

TUNE IN

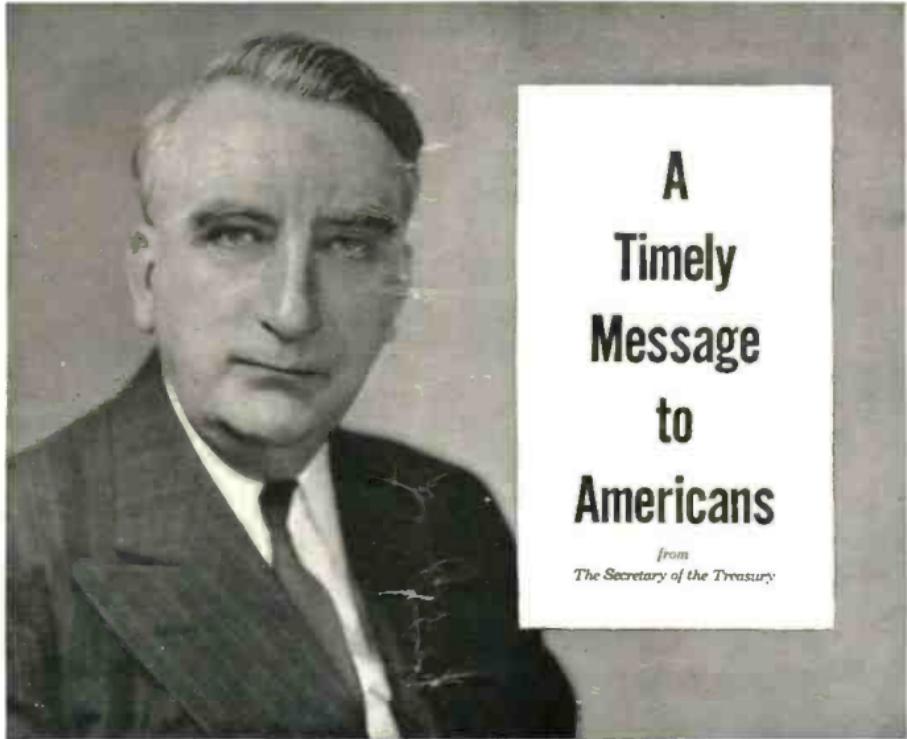
APRIL, 1946

FIFTEEN CENTS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE RADIO LISTENER'S MAGAZINE

JUDY CANOVA
TOOTHSOME BRUNNHILDE



A Timely Message to Americans

from
The Secretary of the Treasury

America has much to be thankful for.

A 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.

FDR
Franklin D. Roosevelt
Secretary of the Treasury

TUNE IN

Vol. 3, no. 12

APRIL 2016

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ON THE COVER

JUDY CANOVA AS BRUNNHILDE. SHE MAKES
THE OTHER GREAT LADIES ON PAGE 17.

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BETWEEN ISSUES . . .

Hollywood scene - Charles Winniger of old "Show Boat" fame hasn't lost his touch, judging by the laughs coming from his table at Mocambo . . . Jean Hersholt looking younger than his pictures during dinner at "The Club" - town's newest fancy eating spot . . . Rochester calmly smoking big black stogie while watching Phil Harris dashing madly from Benny's to Cass Daley's studio with only seconds between shows . . . Hollywood comedians rumored to be dissatisfied with "cold" Los Angeles audiences. Edgar Bergen starting new trend by broadcasting from the Pasadena Playhouse where enthusiasm is great. Bob Hope is very interested in the idea . . . Hal "Gildersleeve" Farny is in

trigued with short-wave according to his luncheon conversation at the Derby . . . Grass-Is-Always-Greener Note: Jack Benny telling us he's pleased at the prospect of going to mountains and hiking in snow for a few days. He should live in New York! . . . Bobby-soxers howling at our

break-through to chat with Van Johnson during Lux Radio Theatre rehearsal. He's one of the most natural men around here and how the cameramen love him! Bill Keighley, also of Lux, a most charming

host in real life as well as before ABC feting Alan Young with gala reception at Glenn Billingsley's - another new spot . . . Bob Hope and Jerry Colonna chewing gum frantically during an hysterical program rehearsal. Joan Davis, far prettier than she'd have you believe, joining in the ad-lib fun during Bob's rehearsal . . .

