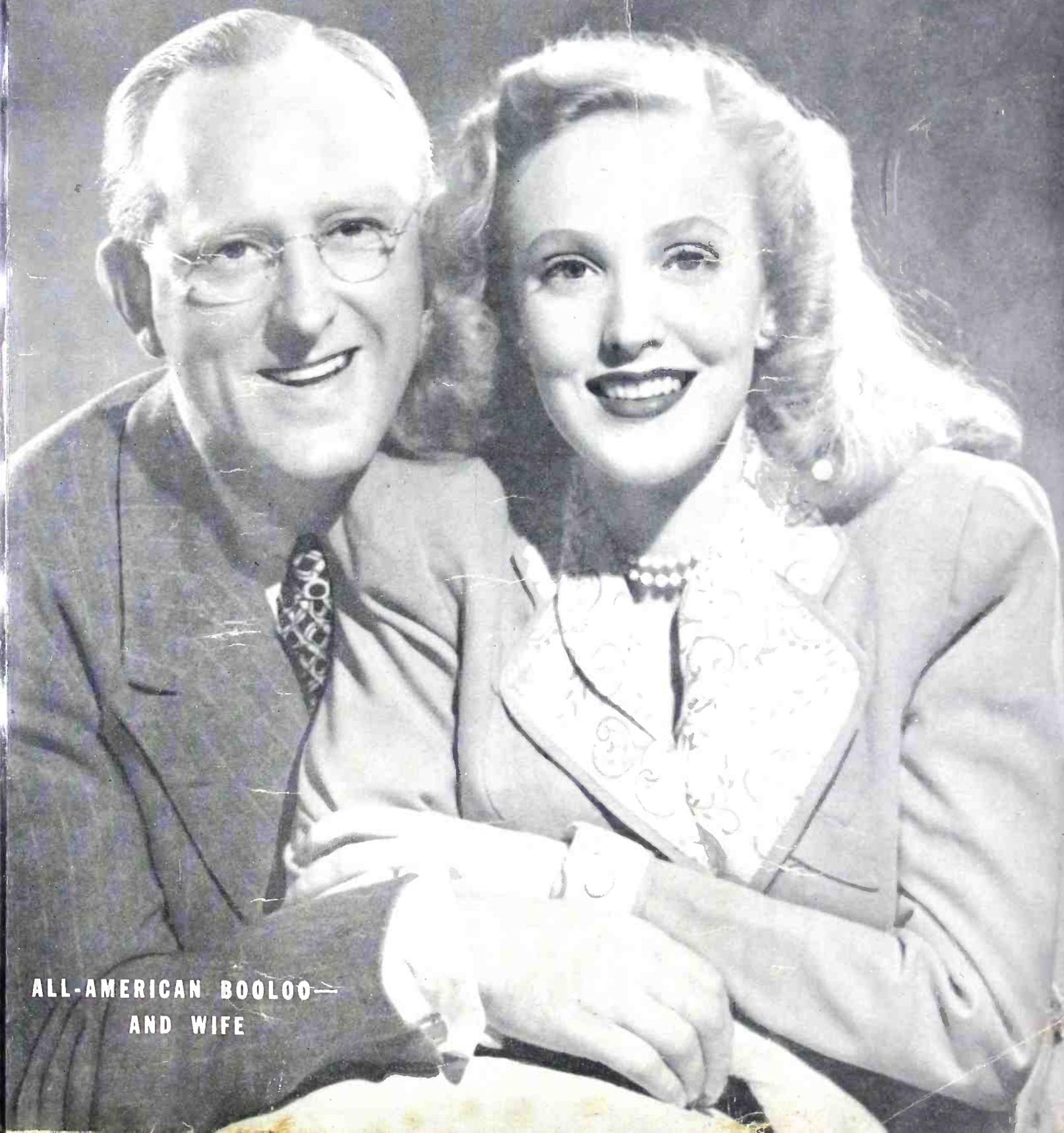


TUNE IN

MARCH, 1946

FIFTEEN CENTS

20c IN CANADA



ALL-AMERICAN BOOLOO
AND WIFE

THE RADIO LISTENER'S MAGAZINE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A N C



A Timely Message to Americans

from
The Secretary of the Treasury

America has much to be thankful for.

Abroad 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 costs 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. 3, NO. 11 MARCH 1946

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ON THE COVER

KAY KYSER — THE ALL-AMERICAN BOOLOO AND HIS WIFE, GEORGIA CARROLL. PAGE 13

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BETWEEN ISSUES...

Insiders insisting that Harry James' warbler, Ruth Haag, is really Betty Grable . . . Sailors at Bremerton Navy Yard in Washington nominated Cass Daley their AWOL Girl--Avoid When On Leave' . . . Bing Crosby brought down the house by requesting autograph from Frankie during a broadcast rehearsal . . . CBS hosted party at Waldorf for Gen. Omar N. Bradley, who made a plea for the continuation of entertainment in hospitals . . .



Bing

Henry Morgan (page 5) defying New York housing shortage by living in trailer . . . The rights to "Sorry, Wrong Number" (page 28) being sold to an Australian broadcasting company who will bill it as "the perfect script" . . . Hollywood trying to



Mr. D. A.

get Jay Jostyn for film version of "Mr. District Attorney" . . . Radio Row full of authors these days. Ilka Chase finishing novel, Abbott and Costello working on opus "The Corn is Groan" and Kate Smith rumored to be starting a book . . . Peter Donald, (page 22), the man with more

voices than anyone in radio, can't talk any landlord into an apartment . . . ABC inaugurated new "Bride and Groom" series with gay party at the Plaza, with the bride and groom guests of honor arriving after most of the guests had gone . . .

Roy Acuff completing new movie with "Grand Ole Opry" comedy and music . . . Nicest gesture of the month--Sinatra's party for stage hands, ushers and staff of Paramount Theatre because they were "so darn nice" during his personal appearances there . . .



Roy Acuff

Paradoxically, a German publisher is seeking permission to publish William L. Shirer's "Berlin Diary" . . . Gracie Allen is devoting all her spare time to volunteer civic improvement campaigns . . . It was touching to see W. C. Handy, blind composer of the "St. Louis Blues," proudly sitting in control room of NBC's



Phil Baker

Studio 8-H (world's largest radio studio) when Howard Barlow played his composition in symphonic style . . . Arlene Francis got good reviews in new Broadway play though the production itself isn't so hot . . . Phil Baker turning Broadway producer with a new musical, "Holiday

for Girls" going into rehearsal . . . Tom Howard writing book in which he tells how it's done as well as how it pays . . . June, our pretty switchboard girl, is anxiously awaiting arrival of a Swiss watch, sent, of course, by Jerry--who's still overseas . . . And now off to Hollywood to get pictures and stories on West Coast stars and shows.

73

Evening in Paris

PRESENTS

The Powder Box Theater

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

MARGARET WHITE, of the editorial department of World Publishing Company, tells a true story of a friend of hers who was attending a show one night. The man next to her got up to go out and, as usual in a dark theater, trod right on her toe. The woman said nothing, but "I hope he breaks his neck!" was her thought. Just as the man reached the aisle, he tripped again and almost lost his balance. "Madame, you almost got your wish," he said quietly when he returned to his seat. It was Dunninger.

★ ★ ★

A very disconcerting sight for the cast of TOMMY DORSEY'S Sunday afternoon show is the block of seats up front inevitably taken up by the teen-agers. Members of TD's fan club, every one of them wears a six-inch photo of DORSEY pinned on his chest. DORSEY has trained himself to skip over the first eight rows when looking out into the studio audience—as the sight of his own likeness grinning back at him from forty-odd chests was too much to take.

★ ★ ★

DOROTHY KIRSTEN, network soprano, who joined the Metropolitan Opera this season, had to give a dinner party and tickets to her performance in "La Traviata" to LON CLARK, who portrays "Nick Carter—Master Detective" on MBS. Seems that DOROTHY and LON used to sing together years ago and when DOROTHY was scheduled to do "Traviata" at the City Center in New York last season, LON whipped up a dinner party and bought a block of tickets for friends. The performance was cancelled because of DOROTHY'S illness, however. So DOROTHY had to play hostess this time to recompense her old friend.

★ ★ ★

One of CBS News Analyst HARRY W. Flannery's favorite anecdotes about his tour of the war fronts concerns one of the party of journalists whose extensive knowledge of protocol so pleased a Chinese general at a banquet that the officer accorded him the highest honor of the evening—personally serving him with a chicken head as entree (considered a rare delicacy in China). The reporter was equal to the occasion, how-

ever. He accepted the dish, then further ingratiated himself with the general by serving it back to him with much ceremony.

★ ★ ★

ORSON WELLES, who is noted for his ability to do many things at once, combined the following activities with doing his Sunday commentary on American. He wrote an article for "This Month" magazine; worked on his producing-starring film assignment, "The Stranger;" recorded the entire Bible on platters, and accepted the invitation of his friend, movie magnate, PRESTON STURGES, to portray the role of a magician in the new California Pictures production of "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock." A slow week for the Wonder Boy!

★ ★ ★

ARTHUR GODFREY, CBS early morning sage, received an autographed book from an author of note: To ARTHUR GODFREY than whom there is nobody quite—with admiration Colonel Stoopnagle." Out of the Colonel's "Father Goosenagle" collection.

★ ★ ★

Mutual's fair celebrity interviewer, PAULA STONE, says that she's never suffered from a sense of self-importance since her ego was resoundingly deflated on the opening night of her first stage appearance years ago. PAULA, 14 years old at the time, received a red velvet negligee with long fringe from her mother. "After the show," says PAULA, I was told that some reporters wanted to interview me. To make a good impression, I put on the negligee and went out of the dressing room, held out my hand and said, in what I thought was the epitome of sophistication, 'How DO you do.' In some way my feet caught in the fringe and I landed flat on my face!"

★ ★ ★

Whenever baritone ANDY RUSSELL makes a personal appearance, he always drops in on the children's hospital in the city he's visiting. Taking along a portable piano and an accompanist, he knocks himself out putting on a show for the bedridden kids. Reason: Andy spent a year in a children's hospital himself, getting over an arm injury

Along Radio Row



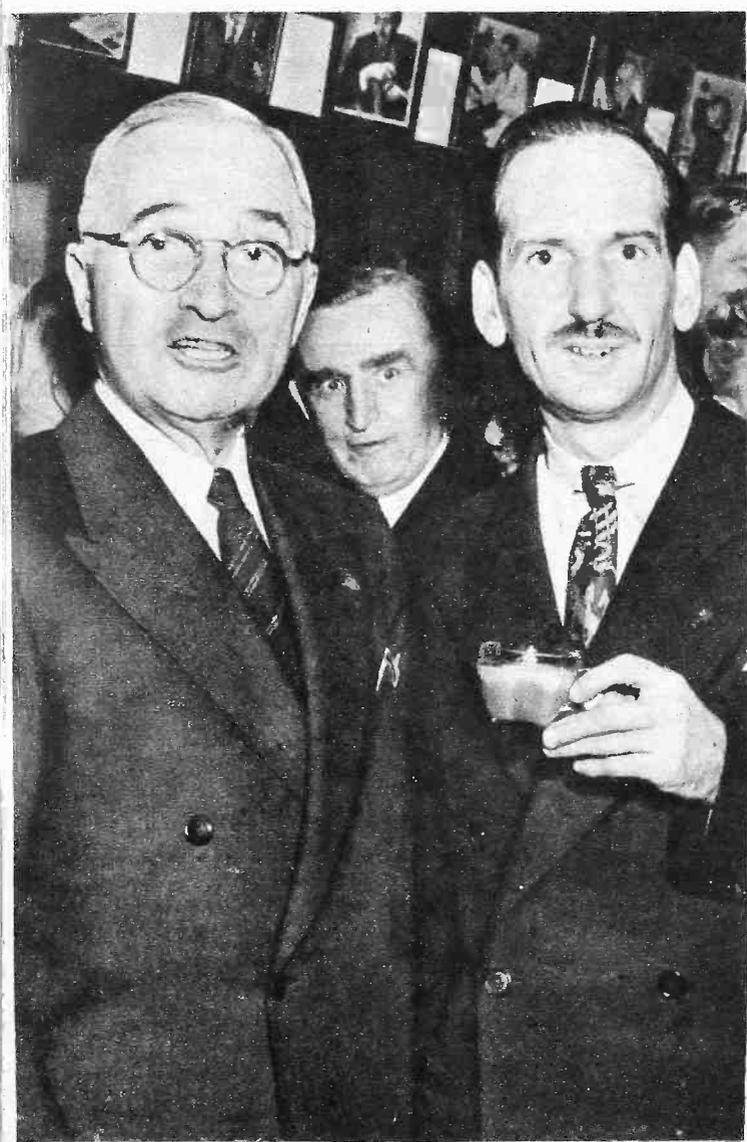
BILL THOMPSON and Jim Jordan, whom you know better as Fibber McGee, as they appeared in recent show. Jim is very versatile.



CONSTANCE BENNETT and poodle enter studio as actress prepares for America's Town Meeting talk. Moderator George V. Denny is with her.



CURLEY BRADLEY, who's Tom Mix over Mutual, personally enrolls "Ralston Straight Shooters" during his recent visit to Shriners' Hospital.



PRESIDENT TRUMAN caught with NBC commentator, Richard Harkness, at opening of Senate radio gallery. President was honor guest at the party in which Harkness assumed the duties of host.



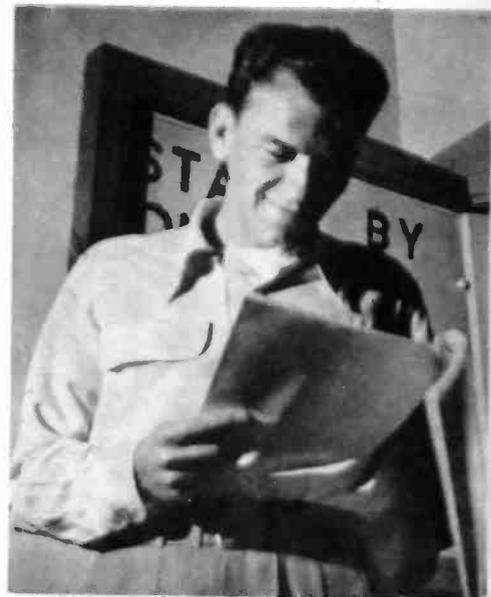
SURPRISE for Paula Stone, daughter of Fred Stone, was huge picture of herself, sent to her by an admirer in Italy. Paula had given an air captain a photograph of herself. Artist saw it with above result.



BENNY GOODMAN, ye King of Swing, is the type of man who never forgets. Himself a product of Hull House Music School he here shows young Adrian Parmeter of Omaha some secrets of his clarinet. Goodman, "early" alumnus of Chicago settlement house, presented \$5,000 gift.



MARTHA TILTON keeps in good shape (obviously) by daily plunges at Park Central pool before stint on American's Radio Hall of Fame show.



IT'S NOT just a case of singing on Frank Sinatra show. You have to study that little old script and crooner does before program.



STILL HAPPILY MARRIED Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard celebrate tenth anniversary at Ciro's where they are felicitated by maestro Carmen Cavallaro. The popular husband and wife are heard every Sunday night over CBS in "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet." They're tops.



RELAXING before Powder Box Theatre chores over CBS are lovely Evelyn Knight and Danny O'Neill. It's easy to relax with Evelyn.



HENRY MORGAN is the kind of guy who rides the sponsor. Mr. Adler of Adler Elevator Shoes closes ears to Morgan rib on WJZ.



ED EAST AND POLLY are on the air, and up in it. Here NBC team sits "side-by-side" during Taylorcraft Airplane Exhibit in N. Y.



PUTTING ON a good radio performance takes much more out of actors than you may think. Here are Virginia Bruce and Paul Henreid after a session on the CBS Lux Radio Theatre broadcast. Radio has special tensions—if you make a mistake on the air it's done forever.



WHEN FRANK MORGAN takes off on that famous Morgan family of his, all work of necessity ceases during the rehearsal for Kraft Music Hall Show. Left to right we note John Scott Trotter, Vera Vague, the announcer Ken Carpenter, Morgan himself, and producer Ezra McIntosh. You will observe that the bright Mr. McIntosh studies script closely, ready to incorporate some of Morgan's very bright sayings.



GARRY MOORE, co-star with Jimmy Durante on one of radio's star comedy shows, goes over script with Harry Lang and Elvia Allman. Sparkling humor requires constant revising of the script in studio.



"**UMBRIAGO**," cries Durante to huge Howard Petrie who tries to show Jimmy where he gets off (on the air of course). Durante's whimsicalities during rehearsals have the technicians in stitches.

DURANTE

HE AND GARRY MOORE KEEP
PACE AS OUTSTANDING DUO

TUNE IN FRIDAY 10 P.M. E.S.T. (CBS)

WHETHER in rehearsal or on the air Jimmy Durante and his younger associate, Garry Moore, are earthy, witty comedians to hear and to enjoy. Durante is irrepressible, running down among the musicians, bantering with the announcer and other actors on the show while Moore is a droll character who gives even Jimmy a comedy run for his money. Umbriago! Umbriago is a sort of character, or watchword, or what you will that Durante has made famous in recent years. Just to hear Durante mouth the word is enough to make a wax image laugh. And we're not kidding. Umbriago!



THIS IS WHAT SLAYS THEM week in and week out as Garry Moore, very often amiably referred to as "Junior," and the incomparable Durante go into their high jinks routine. This is a rare duo as both are stars in their own right, yet they blend very well together.

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.

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. ▼

11:30 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. ▼▼

2:00 p.m. DOROTHY CLAIRE (A) A pleasing half-hour of semi-classic melodies. ▼▼

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

2:30 p.m. JOHN CHARLES THOMAS (N) The baritone makes an ingratiating 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 Munsel as the star. ▼▼

5:30 p.m. JOHNNY THOMPSON AND ILENE WOODS (A) A likeable young couple who breeze through light songs and chatter. ▼

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) Harriett Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson attempt to do a junior league Fibber McGee and Molly but never quite make it. ▼

6:00 p.m. PAUL WHITEMAN (A) No longer "the king of Jazz," but still one of the nation's top-notch interpreters of a popular ballad. With Georgia Gibbs, one of the better songstresses around at the moment, and The Merry Macs. ▼▼▼



The Buried Hatchet Dept. or Allen and Benny at peace

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.

