hundreds!

So the next time you're able to pick out the murderer before the first act is over, or recognize a clue that was used on another series just the week before, please don't write to the sponsor. The poor scripter is probably having enough trouble just trying to make the next deadline. And make it he must! You have never yet tuned in your radio to hear, "Ladies and gentlemen, we regret that 'The Adventures of'" will not be broadcast tonight, due to the fact that the author couldn't think of a plot!"

Granted, there have been cases where the scripter staggered into the studio clutching the last few scenes when the show was already in rehearsal. But when the tense moment comes for the producer in the control room to throw the opening cue, there's always a show to go on—and whether or not you're satisfied with the quality, you get the twenty-nine minutes and thirty seconds of quantity.

Like many another radio mystery writer, I never know from one week to another where my next plot is coming from. I have committed fictional murder in bathtubs and at bridge tables . . . in airplanes and amphitheatres . . . in subways and submarines . . . at New York's 42nd and Broadway, and in the most inaccessible recesses of the Himalayas. Each time I'm desperately certain that I have wrung the last possible murder situation out of my feeble brain, but somehow there's always another—and another—and another.

Often the advertising agency which handles the account will offer suggestions. Like the other day when a story editor called and said, "The Old Man thinks it would be cute to find a body in a freezer—with the plot hinging on the fact that the freezing made it impossible to fix the time of death."

"But," I remonstrated, "that might be awfully tough to figure out."

"Yeah," came the callous reply. "I'll expect it by the end of the week."

So you drop the phone—and whatever you're doing—and rush for the library. You look up everything under "freezing," "refrigeration," and "Arctic," but all you achieve is mental confusion. Apparently, no one has ever anticipated your particular problem, or at least never bothered to write about it. Once again, research has let you down!

Next begins a tour of refrigeration plants, cold storage vaults, ice houses and kindred establishments. In some places you pose as a prospective buyer; in others, you frankly state your predicament. By the end of the day you have collected a cold, some embarrassing rebuffs, and a few—a very few—helpful facts.

Having tentatively decided how you're going to bring your victim to his frigid end, you start out next morning on the next phase of your problem: the brilliant deduction by which your criminologist is going to solve the case. So you call up all the doctors you know!

Most of them try to be tolerant and understanding. They'd be glad to help you—if you'd call back, say, in a week! You reply that you'll call back in a week, all right—about something else! But right now would they please take half-a-minute to tell you how fast hair grows after death?

Now the real trouble begins! Some of the medicos say that hair does not grow after death. They don't give a pink pill if you did hear it on a radio program with a high Crossley just last week; neither are they impressed by



"CRIME DOCTOR" FEATURES SCENES LIKE THIS

the number of books and magazines you've read it in. It's nothing more than a fable!

But mind you, only *some* of your doctor friends say that—not all. A few accept the growth of hair after death as a fact: One eminent urologist is willing to stake his professional reputation on the thesis that for three days following death hair grows at a rate which is readily discernible to the eye; after three days, the growth is negligible.

So now you *are* in a fog! Is it or isn't it true? In desperation you go to the coroner's office, and explain that you are concocting a plot about a fellow being frozen to death, and you want to know whether his hair would keep growing after death—because that's your pivotal clue.

Then it is that the man in the coroner's office glares at you and growls, "Whatever gave you the idea we freeze bodies?"

Well, forty-eight hours later you finally get an answer that you're ready to accept as final. Your authorities are the coroner's senior pathologist, an ex-coroner, and an embalmer who has examined hundreds of long-interred bodies.

HAIR DOES NOT GROW AFTER DEATH! THE OLD MEDICAL TOMES WHICH TELL OF COFFINS BURSTING OPEN FROM THE ACCUMULATION OF HAIR ON A CORPSE ARE RIDICULOUSLY UNSCIENTIFIC. THERE IS NO CELLULAR GROWTH AFTER DEATH!

Hurrah, you say to yourself! Now

you've really got a story! Exploding that myth is sure to do things to your Crossley!

Feverishly, you chain yourself to your typewriter—contriving, correcting, perfecting, polishing. At last comes the triumphant moment when you stumble into the agency with the script neatly typed—in triplicate! And what happens? The Old Man holds up the broadcast of your script for a month—because he, himself, once heard from his grandmother, slanted be her memory, that hair **DOES** grow on a corpse!

That's the way it goes! They're always demanding something "different"—but woe unto you if it's too different! Some of the best, most dramatically inviting clues and data I've ever come across. I haven't dared to use. Everyone would accuse me of having made it up!

Take "dhatura," for instance. It's a drug obtained from the flower of the same name, which grows wild in the fields of India, almost as generally as the daisy and buttercup in America. "Dhatura" can readily be mixed with food or tobacco, and a small dose of it has the extraordinary effect of robbing the victim temporarily of his memory. A person drugged with "dhatura" is not conscious of what happens to him while under its influence. More than that, the victim is even unable to tell how he came to be poisoned. And as the final payoff, "dhatura" leaves no trace which can be detected by chemical analysis!

Dear reader, have you ever heard of

anything more made to order for the mystery writer? But you don't really believe that it exists, do you? And if I were to use it in a script, you'd take pen in hand to write the sponsor that he'd better dispense with such hokum—or never again would you wash with his soap, eat his dessert, or buy the economy-sized bottle of his deodorant!

Speaking of trouble, the root of all evil to the radio mystery writer is the all-knowing listener who—no matter how frantically or effectively the poor author pummels his brain—can always say, "I told you so" as regards the identity of the murderer.

Consider the handicaps under which the scripper labors. To begin with, the average mystery program restricts him to a maximum of seven actors. This is done for the sake of clarity, as well as budget considerations. And though it makes for better drama, you can't deny that it aggravates the author's problems grievously.

In the average printed whodunit, there is such a parade of characters that you may find yourself turning back a few pages to keep them straight in your mind. This very multiplicity of possible suspects clouds the trail and cloaks the villain. But with only seven characters to work with, well—

First of all, there's Mr. Master Mind, your criminologist, and his stooge, male or female. That leaves five characters. Then there's the homicide inspector, whom Mr. Master Mind is always showing up. That leaves four characters. Then, if the murder doesn't take place prior to the start of your story, or off scene, there's the victim. Which leaves three characters! And of this triumvirate, the smart-alecky listener simply picks the least likely suspect—and bingo, he's got you!

Some day (when I'm entitled to old age benefits) I'm going to cross-up this unfair element by making the **MOST LIKELY** suspect end up as the murderer! Ah, what a tearing of hair and gnashing of teeth that will produce!

But meanwhile, to paraphrase Lincoln, it's enough to: "... fool some of the people some of the time!" Besides which, to each scripper there comes occasionally a moment of sheer, unadulterated triumph!

Like the time my severest critic (the wife, of course)—laid down a script that was hot out of the typewriter and gushed, "Why, I didn't know until the very last page who the murderer was!"

"Whereupon I, like a fool, had to up and confess: 'Neither did I, old girl!'"



NBC'S "MYSTERY THEATER OF THE AIR" GOES IN FOR AN EERIER KIND OF SUSPENSE



SOPRANO MAGGIE TEYTE LITERALLY WOODS A MIKE WHEN SHE SINGS INTO IT

Maggie Teyte— Leading Radio Crusader

FAMED ENGLISH SINGER
IN U. S. A. ASKS SAMER
ENGINEERING APPROACH

GIVEN more sincere artists like Maggie Teyte, the famous English singer now in this country, the cause of radio in the United States would progress immeasurably. For Maggie Teyte is concerned, not only about what goes into the radio, she is disturbed about what comes out of it, especially in regard to music.

First of all, let it be understood that Maggie Teyte is one of the truly phenomenal musical personalities of our time. She is an English soprano whose interpretation of modern French music has won her the admiration of the entire civilized world. That's a broad statement, but we'll stick by it.

Anyway, when fifty-six year old, good-looking, grayish Maggie Teyte — pronounced Tate as just Cholmondeley is pronounced Chumley — gives a concert in London the house is sold out months in advance. She is the esthete's Frank Sinatra perhaps it would be fairer to compare her with Mary Garden, Jenny Lind and other better-known nightingales. Her father, a hotel owner, was an amateur pianist, her aunt was a wonderful singer and since she was eight, Maggie has been bringing joy to a listening world.

She was educated at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy in Wolverhampton and took piano lessons at the Royal College of Music. At twelve, she sang Tosti's "Goodbye" at a benefit concert in a parish church.

Miss Teyte made her debut in Paris in 1906, first visited the United States in 1912 where she sang the title role in

the American premiere of "Cinderella" in Philadelphia with Mary Garden as Prince Charming. After that Miss Teyte toured America frequently. Married in 1921 she retired from serious singing until 1930 when, following her divorce, she returned to the stage. In 1933 she toured Australia and upon her return to England became one of the best-known singers over the British Broadcasting System network.

Petite, alive, charming, a remarkable singer and a remarkable critic in any medium, Maggie Teyte has been an ardent crusader in one particular aspect of radio. She was always happy and eager to sing for the world via radio, but she soon discovered that the glorious notes she poured into the mike came out in twisted forms. She has made a thorough study of the problem and emerged with some startling conclusions.