Most exciting party of the year given by Atwater Kent upon our arrival. Every radio name there.

Dinan Shore and George Montgomery vying with Betty Hutton and Ted Brisken for title of most devoted couple. George Burns stealing show with rendition of "Ain't Misbehavin." Eddie Duchin

making first appearance as a civilian. Red Skelton also happy to be back in the fold. —Lynn.

to be back in the fold . . . Joan Davis introducing Andy Russell's singing. Bergen and McCarthy

bringing down house with impromptu performance. Bergen's

Yours wife, Frances, looking lovelier than ever. Dick Powell and June Allyson another devoted couple. A glorious party.

... another devoted couple. A glorious party and wonderful introduction to Hollywood . . . More on Hollywood next month . . . Meantime, June, our

pretty switchboard girl who's still waiting for Jerry's ship to come in. is asking long distance

for every detail of our meeting with Van.



Jackie



41

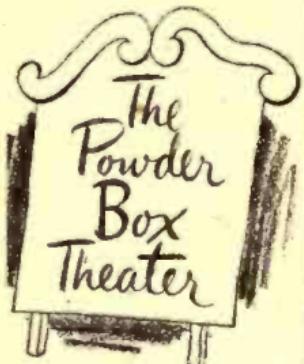


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Evening in Paris

PRESENTS



FEATURING

DANNY O'NEIL

Radio's new singing star

EVELYN KNIGHT

Radio, night club and
Decca recording artist

RAY BLOCH

The Evening in Paris
Orchestra and Chorus

JIM AMECHE

Host and Master of
Ceremonies

with

GUEST STARS

From Stage, Screen and
radio in dramatic playlets

Every Thursday Evening
over the

CBS NETWORK

10:30 E.S.T.

OF MIKES AND MEN

By
TERRY WALSH

During their "Globester" trip around the world a while ago, Ted Malone and three other correspondents stopped in Shanghai. Their hotel bill for four days was \$32,000, which amounted to only six dollars in American money. And if you don't think inflation is dizzy, the ABC commentator recalls a bill for \$27,000 for six sandwiches and one for \$2,000 just for having a suit pressed!

★ ★ ★

When advised that he was scheduled to appear at a United War Fund broadcast on the stage of Symphony Hall in Boston with Admiral Nimitz himself, Jimmy Durante came out with his usual ebullience: "Nimitz, Koussevitsky and Durante — wotta marqueel!"

★ ★ ★

Returning to that fascinating subject of money — Edgar Bergen is warning the public to beware of "McCarthy Mazama." To pay his little wooden-headed pal's weekly allowance, Bergen had 75¢ bills printed up. They're slightly larger in size than a regular dollar bill, and in a dim light, says the alter ego, it's hard to tell the difference. However, Charlie is having a tough time finding a store with very dim lights.

★ ★ ★

Paula Stone, charming femcee of "Leave It To The Girls," was out the day that an admirer called her office and asked her secretary, June Winters, if it was proper to send flowers to Miss Stone during business hours. "It certainly is," replied June. "I'll enjoy looking at them, too!" When the box arrived it contained two dozen red roses for Paula and a dozen white ones for June with a message that read: "If you like flowers so much you ought to have some of your own."

★ ★ ★

Hal (Gildersleeve) Peary is often besieged with letters from people offering him business propositions — none of which he accepts. The funniest one the star received in

months came from a midwesterner who tried to interest Peary in forming a record company for doing records with the same selection on both sides — in case the record got broken!