6:30 p.m. SUNDAY EVENING PARTY (A) A pleasant, uninspired half-hour of some of the popular tunes of the day; with vocalists Louise Carlisle 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 McARTHUR (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 time 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 Marlin Hunt plays three character parts, including the peppery "Beulah," formerly of the Fibber McGee and Molly show. The result is a pleasant half-hour. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. CRIME DOCTOR (C) The usual smooth production with gangsters getting pretty rough at times and the Crime Doctor, himself, turning in a good performance. ▼▼

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, astringent Allen humor. ▼▼▼

TUNE IN'S LISTENING POST (continued)

9:00 p.m. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND (N) Musical variety with a long list of entertainers headed by Thomas L. Thomas, baritone, and Victor Arden's orchestra. Not as good as some other shows like it. ▼

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 Daum, Evelyn MacGregor, 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 coy 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 quiz 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. ▼▼



Joanie Davis, uninhibitedly content with handsome Andy Russell

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)** Jaunty, entertaining early morning program, with Don McNeill emceeing for a surprisingly talented and wide awake cast. ▼▼

10:00 a.m. VALIANT LADY (C) High-tensioned 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 frenetic 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) Lisa Sergio analyzes the latest developments in the war theaters in her crisp, precise accent. ▼▼

***10:45 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. ▼▼▼

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. ▼▼▼

1:45 p.m. YOUNG DR. MALONE (C) The highly traveled young medico 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 daytime 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. ▼

3:00 p.m. WOMAN OF AMERICA (N) A new idea in daytime shows: soap opera with an historical background—in this case, the Oregon Trail. The idea is good, but the show is not. ▼

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. ▼

5:30 p.m. CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT (M) The fearless World War pilot and his adventures with spies and children. Fun for children. ▼

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. ▼

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. ▼▼

8:00 p.m. BULLDOG DRUMMOND (M) Another of the many new mystery shows that have sprung a mushroom growth this season, this one batting 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 Parks 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. Tone 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 sprightlier big bands. ▼▼

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

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. **DR. 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. Shirer—combine their talents to bring you the latest news and interpret it. ▼▼▼



Amos 'n' Andy in suits; Hildegarde appeared to do "Cab Song"

TUESDAY

9:00 a.m. **FUN AND FOLLY (N)** The hour is early, but Ed East and Polly are as uprightly 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. ▼

11:15 a.m. **ELSA MAXWELL'S PARTY LINE (M)** The professional party-thrower 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. ▼

1:15 p.m. **CONSTANCE BENNETT (A)** The versatile movie actress in a series of daily informal chats of interest to women. ▼

*7:15 p.m. **MA PERKINS (C)** Another one of radio's self-sacrificing souls, who likes to help other people solve their problems. ▼

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 Patsy 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 Cornelia Otis Skinner and Roland Young, with music by Roy Black's band and Barry Wood as the emcee. One of the best of the season's new shows. ▼▼▼

8:30 p.m. **ALAN YOUNG (A)** Youthful Canadian comic occasionally will wow you with his antics. Good supporting cast including Ed Bagley, Jim Bacchin and Minerva Pless. ▼▼

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

8:30 p.m. **ADVENTURES OF THE FALCON (M)** Jesse Matthews is the radio "Falcon," and it almost as smooth and polished as George Sanders in the cinema version. ▼▼

9:00 p.m. **GUY LOMBARDO (A)** Year in and year out America's favorite "sweet" band, although music experts after that 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 MACE AND MOLLY (N)** The episodes of the couple from 77 W. 42nd St. make one of the most popular of all radio shows. ▼▼▼

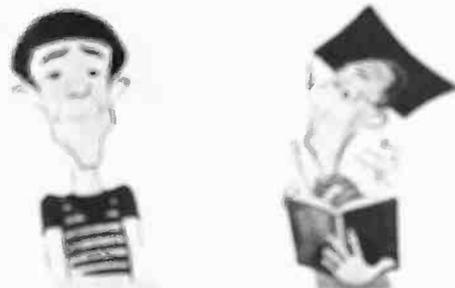
9:30 p.m. **AMERICAN FORUM OF THE AIR (M)** Very entertaining discussions of some of the vital issues of the day. ▼▼▼

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 showing vocalists 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 lively, 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 character from M. Douglas becomes a fast-paced variety show, all the while charming half her listeners and sending the other half away screaming. ▼▼



1-6 Kachibie and the "Prof"

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-operative treatment of a problem that deserves more serious consideration. ▼

12:15 p.m. **MORTON DOWNNEY (M)** Songs and ballads by the personality popular Irish tenor. ▼▼

1:30 p.m. **RADIO NEWSPAPER (C)** Mild chit-chat aimed at the layman's 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, bothered, and bewildered studio audience. ▼

1:30 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 evasive criminals ever conceived. For children only. ▼

6:30 p.m. **EILEEN FARRELL (C)** The Columbia Concert Orchestra provides the background for one of the most pleasing soprano voices in radio. For fifteen minutes only. ▼▼

*7:00 p.m. **SUPPER CLUB (N)** Good fifteen-minute variety, starring Perry Como with Ted Steele and his orchestra, Mary Ashworth, vocalist; 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 Poppa might be mildly interested too. ▼▼

7:30 p.m. ELLERY QUEEN (C) Ellery doing the unusual in crime detection, aided by Nicki, Inspector Queen and Sergeant Velie, is as fascinating as ever. ▼

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. MR. AND MRS. NORTH (C)** A married couple with a mania for solving murders; amusing. ▼▼

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 Willock 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 Davy, 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 Hersholt stars in this saga of a country doctor; good entertainment, if you don't take it too seriously. ▼▼

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 Vola star as the D.A. and his pretty girl Friday, and get in and out of tight squeezes week after week. Probably the top radio action thriller. ▼▼▼

9:30 p.m. MAISIE (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 fictionized from newspaper items. Don McLaughlin plays David Harding, chief of the counterespies. ▼▼

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



Winsome Gracie and long-suffering George

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. ▼▼

1:30 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. ▼▼

5:45 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 bazoooka player in a new winter show, with vocalist Shirley Ross. Ex-Dead-End Kid Leo Gorcey heads the comedy cast. ▼▼

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

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

8:15 p.m. EARL GODWIN (A) The well-known news analyst presents his views. ▼▼

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. ▼▼▼

8:30 p.m. THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR (C) Dramatizations of actual cases drawn from the files of the G-Men. Good thriller. ▼▼▼

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 HEATER (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. ABBOTT AND COSTELLO (N) Lively comedy with a burlesque flavor that makes up in energy what it lacks in good taste and good jokes. ▼▼



A couple of genial folks, Don McNeill and Sam Cowling

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. ▼

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. ▼▼

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 TAVERN (N)** One of the funniest shows on radio: the humor is sharp and inventive, the acting is topnotch, and the pace is fast and well-tempoed. ▼▼▼

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

9:30 p.m. **THE SHERIFF (A)** Another western, but with a definite appeal for adults. The Sheriff's Cousin Cassie is always good for more than one laugh. ▼▼

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. ▼▼

10:30 p.m. **YOUR AMERICAN SPORTS PAGE (A)** Joe Hasel gives out the latest tips on sports with an occasional personality from the sports world putting in an appearance. ▼

*11:30 p.m. **WORLD'S GREAT NOVELS (N)** Carl Van Doren is the commentator; dramatizations of some of the world's classics. ▼▼▼

SATURDAY

10:30 a.m. **ARCHIE ANDREWS (N)** Very funny adventures of teenage Archie and his high school pals. ▼▼

11:15 a.m. **LET'S PRETEND (C)** A children's program of long standing specializing in putting on rather original productions of familiar fairy tales. ▼▼

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 extroverts. ▼

11:30 p.m. **HOOKEY HALL (M)** Bobby Hookey 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. ▼▼

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. ▼▼

1:00 p.m. **SATURDAY SENIOR SWING (A)** Features a good name band and young talent presented in a way that appeals to the teen-agers. ▼▼



*The Frown and the Smile portrayed by
Lionel Barrymore and Joan Edwards*

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

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. **OUR FOREIGN POLICY (N)** Outstanding statesmen and government officials discuss each week some current issue in America's world diplomacy. You'll have to be interested to enjoy this. ▼▼

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 Bendix in a fair-to-middling comedy series 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 hep-cats. ▼▼

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 is well worth listening to. ▼▼

9:00 p.m. **LEAVE IT TO THE GIRLS (M)** Paula Stone and other leading glamor girls have a half-hour hen-fest over the air with entertaining results usually. ▼▼▼

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 Warnow 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 ORCHESTRA (A)** A distinguished orchestra conducted by Serge Koussevitsky under the best of broadcasting conditions and playing the cream of the classics. ▼▼▼

9:30 p.m. **CAN YOU TOP THIS? (N)** Harry Hershfield, Senator Ford and Joe Laurie, Jr., try to outshine one another, while the Laugh 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. ▼▼

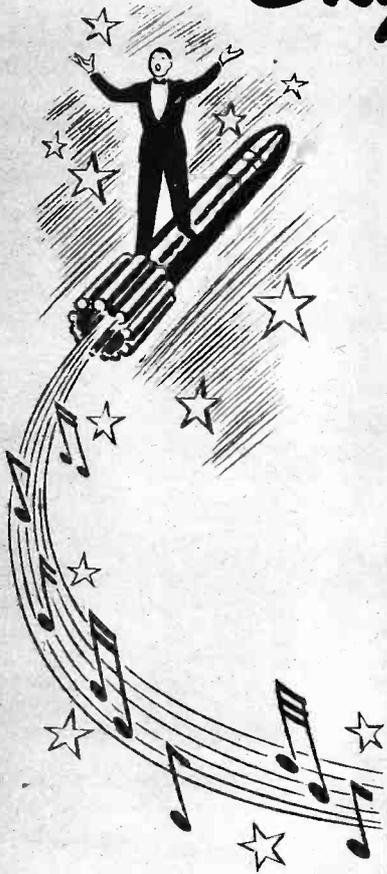
10:00 p.m. **JUDY CANOVA (N)** Judy's comedy is too corny to please a lot of radio listeners, but she has vitality and keeps the show going by the force of her personality. ▼

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

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

10:30 p.m. **GRAND OLE OPERY (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. ▼▼

*Mrs. Smith's Favorite Son
Skyrocketing to New Fame..*



Jack Smith

RADIO'S NEWEST STAR
WITH A SONG IN HIS HEART
AND A SMILE IN HIS
VOICE FOR YOU



"BIG TIME THRUSHING"

—says Walter Winchell

"SINGS with a JAUNTY BOUNCE"

—says Time Magazine



OXYDOL PRESENTS

The Jack Smith Show



Starring JACK SMITH

WITH DON HANCOCK, EARL SHELDON'S ORCHESTRA
AND A NEVER-ENDING PARADE OF

FAMOUS GUEST STARS



CBS STATIONS—EVERY NIGHT

MONDAY THRU FRIDAY

TUNE IN—SEE LOCAL PAPER FOR EXACT TIME OF BROADCAST





KAY KYSER AND THE GLORIOUS GEORGIA CARROLL ARRIVE IN TOWN—THIS MEANS THAT BIG DOINGS ARE AHEAD FOR THE LISTENERS

KAY KYSER: ALL-AMERICAN BOOLOO

By BENSON INGE

INTERVIEWING Kay Kyser is like riding a loop-the-loop in reverse. It's all so crazy. You edge in sideways, take a couple of fast swipes in what you hope is the right direction, then find yourself shadow-boxing with a fistful of notes.

It's different when you're interviewing a bank president or a political leader. Things are orderly. A cozy spot, a drink or two perhaps, a leisurely cigarette, and then a logical arraignment of questions beginning with genesis and ending with prospectus. But not so with this mad Rocky Mount-aioneer.

You've got to catch him by the coat tails and hang on grimly. You've got to be prepared for derailments and distractions all along the way. Sit down with him and you find him standing. Start talking and you find yourself walking. You suddenly suspect that the ants in his pants have crawled into your own. You gasp, gurgle, reiterate and expostulate. You're all over the lot, like the pieces of luggage that clutter his hotel room. In short, if you come out of the melee *in toto*, you're still nuts.

You think back on the calm, South-

ern-hospitality drawl that attracts 20 million listeners to his program every Wednesday night. You wonder, can this be the same person? Evidently so. And then, when you learn the facts of his life you realize what makes him tick so nervously. It's his showmanship, you say. "Shucks!" says he. "I'm not an actor, never been one . . . never been one in my family. Cultured folk all. Doctors, lawyers, surgeons. As for that born-in-the-stagetrunk stuff . . .!"

"Then how did you land in show business?" you still want to know.

KAY KYSER: ALL-AMERICAN BOOLOO (continued)

Just fell into it. Used to follow the minstrel bands around town . . . Silas Green, the Minstrel Man . . . ta-ra-ra boom-de-da . . . Someone stuck a clarinet in my hand . . . had to learn it . . . started playing at proms and things . . . took on professional engagements . . . Just like that.

Ideas and reflections came up fast, faster than he could talk. But there must have been thousands of others who wanted to be band players. Where are they? Comes the revelation. You've got to have a marked business sense.

"I could be anything I want to be," continues the drawling voice, this time with faster tempo and greater conviction. "I could go out tomorrow and be a bank president, a business executive, a merchant prince . . . anything! Except, of course, where you've got to prepare yourself with degrees, like a doctor, or lawyer, or stuff . . . Anything!"

You study him, this All-American Booloo, and learn how true his statements are . . . even to acquisition of the term "Booloo." It seems his school never went in for selecting candidates who were "most likely to succeed" at this or that. Instead they selected Booloos. At first it's Obnoxious Booloo, then it's Most Obnoxious Booloo, and finally it's All-American Obnoxious Booloo. As always, Kay went after the highest honor . . . and won.

You study him, this rubber-faced, rubber-mouthed, pop-eyed, shy, zany, explosive individual. You recall his programs . . . where he bounces around on the antenna waves like an electronic gremlin. Then you recall his personal

appearances . . . part-ham, part-clown, part-tragedian—a jumble of jivin' heebie-jeebies. Now he is sitting perfectly solemn. A peculiar thought hits you.

"You've struck off some pretty liberal sentiments on your program," we venture. "Things about the San Francisco Conference and political issues. How do you as an actor tie in with that?"

The tables are suddenly turned, and the Ol' Professor fixes *you* with an underslung glance. "A mighty shrewd question," he offers. "And I'm glad you asked it, because that's something I feel very keenly about. Remember what I said about not being born a showman? Well, that's where the other part fits in. Back home I'd always take part in all discussions on political and governmental affairs. What else was there to talk about? Not the theater. There'd be nobody to talk with. So it was politics, and the way the world was going. And you're right when you say that very few showpeople go in for that sort of thing. I think there ought to be more . . . but that's the way it is."

Would you think that was the voice that could . . . and does shout "Boing!" at the top of his lungs. Listen to some more.

"I was gosh darn unhappy in my first years of band playing. Five of the unhappiest years of my life . . . standing up in some cafe, beating my brains out for a lot of stuffed jerks. I used to think . . . what am I doing entertaining all those people? Why don't they stay home and entertain themselves? There ought to be something in people that could make them entertain themselves. Then

I met up with someone, a very wise individual, and he set me right. The world, he said, is made up of people who entertain . . . and others, many more, who've got to be entertained. It's not that they don't want to entertain themselves. It's that they can't. And my job in life, according to him, was to get in there and pitch. I've been pitching ever since."

* * *

To get some organization back into the interview, we thought it best to haul Kyser back to his early years. Basically, they were routine years. A typical, clean-cut, average American background. He was born James Kern Kyser (he grafted the Kay from Kern) on June 18, 1907. That was in Rocky Mount, North Carolina. He is five feet nine inches tall, well-built, with ash-blond hair, blue eyes, and a shy but infectious grin. He has two brothers and three sisters . . . had normal schooling, crazy childhood antics, and unfettered ambitions. His football field (on which he organized a "mongrel team" of 115 pound lightweights) was simply a marking space for the later worlds to conquer.

"Ever hear of Kyser and Gregor?" he'll bring up in connection with those early years. "When I was a kid in high school back in Rocky Mount ev'ybody heard about Kyser and Gregor. We were two kids who were willing to tackle anything for odd money. Our motto was 'We do anything.' Used to distribute handbills at \$3.50 a thousand. Pretty soon we got a squad of kids to work for us. Just like in any business. In school I took part in anything and ev' thing



KAY KYSER keeps band in line in masterly fashion as singer Michael Douglas performs.



KAY KYSER manages to get some most unusual effects from the studio's prostrate sound man.



HERE'S our man with his capable announcer, and friend, the one and only "Dean" Forman.

drama, football, music, cheerleading. I was President of the Junior Class, President of the Senior Class. Happiest days of my life. Later I hung around the theaters, just hung around and hung around."

On the serious side of things he studied law, but never completed this ambition. In the fall of 1926, when the campus found itself without a dance orchestra because of the graduation of the late Hal Kemp, Kay decided to organize a band. The rest, from the time he conceived his "College of Musical Knowledge" down to his appearances in movies and before millions of servicemen, is history.

* * *

For those more analytically inclined, something of a prize case could be made of Mr. Kyser and his upward climb from the handbill-distributing stage to his present position as one of the wealthiest men in show business.

He is a born rebel and nothing daunts him.

Recently, without the slightest advance warning, he decided to quit the entertainment field. To the startled press, he simply said, "I'm tired because I've been trying to do too much. I have a wonderful wife, I have financial security, I'm young, and I feel a fellow ought to enjoy life while he can." Whereupon one New York newspaper, in typical vein, headlined the story "Kyser to Quit, Whittle and Spit." Because of contractual obligations, however, Kyser to Quit, Whittle and Spit."

We asked him about that.

"When I was first breaking into the business," he said, "I knew a man who was pretty high up in the racket. He was considerably under forty, but he promised himself that when he reached forty, he'd quit. We all said, 'sure, sure.' We just laughed at him. Then he turned forty. And he cleaned out his desk and went out of business. He settled down on a farm, where he's prospering and living just like he'd always wanted to. Well, this chap left me some good advice. Up to 20, he told me, you're just starting out in life, getting yourself ready. From 20 to 40, you're doing yourself some good. From 40 to 60 you ought to quit and do the world some good."

That, at the moment, would seem to be the sum total of Kay Kyser's philosophy. If he could, he'd break from all legal, routine ties and entertain the world . . . entertain it free.

"Maybe it's the war that's brought the thing home to me," he continued. "See-



THE GENIAL PROFESSOR as he goes through his amusing musical gyrations for the large studio audience while that scintillating, luscious peach, Georgia, sings a very merry little song.

ing those kids go through hell and gone all those years. Kind of gives you a new slant on life. A new evaluation, a new set of standards. Look what's happened to Bing Crosby. After he got back from overseas . . . after he found out about things, he sold all his horses. All so futile. He realized the way things stood. So did I. It did something to me.

"I'll never forget my tour through northern Luzon. We were playing a routine show in one of the hospitals when the news broke that the war was over. You can imagine how wild those kids were . . . the rioting, cheering, and dancing that broke out all over the place. Suddenly, from one corner in the room, we heard a voice break out with, 'Quiet, you jerks! How can you be happy with the others still fighting up in the hills. Me, I'm not celebrating until all my buddies are back'. It was from a wounded kid way back in a bunk bed."

Any wonder they call Kyser the Ol' Professor?

And there is still more than meets the ear . . . or eye, when interviewing Kay Kyser. His marriage, for example,

to America's most beautiful cover girl, the gorgeous Georgia Carroll. It's a romance that has received its fair share of trumpeting, but which, strangely enough, even when put through the publicity rollers, comes through as an amazing document. A typical Hollywood romance is the way Hollywood friends regarded it when the couple eloped more than a year ago. But they wouldn't think so if they could have seen her come into the room and join in the discussion with an earnestness and wifely concern as intense as her glowing beauty.

We got up to go. A last, slightly sophomoric question popped to mind, and we thought we'd try it on the Ol' Professor.

"Any kind words to aspiring band-leaders?"

"Yes," came back the quick reply. "I'd tell 'em to hit the road. And I mean just that. If anybody has to go around asking how to get things done, it's just too darn bad. The way to get something done, be something or somebody is . . . to go out and be it. Do it yourself. If you start looking for short cuts . . . look out!"



YOU DON'T OFTEN CATCH LOU COSTELLO THIS WAY BUT HERE'S ANOTHER SIDE

MOST SERIOUS COMEDIAN

LOU COSTELLO, WHO HAS HAD HIS BUFFETS, WANTS TO HELP POOR KIDS —AND SO HE BUILDS UP FOUNDATIONS

THE moon-faced man in the hospital bed took a long puff on his cigar, clasped his hands behind his head and stretched his legs.

Lou Costello looked healthy and vibrant again, except that it was somewhat of a shock to see him in a recumbent position. Lou Costello never did

look right when he was flat on his back.

"The pain," he said with half a smile, half a grimace, "was like a thousand toothaches. But I'm coming back —and soon, too."

That was in September, 1943, when the pudgy, roly-poly comedian was nearing the end of a siege of rheumatic

fever that had kept him bedridden for more than six months. Sure, he came back—two months later, funnier and more animated than ever, with one of the most courageous performances in the history of entertainment.

For his first radio broadcast since he was stricken was made three hours after his infant son, Lou Costello, Jr., toppled into the family swimming pool in Hollywood and drowned.