First of all, she found most radio engineers had no training or knowledge of music. The result was that they couldn't understand that certain passages of her delicate little songs by Debussy were to sound *fortissimo*, others *moderato*. Tones were blurred and mutilated, until the entire fabric of her songs lost the precision that she gave them, and emerged from the receiving sets mere lifeless, carbon copies of what she had intended. Even if an engineer did understand music, however, too often he performed a lackadaisical job—he was simply interested in getting the music out to the listening public, and the quality of the music didn't particularly interest him.

To correct these faults, Miss Teyte originated several new policies at the British Broadcasting Corporation that were employed whenever she sang. Rather than treat the microphone as a dull, stationary instrument that one shouted into, she looked upon it as an imaginary listener. When she had a loud passage to sing, she stood away from it a few feet; when the music was low and soft, she drew up closer to it, and whispered in its ear. The result was that her BBC recitals contained some of the most perfectly broadcast music in radio history.

Last fall, when Miss Teyte returned to America for the first time in many years, she found that she had to wage her battle with the sound engineers all over again. Technically, American broadcasting was more highly developed and more perfectly coordinated than that of our British cousins, but often the men in the sound room were interested only in performing a merely competent job and then catching the 4:06 back to Long

Island. The subtleties involved in microphone technique were something that didn't interest them. The result was that her first few appearances on a leading network program were a little disappointing to her countless fans in America, who had grown to love her singing through the records that she made in England. But, ever dynamic and alert, Miss Teyte soon had the sound engineers really hopping, with the result that the quality of her performances improved with each succeeding broadcast.

But, even yet, Miss Teyte is dissatisfied with the final results, plans to de-

vote the rest of her lifetime to studying the problems involved in projecting crystal clear tones over the microphone. Says Miss Teyte: "If there is any radio engineer who can get down on an ordinary program everything I have to give out with my voice, I will treat him and his family to a dinner in the best restaurant in New York."

It must not be imagined that Maggie Teyte is concerned solely with the projection of her own voice on the radio. She has the interest of all voices, of all music at heart and her crusade deserves the support of all those who love radio.



MAGGIE INDULGES IN THE OLD ENGLISH CUSTOM OF HAVING TEA WITH A FRIEND

BROKENSHERE COMES BACK

ANNOUNCER HAS MADE SUCCESS
OF HIS RETURN TO THE AIR

TUNE IN: SUNDAY 10 P.M., E.S.T. (American)

WHEN Norman Brokenshire was twenty-eight years old he was earning nearly one hundred thousand dollars a year as one of the most famous American radio announcers. The vocal world was his oyster, and it appeared that he would continue to find pearls in broadcasting.

But little more than a decade later Norman Brokenshire, who had been the Harry von Zell-Ben Grauer-Don Wilson of his day, who had been a voice heard by millions, whose "How do you do, ladies and gentlemen, how do you do?" had become a household byword, faded into eclipse. He was done, through. He had passed out of the radio scene, and when you do that in the toughest of all entertainment businesses, you are finished.

For eight years Norman Brokenshire languished in oblivion. Today he has come back in one of the leading network programs—he is the "Voice of Steel" on the American Broadcasting Company's fine dramatic show, "Theater Guild on the Air." He is branching out to other shows. He is on the way back, the way up. At forty-eight, he is competing successfully in a field which is generally reserved to younger men. His story is one which could well point a moral and adorn a tale.

Son of a Methodist minister, good-looking, eloquent Norman Brokenshire came out of the first World War with lots of general ambition but few specific ideas. One day he saw an advertisement in a newspaper and it changed his whole life.

"Young man with a good voice needed for spot announcements. Apply Station WJZ, Newark, N. J.," the advertisement read. With a great deal of trepidation and scepticism, Norman journeyed over to Newark from his room in a Manhattan YMCA. Before he knew what he was doing, an engineer stood him up to the mike and

BROKENSHERE IS BACK—HIS VOICE AS BOOMING, HIS ENTHUSIASM AS CONTAGIOUS AS EVER

asked him to say a few words while he listened in over ear phones. The engineer liked Norman's voice; it vibrated right. Norman got the job.

Thus began the fabulous career of Norman Brokenshire. Before he knew what had happened to him, he had plunged into the most exciting, turbulent period in radio history, a period that was marked by many petty animosities and jealousies, by fantastic growth and expansion. Norman was bright, alert, endowed with a tremendous and contagious enthusiasm that endeared him to radio listeners. He clicked from the start.

No matter what happened in those fantastic days, Norman could hold his own. There was, for example, the time that he was assigned to cover the first joint session of Congress, held in commemoration of Woodrow Wilson's death. Graham McNamee covered the same event for WEAF. So bitter was the rivalry between the stations that the two men were instructed not to talk with one another. In order that WJZ would be the first station to go on the air with the show, Brokenshire spoke for two full hours before the joint session opened. When the fledgling announcer ran out of

things to say, he would trip a passing Congressman — and then interview the annoyed gentleman as he felt around to see if any bones were broken.

It was in the '30's, however, that Brokenshire became internationally known as a radio personality. His hearty greetings on the Chesterfield Hour became so well known that customers asked tobacco clerks for a package of Brokenshires and got the right brand. Fan letters poured in by the thousands every week. Brokenshire rarely opened the door of his hotel room without finding a row of swooning ladies ready to pounce on him. Later, as the impresario on the Good Gulf program, Brokenshire introduced such famous personalities as Will Rogers to radio, and reached the zenith of his career.

With his tremendous success, something else came to Norman Brokenshire. His natural self-confidence turned to arrogance and his love of good living began to take up too much of his time. He found old friends staying away from him, but there was always a new lot that one could make every evening at the corner bar.

Then the inevitable happened. He

found the whole pattern of his life crumbling about him. He had no incentive to do new work; he could barely keep up the work he was doing. He woke up one morning and realized that he was mentally and physically and morally a sick man.

For the next eight years Brokenshire stayed away from the Manhattan radio scene to which he had given so much of his creative energy and spirit. He rested on his New York farm, with his wife by his side to offer him solace and sympathy. He ate the right food at the right time, slept the normal amount of hours, stopped drinking. The healing process was slow, but when Norman Brokenshire was finally cured it was all the way.

Today he is as enthusiastic as a young boy about his newly rehabilitated career, speaks with gratitude and affection of the many old friends who never forgot him and who lent a helping hand when he needed it most. He is as thrilled as a cub announcer when an elevator operator recognizes his voice. He speaks with a twinkle in his eyes about the intelligence of a new generation of radio fans, has enough vitality to wear out ten normal young men. Says Brokenshire today: "I feel reborn."





ON HER U. S. O. CAMP SHOW TOUR IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, MARTHA'S FAVORITE KIND OF RELAXATION WAS TO CHAT WITH THE NATIVES

Meet Liltin' Tilton

HALL OF FAME SINGER HAS COME A LONG WAY SINCE LOS ANGELES

TUNE IN: SUN. 6 P.M. E.S.T. (AMERICAN)

SAM, the man who made the pants too long, gave Martha Tilton her first job on an air show. Her singing suited the tailor man fine and he paid her the lordly sum of twenty-five dollars for her renditions over a Los Angeles

by WARNER GRAINGER

radio station — thousand watter KFAC.

The day she got her first pay check from the sponsor Martha rushed over to

a department store and bought three items—a new hat, imitation pearls for her mother and a pink sweater for her dog who was enduring a cold winter. Martha spent everything, and to her chagrin was later put off the street car when

she failed to come up with the requisite fare.

Thus started rather chaotically a career which was to see Martha Tilton put off no stations thereafter. She is now a swing singer of note on American's Radio Hall of Fame and her motion picture appearances have also helped enhance her renown.

For, as it happened, Martha's singing over KFAC was heard by a prominent agent. He approached the petite blonde who had come to Los Angeles from her native Corpus Christi, Texas, at the age of seven, and asked her if she would like to sing at the Cocoanut Grove. Martha assented to the salary of \$45 for she had always wanted to be a professional singer, had thought about it since her graduation from high school at seventeen.

Yet she was far-sighted enough a little later to shift to Hal Grayson's band at a salary cut of fifteen dollars because she would be able to tour the country and meet the people.

Her strategy was successful for her next step was to sing on "Three Hits And A Miss." While on this program she was given an audition as vocalist for the Benny Goodman band. Benny listened patiently to one number and walked out on the second. Martha noticed the retreat and immediately thought that her next stop would be Los Angeles or Corpus Christi. She went home in what is known as a blue funk.

When she arrived she heard the telephone ringing. Thinking it was another bill collector she picked up the receiver, heard a voice say angrily,

"Why did you walk out?"

"Who wouldn't?" returned Martha with asperity. "Goodman left and that's why I did."

"Well," said the voice which was that of Goodman's manager — "Benny liked you and he wants to talk to you."

She was hired the next day at \$125 a week and sang with the Goodman band for three years.

Martha had many exciting experiences while singing with Goodman. When Benny was at the Paramount in New York a couple of enthusiasts jumped on

the stage and started dancing. This is the first known instance of such exhibitionism. The incident was unforgettable because the boy who was dancing accidentally kicked Martha and she collapsed on the stage.