★ ★ ★

When his weekday "Supper Club" broadcasts are over and the studio audience has gone, it is singer Perry Como's custom to relax in the control room and listen to a play-back of the program. One day last week, the control-room listeners were attracted by a motion on the darkened stage. A studio page had stationed himself at the mike and, as Perry's soothing voice soared through the air, via records, the page was mouthing the words to the song ("Temptation") and giving it the works — with full dramatic gestures. As he threw his arms skyward at a high note, some insect must have warned him. He turned to the control booth to see the vastly amused faces of Perry and the program executives. He remained onstage just long enough to send a stricken look into the control room and then ran off.

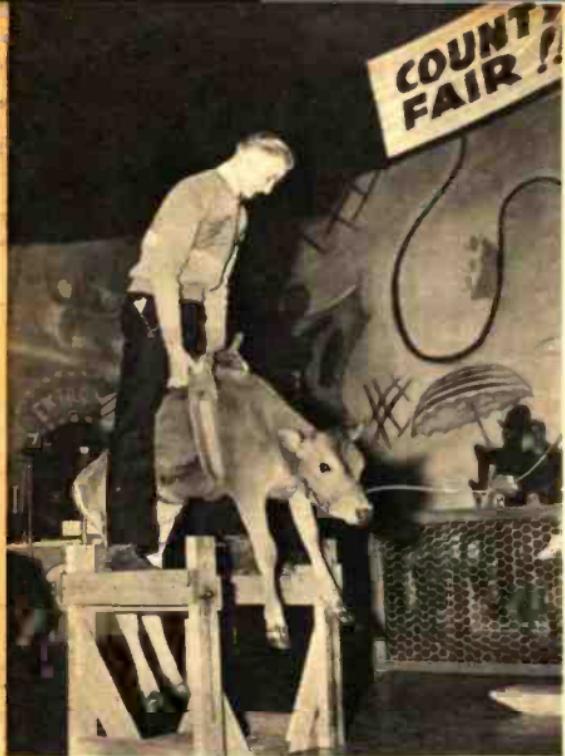
★ ★ ★

Bob Hawk, quipmaster of the comedy quiz "Thanks Ta The Yanks," continues to be searched out by people for a variety of odd purposes. The requests range from pleas for autographed pictures and advice on how to become a radio star to petitions for last season's topcoat. Then, there's the group interested in money, jobs and how to develop a fine speaking voice. On the last-named subject Hawk, of course, is an authority. An earnest student of drama during college days, he appeared in one-act plays in the Southwest where he became quite a celebrity. But the letter to top them all, was from a man in South Dakota, who claimed to be his uncle, quickly followed by a claim from a woman from Walla-Walla, which he has never visited, that Bob sold her a defective typewriter 20 years ago!

★ ★ ★

Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard are convinced that their children, at least, take their Sunday radio show very seriously. The day the couple urged listeners to open their doors to visiting servicemen who were unable to find shelter, they found, upon arriving home, that the kids had invited servicemen in to use every room in the house. Oz and Harriet retreated to a neighbor's.

Along Radio Row



A GREEK LEGEND STARTED ALL THIS: Allen Le Fever began lifting Phoebe-the-Calf on 'County Fair' program when she was 1 month, 75 lbs., to prove the old theory that by doing so each week thereafter he would be able to lift her when full grown.



HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE, TED: Ted Collins is an interested observer as he, Kate Smith and Lionel Hampton got together in a CBS studio recently for a jam session on the xylophone. Ted thinks he'd like a try. Looks easy, says he. Uh . . . Uh . . .



FEMININE FANS STILL FLUTTER at: Francis X. Bushman (left) and Herbert Rawlinson, former matinee idols. Both appear on NBC's "Cavalcade of America."



KIDIZING IS ALWAYS FUN—particularly when it's Eve Arden's shoulder you're looking over. Jack Haley and "Bumfurious" Eve ate heard on "Village Store."