Such tragic adversity could have broken the spirit of Lou Costello. But he wouldn't let it. Instead, he reaped the wildwinds into a dream that soon will come true for him and hundreds of youngsters in Los Angeles and, later, in other key sections of the U. S.

The dream is the first project of the Lou Costello, Jr., Foundation, created by the lovable, globular gnome of comedy and his straight-man partner, William (Bud) Abbott, to perpetuate the memory of "Little Butch" and make life more worthwhile for other kids.

Nearing completion and scheduled for opening this spring is a \$200,000 play center and medical clinic, spread over two and a half acres at East Olympic Boulevard and Grande Vista Avenue, Los Angeles, within the reach of 4,000 children whom Lou Costello and Bud Abbot want to see grow strong, mentally as well as physically.

The next Costello layout will be erected in Paterson, N. J., in the near future. From there on he hopes that they will sprout like mushrooms throughout the country. There will be no charge to the little visitors but all of the foundations will be placed in poor neighborhoods so that they can do the greatest good. No comedian of our time has had such a serious purpose as Lou Costello.

Costello, born Louis Francis Cristello, 38 years ago in Paterson, N. J., wants to make little people well.

The desire took root when he was just another kid in another poor family, when he literally had to steal the little recreation he enjoyed, when he saw illness overtake those who needed only sunshine and fresh air.

It grew stronger as he fought his way up the ladder of success, stumbling frequently but always with his chubby hands reaching for the rung above.

It flowered into a burning ambition in the long, tortuous months he spent in a hospital bed in Hollywood, fighting an ailment that threatened his career, if not his life. And it became a "must" after the death of his only son two days before "Little Butch" was to celebrate his first birthday.

Lou and Bud realized that no one gets fresh air and healthy exercise out of mere plans and pronouncements. They went to work on this project as soon as Lou had regained his strength. And within a matter of weeks now, hundreds of youngsters to whom fun and proper medical care have been things other kids enjoy, will be thrown into a wonderland of health and recreation—free of charge.

The clinic will be devoted especially to the treatment of boys and girls afflicted with rheumatic fever. Two of the specialists who treated Costello will be on the staff, putting the children through regular examinations, seeking out the first signs of the disease, determined to choke it before it can pain "like a thousand toothaches."

The clinic will consist of several examination rooms, a laboratory, medical and dental consultation rooms, first aid quarters and a nurse's office—a modern hospital on a modest scale.

The recreation facilities laid out on the site promise to surpass anything the little friends of Abbott & Costello have seen in story books or elsewhere.

For small children, there will be a sprawling play area with a wading pool, swings, seesaws. Outdoor equipment for larger children will include a full-size championship swimming pool, courts for basketball, handball, badminton, tennis and paddle tennis, a regular softball diamond complete with bleachers, locker facilities for the boys and girls—in short, a combination Rose Bowl and Sugar Bowl as rosy and sweet as Lou Costello and Bud Abbott can make it. The entire area will be floodlighted for evening activities.

Indoors there will be a standard-size gymnasium with a small stage for amateur theatricals and a balcony for basketball game spectators. There will be a large social and game room, a kitchen, snack bar and barbecue, club rooms, a library and four arts and craft rooms, one of which will be used for self-service bicycle repairs.

Nothing has been overlooked. "We haven't forgotten what it's like to be a kid," said Lou.

The play center will be operated much like Father Flanagan's Boys Town, with boy and girl mayors and chiefs of police chosen by the youngsters themselves. If one misbehaves, his own elected officials will decide what his punishment should be.

"That's the best way for them to learn," Costello insisted, recalling his own stormy time when he attended Public School 15 in Paterson. Standard

punishment for misbehavior there was exile to the coat room. Lou spent more time there than he did in class.

One day he improved the shining hour by mixing up the coats and hats. For this he had to write "I am a bad boy" a thousand times in his exercise book. It took him four afternoons. But it gave him a comedy line that has become as much a trademark in radio as the dial on your living room set.

"Give them attractive and wholesome things to occupy their time, and there will be less of this juvenile delinquency people talk about and do too little about." That's his credo.

The Lou Costello, Jr., Foundation project is a far cry from anything to which Lou himself was exposed when he wore knickers and knee-length stockings. Sure, he was crazy about basketball, but the only place he could play near his home was the mammoth Paterson Armory. So he'd sweep out the whole place for the privilege of shooting baskets on the armory basketball floor.

Costello is president and Abbott secretary-treasurer of the foundation. Their right-hand men are Superior Court Judges Samuel R. Blake and William B. McKesson, the latter recently appointed by Governor Earl Warren to an executive post with the California Youth Authority; Chief of Police C. B. Horrall of Los Angeles and Sheriff E. W. Biscailluz. All are members of the foundation's board of directors and advisory board.

Lou's interest in children is almost fanatical—he has two daughters, Patricia Ann, 8, and Carole Lou, 6—and

any kid in distress need only lift his voice to get Lou coming on the double.

Three years ago he and Abbott interrupted a bond selling tour to appear in the backyard benefit show of a 12-year-old boy in Omaha. They raised \$272 for the Red Cross.

That same year they contributed \$350,000 through personal appearances to relief agencies. That same year they sent an iron lung by plane to a 49-year-old school teacher suffering from a respiratory disease in Jay, Okla. They never saw him—but helped him get well.

In 1944 they were awarded medals by the American Humane Association for their efforts in trying to prevent juvenile delinquency. They sent a bouquet of flowers to an 11-year-old girl in Pittsburgh after reading how she was fighting for life following a brain operation in which doctors gave her a 1,000-to-one chance. They offered to defray any expense to cure a 4-year-old boy in Prescott, Ariz., afflicted with an incurable throat malady.

And last year, after screen star Susan Peters was critically wounded in a hunting accident, Lou sent her a movie projection machine with this note: "I don't know you, but I'd like to make your life in the hospital more pleasant. Seeing movies kept me from going crazy when the docs kept me in bed."

Now, Lou Costello, the "b-a-a-a-d boy" of the movies, stage and radio, has undertaken his most ambitious project, one to which he has devoted more energy than anything else in his life. He wants to sit back and watch hundreds of kids grow up as good boys and girls—good, strong and healthy.



HERE'S LOU COSTELLO, JR. FOUNDATION WHICH COSTELLO AND ABBOTT HELPED CREATE

RADIO REGISTRY

HEARD OF THE AGENCY THAT
GREASES ACTING WHEELS?

EVERYBODY seemed to be gathered at Jones Beach one sweltering day a few summers ago. Among the swimming and sunning throngs was Manny Kramer, a radio actor with not much of a past but great plans for the future. He was unaware that a director in Manhattan 35 miles away wanted him almost immediately for an important competitive audition.

Suddenly the loud speaker employed by the Coast Guard blared. For an instant Kramer thought somebody was drowning. Then to his amazement he heard his own name called. He rushed over to the main house, uncertain whether a creditor had located him or something had happened to one of his relatives. It was Radio Registry calling with a message for Kramer to rush over to a studio immediately.

No man ever departed Jones Beach in such haste. Manny Kramer came over on the triple and won the job. Radio Registry, the idea of a bright young receptionist, had scored again. It scores so frequently that pretty, blonde Doris Sharp has branched out to stage, screen and television registry and her annual income is up in five figures. Not bad compared with her thirty a week before the bright idea of Radio Registry struck her in 1938.

Radio Registry is a vital behind-the-scenes aspect of the radio industry, and it sparkles with excitement and drama. More properly speaking, it is now the National Talent Registry since it has broadened out to include all branches of show business. To insiders in throbbing, competitive New York it is known as Radio Registry and that is the name we will call it.



RADIO REGISTRY HEAD DORIS SHARP KEEPS CLOSE TABS ON ACTORS WHEREVER THEY ARE

The Shadow, Perry Mason, Nick Carter, Superman, the Woman of America, Widder Brown, Terry and the Pirates, the Crime Doctor, the Girl Interne and many other famous characters of the air belong to Radio Registry in the flesh because they play more characters than one. Many more. Jennifer Jones, Celeste Holm, Dane Clark, Bob Walker, Skippy Homeier, Myron McCormick, Peter Donald, Jackson Beck belong to it. And so do the newcomers who are fighting to get into the select circle, who hope that a director will call.

Radio in the big city is a mad swirl and speed is of the essence if you want to land a job. Thus, most alert radio actors and actresses associate either with Radio Registry or its leading rival, Lexington. Lexington is a broader service in that it takes messages also for doctors, nurses and other professional people.

Radio Registry is not like AFRA, the

American Federation of Radio Artists which you must join if you want to work on the radio. Yet Radio Registry's reputation has spread so that many people come to the office thinking that they must sign up if they want to be in radio. In a sense, though, they are right, for Radio Registry offers an amazing number of services, for seven dollars a month.

First and foremost, it takes messages and assumes the responsibility of letting you know their contents, wherever you are. Of course, you must always keep headquarters informed as to where you may be reached by telephone. In the case of Manny Kramer at Jones Beach, the sharp Miss Sharp at Radio Registry knew where he was and she talked the Coast Guard into making the loud-speaker announcement, although they generally don't do that sort of thing. Doris Sharp has twelve girls in her em-

ploy and she sees to it that none of them are just telephone operators. Her entire business is founded on the theory that Radio Registry will act as the client's secretary.

Another offering of Radio Registry is direct wire service to the National Broadcasting Company, American Broadcasting Company, Mutual, Columbia Broadcasting, and Colbees, the well-known restaurant where so many CBS figures hang out and, occasionally, hang-over. If you visit the third floor at NBC you will notice a blackboard where names are being written in constantly. Those are messages from Radio Registry.

Further, Radio Registry sends out tips on talent each month, a publicity sheet concerning its members. News notes are also dispatched to the trade each month and there is a show sheet which is a honey. This tells all of the shows on the air, lists the agencies, networks, small stations, recording companies, commercial film companies, local screen offices, television connections, and breaks things down so that a singer knows to whom to apply, an announcer has his orientation and so on down the line.

Besides this, there is a bulletin board in the office which tells the latest day to day doings in the business. Diane Chadwick, who models for Vogue and magazines of that caliber, decided that she would become a radio actress. She

went to Radio Registry. However, the directorial fish weren't biting. One day, she wandered into the modest Radio Registry offices, saw a notice on the bulletin board, rapidly retraced her footsteps and wound up in the Broadway hit, *Carousel*. Radio Registry offers plenty of by-products.

There is another service — the talent file. This costs ten dollars and when you pay it that covers the situation once and for all. Your record is jotted down and all of your credits, if you have any, as well as your noble phiz. This talent file states what you do best. It is sent to all of the directors and the casting folks, to radio offices, top Broadway agents, major film companies, and any other office which might require talent.

When you pay your original seven dollars to Radio Registry your name is printed on a large card listing all the talent alphabetically. A pocket edition of the listing is forwarded to all directors as well as a card of introduction saying that you have joined the registry. Once in a while, two directors will want an actor at the same time. By adroit maneuvering, Miss Sharp or her assistants will save the situation by diplomatically talking one of the directors out of the conflict. In brief, Doris hires only girls who can think for the actor and sympathize with him in his battle for recognition. For it is a battle all the way.

Doris realized it acutely when she worked as a CBS receptionist. Time and

again a director would call and she would have to track down an actor to his lair in a local pub or wherever he might be. But often she would not be able to catch him. And directors were too busy to keep chasing after the radio performers themselves.

Then it dawned upon Doris that a registry was needed. She evolved an outline of her plan and visited a March of Time rehearsal one afternoon. Bill Johnstone, later to be *The Shadow*, Orson Welles, Frank Lovejoy, Bill Adams and some more celebrities were there. They signed up and Doris was launched.



MR. D. A. director Ed Byron and Vicki Vola, searching for some last minute casting.



AT SHORS WITH ELEANOR KILGALLEN, MARX LOEB, MARGE MORROW AND FRANK GALLOP

But first she had to get some capital. She had once worked at Saks-Fifth Avenue. Possessed of a good deal of self-confidence she went to one of the store's executives and talked him into lending her \$350 to start her business.

Registry's 600 clients are good for 800 phone calls a day, back and forth. The whole business is predicated upon good will. Doris sends wires and flowers whenever one of her clients opens in a new radio show or Broadway play. But she does more than that. She has actually carried deserving radio actors on the registry even when they were broke. Doris Sharp can generally call her shots pretty well.

She is a rather small, pleasant person, English-born, and the mother of a two-year old girl named Jill. Doris lives right in the heart of New York City. She has to because Radio Registry operates twenty-four hours a day and she is often called upon to do a special job of detecting.

RADIO IN HIGH SCHOOLS

SCHOLASTIC SPORTS INSTITUTE TO OFFER EXTENSIVE COVERAGE THROUGHOUT NATION

By GEORGE SCHREIER

RADIO will serve an unprecedented purpose this year, and perhaps for many more to come, when the medium is used to help build up the physical fitness and character qualities of American youth.

Almost imperceptibly the movement is on and while it will be integrated in only seven states this Winter and Spring, the plans are for an eventual over-all coverage of the entire United States. Now we are going to let you in on the ground floor of a story about radio and about sports and how the two together will have something of an important bearing on the youngsters of America.

Ever hear of the Scholastic Sports Institute? If you haven't you eventually will although at present its functions extend only throughout California, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Massachusetts and New Jersey.

Games of all popular types, such as basketball and football to start, will be broadcast by crack announcers. An invaluable opportunity will be offered to radio stations and school systems to broadcast their community problems, views and ideas between the halves, or rest periods, of these games. For the

first time essay contests and parent-teacher affairs will be discussed during these intermissions. And to many small communities an opportunity will be offered, through these radio broadcasts, to aid their own civic interests.

It is rather amazing to note how far radio has come in its first twenty-five years when you compare the listening audience for the initial sports broadcast with the listening group for the current program. When Major J. Andrew White broadcast the Jack Dempsey-Georges Carpentier fight for the championship of the world back in 1921 there was a mere smattering of listeners. The territories covered, as a result of the Scholastic Service Institute program, will have eighteen million potential listeners. And they will be sports-minded, too, for the popular broadcasts of such contemporary top-notchers as Bill Stern, Ted Husing, Stan Lomax, Bill Slater, Harry Wismer, Bill Corum and Don Dunphy have borne much fruit.

Imagine broadcasting this unparalleled number of games in one year!

Sounds fantastic, doesn't it? Seems incredible to believe, huh? Well, not as



HARRY WISMER, of the American Broadcasting Company, popular top-notch, has come to the front with a big rush in recent years.

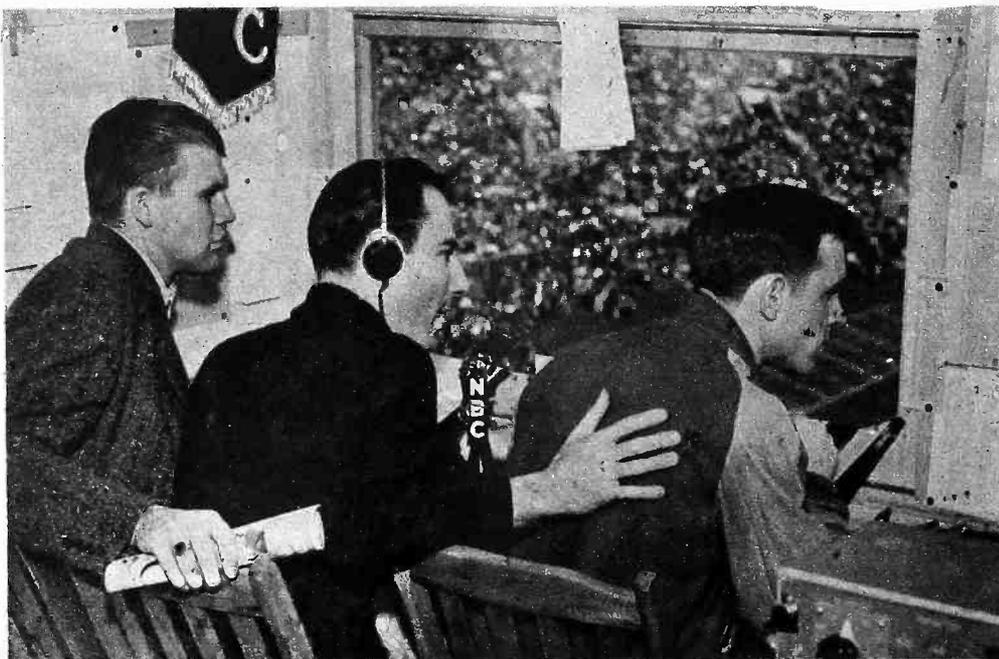
far-fetched as you might think, because this vast program has already been inaugurated in seven states under the auspices of the Coca-Cola bottlers, one of the Scholastic Sports Institute's clients.

In New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Massachusetts, California and Indiana, high school sports fans at least one day a week listen in on their radios while their sons, nephews, brothers and neighbors' boys fight it out on the courts for supremacy. This is basketball, American style, through the airwaves.

The broadcasting activities of the Scholastic Sports Institute, also known as the SSI, will prove a boon to both high school sports and radio stations. This doesn't mean that scholastic basketball and football games haven't been broadcast before. Many radio stations have been broadcasting sports events of their local high schools for many years. However, this coverage has not been extensive. It will be from now on.

Beyond that, Dick Dunkel, famed sports statistician and director of the Institute's statistical bureau, is providing his well known weekly ratings in 13 states. With these ratings, all teams in each state know how they measure up in comparison with other teams even though they may never play each other.

With a sports era similar to or even greater than the halcyon days of the fabulous 20's in the immediate offing; with post-war sports in general and scholastic sports in particular likely to enjoy the greatest renaissance in the history of the United States, radio should help carry the torch of good sportsmanship in American high schools to a new high.



BILL STERN, one of mainstays of sportscasting, in action. Now Scholastic Sports Institute will bring high school athletic coverage to nation in scope never attempted in U. S. A. before.



ANNOUNCERS LIKE CBS' TED HUSING, RIGHT, AND HIS AIDE, JIMMY DOĀAN, HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO BUILDING SPORTS

FOR BETTER—OR VOICE!

PETER DONALD, FAMOUS VERSATILE MIMIC, SCARES ONLY WHEN HE REALLY HEARS HIS OWN NATURAL SPEECH

ABOUT a year ago listeners of the March of Time heard a Russian diplomat, a Japanese officer, a Nazi, a kid from Tennessee, columnist Earl Wilson, restaurateur Toots Shor and some other characters, eleven in all, speak out on the coast-to-coast program. The fact that eleven characters were heard was not unusual — the fact that all eleven were played by one man was, however, one for the books. Twenty-seven year old Peter Donald was the vocal magician in question.

When Peter Donald hears himself speak he is never quite certain in what dialect it will come up. Witty joke teller of "Can You Top This," master of ceremonies of "County Fair," actor-writer-comedian, the cocky Donald is one of the rarest individuals in radio. For one thing he was always successful, he carries no crying towels about adversity, and he is continuing an acting tradition carried on by his parents.

Perhaps you remember them. Donald and Carson were vaudeville stars in England and just as big here in the days when Fritzie Sheff, Weber and Fields, Lou Dockstadter's minstrels and the like laid them in the aisles. Peter himself was born in England and made his first stage appearance abroad at the age of three. Treasured in his New York City home is the pay envelope he earned for that debut.

The Donalds toured the world with their precocious son before they came to the United States in 1927. Young Peter was carted off to the Professional Children's School. When he was nine he made his radio debut as Tiny Tim in the

"Christmas Carol." At twelve he appeared in Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet" on the stage. At that age he performed in radio as the youngest announcer. Broadway columnist Nick Kenny took a look at him and gasped,

"This kid will get somewhere."