Miss Tilton returned to the Coast, joined NBC, and was featured in a program called "Liltin' Martha Tilton Time" which ran for a full year. She was a guest star on the Fibber McGee and Molly, Jack Carson and Dick Powell programs, as well as many others.

In 1944, Martha shipped off for a South Pacific tour with Jack Benny, Carole Landis, Larry Adler and June Bruner. She was a hit from here to Guadalcanal and back.

Now on Radio Hall of Fame, Miss Tilton each week welcomes a famous guest whose career is reviewed in song and story. Personable, unspoiled she manages to delineate her own charming character in each of the songs she sings.

She is slim, vivacious, slightly over five feet tall, with a world of lilt in her voice. Blonde Martha's path to success was never easy—her father Fred was in the wholesale rug business and that is no guarantee that one is to be an outstanding singer for young rug-cutters. Martha had an up-and-down row to hoe until she impressed Benny Goodman.

That meeting with Benny Goodman affected her life in more ways than one. She eventually married Benny's manager, Leonard Vannerson, who has been a seaman, first class, in the Navy, and whose return to civilian life will find him back in his old position with Goodman's band.

Much of his managing will comprise his wife's activities. When a girl appears in pictures, sings a song, "I'll Walk Alone" which sells a million copies and is on Philco's Hall of Fame, she has already stepped into big business—a far cry for Martha Tilton from the days when she sang hopefully for Sam, the man who made the pants too long.



A LOT OF HER TIME IS SPENT ENTERTAINING WOUNDED SERVICEMEN, WHO LOVE HER SONGS

YOU CAN'T HEAR EVERYTHING!

Even the most enthusiastic listener doesn't catch all the interesting broadcasts each day. For this reason, Tune In here presents excerpts of unusual interest from various programs... in case you missed them.

SERIOUS PROBLEM

THE white man faces a serious and deep seated problem all over Indonesia and Southeast Asia. The native people — no matter whether they are Malays, Burmese, Annamese, Indonesians or others, all are tired of serving colonial masters. All during the war the white man lost face in the whole area. Then the Japs were defeated and the native people, all of whom like to play the winner, looked toward the white race again. But weeks passed and the Japs still strutted around carrying arms. A month after the surrender I was pushed off the streets by Jap tanks in Java. The natives began to wonder what sort of conquerors were these white people who let the Japs still remain in control. The white man lost face again and the independence movements gained strength.

The outlook for Southeast Asia and Indonesia is far from bright. The white man is going to have to work hard to save his face and his investments there — and don't think he is going to be able to use the old colonial solution of keeping the natives down and shooting all those who want independence. There are too many of them.

—Bill Howland, foreign correspondent on "Time Views The News" (American)

OUT—ONE TOOTH

LITTLE Tommie Gordon Langley was afraid of the dentist, but after all, he's only five. Tommie's parents made the mistake of sending him to the dentist alone with his little bulldog. The dog didn't care whether Tommie kept their appointment or not, so they played hooky. Then they went to Tommie's room to think the situation over. Surely there must be a painless solution.

Finally the two figured it out. Teddy, the rat-chasing bulldog patiently stood still while Tommie tied a string to his tooth and fastened it on the dog's collar. Then Tommie yelled, "Ras!"

Teddy took the cue—and the tooth right along with it.

—Gil Martyn (American)

AND IT WAS, TOO



On their flying visit to the East, Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante were asked to appear in a special victory bond show in Boston. Of course, they said yes. When they heard that Serge Koussevitsky, world famous conductor, and Admiral Chester Nimitz himself, were also appearing on the same show, Garry's comment was: "What a bill! What a bill!"

—"Behind The Scenes" (CBS)

ESSENTIAL

WE can never have a successful world organization unless it can have a staff of men and women who seek the final good of their own countries in the good of mankind.

—Lyman Beyton on "Problems of the Peace" (CBS)

INVENTOR—FORGOTTEN MAN

ARTICLE VIII of the Constitution provides Congress shall have the right to promote the progress of science and social arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries. Congress should pass legislation to make this effective. The government itself should protect and defend this exclusive right. The inventor has been the real "forgotten man." He is the man who has made new industries and new jobs. Our six million governmental employees have not made new jobs and cannot make new jobs. The inventors have made possible steamships, railroads, automobiles, trucks, electric lights, vacuum cleaners, airplanes and radios and all of the jobs that make a high standard of living. Inventors should be encouraged and protected or there won't be any new jobs.

—Andrew J. Gabagan, Chairman of the Board of the Beryllium Corporation on "Wake Up America" (WHN)

BRIDGE OF PEACE

THE Valley of Unrest has been spanned by a Bridge of Peace. The cost has been high. Too many years, too many lives and too many tears. But such a bridge was a necessity. And since it stretches over the rivers of hatred and aggression, and since it must be cherished by man for all time to come, let us examine its construction.

At either end are the foundations, conceived in a sense of profound justice and right. One foundation was laid by America—the other by our brave Allies. Foundations laid for a noble cause, to establish forever that this bridge shall echo with the footsteps of free men, unto eternity.

After the foundations had been set and the towers of courage were erected, there came the job of installing the suspension cables. These cables were spun from heartaches and tears—from the cries of a boy on a foreign battlefield; from the sobs of a loved one holding a telegram from the War Department; from the anxious prayers of a mother.

This Sacred Bridge of Peace has cable swings which stream down to its roadbed. These swings are woven of sacrifices. Sacrifices at home and at war. Look closely and you will see their texture: The Sullivans, Colin Kelly; Johnny from up the street; Richard Bong; The boy who delivered your paper; the Lexington and the Franklin; John Basilone; Roger Young. Lives and materials built into the bridge in order that the free may once more walk in complete happiness.

Now we come to the great trusses that span the stream. They are made of the sweat of the brow; of the labors of men, women and children—the whole and the crippled and the blind—who worked endless hours in order that our fighting men might have weapons and munitions. And the trusses are strengthened by the efforts of American science and industry; and the produce of American farms—and the reamwork of the cities.

We walk across this great span upon a roadway. Every grain of sand, every tiny pebble, every bit of this roadway's substance shall forever remain sacred. For it is paved with the lives of the men who died that we might live according to the will of God. Here is spilt the blood of young men from every walk of life who answered the country's call with a willing heart. From the mountains they came. From the plains, the drug stores, the farms, from indus-

tries, from the railroads, from all walks of life. Into the pounding flame of battle they went their heroic ways. They suffered — they wept — and they died so that free men after them might travel this roadway of peace.

This is the roadway forged at Bataan, in Normandy, at El Alamein, and Anzio, in the skies of Germany, the jungles of the Orient, the dangerous waters of the Pacific and the Atlantic.

This is the Sacred Bridge of Peace. This is the structure installed over a great valley of unhappiness. Through the years men and women of all races and faiths will travel this way. And as they do, let them remember the cost of this bridge. Let them pause here and review its construction in the light of deep consideration.

May all remember that this bridge was necessary if men were to be free. But in their freedom, may the Bridge of Peace stand as a monument, noble and sacred, to those brave men and women who made it possible.

—Elden Westley on
"Your America" (Mutual)

HOW TRUE

Early to bed and early to rise
And you meet very few of the
prominent guys.

—John B. Kennedy (American)

"I CAN EAT ANYTIME"



When our disabled soldiers see Helen Keller or feel the touch of her hand, they get tremendous encouragement and uplift and hope. When they

realize what she has done with all her handicaps, they are inspired to dream and plan and undertake big things for themselves. Could anyone else in the world do as much as Helen Keller can to lift the spirits and morale of our blinded soldiers? Probably not. She herself says that she regards her work among the disabled soldiers, as the climax of her life.

The other day a soldier in a hospital ward was so utterly entranced at seeing Helen Keller, that he let his dinner get cold. When Miss Keller's companion told him he really ought to eat, he retorted, "Hell, lady, I can eat any time. But there's only one Helen Keller!"

—Dale Carnegie on "Little Known Facts About Well Known People" (Mutual)

ATTENTION, FISHERMEN!

I've heard many a tale about fishermen's exploits — most of them rather implausible. But this one is absolutely, positively as true as it is fantastic. There are witnesses to prove it. And a beautiful "exhibit A."

It happened right off the coast of New Jersey. A Mr. Miller of South Orange, borrowed a 20-foot motor boat and took his 21-year-old son and two other people out to nab a shark. They didn't get a shark — a shark got them!

Things were going along peacefully out there on the ocean when without warning, a huge, striped shark lunged from the water in a wild jet of foam — and sank his sharp evil-looking teeth right into the stern of the boat. Well, four very frightened fishermen quaked as that shark tugged and yanked, and ground his teeth deeper into the wood.

Mr. Miller noticed that the exhaust pipe was included in Joe Shark's mouthful of boat, and that gave him an idea. He started up the motor and figured that way he could asphyxiate old sawtooth. Or at least give him acute indigestion. It worked, too. The shark held on for five long minutes, then gave one final tug at the stern and disappeared into the water. Well, the back of the boat was a mass of frayed splinters. And now we come to that "exhibit A" I mentioned, imbedded in the mangled wood was one slightly damaged shark tooth — proof of an adventure I suspect Mr. Miller and his party are all trying to forget.