ALONG RADIO ROW (continued)



COLLABORATORS on NBC's "Story of Music," Samuel Chotzinoff (left), manager and narrator, and Dr. Frank Black, composer-conductor, rehearse a score.



A UNION OF THE ARTS: Johnnie Nebiolo and Angeline Orr, hand-holding like the newlyweds they are. Johnnie is the spell-binding story-teller on "Tin Pan Alley of the Air" while Angie has made a name for herself on Broadway and in Hollywood.



NO CHANCE FOR THE LAST WORD with three beautiful females cornering you. So Ted Malone, well-known journalist, brought a horn for his session with Maggie McNeills, left. Paula Stone, emcee, and Martha Rountree of "Leave It To The Girls" fame.



EYE-OPENER FOR JACK KIRKWOOD: and you can't blame him for looking. Not when the gal is as lovely as Jean McKeon, vocalist on his popular CBS show.



AIN'T IT ELEGANT? Cliff Arquette, star of ABC's "Glamour Manor" wasn't content until he gave this elegant story-book hostelry sum and substance. This is his own conception of it — thirty-two rooms — two baths — rooms always available."



GOING, GOING, GONE! The WAC disappears and her replacement is the glamour gal of 1946. The magician is Bob Hawk who has also done some reconversion of his CBS "Thanks to the Yanks" program. It is now called "The Bob Hawk Show."



"**WELL, MAKE UP YOUR MIND, DADDY.**" Aliana, Alan Young's daughter helps out with script before the ABC comedian went to Hollywood to make his first film.



HEAVY ON THE DOWN BEAT is fifteen-year old Anne Francis of the NBC serial "When A Girl Marries." Her parents don't share her passion for boogie-woogie.



WARM-VOICED THELMA, WHO MADE HER RADIO DEBUT AT THE AGE OF SEVEN, NOW SHARES THIS NBC MICROPHONE WITH EDDIE CANTOR

THELMA CARPENTER

BROOKLYN-BORN SONGSTRESS IS
NEWEST FIND OF EDDIE CANTOR

TUNE IN: WED., 9 P.M. EST (NBC)

HER NAME is one of the newest featured on a major radio show, but mellow-voiced Thelma Carpenter is not new to radio. Precocious Thelma, taught to read and write at home before she went to school, wrote a letter and arranged her own radio audition when she was only seven. It resulted in her first airtime appearance on the "Kiddies' Hour" of WNYC, New York's municipal station, and she has been on the air intermittently ever since. Now featured on NBC's Eddie Cantor Show, Thelma, as Eddie's protege and songstress, holds the spot that once helped skyrocket Deanna Durbin and Dinah Shore to fame.

Cantor, an old hand at star-finding, is credited with Thelma's discovery. Actually, though, she is the find of Eddie's daughter Marilyn. Thelma was singing at the New York supper club Ruban Bleu, when along came Marilyn and heard her do "Memphis Bound." Marilyn induced her father to visit the club, and when he heard "Memphis Bound," Thelma was NBC-bound. Signing of her first network contract was justification of the patience Thelma's grandfather, a choir singer, and her mother, an ex-dancer, had devoted to her career.

TUNE IN'S LISTENING POST

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

9:30 a.m. E. POWER BIGGS (C) Music especially composed for the organ well-played by the organist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. VV

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. V

10:30 a.m. THE SOUTHERNAIRES (A) Old time negro spirituals sung by a familiar quartet that sometimes proves right pleasing to the ear of a Sunday morning. V

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. VV

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

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. VV

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

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

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. VVV

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, featuring a cast of extremely capable actors. VV

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

4:00 p.m. THE NATIONAL HOUR (N) An intelligent discussion of major problems of reconversion with Robert St. John and Robert McCormick, narrators. VV

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

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

5:00 p.m. SYMPHONY OF THE AIR (N) The great master of them all, Arturo Toscanini conducts. The high point of the day for many music lovers. VVV