Before he got high in radio, though, he continued with those Broadway plays and there are records of his being in the same cast with another boy wonder, Eddie Bracken, now of the films. When he was only nineteen our man, Peter Donald, was writing movie material for the Ritz Brothers in his spare time.

It was his talent for mimicry, however, which enabled the slim, carrot-topped, five-feet, ten-inch Donald to achieve such success over the air. His performance as an Irishwoman on "Can You Top This?" elicited a serious call from Gertrude Berg who wanted Peter for "Rise of the Goldbergs." Gertrude had always wanted just that sort of an Irishwoman and Peter Donald was it.

So diversified is his vocal range that director-author Randy McDougal once put him on a radio show in which Donald played all the characters, with the highlight a fight among three fellows. Donald actually knocked himself out and was the winner and loser by proper tonsil manipulation.

His toughest assignment was offered by a script wherein the author delineated a character who knew seventeen languages, spoke with a slight trace of each but had no accent. Donald achieved this voice and then, we assume, brained the author. On another occasion he had to study how to play



PETER DONALD acting as the master of ceremonies, with clown Sir Tino, who is one of the carnival characters of "County Fair" in tow. This audience participation radio show is heard on CBS.



GEORGE FREEDLEY, New York curator, receives a joke plaque from Senator Ford as Harry Hershfield, Roger Bower, Joe Laurie, Jr., Peter Donald and Russel Crouse (left to right) watch ceremony.



DONALD, BOWER STANDING—FORD, LAURIE, HIRSHFIELD QUIPPING DURING BYPLAY ON RADIO PROGRAM "CAN YOU TOP THIS?"

a Hindu deaf mute in *Second Husband*. So popular did the eloquent Donald become that, at one stage, five years ago he was appearing in twenty-three radio shows. The most important thing in his life was a time table. At Mutual he was a Chinese, at the National Broadcasting Company a tongue-tied Greek, at Columbia an Eskimo who had been left out in the cold when his igloo broke down, and so on throughout the day. His pay was enormous, but the public knew little of him until late in 1940 when he appeared as the master of dialects on the "Can You Top This" show.

Donald was heard with Senator Ford, Harry Hershfield, and Joe Laurie, Jr. Pete told — and still tells the joke sent in by a listener and the expert funsters are supposed to top it. The way Donald tells those jokes, in dialect, imposes a terrific strain on the opposition. One day he got something of a thrill when a joke he told hit the top of the laugh meter and the winner wrote in to say that he had first heard the joke told by Peter Donald's father at the old Tony Pastor's.

Young Donald's offerings on "Can You Top This" cut down his mad caperings and as he concentrated upon this show his fame, and bankroll, grew. Early last November he was called upon to emcee the County Fair show and he handled this audience participation assignment with deftness and ease.

Married to Jo Janis, a radio actress, about a year and a half ago, Donald lives in New York City. In addition to a puppy which was the pride of the bar where they filmed the *Lost Weekend*, his prize possessions include a parrot which is a little punch drunk from having been on ships that were in the invasions of Sicily, Normandy, Italy and Leyte. Whenever the radio plays a battle scene the parrot goes berserk and so do the neighbors.

Donald is a man who can do thirty dialects in all over the air although he claims that only eight can be projected

well through the ether. It is doubtful to say what his specialty is, although when he was only sixteen he played Joan Bennett's father and Helen Hayes' uncle. On the other hand, he is some pumpkins as a juvenile.

In radio for eighteen years — probably a longevity record for one so young — Donald is busily concerned with his two key shows, his own writing, and his plans to some day write and produce his own musical comedy.

Meanwhile Donald, the man of many dialects, marches briskly along in radio. Only one thing scares him — the real sound of his own voice.



IF YOU CAN TOP THIS GROUP you are tops. Left to right are Senator Ford, Harry Hirshfield, Roger Bower, Joe Laurie, Jr., and Peter Donald. The comedians are readying for "Can You Top This" show.



ADVENTURES OF THE THIN MAN, Sundays, 7 p.m. EST. Crime's a desperate business, but when Nick and Nora Charles get involved, you're in for a half-hour of murder mixed with mirth.



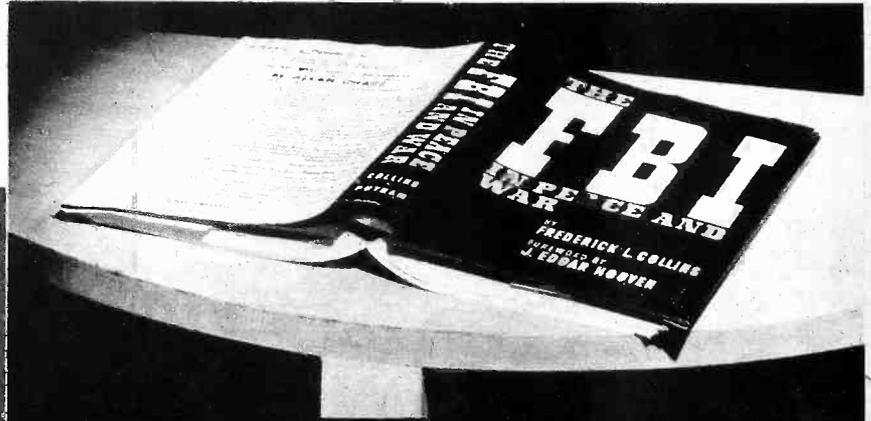
CRIME DOCTOR, Sundays, 8:30 p.m. EST. Dr. Benjamin Ordway's prime mission in life is to give the paroled convict a break by unmasking the men who attempt to lead him back into crime.



BIG TOWN, Tuesdays, 8 p.m. EST. Steve Wilson, managing editor of the *Illustrated Press*, forsakes his desk, rolls up his sleeves and slugs it out with Big Town's grafters, racketeers and confidence men.



INNER SANCTUM, Tuesdays, 9 p.m. EST. With macabre glee, your "host" slowly opens the creaking door and shoves you headlong into the eerie atmosphere of mayhem, arson and murder.



THE F.B.I. IN PEACE AND WAR, Thursdays, 8:30 p.m. EST. With reconversion has come a wave of racketeering. Follow the G-men in their scientific pursuit of con-men and swindlers who prey upon returning veterans.



SUSPENSE, Thursdays, 8 p.m. EST. Hollywood's greatest stars help build up the tension minute by minute of these thrilling, original mystery dramas, which are well calculated to keep you in *Suspense*.



ISL
Gil
este



THRILLS!

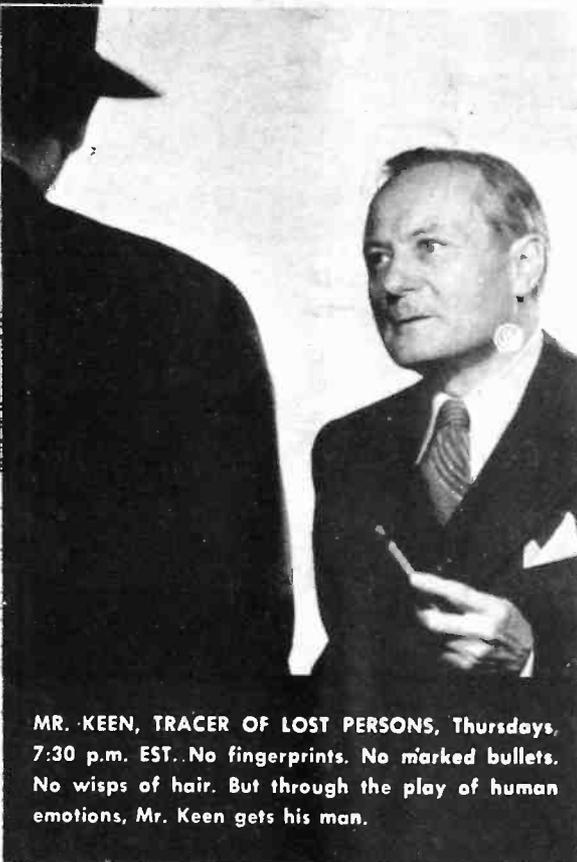
all on **CBS**

Keep tuned to your nearby CBS station for 10 half-hours of America's favorite mystery programs. Do you like them swift and sophisticated, coldly scientific, or electric with suspense? Do you shudder pleasantly at the supernatural, or like to follow the logical procession of subtle clues? Whatever your wish, CBS grants it in the greatest assortment of mysteries on the air.

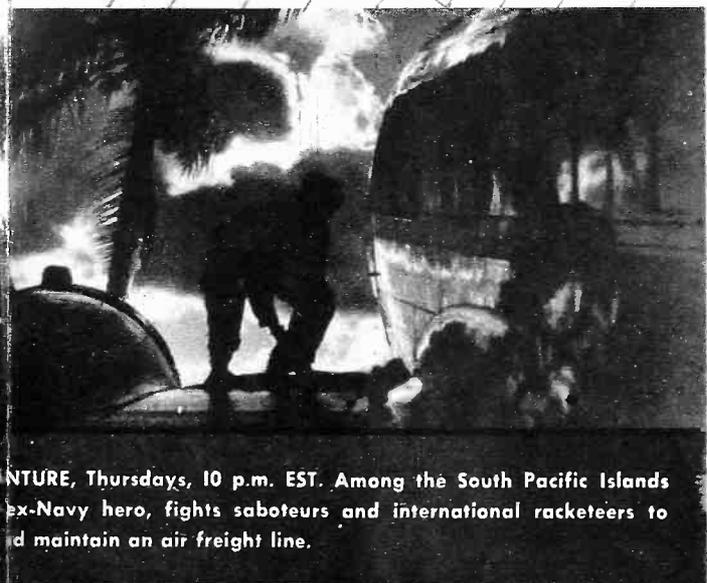
PHOTOGRAPHER, Mondays, 10:30 p.m. EST. Eyes from Casey's searching camera solve murders, sometimes avert crimes, but bring out hair-trigger thrills.



THE ADVENTURES OF ELLERY QUEEN, Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m. EST. Can you out-guess an expert? An obscure clue appears suddenly so obvious as Ellery explains it to his "armchair detective," each week.



MR. KEEN, TRACER OF LOST PERSONS, Thursdays, 7:30 p.m. EST. No fingerprints. No marked bullets. No wisps of hair. But through the play of human emotions, Mr. Keen gets his man.



ADVENTURE, Thursdays, 10 p.m. EST. Among the South Pacific Islands a Navy hero, fights saboteurs and international racketeers to maintain an air freight line.

the Columbia Broadcasting System



This is CBS



THOUGHTS ON TUNING IN

by SERGE KOUSSEVITSKY

FAMED MAESTRO DISCUSSES CURRENT RADIO

TUNE IN: SAT. 9:30 P.M. E.S.T. (American)

THE phrase 'tune in' means much to me because it recalls many hours of pleasure in my own study when I have listened to the abundance of music of all sorts with my radio as company. I realize that this is no special privilege and that I am one of millions in this respect. But I should like to put down here a few thoughts about 'tuning in' in the hope that others may profit by them.

"The radio has been called often enough 'the wonder of the age,' but do those who are accustomed to tune in every day still preserve their sense of wonder at this marvelous musical opportunity which we all have for the asking? Although my arduous duties as conductor often make it impossible to listen to symphony broadcasts, I try not to miss the opportunity to hear new music as it is performed on the air. So much new music really worth listening to is being composed right now in our country that it would be impossible for one conductor to keep up with it even though he had nothing else to do. Necessarily I spend a great part of my time going through new scores in the search of something with qualities so good as to demand performance. I study literally hundreds of scores each year, but the radio keeps me in touch with still more of them.

"I find it diverting to listen to the principal orchestras and conductors on the air and compare the qualities of one orchestra with another and the interpretations of any standard symphony by various conductors. I will not say that I am influenced by the interpretations of Beethoven or Brahms or Tchaikovsky by another conductor. After living with these scores for many years and seeking their meaning by having for so long worked with them and conducted them, by consulting my own nature and impulses, I do not need to look for any external promptings. But to those more numerous listeners whose function is to 'receive' rather than present music, it should be a very absorbing and helpful experience to listen to a certain great work by two different orchestras and leaders in close succession. It should be at least as interesting as witnessing 'Hamlet' interpreted in turn by two great actors. There is also the variation in the orchestras themselves.

"Having little opportunity on account of my own busy schedule to attend other concerts, I get much enjoyment in listening to our various orchestras on the air. Each has its own individual character and special sonority. Some orchestras strive for as full and vibrant a tone as possible in the predominant melodic part. Others preserve the fine balance of the various sections and avoid all distortion. In the case of the classical symphony of Mozart or Haydn, for example, a classically balanced orchestra is far preferable, and I would put my orchestra in this category.

"If a piece of symphonic music is performed in good faith with its composer's intentions, the component parts should be clearly and distinctly heard, while at the same time they should make a perfectly balanced unity of ensemble.

"I often listen to jazz music on the air. I think I find enjoyment in it for two reasons: first, because jazz is the

source of much contemporary symphonic music. Copland and Carpenter are examples of this. Second, because there is such brilliant virtuosity in the ranks of jazz. The high range of the trumpeter, for instance, recalls notes that Bach often used, and sometimes I feel that I would like to get hold of some outstanding jazz trumpeter and reach him to play Bach for me.

"Music should be accessible to everybody. That is the first principal of a democracy. While in the past music was cultivated only in a few conservatories and heard by a few connoisseurs in one or two of our cities, it was not a familiar experience to more than a small fraction of one percent of our population. The art of music could never grow into the flourishing art of a whole people in that way. It has not done so yet in America, but thanks to radio it is developing very rapidly into something the average man knows and loves. Music is growing with rapid strides in America. Young composers of brilliant talents are coming forward every day. And although one hears complaints to the contrary, the best of them are readily finding performances and audiences for their music. Radio is playing a vital part in the musical growth of our country."



ACTION STUDY of Serge Koussevitsky as he catches mood on Boston Symphony, heard over ABC network. Over 70, he's still outstanding.



AGNES MOOREHEAD'S portrayal of the neurotic woman who tries to warn police of an impending murder, the story known as "Sorry, Wrong Number" has become classic on Suspense series.

MURDER ..FOR MILLIONS

SUSPENSE PROGRAM USES
FAMOUS STARS IN ODD
ROLES, ODD SITUATIONS

WHEN they kill them on the Suspense program the murder is accomplished with an unusual deftness and finesse. Often it is not murder itself but the threat of murder which lends to this program an aura of unusual excitement and expectation. William Spier, who produces the series, now sponsored for the third year, works on the theory that fear and anxiety are more dreadful than the actual climactic death itself. For example, in "The Singing Walls," starring Van Johnson, a man had been falsely convicted of murder. He staked all on a private detective saving him. Well, would the private detective track down the real killers, would he find out in time, would the murderers sit idly by reading their morning newspapers while the sleuth sleuthed? All of these questions were adequately answered within the requisite half hour, but the audience died a thousand deaths instead of a few as in the ordinary holocausts.

In another recent Suspense program, "The Night Man,"



FRANK SINATRA appeared on program as, of all things, a psychopathic killer. He didn't sing a note, but his role was simply killing!



KEENAN WYNN stepped out of his regular role as a comedian to neatly do away with somebody in Suspense. He's murdering that script!



FOR THE FIRST TIME in a radio studio a motion picture in technicolor was taken of "Nobody Loves Me," in which Peter Lorre is starred.

featuring Virginia Bruce, saw a hysterical girl trying to establish that an elevator man murdered her mother. Then she tried to point out that the elevator man, Richard Whorf, meant to kill her too.

Another remarkable tale was that of the man who murdered his wife, wrote a letter of confession to the police, went out and mailed it, and then returned to find his apartment ablaze and evidence of his crime destroyed. The man in question finally qualified for a death cell, but he almost was ready for a padded cell before he could prove that he was really a murderer.

People love Suspense and can't wait to hear it. There was the case of a couple whose radio broke down at a crucial moment and they wrote special delivery to Spier to find out if the husband really had killed his wife. There was actually a case of a driver plunging into a ditch as he listened to Suspense being played on the radio in his car. Producer Spier uses famous actors for this program, employs them in parts contrary to their characteristic roles. But they stand out as they blend with weird situations.

It is impossible to close out a story on Suspense without referring to Lucille Fletcher's masterpiece, "Sorry, Wrong Number." This has already become one of the most famous—probably the most famous of suspense tales. It tells of a woman who overhears a telephone conversation in which her husband plots to kill her. She is a neurotic woman. She phones the police about it but to no avail. As death in the form of the murderer approaches her the tension becomes terrific. Agnes Moorehead's acting of this classic is mentioned with awe by the profession. It is an exacting role, tense and wearing but absolutely unforgettable. It is one of the things which has brought the program of Suspense to the top.



JUST 72 YEARS difference here. Margaret O'Brien, 8, and Dame May Whitty, 80, were two of the outstanding stars on Suspense show.



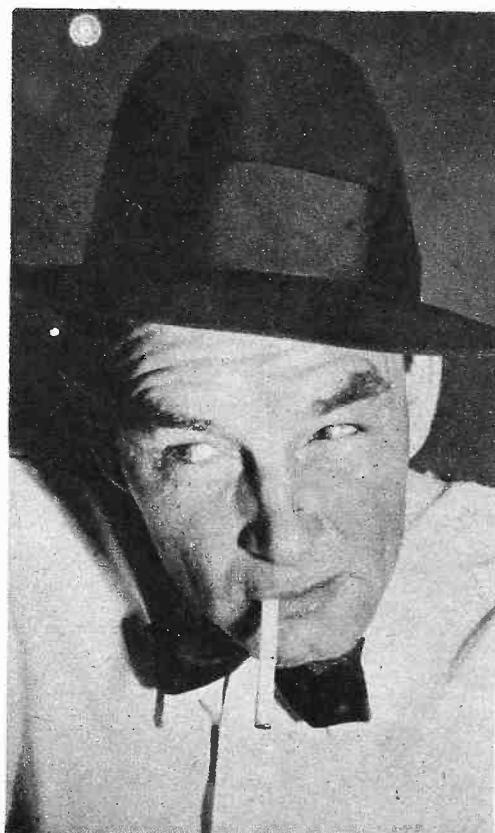
WRITER BEN HECHT did his first radio acting, appearing with Fredric March in Hecht's thrilling, chilling yarn, "Actor's Blood."



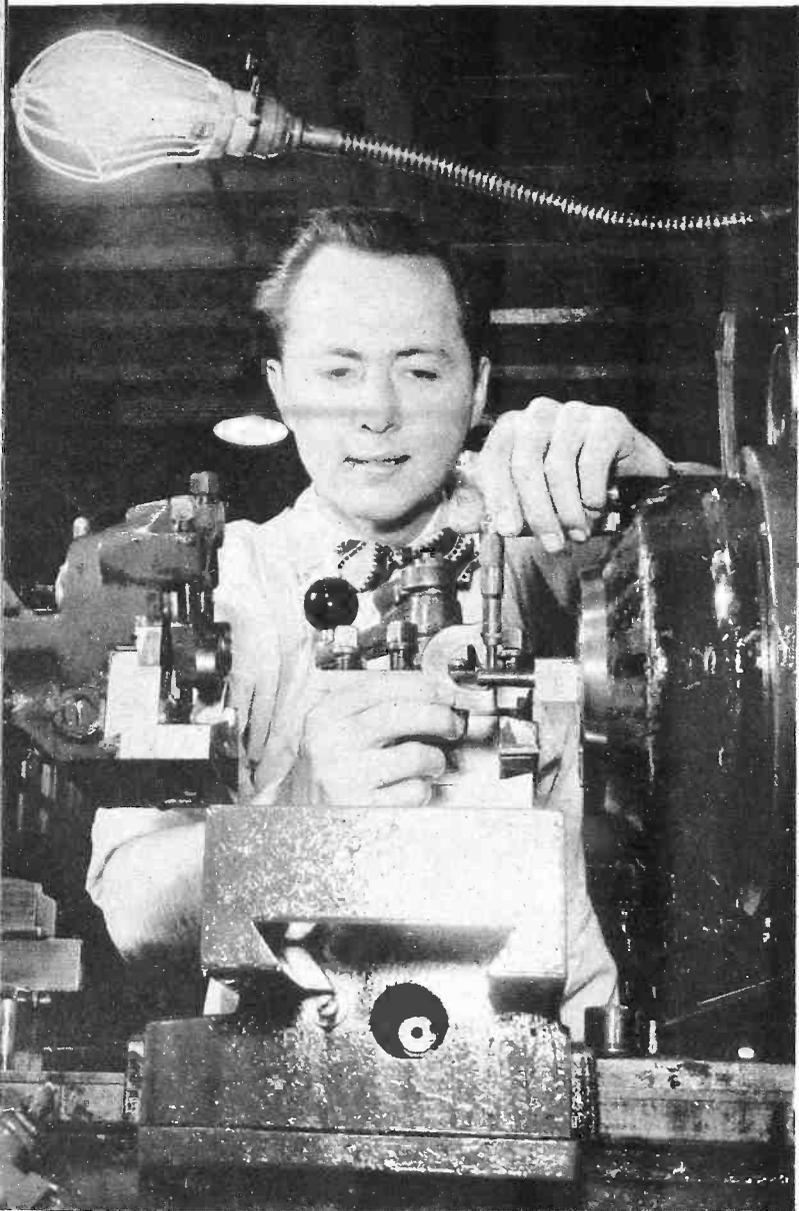
CARY GRANT, who turns down almost all bids to guest star in radio, opened "Suspense" as its first guest star. He has returned, too.



ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S first appearance on a dramatic air show after leaving the Navy was over "Suspense" in the stirring "The Lodger."



HERE'S ARCHY. Oh, pardon us, it's Ed Gardner but he's not Archy of Duffy's Tavern, he's just a killer on a recent Suspense program.



NOT SO LONG AGO CHARLES LAYTON WAS FORD WORKMAN

SOME SPEED!

FORD WORKMAN, IN HIGH, BECOMES ACE ANNOUNCER

TUNE IN: SUNDAY 8:00 P.M. E.S.T. (ABC)

WHEN a young man starts out as a Ford workman and winds up as announcer for the famous coast-to-coast Ford show that is one of the truly unusual stories of radio. Yet that is precisely what happened in the case of Charles Layton.

Upon his graduation from high school Layton entered the Henry Ford Trade School, served as an apprentice, worked on production machinery. But meanwhile he studied and won himself a musical scholarship to Wayne University. In 1936, young Layton attended a Ford Sunday Evening Hour show, met announcer Truman Bradley, impressed him. In 1942, Layton entered radio professionally, working for WLW in Cincinnati.

When the Ford Sunday Evening Hour show returned to the air last fall, Layton won an audition as announcer and the transition from workman to star radio personality was completed. An easy jump — if you're a Charles Layton!



BUT ABILITY CHANGED THE PICTURE AND TODAY LAYTON ANNOUNCES FOR THE FORD RADIO PROGRAM ON SUNDAYS

RADIO FAN VISITS HATTIE CARNEGIE'S

A HOUSEWIFE ATTENDS WINTER FASHION SHOWS WITH COMMENTATOR ADELAIDE HAWLEY

FOR three long years, Mrs. Gladys Tyler of Ridgewood, N. J., like many patriotic American women with husbands in the service, worked ten hours a day in a war plant. Six days a week, rain or shine, she was up at 6 A. M., followed this with a crowded hour's bus ride to the Wright Aeronautical plant, then went right to work making airplane parts that her husband, Major John Tyler, could put to good use in the Pacific.

Came V-J-Day, and a little pink slip of paper saying that her services were no longer required, and Mrs. Tyler breathed a feminine sigh of relief. She wanted to do all the things that had been denied her these past few years; she wanted to eat and sleep and just loll around the house all day; she wanted to read some of the new best-sellers and catch up on movies and listen in again to her favorite radio programs — but more than anything else, she wanted to buy some new clothes.

One morning as she sat listening to her radio, Mrs. Tyler heard WEA's poised, quiet-mannered commentator, Adelaide Hawley (familiar to the nation as the woman's voice on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "News of the Day") announce that she was going to cover the winter fashion shows during the next week. Quick on the draw, Mrs. Tyler pulled out her fountain pen, and wrote Miss Hawley. Would Miss Hawley consider taking along to the fashion shows a retired war-worker who badly needed rehabilitation? She would do anything — take notes, make herself useful with needle and thread — anything, if just Miss Hawley would take her.

Almost the next day the reply came. Yes, Miss Hawley would be delighted to have Mrs. Tyler come along. She arranged a meeting place — Hattie Carnegie's fashionable dress salon! — for one day the following week.

What followed then was one of the nicest weeks Mrs. Tyler ever spent. To Mainbocher, to Henri Bendel, to Jay Thorpe, to Ren-Eta, to practically all the fashionable shops in New York that had winter fashion shows, Mrs. Tyler followed in the trail of tall, attractive, blonde Adelaide Hawley. Together they watched the beautiful models parade around in the latest American fashions; together they made notes and compared impressions.

Of course, Mrs. Tyler couldn't afford any of the clothes she saw — they were all custom-made models and ranged in price from \$125 to \$400. But she made mental notes of everything, and planned to have the little dressmaker around the corner duplicate some of the latest styles — styles which had captured and reflected her own gay mood of liberation. That feeling of unstinted elegance which she had so carefully rejected during long war months. There were feminine suits, still retaining their softly rounded look with the easy grace of the wing sleeve, the cinched-in waist and the padded hipline. Evening dresses of taffeta with curved-out skirts — frothy black lace lingerie — "All this and heaven, too," sighed Mrs. Tyler.

Just at week's end, too, another pleasant surprise happened. As they sat in Jay Thorpe's watching some of the



IF WE HAD MONEY WE WOULD BUY THIS PRODUCT RIGHT AWAY

new negligees, a smiling messenger arrived with a note for Mrs. Tyler. Her husband had just returned from the Pacific; he was waiting outside. Whispering a breathless thanks in Miss Hawley's ears, Mrs. Tyler made one of the quickest exits ever seen in a Jay Thorpe salon, fell into the arms of her long-time-no-see husband.

Yes, it was just about the nicest week that Mrs. Tyler ever spent!



HOW WOULD GIRL FEEL WHO COULD TRY ON THIS TOP CREATION?

EVERY ambition-ridden young lady starts her career by devouring magazine articles by and about so-called "successful" people. How I Became a Success. From Rags to Riches. Cinderella Girl Hits Big Time.

The accent of these articles is usually on the "lucky break" which changed her from a miserably discouraged creature to a glittering star who now moves in a whirlwind of frantic gaiety, surrounded by equally blessed compatriots and autograph hounds.

It's no wonder we begin a career by suspecting every encyclopedia salesman is a talent scout in disguise.

And had I, at the age of twenty, fresh from college and bursting with the desire to startle the world with the Great Novel, known that I had seven years ahead of me of writing between four and five thousand words every day, I would probably have become that teacher the family talked about.

For radio demands are inexorable. Having worked in small stations in Minnesota, Indiana, Virginia, and Maryland, I know that the average girl who wants to get into radio waltzes into the studio and says what she likes best to do is "act." Unfortunately, there is no immediate place in a small station for a person who just likes to "act." Even young men who want to announce find that they wind up also running the control board and playing records. The manager's secretary and bookkeeper is likely to find herself substituting on the woman's show when the regular person is ill. And everyone—no matter what he is hired for—invariably writes commercial copy.

There is always a spot to be written. About the time you are ready to stagger away from the typewriter and get home, a salesman rushes in waving some notes and shouting that Hammersholler's Furniture is having a magnificent sale tomorrow on end tables and get it on the air right away!—before the six o'clock news! As you wildly pound this out, an announcer rushes out of the control room shouting that he can't find the theatre spot, and for five minutes everyone, including the manager, tears his hair finding the theatre spot which the new girl has misplaced in the Used Copy File. This goes on all day long, writing, writing, writing, until by the time you roll into bed you are muttering "It's Smart to be Thrifty," "The quality is high but the price low!" "You can't afford to miss this one-day sale on cedar chests" and so forth.

Anyone can learn to write commercial copy and it's the best opening for



ALERT ETHEL CATCHES ALBERT AT TINKERING AROUND THE PRECIOUS ICE BOX CARGO

HOW PEG GREW INTO ETHEL

THERE MAY BE A MORAL IN SMALL TOWN GIRL'S RISE
TO ACTRESS-WRITER ON ACE RADIO DAYTIME FEATURE

TUNE IN MONS. THRU FRIS. 2:15 P.M. E.S.T. (American)

By PEG LYNCH

(ETHEL OF ETHEL AND ALBERT)

working in a small station.—The chance to act is always present, for practically everyone who works in a radio station (even the engineer) has a hidden passion for the stage, and as a result the staff eventually gets together and puts on some radio dramas. There are always books of radio plays available. If you like to write, as I did, so much the better—all you have to do is write the plays for the people there and put them on. It's extra work and you won't get paid for it, but it's good experience, and lots of fun.

What every person wants—with no exceptions—who goes to work in a small station is "my own show." That, of course, depends on you. So the best thing to do is rack your brains for an idea for a show that can be sold to a sponsor. If it's a good idea, you can not only use it at this station but it's a good wedge to have when you look for another job at another station.

"Ethel and Albert" was just such an idea. At my first radio job I was hired to write commercial copy and then told the first day I also had to go on the air with a Woman's Show. Instead of being delighted, as I should have been at this golden opportunity just thrown at me, I nearly quit, terrified at the thought of speaking into a microphone. This last was due to several kind professors at the University who shuddered at my speaking voice and told me I had better stick to writing. However, I sat up all night stabbing the typewriter with two fingers and writing my first program. "Ethel and Albert" has just two people for the very reason that it began that way. I had only the announcer on the show to work with, the rest of the staff being too busy at that time to be in a play of any kind.



PEG AND ALLAN TALK OVER THEIR MARITAL SCRIPT DIFFICULTIES BEFORE GOING ON AIR

I might mention in passing that I was enchanted when I first joined the network to find so much work taken out of my hands. Sound effects man—engineer—announcer—producer—director. When you work in a small station you work with what you have. We were everything. While broadcasting the show, I worked the telephone bell, the door buzzer, opened and slammed the door, crashed windows, and other miscellaneous noises such as meowing, barking and baby cries. Whoever played "Albert" (I kept losing them to the draft) ran the portable turntables, cuing in trains, crowd noises, automobile crashes, thunder and music. All this of course with one eye on the script and reading the lines. And speaking of working with what you have, I should say that in writing plays in a small station, you first check the sound effects available and then write the script around them.

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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.

THIS WORLD OF OURS

WE LIKE guests who train worms, hypnotize crocodiles, shave themselves with a blow torch, or sell refrigerators to Eskimos. We find them everywhere. The mail is full of letters from hobbyists every day. Of course some of them just collect seashells or coins—others are just not usable. For instance, we didn't use the man who wrote that he had spent 16 years trying to touch his nose to his chin and had finally succeeded . . . or the man who had worked out a sure-fire system for beating the races—although he didn't have the carfare to come to New York.

—Bob Dixon, *Master of Ceremonies for "Hobby Lobby" on "Behind the Scenes"* (CBS)

EFFICIENCY

A FORMER Army flier has been working a one-man airway out of New York to Cape Cod. He runs his own office, answers his phone, flies his own plane, and generally makes his passengers like their trip. Not long ago, the president of a telephone company tried for several hours to call him to make a reservation and each time the phone was busy. When the telephone company president finally did get in touch with the busy flier, found out the pilot was a war veteran, he arranged for a gift for the airline's office. Two more phones are installed, free of charge.

—Harry Marble on *"Feature Story"* (CBS)

SHOULD HELP

COMMANDER FLAHERTY and his wife were discussing the possibility of his discharge from active service. But they decided it was pretty hopeless, for the time being. He just didn't have enough points. Well, the Commander's youngsters had been listening with grave, serious faces while this discussion went on. Later they got their heads together and thought up a fine plan. They sat down and composed a letter to their daddy's superior officer. In the letter they said, "Please will you let pop out of the Navy now?" and to help their cause, they enclosed in the letter—twenty OPA ration points.

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

IT'S A PIPE



One of the few unusual things I have observed about Prime Minister Clement Attlee in the years I have known him is his pipe. It's perfectly orthodox and rather small, but he seems not so much to smoke as to wrestle with it. It never seems to draw properly and he is constantly engaging in minor repairs and adjustments. Mr. Attlee is meticulous and patient about his pipe as he is about affairs of state.

—Edward R. Murrow, *CBS European News Chief* (CBS)

A BOW TO FEA

PLATINUM is an essential of war. The agents of the Federal Economic Administration in South America found that German agents were smuggling platinum out in the bottoms of tin cans—or hidden under black paint and disguised as metal bands around the trunks of pious pilgrims returning to Europe. The FEA passed the word along and the platinum never reached Germany. When the Philippines fell, the United States was in desperate need of hemp. FEA agents in Africa discovered hemp on plantations owned by German colonists. Through the FEA, that German hemp went to America instead of Hitler. Altogether, this preclusive buying program of the FEA cost us three hundred and forty million dollars—but it shortened the war and saved thousands of Allied soldiers' lives.

—Marquis Childs on *"Washington Story"* (ABC)

ONE-WAY TICKET

IN THE past, people were skeptical of the steamboat, the automobile and the airplane. That's how they feel now about rocket travel. With atomic energy being harnessed, however, a trip to the moon will become an actuality and in the not too distant future, either! There's no doubt that we can get to the moon, but scientists are not sure how on earth we'll get back.

—Sherman H. Dryer on *"Exploring the Unknown"* (Mutual)

REVENGE

THE pages of the history of this past war are bright with the names of great heroes, with the thrilling drama of their heroic deeds. For war brings out the utmost in man's courage and bravery. I'd like to tell you the story of one of the unsung heroes—the story of a Russian guerilla fighter and his vow of vengeance.

We turn back to the days when Germany still defies the world, still occupies as conqueror many of the nations of Europe. In German-occupied Ukraine, a small group of guerilla fighters camp in a thick woods. It is late at night, and suddenly, there is a rustle in the nearby underbrush. Instantly, the fighters leap to their feet and catch up their rifles. One of them calls gruffly . . . "Come out! Come out—with your hands up!" And into the light of the campfire comes not a German, but a Russian. He is thin and his face is pale from hunger. His clothing hangs in rags and he is puny and sickly-looking. The leader of the guerillas takes him aside and questions him in low tones. When he returns to his companions, his face is grim and set. For a moment, he says nothing . . . then he stares into the campfire as he speaks . . . "His name is Tolya—he lived in a village a few kilometres to the south. The German beasts burned the whole village, and murdered everyone in it. Everyone but a few who—like Tolya—managed to escape. He has sworn to take at least one German life for every person murdered in his native town. He wants to fight with us."

The others look at the newcomer silently, then one by one they nod. And so, Tolya stays on with them as a scout. He is cautious, intelligent, quick-witted. And he soon learns to use a revolver with deadly skill. As a sniper, he takes revenge on the Germans for his slaughtered family and friends, for the burned village, the trampled fields, for the torn and bleeding earth. He seems to be everywhere—from behind a rock, a sudden shot bites the air, and a German sentry crumples soundlessly in the dirt, paying with his life for the life of the village schoolteacher. From a grass-choked ditch, his gun speaks, and a German officer sprawls dead in the road. That's for the gentle minister in the town church. From the depths of a tangled thicket—several shots—and three German soldiers pitch to the ground. That's for his mother. Tolya never acts rashly, but steadily, he picks off the enemy one or two at a time. He avenges the death of the town baker who used to sing baritone in the church

choir, the little old lady who raised white chickens in her small yard and sold eggs to the townspeople, the twin babies born to his cousin a few days before the Germans marched in.

And at last, he needs only four more to even the score. So that night, he crouches behind a small shrub growing out of a ditch, as a detachment of twenty German soldiers marches along the road. Tolya watches them silently. Just as they draw opposite, he raises his revolver. In the faint light of the moon, he takes aim, and with a look of surprise on his face, one of the soldiers lurches forward, staggers, and topples over. Only three more now . . . just three more.

The German soldiers, fearing a heavy ambush, run for cover, and one of them seeks safety behind the very shrub where Tolya lies hidden. Catching sight of the Russian guerilla, he shouts, "It is only a sniper . . . and I've got him!" He grabs the Russian by the arm as the others rush toward them. But Tolya's gun is not through! He fires it point-blank at the oncoming Germans, emptying it, before one of the soldiers raises his arm, there is the glint of a cold steel blade, and the arm flashes downward. The other guerillas found Tolya next morning. He lay where he had fallen, and there was a shadow of a smile about his dead lips. Before he died, Tolya had evened the score, for around him lay the bodies of *three* dead German soldiers.

And So The Story Goes, this true story of a Russian fighter and his vow of vengeance. Single-handed, he avenged the deaths of his family and friends, taking one German life for every one of his fellow townspeople they had murdered.

And somewhere in an open field in the Ukraine, Tolya sleeps beneath a small mound. On it is a square piece of wood in which was burned with a red-hot nail the simple inscription "Here lies Tolya."

That's all . . . no monument . . . no granite shaft . . . no marble slab. Tolya rests in a nearly-forgotten grave, but the man he fought with will never forget him, for you see, Tolya, the Russian guerilla who avenged a whole village, was only 12 years old.

—Johnnie Neblett on
"So The Story Goes" (WBBM, Chicago)

ON DEMOCRACY

ASKED a taxi driver what he thinks democracy means. And he looked at me as if I'd suddenly asked him "why are you alive?" But after a few seconds, he said: "Well, I suppose it's freedom; freedom to talk, freedom to vote, things like that." I asked him if he thinks

everyone should have it, and he said "yes." I paid my fare and got out, and I'm very sure he was very happy to see me leave. Then, just to try to stir up an argument, I asked one lady a tough one. I said: "If you and your family were hungry and didn't have any place to live, would you give up some of your liberty, if a government promised you food and shelter?" She didn't argue. The problem seemed a little remote, but she thought she probably would want the food and shelter first, so long as she could get her rights when she was on her feet. I had obviously asked what any good research organization would call "a loaded question." But the answer to it might indicate some of the reasons for changing interpretations of the word "democracy."

—Harry Marble on "Feature Story" (CBS)

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

LAST week I had a visitor in my office who came in unannounced—in fact he spoke to me in the hallway and followed me in. He was a soldier, with combat stripes on his jacket and the little gold lines that show overseas service. A quiet-faced, gentle-voiced boy who had something very much on his mind.

"I want to help," he said. "I want you to tell me how the really friendly people in different countries can get to know each other. I want them to write letters to each other. It would be wonderful if the French people could find out that Americans are not all just like GI's on the loose in Paris." He looked at me in a way that made me wish I knew the answers to some of these anxious questions. "People everywhere are pretty good folks," he said. "If they knew each other they wouldn't believe the kind of stuff that's said and printed about them."

It's a fair question that statesmen might well put high on the list of things to be done.

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

A NEW ANGLE

IF A STRANGER came up and asked you, "Give me an hour out of your life," you would indignantly refuse such an imposition. But that is exactly what every double feature movie theater demands of you when you go in to see the show. You endure one picture to get the other. That hour wasted means one hour less time for fun in your lifetime, and I think that's serious.

—John B. Kennedy on
"Memo to America" (NBC)

ADVICE TO THE LOVE-LORN



Make yourself in to "a great big bunch of desirability." Don't propose matrimony if you can't afford TWO morning papers (purpose obvious).

Say I love you. Say I love you again. Keep right on saying I love you. Be a good host. Keep your youthful figure. Telephone the gal early and often, via short and long distance. Say I love you all over again. Bring the gal small but thoughtful gifts like a box of peppermints or a Rolls Royce. Combine tenderness with a little mild brutality. Be just a little helpless. Say I love you. Be a wee bit jealous. Be sweet and easy and firm with children. And, most important of all—say I love you.