—Margaret MacDonald on
"Meet Margaret MacDonald" (CBS)

NEW BELLS FOR OLD

APPARENTLY NOT all the church bells in Europe suffered the fate of the famous Bell for Adano. The Dutch, for instance, had their ancient melodic bells back in place and ringing at the top of their voices the day when peace broke upon the world.

And this is how they did it. When the Nazi invasion began, the Dutch acted swiftly. Out of scrap metals, they cast new bells. The old ones were hidden. When the Germans arrived, they were quite suspicious of the tinny, ratchet sounds which came from the church steeples. But they had to be satisfied with confiscating the new castings. . . . And so, so many a Nazi now in Dutch jails, the song of the real bells must have come as a distinct shock.

—Jane Cowell (Mutual)

"GI JIVE"



Popular music is the favorite of all nationalities in American Forces Network Berlin audiences. Everywhere in Europe there seems to be an insatiable demand for swing. As for the GIs, they can't get enough of it. The most popular program among the American troops here in Berlin is a show called "GI Jive," which is put together by a soft-voiced girl in California, recorded, and shipped over here to be sung from AFN's turntables. Next in popularity are locally originated record programs with titles like "Crack in the Dawn," "Berlin Blues Chasers," and "You Pick 'Em." Since the record library here only contains so many discs there's apt to be quite a lot of duplication and the AFN staff admits that they're beginning to receive hysterical letters saying things like "If you play 'One Meatball' once more, my buddies and I are going to come around and blow up your station."

—Charles Callingswood on
"Feature Story" (CBS)

INTUITION

PERHAPS the most horrible painting ever made was created by John Singer Sargent, one of America's greatest painters. There is a story in that painting, a story of intuition and of foreboding, a story of the strange undercurrents in human minds and souls. . . .

My friend, who is interested in Sargent's paintings, heard of an art dealer who had a rare one. He visited the shop in New York City and asked to look at the painting. The dealer stammered for a moment, admitted he had such a Sargent, but said that he preferred not to show it. My friend's appetite was whetted. He insisted. Rather reluctantly the dealer took my friend into his private office, switched on a strong light and went to the wall where a large portrait hung, covered with cloth.

When my friend saw the painting, he was stunned. All that he could say was,

"Why . . . it's horrible."

And this is the story of the painting as my friend learned it. At the turn of the last century the newly-wealthy were building immense mansions which today are relics of bygone magnificence. In one of those new mansions, fresh with the smell of

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

paint and the crackle of store-new chintz, a father and a mother were discussing a suitable present for their young daughter's approaching birthday. An idea struck them — why not commission famed John Singer Sargent to paint a portrait?

Thus John Singer Sargent came to the house. After his first glance at the girl he told the parents that he would have to stay at the house, in order to capture the child on canvas as she truly was. Weeks passed. Sargent made scores of sketches. A gesture, the turn of the hand, the shape of the head. At other times she would sit before him for hours while he, the master, chose for her the best position in which to sit for the portrait.

The portrait began to take shape as Sargent worked on. However, he allowed nobody to look at it. Then when he had finished the father came to him, eager to see the completed work. Sargent presented an unusual request. "I'd like to keep the picture. I'd prefer you didn't see it." As the father protested, Sargent added, "It isn't a question of money, sir. Money can buy paintings, but not satisfaction, or happiness with a work of art." However, the father, who loved his child dearly, insisted on seeing the portrait.

With a sigh Sargent finally threw back the cover. The father gasped, "Mr. Sargent . . . sir . . . how could . . . why, that's not my daughter. That's the portrait of a demented child. That face . . . that terrible face."

John Singer Sargent gently replaced the cover as if hiding the body of a beloved and he spoke again.

"Sir, I don't paint faces. I paint only minds and souls."

And that is all to the story of Sargent's horrible painting — except that two years after the young girl's portrait had been set on canvas the hidden reality emerged and she was taken to an asylum . . . hopelessly insane.

—Milton Bacon on
"Time To Remember" (CBS)

GOVERNMENT CONTROL

THE atom bomb, which is our own creation, inevitably increases Government control over our future. It must increase the people's warfulness over Government and our sense of responsibility towards it.

—Lisa Sergio on
"One Woman's Opinion" (CBS)

SANE TALK



Religion doesn't make any difference at all, except to a Nazi or somebody just as stupid. God created everybody, but God didn't create one people better than another. Your blood's the same as mine, Tommy, and mine's the same as Danny's. My dad came from Italy, but I'm an American. Should I have your father because maybe he came from Ireland or France or Russia? Wouldn't I be a fathead? You guys remember Pearl Harbor?

When the Japs socked us and it didn't look like we could ever do anything about it, but then something very important happened a couple of days later. It was a Jap battleship, the "Haruna," and one of our planes spotted it. You know what it takes to bomb a battleship . . . it takes guts and know-how and team work, and our guys sure needed plenty of it because that Jap was throwing up enough flak to get out and walk home on, but the pilot had only one thing on his mind—to get over that ship. Down through the flak, right over the stacks of the "Haruna," and then the bombardier pushed a button and a 500-pound potato smacked that Jap right in the middle. They sank it, and every American threw his head back and felt much better. The pilot of that ship was named Colin Kelly, an American and a Presbyterian. You know who dropped the bomb? It was a young boy named Meyer Levin, an American and a Jew. Do you think maybe they should have called the bombing off because they had different religions? Use your good American heads, kids. Don't let anybody make suckers out of you!

—Frank Sinatra (CBS)

CONGRATULATIONS

MR. PRESIDENT, I've just gotten a telegram from Washington. It reads: "The operation has been very successful. Dr. Groves is very pleased. The child's birth cries can be heard at Harrison's farm and the light of his eyes seen at my farm."

"I'm afraid I don't understand, Mr. Secretary."

"Let me translate it for you, Mr. President: The test of the atomic bomb in New Mexico today is a great success. Major General Groves, in charge of the project, is intensely pleased. The explosion was heard over fifty miles, and the light effect could be seen nearly 300 miles. . . ." "Washington Story" (American)

A REAL WALKIE-TALKIE

FOR three years prisoners in a Japanese prison camp in Java managed to keep in touch with the outside world by means of a tiny radio set which an American engineer among them built and concealed in his wooden leg. The radio builder, whose name is Gaylord A. Buchanan, obtained two small acorn tubes from another prisoner, and with odds and ends he fashioned the tiny set, which fit tight into a recess hollowed out of his artificial leg.

Once he was almost caught. He had taken the set out and had placed it in a small bag, when the Japanese guards came in for an unexpected inspection. Mr. Buchanan will never understand it. They looked in every piece of luggage he had — except the small bag.

They got London and San Francisco — and occasionally Tokyo and Berlin — "just for the heck of it," he says. That set didn't last forever, though, with the engineer having to stomp around the camp on his wooden leg, the poor little radio suffered a few bad jolts. Finally the tubes burned out. Another prisoner, Lieutenant Louis Biechlin, built new ones from tubes he found in a wrecked radio set. But these were too large to be concealed in Buchanan's leg — so the radio took on a new disguise. This time it was built into the false top of a stool and left under the very eyes of the Japanese guards. Next it was rebuilt into a pair of bath clogs which had extremely thick wooden soles — and later removed to a hollowed-out beam in the ceiling of one of the huts.

—Met. Margaret MacDonald (CBS)

TRANSFORMATION



Actor Jimmy Monks is only twenty-nine years old. But strangely enough for the past few weeks, he's found himself cast first as a middle

aged man, then as an eighty year old character, and finally as a man one hundred years old. Just the other day, he got a call from a director who said: "Hurry up over to the studio, Jimmy. For a change, I've got a young part for you." It was a young part all right. When Jimmy got to the studio, he discovered he was playing a sixteen year old boy.

—"Behind The Scenes" (CBS)

WHAT'S DOING DOWN ON THE FARM?

CBS COUNTRY JOURNAL TELLS ALL

TUNE IN: SATURDAY 9:30 A.M. E.S.T. (CBS)

FOR more than seven years now a "must-listen-to" program for many early Saturday morning risers is CBS's "Country Journal." Conducted by Farm Editor Charles (Chuck) Worcester, and originating in Washington, D. C., this informal, information-packed show features everything from the latest news on dairy food prices to an occasional concert of genuine folk ballads from the Ozark hills. During the half-hour it is on the air, recent developments on scientific farm methods in the Tennessee Valley are interspersed with sidelights on how a new plant feeder is making out in Connecticut; an interview with a Missourian farmer's wife who has turned left-over wooden spools into candlesticks follows a technical discussion of crop conditions in North Dakota.

Surprisingly enough, this lively combination of documentary, quiz show, and vaudeville is heard by more than 12,000,000 city dwellers every Saturday. Some of them are confirmed urbanites who have never been on a farm, but most of them are ex-farm folk who have migrated to the big cities and get a kind of nostalgic pleasure out of listening to rural news and chatter.