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

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

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. VVV



Gerald Joe Kelly with a few of those ingenious "QUIZ KIDS"

EASTERN STANDARD TIME INDICATED. DEDUCT 1 HOUR FOR CENTRAL TIME—2 HOURS FOR PACIFIC TIME. NBC IS LISTED (N), CBS (C), AMERICAN BROADCASTING CO. (A), MBS (M). ASTERISKED PROGRAMS (*) ARE REBROADCAST AT VARIOUS TIMES; CHECK LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

6:00 p.m. ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND MARRIET (C) Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson attempt to do a junior league Fibber McGee and Molly but never quite make it. V

6:00 p.m. RADIO HALL OF FAME (A) Paul Whiteman still puts his orchestra through some very nice paces. Guest spots are sometimes outstandingly good. VV

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

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

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. VVV

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

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

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. V

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

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

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

8:00 p.m. MEDIATION BOARD (M) At times the guest mediators who advise on problems discussed are rather inspiring; other times downright irritating. V

8:00 p.m. FORD SYMPHONY (A) A full hour of really nice music. VV

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

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

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. VV

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 7

TUNE IN'S LISTENING POST (continued)

9:00 p.m. REQUEST PERFORMANCE [C] At times the guest stars on this show turn out really amazing performances using unique material. Usually good fun. ▼▼▼

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 Grier and Hugh Thompson, and Sylvan Lewis'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 tall-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. ▼▼



Singing star Nelson Eddy; Paul Whiteman, raconteur

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. HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES [A] All kinds of familiar and unfamiliar church music. ▼▼

10:30 a.m. FUN WITH MUSIC [M] Daily half-hour variety show, designed as a background for the morning's dusting. ▼

10:45 a.m. ONE WOMAN'S OPINION [A] Lisa Sergio analyzes the world news 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. TODDLERS' CHILDREN [N] A long-time favorite with day time radio listeners. A melodramatic rendition of the problems that face the younger generation. ▼

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

5:00 p.m. SCHOOL OF THE AIR [C] Radio's leading educational program. Each day, five days a week, a different subject is taught: Mon., American History; Tues., Music Appreciation Wed., Sciences; 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 that 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 bottling about average as these shows go. ▼

8:00 p.m. LUM 'N ABNER [A] The old Pine Ridge pair are as rustic as ever. ▼

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

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. FAT MAN [A] Dashiell Hammett's latest creation manages to mix wit, romance and mystery-solving into a half hour show for detective fans. ▼

8:30 p.m. ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES [M] Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce of the movie 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 popular comedy series. Andy Russell provides the vocals. Marry 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 Yaphées conducting the orchestra, and a new guest star each week. ▼▼▼

9:00 p.m. I DEAL IN CRIME [A] Another crime show with William Gargan as the super-sleuth. ▼

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. FOREVER TOPS [A] Paul Whiteman and orchestra featuring tunes that never die and anecdotes about the songs by Whiteman himself. ▼▼

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. **JIMMIE GLEASON'S DINER** [A] Jimmie and Lucille Gleason entertain strange characters, including Hollywood celebs, at the diner. ▼▼

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] A quiz show that's apt to get on your nerves. ▼

10:30 p.m. **THE BOB HAWK SHOW** [C] Just another quiz but people seem to have fun. ▼

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 interests it. ▼▼▼



Expert tick-writers Guy Lombardo and Fred Waring

TUESDAY

9:15 a.m. **ARTHUR GODFREY** [C] Godfrey in his insouciant way, is as refreshing as can be as he bids his way through the morning news. ▼▼

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 turns her vast supply of energy to radio. Limited appeal but more stimulating than many daytime shows. ▼▼

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

12:00 n. **GLAMOUR MANOR** [A] Cliff Arquette and his own cast of characters take up part of the week on audience participation goes on the other two days. Pretty funny—sometimes. ▼