—Ilka Chase on
"Ilka Chase Observes" (Mutual)

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE

OVER in Reims, France, there's a sort of Ellis Island for live pets the GI's would like to bring home. And *are they alive!* First of all, there are approximately 20,000 dogs impounded at Reims. Dogs of all sizes—shapes—dispositions—and speaking about 50 different languages. Then there is a majestic fawn, probably belonging to some GI from Hollywood . . . a few goats, and a beer-drinking monkey named Blodgett.

—Jane Coul (Mutual)

MAN IN THE MOON

THE very first program on the air of children's stories came through the auspices of the Newark Sunday Call. The lady who was supposed to give the story had to climb an iron ladder through a hatch in the roof to get up to the radio shack; and after this experience and the great height and everything else, she promptly fainted and passed out. We couldn't put her on. The representative of the newspaper was standing there. He said, "You'll have to do it." I said, "It's your newspaper—you do it." He said, "Well, I'm not a woman, I can't use the woman's name—what are we going to do about it?"

I looked out of the radio shack. The moon was coming over Newark, New Jersey, and I said, "You're the man in the moon, and here goes." I introduced him before he could decide on what his title was to be; and it became the first bedtime story on the radio, and even the Follies burlesqued it that year.

—Thomas H. Cowan, New York's first radio announcer on "Global Neighbors" (WNYC, New York City)

SOLVING A PROBLEM

LEADING architects and home planners recently gathered in New York. They pooled their brains and talents and fell to work on the home of the future. Ideas were as plentiful as Japanese apologies at a peace conference. But one group of proposals in particular amused me. The planners were faced with this problem: in order to keep a maid—and keep her happy—what sort of living quarters for the house worker should be included in the house blueprint of tomorrow?

Of course, there was one participant who had become resigned to her fate. She was planning NO maid's quarters—because she was certain she'd never be able to get one. But there were others a little more optimistic. And they agreed that the domestic help must be given large rooms, attractive rooms, private rooms. Everybody thought that a good idea. Until up popped a lady from Connecticut. She had the "glamour" touch. In her house, she announced, the help would have their own large chambers—a combination living room and library—and a private entrance leading to the street, as attractive as the main entrance to the house.

—Jane Cowl (Mutual)

NEIGHBORS



Knowing the Joe Cottons is like shaking hands with Merry Christmas, the Glorious Fourth of July and a Happy New Year, all rolled into one. In

the lean years of the Cotton saga Joe and Leonora moved from one place to another in Greenwich Village always finding a house with an imposing facade and a dingy interior.

In their Washington Place basement, they had a young fellow named Orson Welles for a neighbor. He and Joe struck it up immediately and tried to outdo one another on improving their respective basements. So Cotton builds a lily pond in his? Okay—Welles lays out a badminton court. It was the perfect combination.

Lenore and Joe would stroll over to Orson's for two or three strenuous sets of badminton—return to their lily pond for cocktails and then all pile into an ancient Ford touring car, with the top down, of course, and whip on to a place in Hoboken which overlooked the river

and served good food cheaply with an accordion player thrown in for good measure.

—Elsa Maxwell on
"Party Line" (Mutual)

CURE?

A METHOD has been discovered for treating allergies without that long drawn-out process of taking injections to find out to what you are allergic. A chemist in Detroit has been given a patent on it. You can take your medicine by mouth or by injection, and the claim filed with the patent says you'll build up a certain amount of active and passive resistance to whatever it is which makes you sneeze or wheeze or break out into a rash.

The new method of treating allergies grows out of a minute study of an organic substance known as histamine. We have that chemical in our bodies, in varying quantities. Sometimes we don't have enough, and doctors prescribe it for bringing down our blood pressure and for other purposes.

—Arthur Hale on
"Richfield Reporter" (MBS)

LONG HAIR SINGING

ONCE read where Vigil Thompson said that running a musical repertory theatre . . . where they sing different operas every night . . . is one of the most complicated operations in art. He says that touring a three-ring circus is mere child's play by comparison.

They have to schedule operas 'way, 'way in advance and to accommodate the top stars they have to take into consideration the stars' numerous Hollywood and radio engagements, not to mention concert tours. It's sort of tough to bring a star in from reel two of a big Hollywood production, have him sing one night in the opera and then ship him West again.

Before the war the Met used to be an "importing house" for foreign talent. Now it is developing new singers for this continent and has become an "exporting concern." It not only sends talent to all parts of this country but also plays its part in the Good Neighbor policy by routing singers to South American countries. In short, it has become the great training center and proving ground for talent for this hemisphere.

—Margaret Arlen (CBS)

SERGIO ON UNO



It is interesting to remark that all European nations having colonial possessions voted against placing the UNO in America, among them Brit-

ain, France, Holland. The Soviet Union, so often accused of seeking to become the centre of the post-war world, was one of the strongest supporters of the vote for American headquarters. With her voted Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia. Europe, aside from these two nations, tried hard to keep the center of the world to itself. But the drift away was inevitable. In the choice of the United States, a second interesting fact is apparent. The UNO is to be an organization with backbone. It is not intended to be a sort of anonymous front behind which the old quarrels and the old intrigues can continue undisturbed. In 1918 nobody conceived of a seat for the League of Nations except in a country that had been neutral during the first World War and nobody thought of it as placeable anywhere except in some small nation wielding no real power. So the League chose Switzerland. Today neutral countries were not even considered as possible choices. Selecting the United States has meant investing the organization with the enormous power which America is known to possess today. Whether or not that power—a power for democracy not for any form of imperialism—is placed behind UNO is going to be largely a responsibility of the American people.

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

SACRED COW

BENARES, INDIA, has not changed in a thousand years. But in the newer section of the city, modern ways have penetrated the strongholds of the past as I found out after my first arrival there. For when I went to mail a letter in the post office one morning, I found a cow in the post office, standing in front of the letter box. And knowing India as well as I do, I made no effort to push it away. Instead, I went outside and purchased bananas and some flowers from a vendor—Benares has several thousand such vendors—and then with fruits and flowers I enticed the sacred cow to follow me down the post office steps as I fed it and got it out of the way of the letter box so that I could mail my letter.

—"The World Traveler" (WGN, Chicago)

★

DONALD BAIN

HE LEADS DOG'S LIFE—
OR ANY RADIO ANIMAL'S



FEW people lead dogs' lives in radio, but Donald Bain is one of them. It seems odd that a professor's son who originally set out for the ministry as a profession, should have become a master of the yelp, the whine and the friendly bark. Not to mention wild animal impersonations. But there you are.

Donald Bain is a disarmingly shy little man whose friendly face hides a whole menagerie of sounds, heard day and night over the radio. He squeaks, he howls, he yawps, he purrs, he coos, he crows. Yet in repose, in face to face conversation, he speaks with a soft southern accent reminiscent of the mountains of Tennessee and the back country roads of Kentucky. But give the little man a microphone and he becomes a zoo.

How does a fellow become an animal impersonator? What induces him to give vent to his inspiration in a Radio City elevator where he imitates a great horned owl to the consternation of the uninitiated? Why will he listen to the swans in Central Park to catch their moods? Frankly, we don't know. We're not even going to try to answer those tough ones.

However, we do know that Donald Bain was brought up variously in Tennessee, Kentucky and North Dakota. We do know that he was philosophical by nature and that he was for a long while a boy scout. He loved to roam the fields and woodland trails and hear

the crickets cricket and the frogs frog. Soon he was mimicking tweet-tweets, catcalls and sundry weird cries. It was an art with him from the start. He will tell you that while many people have a good ear for sounds and the proper mouth formation, it is really tonal memory that counts. Get it? "A twist of memory makes most folks unable to reproduce the sounds correctly," he points out. That is the subtle secret of the man who can imitate not just one locust chirping, but can reproduce a whole plague of them.

Bain, whose gamut of imitations runs from a to z — a for anything you can think of and z for zut — that's all, brother — didn't crash radio, movies or plays with his act until after a long, hard struggle barnstorming clubs, schools and social functions. He did an act called "A trip to the Farm." He was so good that Elsa Maxwell, throwing one of her famous parties, this time

with a farm motif, called on him to do sound effects. When the great lady congratulated him on his work, Bain felt he was really out of the rough at last.

Since the day in 1926, when he earned a spot on a Cincinnati radio station, Bain has given his impersonations on some of the biggest networks on the air. He has played Joan Bennett's canary, Eva LeGallienne's sheep, Mary Pickford's falcon and Tarzan's lion. He has even played horses at the race track.

Donald has come a long way since the old days when his act brought him the magnificent sum of \$22.50 on a good night. Now he can earn that much with one short cry of an impassioned chimpanzee and go on to radio pastures new. Donald Bain is a living example of the fact that if you can create a better mouse than the next fellow the radio world will beat a profitable path to your door.



SEAL OF APPROVAL is given by Donald Bain to the seal or by the seal to Donald Bain, radio's famous animal imitator, during interesting tete-a-tete at Central Park. This is how Bain trains.

"THE ANSWER MAN"

Tune 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

Are most of the daily newspapers in this country morning papers or evening papers?

Evening. Almost 80 percent of the daily papers of this country are evening papers.

What Indian tribe was the fiercest, deadliest and bloodthirstiest?

Perhaps the Apache, since this tribe kept on fighting up to fairly recent times. Indeed after the Mexican War, the Apache went on the warpath and practically drove the white man out of Arizona for several years.

Did General Patton believe the American tank was the greatest weapon in this past war?

No, General Patton has stated in his own handwriting, "I consider the M-1 Garand rifle the greatest weapon ever made."

What would an earthquake feel like if one were at sea in a boat?

Ship captains who have been at sea during a sea shock, as aquatic quakes are called, say it feels just like the ship is running aground—yet the ship keeps steaming ahead.

The Bible says that Judas was paid 30 pieces of silver for betraying Christ. What were these pieces of silver called in those days and does anyone own any of them?

According to students of money, the thirty pieces of silver paid to Judas for betraying Christ were Tyrian shekels, also known as "Tetradrachms" of Antioch—a coin in general use in those days. It is, of course, impossible to determine if any of the original thirty pieces are in existence today—but coins exactly similar are in the possession of numismatists.

Are there more women or more 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 3200 women to every 3166 men.

Is it true that in the city of Abilene, Texas, a man isn't allowed to flirt with a girl on the streets?

Legally, yes. There is a law in Abilene, Texas, making it illegal for a man to flirt with a girl on the streets. However, this is not strictly enforced.

Why is the Nile the "Cradle of Civilization" when the others were civilized long before?

Even though the Chinese civilization has been going on for many centuries, that of Egypt along the Nile, has been in progress even longer. In all the world there is no country which has had so long an existence as Egypt.

What is the Statue of Liberty made of?

The Statue of Liberty is made of bronze over a framework of iron. There are 100 tons of bronze in the figure and the total weight of the statue is 450 thousand pounds.

If John Hancock was the first man to sign the Declaration of Independence, who was the first man to sign the Constitution of the United States?

George Washington.

Who built the first canals?

The Egyptians. In 600 B. C. they constructed a canal connecting the Nile River with the Red Sea, which was in use for over a thousand years. And some Egyptologists believe that canals were first built by the Egyptians even as early as 1,000 B. C.

Isn't the diamond the hardest and most expensive jewel there is?

The hardest—but not the most expensive. The ruby is the most costly of all precious stones. An Oriental ruby of good size, free from flaws, is worth several times as much as a diamond of the same size. But it isn't nearly as hard. The sapphire is almost as expensive as the diamond, and is next in hardness. A flawless emerald, too, costs almost as much—but it is the softest of precious stones.

When did people first start serving dinner with knives and forks?

Only about 300 years ago. Knives and forks were curiosities at the dinner table before then. In England they were rare, and in France everyone ate with his fingers until the 17th Century. In 1625, Leandro Alberti in his book "Urbis Venetae Descriptio" wrote that the wife of the doge Domenico Silvio was too dainty to touch her food with her fingers and used a small golden fork for eating. He describes her as being luxurious beyond belief.

Was Alexander Graham Bell an American by birth?

No—by adoption. Alexander Graham Bell was born in Edinburgh, Scotland in 1847. He was the son of a speech professor.

How many toes has a kangaroo?

A kangaroo has four toes on each foot.

Where and what was the first building made money for its owners?

The first profit-making building collapsed from old age long before recorded history. Early tribal rulers often collected tribute from those seeking admission to their palaces. Primitive people today still carry on the practice.

If moths have no sense of smell, why are moth flakes used?

It's true that moths have no sense of smell—but it's not the odor of the paradichlorobenzene in moth balls and flakes that bothers them. The chemical has a smothering effect on them.

Is it true that in Europe they use a 24 hour clock, like our Navy uses?

Yes, most European countries and their colonies use the same 24 hour system for telling time that our Navy uses.

There are books filled with the wise sayings of Confucius but what was the last thing he said before he died?

The last words of Confucius were—"I have taught men how to live."

What is meant by sandbagging in poker?

The term sandbagging in a poker game means passing when a good hand is held in order to deceive the other players. A player who sandbags hopes to get weaker players to stay in the game, raise them, and make a large pot for himself to win. Since poker is largely a game of strategy, this practice is considered perfectly good sportmanship.

Tune In to "The Answer Man":
WOR, New York M,T,W,T,F, 7:15 P.M. E.W.T.
S, 7:45 P.M. E.W.T.
M,T,W,T,F,S, 12:45 P.M. E.W.T.
WGN, Chicago W,Sun., 10:00 P.M. C.W.T.
Yankee Network M,T,W,T,F,S, 6:30 P.M. E.W.T.



COLLECTIVE FARMERS IN KIROV REGION LISTENING TO A LECTURE BROADCAST FROM THE TREMENDOUS NEW MOSCOW STATION Sovphoto

WHAT ABOUT RADIO MOSCOW?

RUSSIANS OPERATE MODERN GIANT TRANSMITTER, SPRAWLING NETWORK

WHEN in December of last year the Russian newspaper *Izvestia* announced that the Soviet Union was operating a transmitter more powerful even than America's great Crosley station, the attention of the world once again was drawn to the huge and complicated network now operated by the Russian government.

From a grey, six-story office building on Moscow's Pushkin Square, the seat of the all-powerful Radio Committee, the Soviet Radio spreads its message throughout the vast expanse of the

motherland and across the frontiers into the far corners of the globe. For twenty-four hours a day, mounting up to the important total of 88 broadcast hours, the voice of Moscow can be heard in seventy different languages of the USSR and in some 28 foreign tongues on short, medium and long-wave.

To the United States the Russians beam three English broadcast periods a day. The transmissions usually contain news, a review of the Moscow papers, some political comment and music. They can be heard fairly well in this country,

especially now since the German stations which used to devote their time to jamming the Moscow wavelengths have died away. Reception, hampered only by occasional bad static, is best in the early mornings.

Considering conditions in Russia at the time of radio's inception, the development of Soviet broadcasting from its first humble beginnings in 1922 is truly astonishing. The original transmitter was a low-powered 12 kw station over which Lenin expounded his theories. Today, although no official

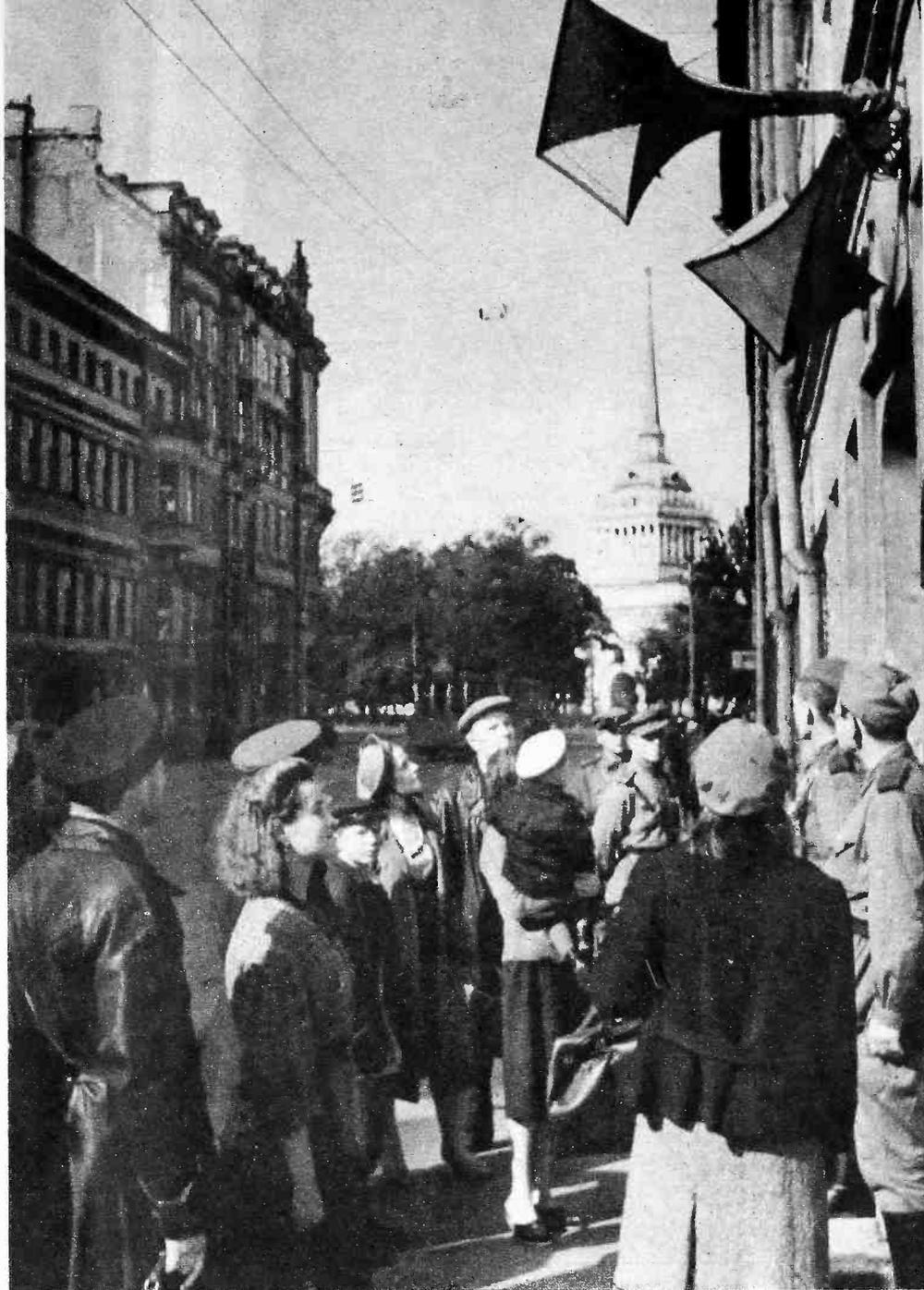
RADIO MOSCOW (continued)

figures are available, the Soviet Union has at least one-hundred stations in operation. Six of them are strong, short-wave transmitters beamed to foreign countries while at least one medium and long wave transmitter in the Far East, is sufficiently powerful to be heard over most of Europe and the (Soviet) Far East.

A glimpse of the thoroughness with which the Russians have planned their foreign broadcasts can be obtained if one studies the impressive array of languages in which they are sent out. There literally exists no language group anywhere in the world which can not, during a 24-hour day, tune in the Moscow transmitter and hear news or comment in its own native tongue. Hour after hour the air-waves carry Soviet broadcasts to the far east in Chinese and Japanese. Indian listeners can pick from a choice of four or five different dialects and in the Middle East Russian propaganda broadcasts have skillfully managed to match the popularity which German transmissions once enjoyed with the Arab population. To North America alone, besides the regular English language programs, Radio Center Moscow also carries newspapers in Finnish, Estonian, Latvian, Italian and Slovene. Prostrate Germany can hear broadcasts by the Free German Committee relayed from the Russian capital or those relayed by the Berlin transmitter which is run by a number of Red Army officers and now familiarizes the German people for 19 hours a day with the political philosophy of the Soviets.