Typical of "Country Journal" itself is its young (early thirties) good-looking Farm Editor, Chuck Worcester. A graduate in Agricultural Science at the University of Minnesota, Worcester combines an ingratiating personality with a good, solid knowledge of his subject. His experience in agriculture includes work as seed analyst, assistant veterinarian, and plant pathologist. This, together with the experience he has gotten from conducting hundreds of on-the-spot radio reports of large scale farm events, makes him the perfect emcee for a little publicized but much listened-to farming program.



SOUTHDOWN IS THE NAME of the species of lamb that "Country Journal's" Chuck Worcester is inspecting with obvious pleasure.



CHUCK WORCESTER, Farm Editor of CBS's "Country Journal," sizes up a Shorthorn Steer on his visit to a farm. It is during trips like this that Chuck collects a lot of his first-hand research.



ABOVE: Chuck does a little pea shelling for Mrs. George Lechiders of Montgomery County, Maryland, while her grandson looks on. BELOW: Chuck investigates some Barred Rock chicks at close range.



"THE ANSWER MAN"

Time In presents some of the most interesting questions and answers selected from this highly entertaining and enlightening program. Its evergrowing popularity can be attributed, in part, to the wide variety of questions and the authenticity of all answers.—The Editors



Albert Mitchell

Is it correct that during the administration of the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt there was at least one person authorized to sign the president's name?

It is. A woman in the General Land Office whose name must be withheld for security reasons, was permitted to sign President Roosevelt's name on land grants.

How many stores are there in New York City?

There were 115,819 retail stores in New York City — at the time of the last count.

How long have the Norwegians been living in Norway?

The presence of Norwegians in Norway has been traced back slightly beyond 3,000 B.C.

Is it true that more calories are burned up when a person is standing still than when he is sitting still?

Yes. The average person when sitting uses only about 70 calories an hour. The same person standing uses around 120 calories.

How many sky writing planes are writing at the present time?

The Skywriting Corporation of America tells me that there are two skywriting planes in use at the present time. But more coming.

Did dinosaurs lay eggs?

Yes — and wonderfully preserved dinosaur eggs have been found in Mongolia — although it's believed these animals lived ten million years ago.

Does the Army render its fat and save it the way housewives are supposed to do?

Definitely. During 1944, the central Army meat cutting plants and unit messes alone recovered 20 million pounds of cooking fats. This saved the government over 3 million dollars.

Who drinks more water — men or women?

Men — by far. They work harder — and perspire more.

Is our Government still paying pensions for the Civil War?

Yes, as of last September there were 383 veterans of the Civil War on the government pension list.

Is there any way poor people can get a divorce for nothing?

Not that I know of. It seems that people who are poor just have to stay married.

When did women first compete along with the men in Olympic Games?

The first Olympiad in which women participated was the Olympiad of 1912. They competed then — and still do — only among themselves. Women confined themselves to swimming and diving for the first few games — but in 1938 a special complete program for women was begun.

Is it true that Martin Luther invented the Christmas tree?

There is a story to that effect — but it is not necessarily true. Many countries claim the honor of having given the Christmas tree to the world and there are many popular legends concerning its origin. The story about Martin Luther goes like this: One night he was explaining to his wife and children the beauty of a snow-covered forest under a starry sky. To illustrate, he went out into the garden, cut down a small fir tree, dragged it into the nursery, put some candles on the branches and lighted them. Incidentally, this happened to take place on Christmas Eve — and the tree made such a lovely and fitting decoration that the custom soon spread.

What was the tonnage of Noah's Ark?

According to estimates based on the Old Testament description, Noah's Ark was a 20,000-ton vessel.

What is the highest price ever placed on a record sold to the public?

As far as I have been able to find out, the highest list price on a record was

set by the Victor Talking Machine Company, who charged seven dollars for one of its early discs.

What is the world's longest airline?

The British Overseas Airways airline, which travels 13,257 miles to Sydney, Australia in 70 hours — via Burn in Dorsetshire, Lydda in Palestine, Karachi in India and Ceylon. The pre-war flight time was nine and a half days.

How often is someone chosen for the Hall of Fame?

Names to be inscribed in the Hall of Fame are chosen every five years by a college of electors consisting of approximately 100 men and women of distinction who represent every state of the Union. Seventy-three people have already been chosen. The busts and tablets in the Hall of Fame are all gifts of individuals or associations.

Are the British Crown jewels back in the Tower of London yet?

No, not yet. They are back in London, but they're now stored in the Bank of England — since the Jewel House in the Tower of London was damaged by a flying bomb, and has not yet been repaired.

What element is there most of?

Oxygen is the most abundant of all the elements.

Were our soldiers taller in this past war than they were in World War I?

Yes. Army records show that our soldiers in this war average well over five feet eight inches — as compared with five-foot seven and a half inches for those in the last war.

What was the very, very first thing patented in the United States?

The very, very first patent issued by the United States Government was granted to Samuel Hopkins of Vermont on July 31, 1790 for a process of making pot and pearl ashes. Pot and pearl ashes is potassium carbonate.

Are there more women or men in the world?

According to the most reliable statistics available, there are more females than males in the world. In the countries where surveys have been made, there are, on the average, about 3700 women to every 3166 men.

Tune In to "The Answer Man":			
WOR, New York	M, T, W, T, F, S.	7:15 P.M.	E.W.T.
	S.	7:45 P.M.	E.W.T.
	M, T, W, T, F, S.	11:45 P.M.	E.W.T.
WGN, Chicago	W, Sat.	10:00 P.M.	C.W.T.
Yankee Network	M, T, W, T, F, S.	6:30 P.M.	E.W.T.



SMILING ELLIOTT SURROUNDED BY YOUNGSTERS FROM ONE OF HIS MANY FAN CLUBS

YOUNG MAN WITH A PIANO

20-YEAR-OLD ELLIOTT LAWRENCE CONDUCTS AN ORCHESTRA THAT GIVES TEEN-AGERS THE KIND OF MUSIC THEY LIKE TO HEAR

TUNE IN: THURSDAY 12:05 A.M. E.S.T. (CBS)

WHENEVER Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Ethel Waters, Art Tatum and other band leaders and singers of national repute step off at Philadelphia they usually manage to guest on the program of Elliott Lawrence.

Why should these experts commune with a twenty-year-old whose orchestra is heard every Thursday at 12:05 midnight over the Columbia Broadcasting System? The explanation is not difficult—Elliott Lawrence is a rising star in the orchestral firmament, a youth himself whose programs are dedicated to youth and whose offerings speak the language of the teen-age universe.

What is really so astonishing about the progress of Elliott Lawrence, whose orchestrations emanate from station WCAU in Philadelphia, is the fact that he and his merry men have been heard for little more than a year in radio.

Yet "Heart to Heart" clubs—the phrase is the name of Lawrence's theme song—are forming all over the United States. Fan responses flood CBS from South and Central America. The band's programs are transcribed and rebroadcast by the Council of Inter-American relations for Latin consumption. A startling reaction, eh? Yet the average age of the Elliott Lawrence ensemble is but twenty-two years!

When Lawrence launched his musical enterprise late in 1944, he stressed two important particulars. Every man had to be young and each and every one had to have some experience with a name band. Typical of his efforts in this direction are his first and second trumpets—Johnny Dee and Red Rodney, aged 18 and 17, respectively. This pair, who give vent to all their juvenile exuberances, through the trumpet mouthpiece, both saw service with Benny Goodman.

Elliott Lawrence graduated from the University of Pennsylvania only last June, where he majored in music—classical music. He apparently was pretty good at it, for he won the Thornton Oakley Award "for outstanding achievement in creative art" and he also snagged the Pennsylvania Alumni Prize in Music. The ink on his diploma was hardly dry, however, before the young bandsman returned to his first love—jazz music.

A signal honor was paid Lawrence's band in June. The Philadelphia Academy of Music played host to a jazz concert, in which a picked group of virtuosi and sidemen from New York's famed 52nd Street took part in a recital to acquaint the public with music in the modern manner. Lawrence's band was

selected to back up this all-star set-up and represent Philadelphia.

The occasion proved a tumultuous success. The venerable Academy of Music, on whose boards had paraded the musical greats of the last century, was packed solidly a half hour before Maestro Lawrence gave the initial downbeat. The Foot Traffic squad had to do extra work clearing away the overflow from the Academy entrances. One critic summed up the turnout in this wise: "Melba, Tetrizzini and Caruso in their prime, on the same bill together, never drew such a throng to the Academy."

Lawrence holds forth at the piano during his broadcasts, generally running through a couple of choruses of some ballad number. His academic training has paid extra dividends. He composed the theme song, "Heart to Heart," and one of his stunt numbers "Three Dears and a Hunter" was grabbed by Paramount for a cartoon after its premiere air performance.

Classical music is in current high repute due to the recent films and stage musicals about Chopin and Grieg. The Lawrence band, prodded by its sophisticated leader, offers four-figure time reductions of items like Mozart's Sonata in A Major, the Chopin Preludes and the opening march from Bizet's "Carmen."