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

*1:15 p.m. **MA PERKINS** [C] Another one of radio's self-sacrificing souls, who tries 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 Peggie in a half-hour of animated, lively chatter about this and that. ▼

4:15 p.m. **TIME FOR WOMEN** [A] A bright young lady, Shelly Mydans presents the news with the woman's slant and interviews some pretty interesting people. ▼▼

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. **BARRY FITZGERALD** [N] The beloved movie Academy Award winner in a 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. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. **ALAN YOUNG** [A] Youthful Canadian comic occasionally will wow you with his antics. Good supporting cast including Ed Begley, Jim Bacchus and Minerva Fioux. ▼▼

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

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

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

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

9:30 p.m. **FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY** [N] The escapades of the couple from 77 Wistful Vista make one of the most popular of all radio shows. ▼▼▼

9:30 p.m. **DOCTORS TALK IT OVER** [A] Prominent physicians discuss today's medical problems. ▼

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

10:00 p.m. **FORD SHOW** [C] A new musical variety starring 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 spry, lively half hour of both good and bad jokes. Frances Langford provides the sex appeal and the vocals. ▼▼▼

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



Morton Downey, Barry Fitzgerald,
two sons of Erie

WEDNESDAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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. ▼▼

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE] 9

TUNE IN'S LISTENING POST (continued)

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 Nick, Inspector Queen and Sergeant Yelie, 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 mission for solving murders: amusing. ▼▼

9:00 p.m. JACK CARSON [C] The once movie comedian has developed a very slick microphone technique. Diana Barrymore is the latest addition to a crack cast of stooges that includes Arthur Treacher, Dave Wilcock and seventeen-year-old Norma Nilsson. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. FRESH-UP SHOW [M] Second-rate variety show, with comedy by Bert Lahr, songs by Ruth Davy, music by Russ Cates. ▼

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 rate 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. SO YOU WANT TO LEAD A BAND [A] Sammy Kaye gives out that familiar swing and sway music, then gets members of the audience up to do a little stick-waving. Generally good fun. ▼

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-court squeezes west after west. 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 fictionalized from newspaper items. Dan McLaughlin plays David Harding, chief of the counterespionage. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. ANDREWS SISTERS [C] Maxene, Patty and LaVerne in their own variety show, singing as off-key and as enthusiastically as ever. ▼▼



Ethel O'Neal of "THE LISTENING POST"
Bobby soxer's mom Frankie

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. ▼▼

11:45 a.m. TED MALONE [A] A short recital of human interest tales and incidental thoughts in Malone's soothing voice. ▼

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. ▼▼

5:45 p.m. TOM MIX [M] Stock cowboy characters and situations slanted towards the after-school trade, particularly the boys. ▼

7:00 p.m. JACK KIRKWOOD [C] Fifteen-minute variety starring one of the best of the new comedians. ▼▼

7:30 p.m. BOB BURNS [N] The Van Buren banjo player in a new winter show, with vocalist Shirley Ross. Ex-Dead End Kid Leo Gorkey heads the comedy cast. ▼▼

8:00 p.m. BURNS AND ALLEN [N] Admirers of zany comedy will screwball Gracie and her maligned spouse George as tops. Marcelline 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. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. MUSIC HALL [N] Eddy Duchin doing smooth piano numbers backed competently by John Scott Trotter's orchestra. ▼▼

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

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. ▼▼



Frazier Hunt
and everybody's dream girl, Dinah Shore

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. ▼▼

11:15 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. ▼

8:00 p.m. FRONT PAGE FARRELL [N] The story of David and Sally Farrell and their journalistic adventures in Manhattan. Well-written, well-acted serial. ▼▼

7:30 p.m. GINNY SIMMS [C] Ginny still melts the air waves with that smooth voice. ▼▼

8:00 p.m. HIGHWAYS IN MELODY [N] Paul Lavalie and his orchestra in an excellent half hour of music; with guest stars. ▼▼