Foreign language programs from Moscow usually are announced by men or women who are natives of the country whose language they speak. Broadcasts directed to Britain or the United States are under the supervision of the Anglo-American section of the Radio Committee. Head of the department is a 35-year-old, white-haired Russian by the name of Mendelsohn who spent many years in the United States as an exchange student at Columbia University in New York. He is thoroughly familiar with the American attitude and point of view and frequently comments on American affairs in the *Izvestia*. All copy is censored by his department before it is read on the air.

Radio Center Moscow's English newscasts are handled by a number of men and women, the majority of them British, who came to the Soviet Union some years ago and since have become citizens. There are, too, numerous former Americans doing announcer duties for



LENINGRAD RESIDENTS LISTEN ATTENTIVELY TO GUN SALUTE IN HONOR OF THE RED ARMY
Sovphoto

the Soviets. Outstanding among them is an elderly Negro woman, a former school teacher from New York.

Twice a day, to the correspondents of the American radio networks are allotted three and a half minutes of Moscow's regular North American service to permit them to take part in the general news-roundups from abroad. All of these men are working under a severe handicap principally because their only sources of news are official announcements or news dispatches appearing in the Soviet press. It is two o'clock in Moscow when they have to "stand-by" for their spot items and often a whole week may go by without a single one of the broadcasts getting through to the United States. Once their copy has been OK'd by the foreign office and has passed the scrutiny of the censors in the

Anglo-American section, they are escorted down to the first floor of the of these studios are somewhat small, Radio Committee building where two studios have been set aside for them. Both mere cubicles, equipped only with a clock, an old-fashioned microphone, a couple of chairs and a couch. Russian studios do not measure up to American standards inasmuch as they are poorly lighted and suffer greatly from a lack of adequate equipment. As the correspondent reads his script, the Russian announcer reads with him over his shoulder. Within his reach is a little lever which can cut the studio off the air within a matter of seconds. Censorship is strict in Russia and deviations from the typed script may well bring about a severe rebuke. When the Soviet Union still was at peace with Japan, a corre-

spondent once was called on the carpet after a broadcast because, in referring to a Tokyo communique, he was said to have pronounced the word "Japanese" with a sneer.

One of the most impressive features in Russian broadcasting is the way the domestic networks cover the vast territories that make up the Soviet Union. The main element in the distribution of programs are the many thousand Radio-Centers which, spread all over the country, pick up the signal from the Moscow key-station and then distribute it by wire to clubs, libraries, factories and individual listeners. Large centers, such as Leningrad, Kuibishev and Tiflis also broadcast hours of local news and entertainment of their own, but in the main they carry the Moscow program.

An American listener, treated to a full Russian broadcast day, may find that his tastes in many respects, resemble and, in others widely differ from the average Soviet radio fan. Domestic programs during an ordinary day feature 14 newsperiods, 18 musical presentations, five children's hours, educational and political talks and literary declamations. There are no radio plays or "soap-operas" as we know them, but whole stage-plays frequently are picked up directly from the theater. Music from the ballet and the opera, as well as liberal offerings of Russian folk tunes also are prominently featured. Dramatic declamations by well-known stage actors and

radio speakers as well as long readings from Mark Twain, DeMaupassant and Chekhov also are hugely popular with Russian audiences, principally because of the acute book shortage. Soviet listeners, who have a good deal to say about the shape and character of their programs, are devoted to the classics and so, at least twice a day, the radio presents two hours of symphonies, concertos and chamber-music, performed either in the studio or taken from recordings. Americans who recently have been in Russia say that jazz music has made a great hit too and Gershwin and Roy Harris can be heard frequently over the air-waves.

The Soviet listener counts heavily on the Moscow broadcasts for his record fare. The electric record player, to say nothing of the automatic radio-phonograph combination that will play a dozen records on one side and then turn them over and play the other, is virtually unknown. Soviet industry, even before the war, has concentrated on items considered more important than phonographs to the national well-being, so wind-up machines are still very much in vogue. Indeed, in some remote regions it is not at all surprising to find a Russian family gathered around a screeching lily-horn phonograph, which in America in this day and age is strictly a museum piece.

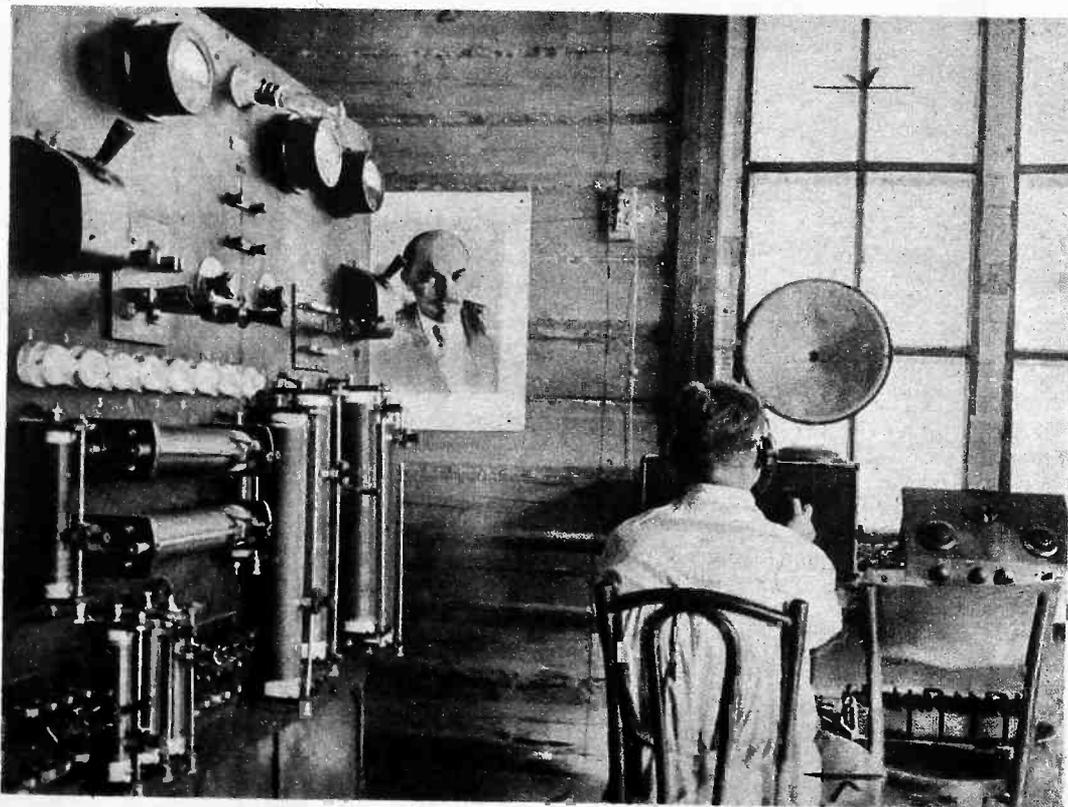
Most of the radio equipment in use in Russia would be regarded by Americans as museum pieces, too. Head-phones

have not completely disappeared, and it is not uncommon in a Soviet household, as in other parts of Europe, to see a horn-type loudspeaker perched atop a box-like tabletop set. Unlike Americans, the Russians don't trade in their old sets every time a new model comes out. The reason, of course, is that there still are not enough sets for all of the USSR's millions. But radios can be expected to be among the first items in Russian post-war production. For the Soviet recognizes the importance of radio. In most Russian cities, for example, there are loudspeakers in the streets to bring passersby important announcements and newscasts.

Russian news presentations, both foreign and domestic, differ greatly from established American ideas of reporting. It must be, of course, remembered that radio in the Soviet Union is an instrumentality of government and that, as such, it presents the news always as seen through the eyes of the Foreign Commissariat. Not given to sensationalism, the Soviet conception of what is and what is not news has caused many an American to shake his head in wonder and deplore what is generally thought to be unnecessary Russian secretiveness.

Ordinary newscasts usually are handled by a man and a woman announcer reading one item each. Most of the news is taken from the papers and from Tass, the official news agency. Comment consists either of a straight reading of the day's editorials from the leading Moscow papers or else of quotations from statements made by leading Soviet personalities. There are no news analysts on the air as we know them, but news developments, or rather the official Soviet attitude towards them, are discussed by so-called commentators.

Perhaps this article should not end without a reference to the fact that while Russian broadcasting is doing its best to "tell the world" what Russia is and what Russia thinks, the United States, with equally extensive facilities, is not even making an effort to acquaint the people of the Soviet Union with what it stands for or what its intentions are in the post-war world. The voice of America, broadcasting in 26 different languages, has not a single Russian program on its schedule. It should be said in all fairness that while the Russians are at least trying to make us understand them and their problems, America is not moving a finger to improve allied relations in the simplest possible way—by telling the Soviets the American story.



CHUVASH, IN SOVIET FAR EAST, HAS STATION WHICH IS SERVING 500 LOUD SPEAKERS
Sovphoto

RADIO HUMOR

● Arthur (Dagwood) Lake, of the CBS "Blondie" program was telling a fellow cast member about a trip he took in an Army bomber. "Great trip," said Lake. "Have you ever flown?"

"Not me," said the actor. "If God had intended me to fly He'd have given me wings! I travel only by train."

"Where," asked radio's Dagwood, "are your wheels?"

● Paul Lavalley, conductor of NBC's "Highways in Melody," was being interviewed by a high school student and he deftly worked around to his pet theory — the scientific approach to music based on mathematical formulae. While explaining just how numbers form a basis for composing Lavalley interrupted himself to say, "There's always been a great romance to mathematics." The young reporter, hopelessly lost in the maze of arithmetic, gathered herself together long enough to bring the interview back to an understandable level. "Look, Mr. Lavalley," she said. "I just flunked geometry. Now, what I want to know is — what color pajamas do you wear?"

● Producer William Spier was interviewing applicants for roles in Mutual's "Suspense" dramas when he came to a young actor who looked like he might fit a small part. "I want someone to play the part of a human derelict," explained Spier. "Think you can do it?" The man looked blank a moment, then said: "No, I'm afraid I couldn't." "Why not?" asked Spier. "You know what a derelict is, don't you?" "Sure," was the reply. "It's a pulley on a long pole for lifting heavy objects!"

WORDS TO THE WISE

● A man who over-indulges lives in a dream. He becomes conceited. He thinks the whole world revolves around him — and it usually does.

W. C. Fields on "Request Performance" (CBS)

● Tell a man there are 352,345,102 stars and he will believe you, but if a sign says "Fresh Paint" he will make a personal investigation.

Phil Baker on "Take It Or Leave It" (CBS)

KENNY "SENATOR CLAGHORN" DELMAR

HITCHHIKING, NOT AN ELECTION, MADE A SENATOR OUT OF FRED ALLEN'S HARD-WORKING ANNOUNCER

SOMEbody, I say, somebody knocked," our loudest legislator bellowed and we opened the door. It was Kenneth Delmar, the curly-haired, black-rimmed spectacled, thirty-ish announcer of the Fred Allen, Tender Leaf Tea Show heard over NBC Sundays at 8:30 (EST).

The phony Confederate is a damyankee, born in a abolitionist city —

ica" and numerous soap operas all boast of his being an alumnus.

The first regular announcing job — one that he still holds — was on "Your Hit Parade," and currently among his busy evenings he can be heard on Eddie Cantor's show. Ironically, he opens and closes the Jack Benny Show much to the consternation of his boss, Fred Allen.

When Allen was about to resume his radio activities this year, "Mrs. Nussbaum," Minerva Pious, called him on the phone and tipped him off to listen to a character on the Alan Young show. It was the roaring Senator. Fred Allen bought him fast — and named his newest addition to Allen's Alley Senator Claghorn.

By this time Kenny had pushed his thick rimmed glasses into his bushy black hair. "The Senator," he always refers to his characterization as another individual, a product of his own mind yet a different personality. The best way to explain this is to liken it to Edgar Bergen's attitude on Charlie McCarthy.



FRED ALLEN, the man from Allen's "Alley," tells Kenny Delmar something or other about the situation in regard to Senator Claghorn.

Boston. He was sent to the Professional Children's School in New York City by his mother, Evelyn Delmar, a vaudeville trouper in her own right.

Kenny's early years were spent as a juvenile in vaudeville getting the grease paint in his system from the start.

He toured the country as a child-prodigy-vaudeville-performer, and did drama, blackface, comedy, anything. During the depression he abandoned the stage and went into the importing business — mostly olives and other foodstuffs — with his stepfather for a number of years.

He entered radio in 1936 just after he was married and it was then he chose this for his future vocation — radio, that is. "The Columbia Workshop," "The March of Time," "The Mercury Theatre," "Cavalcade of Amer-



AND NOW WE SEE the good Senator Claghorn (nee Kenny Delmar) give Fred Allen, the man from Allen's Alley, ideas about nothing.



KENNY DELMAR, ANNOUNCER WHO BECAME SENATOR CLAGHORN, CREATED RADIO SENSATION

"The Senator, that is, came to me literally when I was crossing the country a few years ago. I was hitchhiking and this angel in an Auburn picked me up. I entertained him with my ukelele and he opened up. The man really talked in repetition. He interrupted sentences in the middle to repeat the first part, the obvious parts, obvious, that is. Well, I took this Texan's drawl, moved it up to Alabama and began to gag it up, just around studios before rehearsals and such. You know, it's funny, I've done hundreds of characters on the air but none have clicked like 'The Senator' — just a gag at first but 'wow,' has he paid off."

We asked Mr. Delmar about bringing the verbal gentleman before an audience. "The Senator would never make a personal appearance," said Kenny, "He's strictly a radio personality. So many people have our blustering friend so well pictured in their minds

we don't want to ruin their illusions."

"As for hobbies," he says, "I like girls, also there's a coin collection that I'm very proud of, old coins, that is, love to polish 'em."

Now that Senator Claghorn has become a national figure, Kenny Delmar finds himself studying politics and history. "I never know when some one'll pop me a question from cabbies to waiters to vice-presidents, mostly I just confuse them, confuse I mean."

As we reached for our hat, having completed our mission, Kenny Delmar rose to the occasion and sounded off, "Son, do you call that a hat — a hat, that is — why the only hat ah wear is a Kentucky Derby."

Speechless, we stumbled to the door. "That's a joke, son. Don't just stand there gawking — a Kentucky Derby — they're going over your head." He was still booming as we retreated down the hall.

RADIO ODDITIES

◆ Frank Black, musical director of NBC, was originally sole pianist for a company manufacturing rolls for player pianos. Because the firm could afford only one pianist, Black worked under 40 different names.

◆ "Cousin Cassie" of ABC's "The Sheriff" has been asked to join 24 women's political clubs in the past 4 months. Only catch is that "Cousin Cassie" isn't a woman. The role is portrayed by Olyn Landick — a man.

◆ Joan Davis received her first — and last — attack of stage fright when she was pushed out on the stage by the theatre manager one night in Milwaukee, to substitute for an act which failed to show up. Told to keep them laughing for ten minutes, Joan looked down into the unsmiling faces of the audience and promptly fainted.

◆ Whitey Ford, the "Duke of Paducah" on "Grand Ole Opry," is said to be the only bigtime radio comic today who recites his jokes over the air from memory. The Duke steps up to the mike holding only a tiny "cue" card, with a one or two word "key" or reminder of the anecdotes and gags he plans to relate — the actual wording of them on the air is ad lib.

◆ Orson Welles was a makeup artist even in his early youth. As Orson was carrying his makeup kit to school one day, a schoolmate jeeringly called him a "sissy" and a fight developed. Orson was getting the worst of it when the combatants clinched. Reaching into his kit, Orson managed to smear his face with some red gore — whereupon his opponent fled screaming, regarding himself as an assassin.

◆ During a rehearsal of a Navy program in the Los Angeles Coliseum, the wind blew so hard the sheet music was flying all over the lot. In desperation the producer sent two of his assistants out to buy 100 music clips. The assistants searched in vain. In desperation, they tried the five-and-dime store. No music clips there either, but the pair spotted a display of mousetraps. They bought 100 of them, and on the way back removed the wires that hold the cheese and bent the spring. Result: 100 ex-mouse traps reconverted to excellent music clips.

WITH THE NATION'S STATIONS

HOW?

WHAT?

WHEN?

WHERE?

WHICH?

WHY?

YOU'LL FIND
THE ANSWERS
TO ALL YOUR
RADIO
QUESTIONS
IN
TUNE IN

THE RADIO LISTENER'S MAGAZINE

Do you have any questions about radio — about its stars and its programs? Chances are you'll find the answers between the cover of TUNE IN. More and more people are turning to TUNE IN as an authentic source for answering their questions about radio. We suggest that you turn to TUNE IN for many hours of reading enjoyment.

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Please enter my subscription for one year to "Tune In." My U. S. Postal money order for \$1.50 is attached.

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CITY STATE



JUST A GLANCE from Yvonne De Carlo, one of most beautiful girls in world (press agent says), is enough to put Vic Fergie in trance as radio reporter Bob Willett looks on in Vancouver.



FRED CAMPBELL, WHIO Dayton's sportsman, talks over birds with game protector Keller.



DICK "TWO-TON" BAKER, WGN singing pianist, is honored for hospital entertainment he gave.



AT HOME SINGING, or at home plate, are Boston Braves ball players, "Butch" Nieman, at piano, Bill Lee, center, Al Javery, right, with WTAG sportscaster, Phil Jasen, on Worcester station.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

(LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORDS)

WOODY HERMAN SELECTED AS "TUNE-IN" RADIO RECORDING BAND OF THE MONTH

Woody Herman is the "Man With The Band" as far as recording and radio fans are concerned. Record sales and air-checks of Woody's Saturday night ABC network programs are proof that the big clarinet man has finally hit his stride at the top of the orchestra world. Columbia Recording says that Herman's new discs are far out-selling anything he has ever done before. "Wildroot," "Everyone Knew But You," "Bijou," "Your Father's Mustache," "Ring On Your Finger," "Caledonia," and "Northwest Passage" are the leading reasons for the Herman surge. Engagements at the 400 Club in New York, plus the Paramount Theater and other big dates have further solidified the Herman hold on band fans. Insiders in the band business who have followed Woody's fortunes affirm that this is the first time in his long history that he's clicked on all fronts at the same time. We have a hunch that new arrangements, ideas and morale in the organization hold the key to the situation. "Tune-In" bids you consider Woody Herman as the Number One record and radio band for March—and probably for 1946!



BAND LEADER Woody Herman can blow that clarinet like whirlwind.



HERE HE AND FRANCES WAYNE DO ANOTHER POPULAR NUMBER OVER ABC MICROPHONE



YOU'RE too smart to stay in the same old job rut! You know that you have one life—that's all. So you've thought about *doing* something that would advance you in your work, increase your income.

The time to get started is *now*. And you can take the first step toward Personal Success this very minute! Look over the coupon below and mark the I. C. S. Course in your field of interest. Mail it *today!*

We'll send you complete information on the International Correspondence Schools, and how they can give you the training you need to get ahead faster. Cost is low, texts are easy to understand, and every student gets *personal* service. The time to "take  is RIGHT NOW!"

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Practical Electrician | <input type="checkbox"/> Certified Public Accounting |
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| | <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management |

Name..... Age.....
Home Address.....
City..... State.....
Present Working
Position..... Hours..... A.M. to..... P.M.

TELEVISION

"CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER" ONE OF SHOWS SETTING PACE IN FIELD OF VIDEO

SLOWLY but surely television is working out its destiny and will shortly make its presence felt in American life. Shows like CBS' "Crime Photographer" are helping frame the background for the big national television network programs ahead.