Bandleader Elliott Lawrence may have run counter to the general studio notion of playing to the largest listening audience. But playing to the young hasn't turned out to be such a bad idea—there's a lot of them. And if you count all the people who still think they are young—the boy will wind up with a Hooperating that is a real Hooperating.

One thing that must always be remembered about Lawrence is that he is original in his musical conceptions. He advocates a new style of modern music, which employs four beats to a measure instead of the older use of the two-beat bar, and thus his effects are exciting and unusual. Five feet, ten inches tall, with brown eyes and black, straight hair, Lawrence is as unforgettable as his music.

Significantly enough, he still continues to study with many of the foremost teachers of the day. Hence his radio work reflects his serious background as Lawrence adroitly interprets music for the American younger set.

Mark down now that this pianist-arranger-conductor has a big future. Goodman, Krupa, Waters, Tatum and those people don't visit a young fellow like that to pass the time of day.



HARD AT WORK RELAXING BETWEEN THEIR VERY LUCRATIVE JINGLES ARE ALAN KENT AND AUSTEN JOHNSON. TOP MEN IN THEIR FIELD

EVEN THEIR POCKETS JINGLE

INTRODUCING KENT AND JOHNSON, SHAKESPEARES OF THE SINGING COMMERCIAL

UNTIL Alan Bradley Kent and Austen Herbert Croon-Croon Johnson came along the way of the commercial was dull, without a croon or a yelp in a carload. Now Kent and Johnson have blossomed forth, singing gay jingles for any sponsor who so desires, and not only the radio, but their pockets, have reverberated merrily.

Poets of the singing commercial, fathers of the immortal Pepsi-Cola

By GEORGE SCHUYLER

ballads, slightly daft lads in their own right. Kent and Johnson are two of the most talented young men in the background of radio. When it is realized that their Pepsi-Cola masterpiece has been aired more than a million times in the last seven years, that it is credited largely with advancing business \$14,000,000, and that they still trill the

lyric on 35 stations, the potency of the Kent-Johnson muse may be well appreciated.

Of course, you know that Pepsi-Cola blurt by the Shakespeares of the singing commercial. It goes like this . . .

"Pepsi-Cola hits the spot.

Twelve full ounces, that's a lot.

Twice as much for a nickel too.

Pepsi-Cola is the drink for you."

It took Kent and Johnson exactly

ten minutes to think of these immortal lines. This is their record for the course. They will generally turn you out a nifty in a couple of hours, melody and all, but it isn't as easy as it sounds. First of all, we must understand a Kent and a Johnson before we can dwell on their work. You must have something to be inimitable.

Alan Bradley Kent, the man who used to sport a beard which made him the poor man's Monty Woolley, is an ex-salesman from Chicago. He's been in radio for nearly fifteen years, worked mostly as an announcer and scribe writer, served long with the National Broadcasting Company. In his thirties, he is hefty and sports a mustache, but could use more hair atop his head. He is bright, a bit irrational at times, was once known as the Hot Doctor Livingstone for his dancing proclivities, and is often described on Broadway as a character.

Austen Herbert Croom-Croom Johnson (not to be confused with Boom-Boom Mancini, a prize-fighter), was a musical director for the British Broadcasting Corporation. Then he came to NBC in a similar capacity. Verging thirty-seven, called "Ginger" for short, he is slim, an excellent dresser, a pianist of the first water. He writes melodies for the commercials and Kent provides the lyrics. Sometimes, they do it the other way around. The boys are talented.

The way they invented their first singing commercial should be recorded for posterity. Several years ago Kent was announcer for a radio show called *The Band Goes To Town*. The sprightly Johnson was the producer.

In the beginning, the American and the Englishman did not think too much of each other's gifts and told other people so. Then one day, as is the way of the world, they went down to a local pub for a drink. While imbibing they discussed the fact that those spot announcements, those one-minute prosaic straight commercials, were horrible bete noirs of radio. They should be eliminated, said Kent. They should be put in the ash heap of history, said Johnson. A fifteen-second commercial should be catchy, said Kent. It should have rhythm, said Johnson.

With Kent and Johnson to think is to do. They went to Kent's apartment (there were apartments available in those days), and the lads parodied *Mother Goose* with the idea of selling bread. One of their jingles sounded as if it would sell plenty of toast so a

sponsor came through with \$600. That was the start and it all seemed so lovely to Kent and Johnson. They connected with a few other products but were not progressing too dramatically until they encountered Edgar Kobak, an advertising agency executive at the time, now head of the Mutual Broadcasting System.

Mr. Kobak asked if they could compose a jingle for a twelve-ounce beverage which sold for five cents. The boys went into a poetic trance, Johnson remembered the lines of an old English hunting tune and swung it, Kent rhymed deftly, neatly and historically, and inside of ten minutes they had evolved their masterpiece.

Since then their rise has been rhythmic and rapid. It's not always so easy to produce efforts of genius because there has to be a catchy angle to all singing commercials. But Kent and Johnson do all right. They received \$2,500 from Esso for eight lines, and then hit the Esso jackpot for \$3,500 the following year. Their thirty-second mumbo-jum-

bo of "two to one, two to one — and for men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one" earned \$7,000. They rented a Chipso ditty to Proctor and Gamble at \$20,000 a year — in fact they weren't even selling the rights any more. You see, the Kent-Johnson brand of poetry pays.

However, do not think that Kent and Johnson originated singing commercials — they simply brought them to the pass where it is impossible to escape them without being deaf. Even then, when television comes around, Kent and Johnson may get you through a lip-reading. Within twelve months of their incorporation as Kent-Johnson, Inc., Jingle Masters, the duo did ninety per cent of the jingle business.

Now Kent and Johnson do not have a strangle-hold on the market for the singing commercial has spread, like an octopus, over the land. But Kent and Johnson remain as the Shakespeares of the sponsored sonnet.

Even their pockets jingle nowadays — and, maybe, that's what counts.



KENT AND JOHNSON COMPOSE INFORMALLY.—THEY'RE TWO PEOPLE WHO CAN AFFORD TO

RADIO HUMOR

● A certain author was always getting his stories back from a certain editor. So after his last story had been returned he wrote the editor, "I played a trick on you with my last story. I pasted pages 18 and 19 together and you returned them that way, proving that you don't read the stories and are a fake."

The editor replied, "In the morning when I open an egg, I don't have to eat it all to find out it's rotten."

—"*Can You Top This?*" (NBC)

● St. Peter and St. Paul were playing golf on a heavenly course. St. Peter, teeing off first, made a hole in one. St. Paul then took his turn. He, too, made a hole in one. Both marked their scores and headed for the green. "Now, Paul," said St. Peter, "Let's cut out the miracles and really get down to business."

—"*The Jack Benny Show*" (NBC)

● I was on a battleship. You may never get near a battle on a battleship but they're pretty steady in a storm. I remember one day we were fueling a destroyer. The sea was terribly rough and the destroyer looked as if she'd capsize any time. She was pretty close to us and everything on her deck was lashed down tight and all the men on her deck were hanging on for all they were worth. There was one, big, red-headed sailor who kept falling down all the time when the sea washed over him. Finally he looked up at a sailor over on the deck of our battleship, who was munching quietly on a cup of ice-cream while the ship rolled gently. The big red-head shouted across: "Hey—how do you guys like your shore duty?"

—*Glen Ryder on "Fears Story"* (CBS)

● WORDS FROM THE WISE

It's not the wolf at the door which keeps a man broke but the silver fox in the window.

—"*Fishing and Hunting Club of the An*" (American)

Horse sense is something a horse has that keeps him from betting on people.

—"*It Pays To Be Ignorant*" (CBS)

The meanest thing you can do to a woman is lock her in a room with a thousand hats and no mirrors.

—"*The Fitch Bandwagon*" (NBC)

Some gals always manage to do their worst when they look their best.

—"*The Dick Haynes Show*" (NBC)



DINNINGS HAVE INNINGS

THESE THREE LITTLE SISTERS WORKED THEIR WAY UP TO THE TOP THE HARD WAY

FOR good old-fashioned melodrama, consider the rags to riches story that goes to make up the case history of Lou, Ginger and Jean Dinning—325 pounds of Oklahoma youngsters who used 50 cents in capital to float them into radio fame.

Put tersely, you can state the tabloid history of the singing sisters thus: Arrived, Chicago, December, 1939, income zero. Arrived, NBC's Cashier's office, December, 1945, income in four figures.

To get the complete story of that spectacular hop, back up to 1935 and you'll find the trio shinning up a couple of soap boxes to reach the microphone at a Wichita theater for their professional debut. The twins, Jean and Ginger (born Braman, Okla., March 29, 1924), were 11 years old. Lou (born Franklin, Ky., September 29, 1922), was 13. They had been singing as a team, off and on, since the twins were five, but the Wichita appearance was the real start of their

career. They had heard about the prospect of that appearance, and, without hesitation, hitch-hiked from their home in Braman, Okla., to have a go at it.

They were good enough to be offered a singing job with Herby Holmes' orchestra. Then followed a trek around small-time theaters and clubs of the West. It provided the cakes and coffee, and it also taught the Dinning kids more about plugging a song than they could have learned in an easier school.