8:00 p.m. HERCULE POIROT [M] Agatha Christie's funny little Belgian detective relates a great deal of charm and "little grey cells" in the radio rendition. ▼▼

8:00 p.m. THE ALDRICH FAMILY [C] There is a tendency to let good old Henry's situations coast along on past credits. A little staleness creeps in now and then. ▼

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

8:30 p.m. SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW MUSIC [M] Music lovers will be amused and interested to hear guest experts toss around some intricate questions. ▼

8:30 p.m. DUFFY'S TAVERN [N] Ed Gardner as Archie seems to bring out the very best in his guest stars. The material is uniformly good and time doesn't drag a second. ▼▼▼

9:00 p.m. PEOPLE ARE FUNNY [N] Unfortunately only sometimes are people really funny. ▼

9:00 p.m. IT PAYS TO BE IGNORANT [C] Tom Howard and George Shelton just have to be noisy to be funny. If you don't mind yelling and screaming, they're okay. ▼

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 "East Aces" writing the scripts, things may take a turn for the better. ▼▼

10:30 p.m. YOUR AMERICAN SPORTS PAGE [A] Joe Hessel 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 teen-age 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. BILLIE BURKE [C] Some of Billie's comedy situations are rather strained but she is rather cute when the script permits. ▼

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 spectators. ▼

11:30 p.m. HOOKEY HALL [M] Bobby Hooley stars as the emcee of this children's variety show. Not for those who feel that children should be seen but not heard. ▼

12:00 n. THEATER OF TODAY [C] The productions are certainly not good theater but it is a switch from soap operas. ▼

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. ▼▼



The Duke (Ellington) steps off the concert stage to get "in the mood."

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. ▼▼

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 speaker: 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. LIFE TIME OF RULY [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 hepcats. ▼

8:30 p.m. TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES [N] A fast-moving quiz show that will be funny 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. ▼

8:00 p.m. LEAVE IT TO THE GIRLS [M] Paula Stone and other leading glamor girls have a half-hour henfest over the air with enter-taining 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 Cloire. ▼

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

10:30 p.m. GRAND OLE OPERY [N] Roy Acuff and company is 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. ▼▼

THINGS YOU CAN'T HEAR ON RADIO

YOU CAN READ IN



... behind the mike stories of the studios . . . anecdotes and side-glances of radio's foremost personalities . . . a guide to good radio listening . . . a review of the newest records . . . plus the best photo coverage of radio to be found anywhere . . . for, if it's in radio, it's in



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TUNE IN the RECORDS

MEET the **TUNE IN** Record and Radio

Man of the Month—Johnny Desmond! Johnny's first discs for Victor—"Do You Love Me," "Don't You Remember Me," "In the Eyes of My Irish Colleen" and "In the Moon Mist" have stamped him as the up and coming recording favorite with wax fans. Johnny, owes his success to Uncle Sam. His work with the Glenn Miller band overseas gave him a ready made audience after his discharge from the Army. We predict a great record future for this 26 year old baritone. (See Johnny's story on page 32.)

CHECKING THE POPS: Barry Wood's Cosmo recording of "Tomorrow Is Forever" and "Till We Meet Again" spots stunning Alec Wilder arrangements. Barry has seldom sounded better than on this twin pairing of hits from the new International Picture "Tomorrow Is Forever" . . . Sonora comes through with an album of "Old Time Favorites" by the Ben Yost singers. Recommended for parties . . . Cal Calloway's "If This Isn't Love" and "The Honey Dripper" are top examples of the Calloway brand of (Columbia) rhythm. "Honey Dripper" rocks all the way through . . . Count Basie brings "Jivin' Joe Jackson" and "Queer Street" to discophiles on the Columbia label. Basie stands out pianistically with "Queer Street" while Ann Moore handles the lyrics on "Jackson" . . . Perry Como's "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows" should delight fans of this popular radioite. Victor cheated a bit on the other side—they can do better than two minutes and five seconds for an arrangement at current record prices!