Each week sees a new improvement in production, in lighting effects, in the know-how of putting over an event or a show. It is not particularly easy as television is in a pioneering stage. Old-timers who recall the pioneering process of the motion pictures and of radio itself will remember that these industries had to crawl before they walked.

Nevertheless, the progress of television is gaining momentum daily. Once the mechanical aspects are hurdled there should be an unprecedented splurge. Meanwhile, the major networks are losing no time in perfecting the production techniques for it is there that television will eventually stand or fall. That television will be invaluable for covering events as they occur is undeniable. Watching a prize fight, a political convention, a fire, will present drama as it unfolds. Television, however, still has the problem of creating drama to be unfolded.

The work goes on imperceptibly, is viewed by few for there are not too many sets available. But one of these fine days the experience gained from putting over shows like "Crime Photographer" will be apparent. Then watch the rush to the medium.

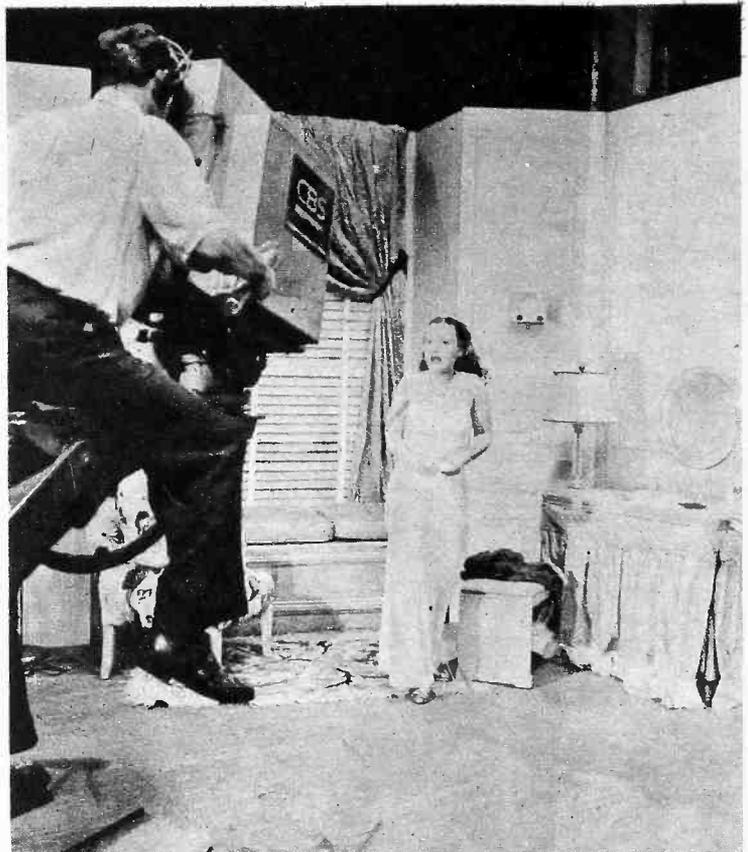
It must be remembered that television will have to compete with outstanding motion picture productions to which the public is already accustomed. Hence, the finished job on television will have to be extremely meritorious if it is to bear any comparison with the near works of art as exemplified by the talking pictures.

Study the pictures taken from "Casey, Crime Photographer," ask yourself whether the casting hereafter will be different, whether any successful careers in radio will be affected. For, it must be remarked that some leading men have voices which signify youth and romance, whereas personally they resemble foremost exponents of the beer barrel polka. Furthermore, some handsome leading men are kept in the background and are born to gush unseen. The same applies to the girls also.

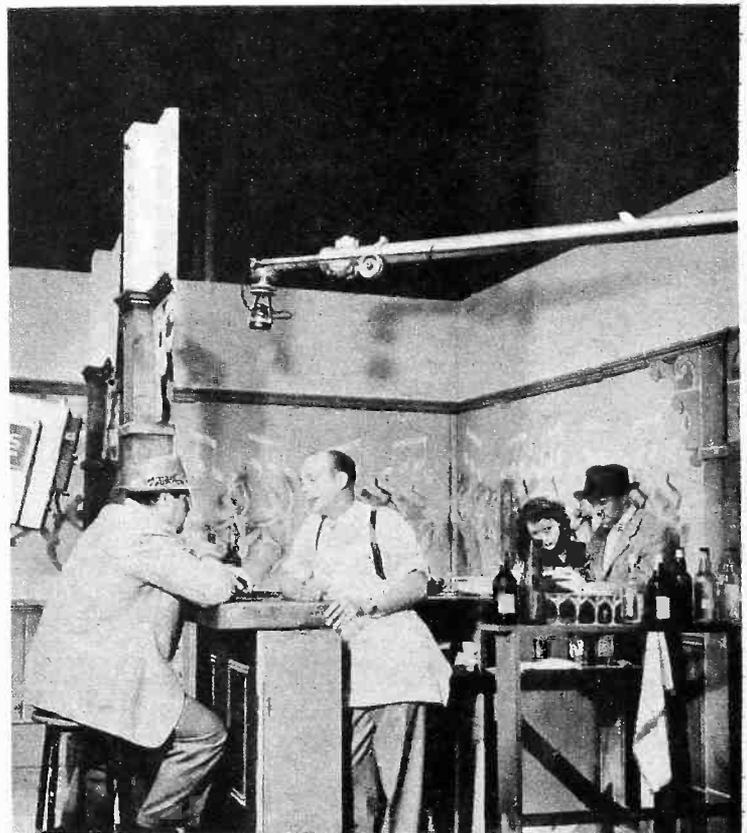
Will it be the looks, the gestures of the actors which will be most important in the television to be? An actor like Danny Kaye, who lays them in aisles throughout the United States when they can watch his gestures, listen to his abracadabra, observe his nuances, has been far from his norm over the radio. Will a Danny Kaye be the big television boy of tomorrow?

While the public is blissfully unaware of the situation, the trial-and-error method in television goes steadily on. A new fertile field is being created and new talent will definitely have a splendid opportunity when television is ready. Writing, directing, casting, acting, every facet of the business, will take on a different complexion.

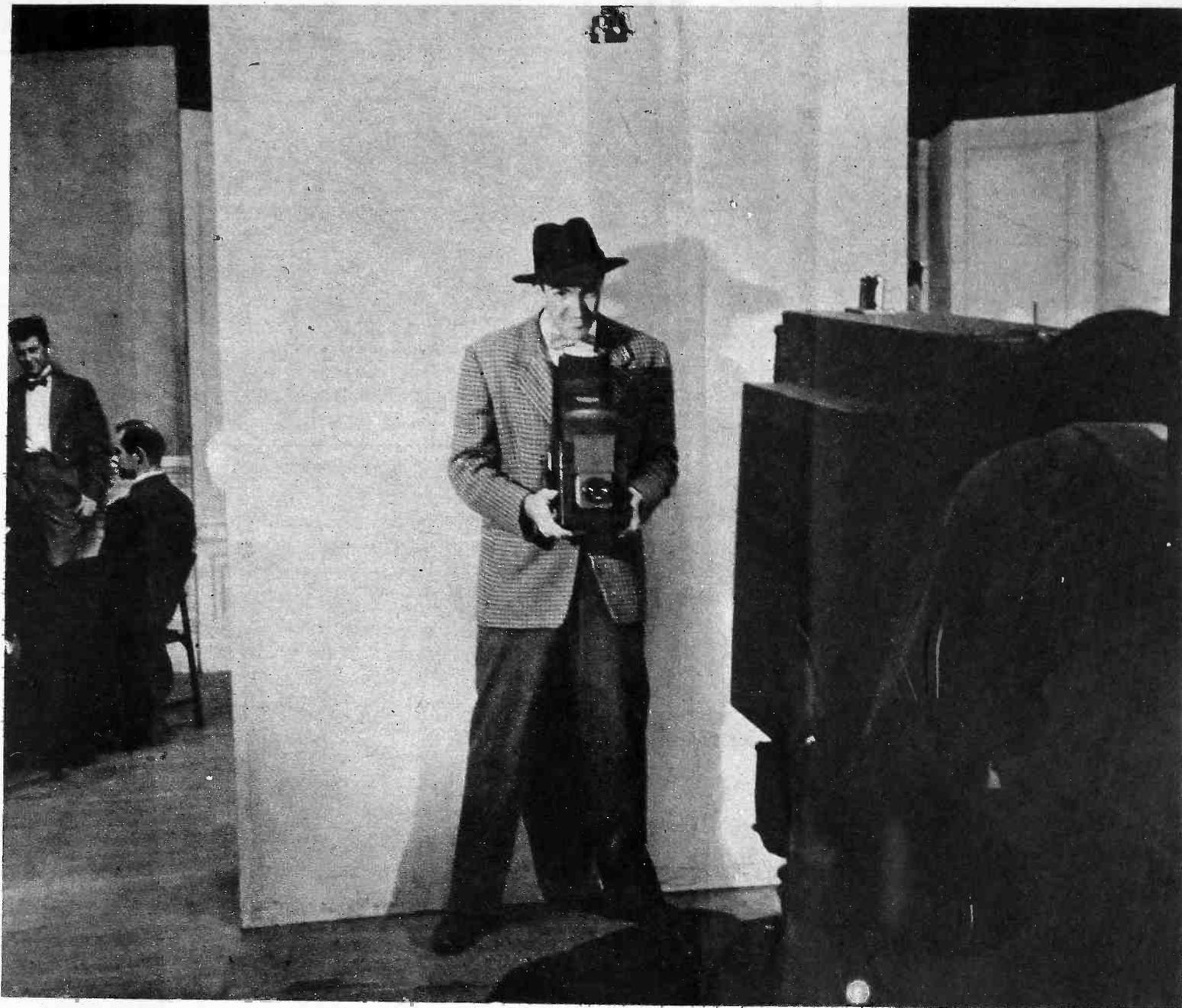
If one picture is worth 10,000 words as the Chinese proverb goes, then what of television which is preparing to hit us shortly like an atomic bomb?



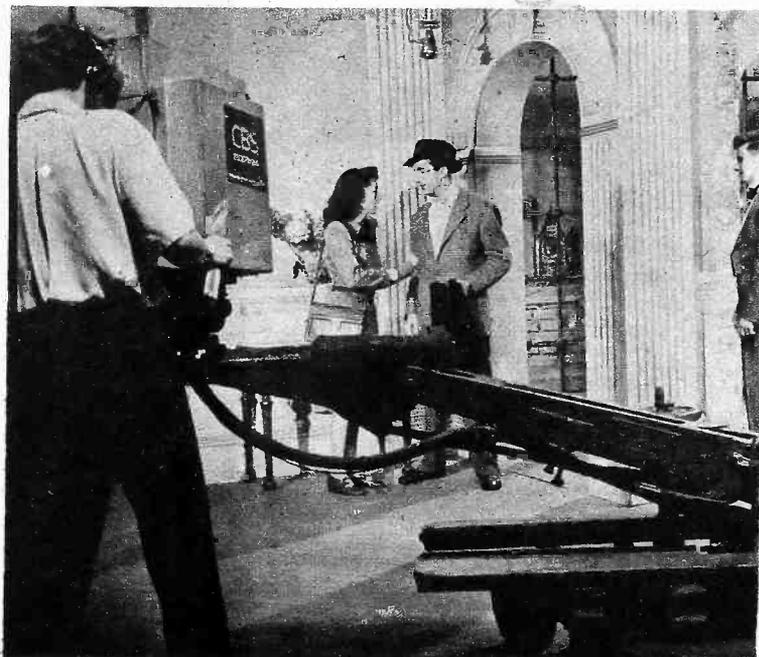
HERE'S A MURDER SCENE from recent show. Eurice is not exactly happy at moment. She sees her murderer entering the door. Not good.



EURICE HAS BEEN BUMPED OFF. Girl friend Ann, boy friend, Casey, chat in cafe. That's a thug talking to another character in show.



THIS IS THE REDOUBTABLE CASEY HIMSELF as he flicks his lens for CBS' television. Casey is played by Oliver Thorndyke. There is no question that in the not so distant future characters like Casey will be known by general public. Television stars may be as well known as movie stars.



CASEY AND THE GIRL FRIEND discuss the trickery of Methot, a hypnotist, who was really responsible for the death of Eurice. Quaint, but true.



THE VILLAIN CAPTURED, Ann tells Casey and a pal how close a call she had helping the famous photographer track down nefarious Methot.

LEAVE IT TO THE GALS

MUTUAL'S ALERT DAMSELS ANSWER LOTS OF QUESTIONS

ONE of the brightest programs to be offered to the public lately is Mutual's "Leave It To The Girls." It features such alert young women as columnist Dorothy Kilgallen; Florence Pritchett, editor and free lance writer; Robin Chandler, who is also an editor and also a beauty; Eloise McElhone, a public relations expert, and Paula Stone. Paula is the mistress of ceremonies, co-producer of the Broadway hit, "The Red Mill," and daughter of the incomparable Fred Stone. Now what has the program got which elicits such a responsive audience?

Well, the girls discuss problems like questions from troubled women, "What shall I do with my husband who snores?" That is something to figure out, of course. However, there is always a male on the program and he is given a large horn. He blows the horn when he wants to get in a word edgewise. He says hopefully, "I didn't agree," and then he is off to the races.

In brief, the girls are supposed to take the ego out of the man and the man is supposed to take the ego out of the girls. There is a lot of spontaneous fun in the repartee and many things are settled one way or the other.

Programs of this nature depend upon good production and the mother wit of the chief characters involved. "Leave It To The Girls" has been blessed in this respect and so has been able to make a good showing in a difficult field. Generally, it is the men who handle the quiz questions in radio, but this time the air waves hope to leave it to the girls — and they do.



ROBIN CHANDLER GIVES OPINION ON MUTUAL'S BREEZY QUIZ SHOW



FLORENCE PRITCHETT IS ANOTHER OF GIRLS WHO ANSWER MALE



MISTRESS OF CEREMONIES IS GIFTED PAULA STONE, FRED'S DAUGHTER



ELOISE McELHONE IS PUBLIC RELATIONS EXPERT WHO HAS NO TROUBLES

EXQUISITE! LOVELY! ALLURING!

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Here's 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.

SPECIALY FITTED RING AND EARRING

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 **SPECIALY 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, admire 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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 - FEBRUARY AMETHYST
 - MARCH AQUAMARINE
 - APRIL WHITE SAPPHIRE
 - MAY GREEN SPINEL
 - JUNE ALEXANDRITE
 - JULY RUBY
 - AUGUST PERIDOT
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SEND NO MONEY!

You need not risk a cent. Send no money just the coupon indicating your color choice. When the postman delivers your set pay him only \$1.98 plus postage and 20% Federal Tax. You can select your birthstone color, or any other color you prefer. If you want two different sets to wear with different outfits, you can have two for only \$3.50 plus 20% Federal Tax. The demand for this wonderful jewelry makes it impossible for us to guarantee a definite supply. You must act now—send the coupon today.

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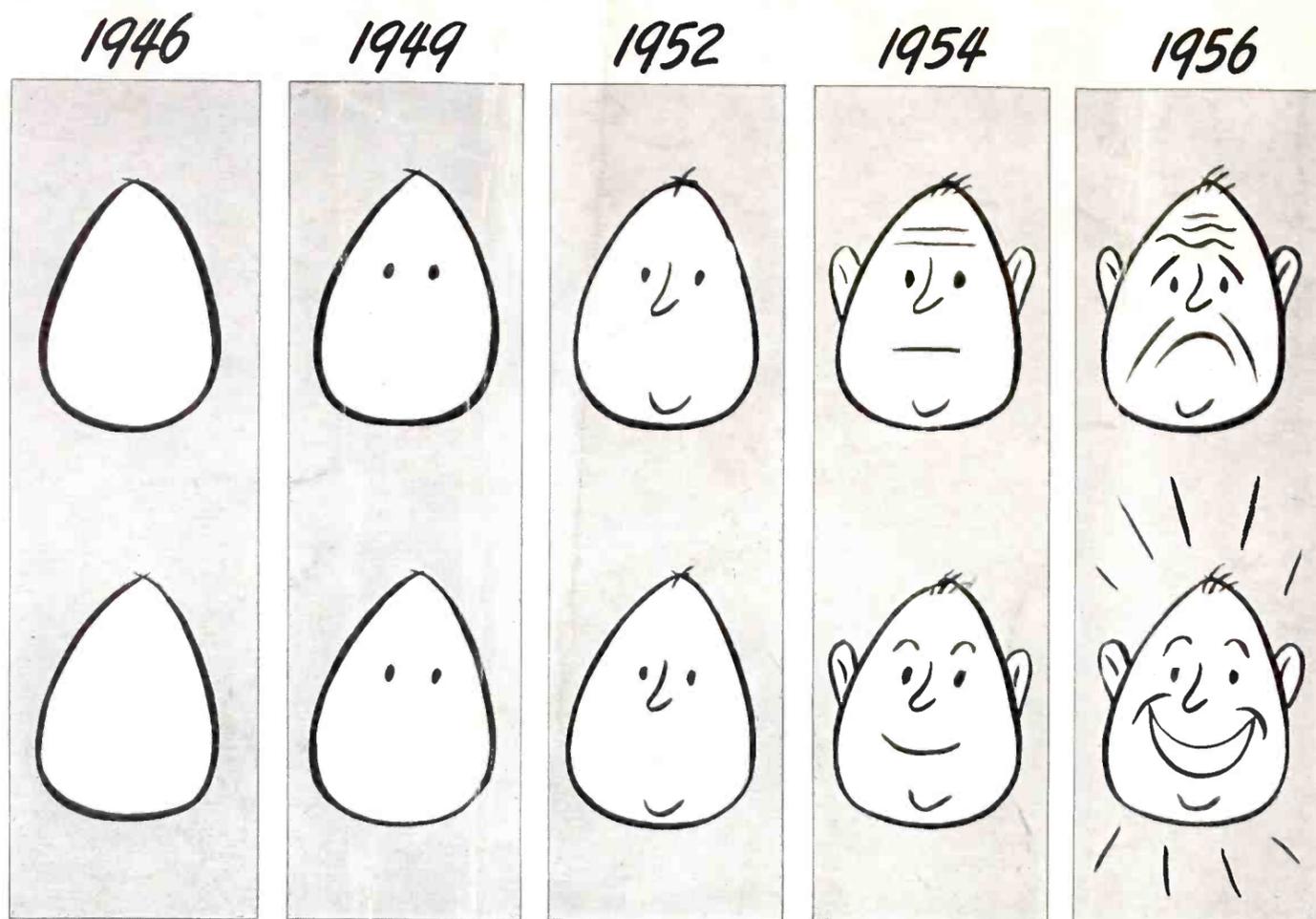
Send me my Cameo Ring and Earring Set at once. Birth month or color.....

- Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage and 20% Federal Tax on delivery
- I am enclosing \$2.38, postage is free, tax included.
- Send two sets. I'll pay postman \$3.50 plus postage and 20% Federal Tax on arrival.

NAME

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CITY & ZONE..... STATE.....



Two ways your face can grow in the next few years

USUALLY, our faces show what's happening to us. For instance, suppose financial matters are constantly on your mind.

Suppose you know that there's practically no cash reserve between you and trouble.

It would be surprising if your face didn't show it.

But suppose that, on the contrary, you've managed to get yourself on a pretty sound financial basis.

Suppose that you're putting aside part of everything

you earn . . . that those dollars you save are busy earning *extra* dollars for you . . . that you have a nest egg and an emergency fund.

Naturally, your face will show *that*, too.

There's a simple and pretty accurate way to tell which way your face is going to go in the next few years:

If you are buying, regularly, and holding as many U. S. Savings Bonds as you can, you needn't worry.

Your face will be among the ones that wear a smile.

Buy all the Bonds you can... keep all the Bonds you buy

TUNE IN

THE RADIO LISTENER'S MAGAZINE

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council