Came the fall of 1939. Show business, the kind the kids knew, was all topsyturvy. Radio, they figured, might offer a chance for a weekly pay check. They also figured that Chicago might be the place to have a try at it. Their transportation, brother Wade's ancient jalopy, was kept in gas and blowout patches by dint of some singing the kids did en route. For food, they are hot dogs. When they finally pulled up at the NBC studios they had 50 cents among them. But

they auditioned, got the job, and then borrowed enough cash from the production man who supervised their audition to pay board and room until the first pay check came in.

For a trio of skyrockets, there's little in-radio to beat the performance of the Dinning Sisters in their climb to the top. Originally assigned to a spot on the Breakfast Club, they have since appeared on Club Matinee and handled a network show of their own. They have guest-starred with Alec Templeton, the National Barn Dance, and filled the bleak periods in between with enough theater dates and personal appearances to wear out a small army.

Last summer they decided to explore still another field—the movies—and journeyed out to the West Coast to make a series of shorts for Columbia Pictures. This winter they have returned to their home in Oak Park, a Chicago suburb, for more radio appearances—on the Barn Dance and other NBC shows.

Their Oak Park establishment is, incidentally, a story in itself. Operated as a cooperative in the absence of their husbands—all in the Army—the Dinnings retire to it as soon as their vocal chores are done. They couldn't get a maid due to the labor shortage, so they worked out the housekeeping duties with a mathematical precision. Every day one of the Dinnings takes over the responsibility of handling the shopping, cooking, cleaning and such with consummate skill. Next day, another Dinning takes over. Saturday nights they relax and dine at their favorite neighborhood restaurant.

Hollywood has beckoned again, however, so soon the Dinnings will close up their Oak Park home and take to the West Coast for a long stay. And, believe us, Hollywood could do a lot worse.

Take Jean and Ginger, for example, as pretty a pair of identical twins as ever we've seen. Big sister Lou is two years older and one inch taller—5 feet, 5 inches—than Jean and Ginger. All are dark complexioned and spend as much of their summer months as possible making it darker with lots of sunshine.

Odd fact about the kids is that they never depart from their threesome arrangement. Whether it's eating, reading, going to the movies, shopping for clothes—or even getting married—they always make up a trio. They're pretty keen on outdoor sports, ways of fixing their hair, fast dances, small parties, and ice cream cones. All name swimming as their favorite hobby, and all like squirrels for pets.

There are only two ways in which the girls are as far apart as poles—in food. Jean's favorite dish is pumpkin pie with whipped cream. Lou votes for meat loaf, and Ginger says she has never had enough fried chicken to satisfy her. The other way the girls differ in on the subject of secret ambitions. Jean wants to be an artist and paint beautiful landscapes. Lou has always wanted to be a dress designer (and sometimes, just for fun, is really her own Schiaparelli). Ginger's secret ambition is the most colorful of all—she wants more than anything else to play Lady Macbeth!

RADIO ODDITIES

◆ An American who gained access to the German Propaganda Ministry's files in Berlin recently sent H. V. Kaltenborn the original Gestapo card on which his anti-Nazi orientation is carefully documented. The card calls him a "notorious German-hater" and points to the fact that this is particularly discreditable since he is of German ancestry and married to a German baroness.

◆ Bess Flynn estimates that in the 11 years she has written the scripts for "Bachelor of Children" she has written enough to fill 116 popular-sized novels, or nearly 7,000,000 words.

◆ Statistics prove that the greatest source of NBC talent from any one field has been drawn from the Radio City page boys and girls.

◆ Several years ago, singing star Danny O'Neil was fired from a choir in Detroit because the conductor said he couldn't keep on pitch. Today a pertinent factor in Danny's success is the fact that he is noted wherever musicians gather for his true sense of pitch.

◆ Dinah Shore has a gift from one of her fans that is a collector's item among recordings—the first platter she ever cut, singing for Xavier Cugat's band. Dinah's name was unknown to the record company and her southern accent so fooled the labeler that the record carries the notation, "Singer, Dinah Shaw."

◆ Prized souvenir of Al Pearce's earlier radio days is an auto license plate which was presented to him by Henry Ford when the flivver king was Al's air sponsor. The plate gave the network and time of the Pearce program of that day. It read: "9:00 PM—CBS" and was a bona fide license of the state of Michigan.

◆ Harry Sosnik, one of the top musical directors of the airwaves, recalls that the first commercial program on which he broadcast was sponsored by a candy bar manufacturer. The sponsor mistrusted the new medium and besides was in no position to pay salaries. As a result, the band was paid off in candy bars, and the boys, for lack of anything more substantial, took to eating their salaries three times a day. After three weeks the program was called off—acute indigestion.



LOU AND IDENTICAL TWIN SISTERS JEAN AND GINGER WRITE TO THEIR ARMY HUSBANDS

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

(LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORDS)

CLASSICAL

BIZET: CARMEN SUITE—LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI and THE NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (Victor Album DM-1002): Here is one of the world's favorite operas, Georges Bizet's colorful "Carmen," in orchestral arrangement. In preparing this suite, Stokowski has taken twelve of the most famous episodes and arranged them in an order that provides proper contrasts for concert presentation. An excellent album, highly recommended.



WAGNER: DIE WALKURE—ACT III: HELEN TRAUBEL, HERBERT JANSSEN and VOCAL ENSEMBLE OF THE METROPOLITAN

OPERA, with THE PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK, conducted by ARTUR RODZINSKI (Columbia Album MM-581): In one of the most ambitious operatic recordings ever made, Columbia offers in its entirety the magnificent Third Act of Wagner's expansive music-drama, "Die Walkure." Recorded on eight 12-inch records, the entire performance is brought forth in a vitally convincing interpretation by a fine group of artists.

FIVE PORTRAITS: VIRGIL THOMSON conducting THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA (Columbia Album X255): Out of his gallery of over a hundred musical portraits, Virgil Thomson has selected five of his best for this album. They include: "Bugles and Bldrs.," "Percussion Piece," "Cantabile for Strings," "Tango Lullaby," and "Fugue."



RICHARD STRAUSS: TILL EULENSPIEGEL'S MERRY PRANKS, OPUS 28: BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, SERGE Koussevitsky, conducting (Victor Album DV-1): With this sizzling tone poem from the pen of Richard Strauss, Victor presents its long-awaited unbreakable, translucent record. The absence of surface noise makes this brilliant recording doubly enjoyable. Serge Koussevitsky conducts the Boston Symphony in this usually sprightly manner.

POPULAR

TICO TICO—THE GINGER SNAPS (Victor 20-1735): The Ginger Snaps, three attractive girls and one young man, all from the Deep South, debut with "Tico Tico" and its platenermate, "The Shrimp Man." Both infectious tunes have a catchy beat which is given a nice delivery by the new quartet.

ANDY RUSSELL FAVORITOS—ANDY RUSSELL (Capitol Album BD-13): Here is a smart package of some very pleasant music. Andy's songs serve to establish him as a friendly ambassador without portfolio to our good neighbors of the South. Included in the set are "Cielito Lindo," "Adios Muchachos," and "Maria Elena," among others.

PUP THAT RING ON MY FINGER—WOODY HERMAN AND HIS ORCH. (Columbia 36861): An exhibition piece written by Sunny Skylar and Randy Ryan. Woody's royal blues delivery on the vocal is top-bracket song selling, and the band's showmanship is always in evidence. Turn over for "Bijou," a keen demonstration as to what can happen when the jazz beat and the rumba tempo get together.

BUT I DID—DINAH SHORE, WITH RUSS CASE ORCH. (Victor 20-1732): None of Dinah's records has ever had a more lively and ingratiating swing than this new rhythm number. The tune has a sock lit, with Dinah's delivery packing a real wallop. On the reverse side the first lady of the ballad chants in a more sentimental mood with "As Long As I Live."



NEW REVISED EDITION OF DANCING

includes the Rumba, Congo, Samba, Jitterbug . . . Fox Trot, Waltz, and Tap Dancing.

Now you can learn to dance to the privacy of your own home with the help of these 3 books. All the newest swing steps—the Rumba, Congo, Samba, Jitterbug, as well as the Fox Trot, Waltz and basic tap steps—explained with simple, graphic diagrams in "Dancing" and the two books we include FREE with each order.

GET MORE FUN OUT OF LIFE! Bring your way to popularity. Watch your friendship increase as you learn. No more wall-flower nights! Start now and fill your future with romance! **MAKE THIS FREE TEST!** The new REVISED edition of Betty Lee's book, *Dancing*, helps you learn correctly and quickly. Be convinced—if not satisfied with results you will get your money back! And remember, we include two other books—"Tap Top Tapping" and "Swing Steps"—FREE of extra charge.

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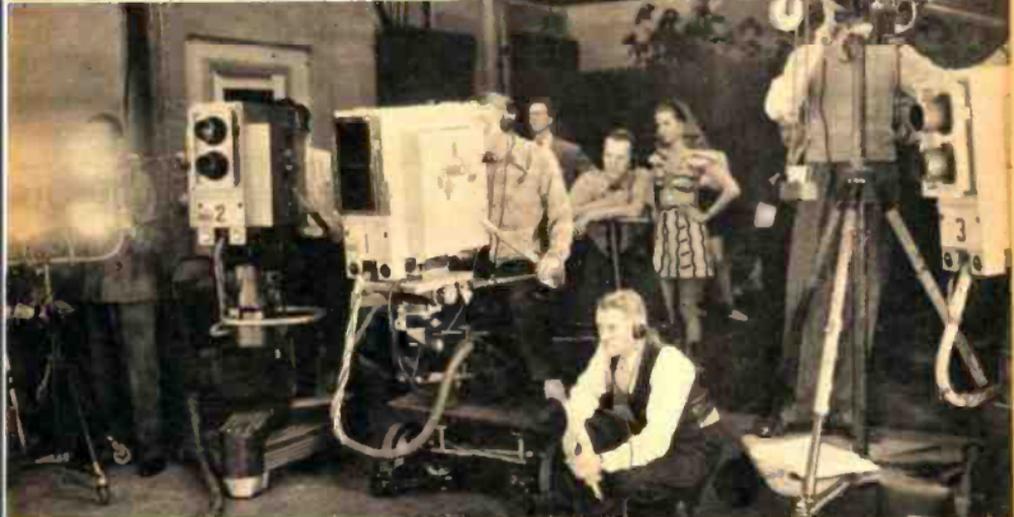
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TELEVISION



PAMPERO BABY OF A TELEVISION SHOW IS THE CAMERA ITSELF—AND WRITERS AND ACTORS PLAY SECONDARY ROLES TO THE CAMERAMAN

SETS MUST BE PAINTED on a special color scale so that they will register correctly on screen.



A TELEVISION SHOW IS BORN —BUT BROTHER, IT ISN'T EASY!

THE dream of many a radio listener is the great day when a flick of the dial will bring the latest in television entertainment to his home. Our imaginary listener sees himself lounging in his favorite armchair, in a well-designed post-war home, and watching a panorama of entertainment recreated above his fireplace.

Little does he suspect, however, the tremendous behind-the-scenes production job that will make all this possible for him. For example, if Mr. I. M. (Imaginary Listener) should let his magic dial turn in the direction of a musical variety show, the supposedly facile, easy-going entertainment that he would be watching would be the result of weeks—even months—of preparation.

Let us trace the development of a television show for Mr. I. M. It all begins when a producer or one of the bright young television executives gets an idea for a show. He dashes to the script-writing department and pants: "Do me a script about a girl—a Jeanne Crain type, who comes to New York

from Wichita, Kansas, to get into television. The breaks are hard, but she finds solace in the affections of a young newspaper reporter—the Tyrone Power type—and when she finally gets the lead in a show, she decides the hell with it, and she and the reporter go back to Wichita to get married and raise beets, or whatever they raise in Wichita."

The script-writer listens avidly, and in a day or two shows up at the office with blood-shot eyes and fifty neatly typewritten pages under his arm. The script is ready, but unlike a Hollywood scripper, his troubles are not over. It is just a rough, preliminary script; it will be rewritten and revised in the next few weeks by what seems to him 7,196 different men.

Take, for example, the scenic artist, where the script goes first. He will decide that a beet farm will be too difficult to reproduce for television (red has a tendency to blur on the screen). The beet farm becomes a tobacco farm in glamorous old Kentucky.

Then the casting director gets the

script. "Jeanne Crain types are a little passé this year," he will decide. "Let's replace her with the Lauren Bacall type, and make the leading character an Atlanta debutante." The files of the theater and radio actors are combed and re-combed, and from them is selected a Lauren Bacall type.

The cameraman gets the script next. He is the great man in television, for without him there just wouldn't be any show. Angles are figured out, the script is rewritten a dozen times more, and the locale is switched to a horse farm in Long Island, so that the farm scenes can be photographed in their actual setting.

These are just a few of the problems that are encountered in producing a television show. Before we leave Mr. I. M. let us remind him also of the lads in the prop department—who go foraging in the antique and second-hand furniture stores for the properties called for in the scenic artist's design; the set painter—who must paint in a special television color scale with enough dexterity to please both the television and the studio audiences; the hard-working light effects man, the . . . oh, well, let's hope Mr. I. M. enjoys the show!

He should—with all the work in it.



ANIMATED CONFERENCES LIKE THIS TAKE PLACE THROUGHOUT ENTIRE PRODUCTION OF SHOW



A LIGHT EFFECTS OPERATOR AWAITS INSTRUCTIONS. HE MANIPULATES 25 BANKS OF LIGHTS, EACH CONTROLLED 4 DIFFERENT WAYS



SELINSKY DRAWS MORE THAN CROWDS

SELINSKY, VERSATILE LEADER

HE'S THAT ARTISTIC RARITY
— A MUSICAL TRIPLE THREAT

How would you musically portray silence? How would you tonally describe the dropping of blood plasma into the veins of a wounded soldier? Could you use cartoon sketches to help conduct an orchestra?

Maybe most of us would be at a loss under these conditions, but there is one man who composes and leads music who has no difficulty at all with such situations. He is Vladimir Selinsky, gifted leader of the orchestra for Helen Hayes' "Textron Theater" and "The F. B. I. In Peace and War."

Faced with the problem of depicting jungle silence for a listening audience, Selinsky used a weird chord which he sneaked in under a few lines of dialogue and then came the peculiar hushed sound implanted in a sea shell. It was eerie, unusual, effective. It was silence.

For the drippings of the blood plasma Selinsky employed a harp with an accompanying strange bear upon the strings. The staccato told the pulsing story of an American soldier whose life was being saved most dramatically.



HERE'S A UNIQUE AND UNORTHODOX WAY OF ILLUSTRATING FAMED MUSICAL PASSAGES

The life of a conductor of radio music is full of obstacles and handicaps of which the public is entirely unaware. Forced often to create or blend music to enliven a script, his troubles are many and difficult. When Selinsky had a script thrown at him — Milton Geiger's "Bronx Express" — he felt for awhile that he was at the end of the line. Maybe his men were allergic to subways — anyway, it was no bargain trying to make them fit the action to the music and the other way around.

Art came to Selinsky's rescue. For his rush hour veterans he worked out scores with little sketches to illustrate. The band, full of stragglers, got the idea fast after that and the accompaniment was a masterpiece of subway music.

Selinsky came of a musical family in Russia and it is possible that one of them played fiddle for the czar. When little Vladimir was three his father gave him a violin and at four he had ascended his first podium. He was brought to America at fifteen, attended Columbia University, then won a scholarship to the Institute of Musical Art. After graduation he continued musical work with Leopold Auer and Edward Dezer.

After playing with several musical comedies he rose to a popular concert master's role and guest soloist. He has been long and successfully in radio. His ingenuity in interpretations is one of the unknown — but not unheard — reasons why his programs are so compelling and distinguished. He's a real triple threat.

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This is the most amazing jewelry offer we have ever made! Everyone knows the exquisite, delicate, expensive looking beauty of a fine Cameo and the rich charm of 24K gold. Now, for the first time, you can own a beautiful matched set of these lovely simulated Cameos in your own birthstone color. These beautifully designed, delicately colored, wonderfully wrought, simulated Cameos are mounted on the finest 24K gold-plated rings and earrings money can buy. What's more, they're guaranteed. Yes, fully guaranteed and warranted for 10 years against any form of tarnish or discoloration. Guaranteed not to lose any of their beautiful polish or luster or your money back.

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This lovely set is so rich looking, so well made, that smart looking women everywhere are proudly wearing them. The goldplated ring glows with the fine burnished luster that only 24K gold can produce. Its special design makes it instantly adjustable in size to any finger, and once fitted it is set in a comfortable non-pinch fit. SPECIALLY ADJUSTED TO YOUR FINGER. The delicately made screw on type goldplated earrings cling to your ears with the gentle stubborn tenacity of fine jewelry.

AN AMAZING OFFER

When you get your set show it to your friends, compare it with the finest jewelry in your local shops, admit it on yourself in your mirror. Then you will know why we say that this is the most amazing offer we have made, and you will agree that it is the greatest bargain you have ever purchased. You can see your set at our risk—get it at our expense—if you act now!

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CITY & ZONE STATE



All in favor raise right hands... *with wallets*

Naturally we want our boys home. The sooner the better.

But how much are we willing to do about it?

Are we willing to pay for bringing them back? If we are, we'll buy *extra* Bonds in the Victory Loan.

And after these fellows get home—these men who have fought and won the toughest war America has ever known—what then?

We want to take care of the injured ones, of course. We want to see that the young fellows who went off

to fight get a chance to finish their education. We want to see that there are jobs—plenty of decent jobs—for the men who've been doing the world's meanest job at army pay.

How much are we willing to do about that?

If we're really serious about wanting to see that our men get what they

have so richly earned, we'll buy *extra* Bonds in the Victory Loan.

Now's the time. Let's have a show of hands—with wallets—to prove how much we really want to hear that old familiar step and that familiar voice yelling "It's me." Let's prove, with pocketbooks, that we can do our job as well as they did theirs.

**THEY FINISHED THEIR JOB—
LET'S FINISH OURS!**



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