CHECKING THE JAZZ DISCS . . . Radio singer Kay Starr delivers with "Should I" and "Don't Meddle In My Mood." Ben Pollack—the acorn from whom

By HAL DAVIS

many jazz greats grew—backs up orchestrally (Jewel) . . . Trumpeter Charlie Shavers of ex-John Kirby fame—currently blowing for T. Dorsey—performs stylized horn blowing for Keynote with "My Man" plus "El Salón De Guit Bucket." Present and accounting for some excitement are Coleman Hawkins and Teddy Wilson . . . And Teddy Wilson is represented with eight sides in a new album by Musicraft. The orchestra represents what is commonly known as the "5and Street Gang." It's good Wilson—which means you can't find better piano pounding anywhere else . . . Recording "Jazz At the Philharmonic" right off the line with a live audience cheering solos, might make good late evening radio fare—but lesser record value. The three 12-inch records in the album (Asch) have their good points . . . Bing Crosby and Jimmy Dorsey Declarate with "Give Me The Simple Life" plus "It's the Talk of the Town."

CLASSICALLY SPEAKING . . . James Melton sings six great arias from operas by Mozart, Massenet and Wagner. They all should be familiar to radio listeners who have tuned in the Metropolitan Opera House on Saturday afternoons (Victor DM 1022—six 12-inch records—\$6.50) . . . Beethoven's Concerto No. 3 in C Minor is brilliantly played by Artur Rubenstein with Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony. Recorded on the first appearance together of these two great artists, the album is a must for music-lovers (Victor 1016-4—12-inch records—\$4.50).



BARRY WOOD



TOMMY DORSEY



BING CROSBY



ARTUR RUBENSTEIN

(When you're in New York, see the **TUNE IN** window at Hayes-Griffith Record Shop on Madison Avenue & 47th Street. Listen to Art Hard's Milkman's Matinee via **WNEW** for your **TUNE IN** record selections.)



H. V. KALTENBORN HAS EARNED HIS TITLE "DEAN OF AMERICAN COMMENTATORS." HE HIT THE AIR IN 1921; IS STILL GOING STRONG ON NBC.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE COMMENTATORS

THE IDEA THAT THEY WOULD BE FIRED WITH THE LAST SHOT OF THE WAR WAS WRONG

WHEN Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York quit going to fires and signed himself up as a radio commentator at \$150,000 annually the move further confirmed that a certain post-war theory was wrong.

As soon as the last shot was fired in 1945 the thought among a few experts was that radio commentators would be fired, too. Predictions were made that these radio commentators, lads who had learned to straddle the fence

By PAUL GARDNER

beautifully during the war, would be the first people on line for the new apple selling concessions.

But it hasn't turned out that way at all. Radio apparently is headed for the largest doses of commentating in its twenty-five year history. And on how that commentating is handled—and received—may hinge, to a large extent, America's future in the post-war world.

Twenty years ago when the National Broadcasting Com-

COMMENTATORS (continued)

pany was peeping through the incubator it had no news reporters or commentators. In 1945, according to president Niles Trammell, it had forty besides a large news department. During 1946 the number will be equivalent and may be considerably enhanced when the UNO meetings take place in the United States. NBC estimated that a year ago the field of news and special events covered about one-fifth of the network's program hours. This average should be maintained and the story would seem to be the same for all networks.

American Broadcasting Company, with the doughty LaGuardia in tow, selling a magazine nationally and cheese locally, is making a determined bid in the commenting field. Elmer Davis, back on radio after serving as OWI chief through the war, also is an ABC commentator. And ABC officials are using special correspondents in South America. Evidently the war has taught the networks one thing—a sense of anticipation. Get to the trouble spots ahead of time—and South America is one of these trouble spots.

Mark Woods, president of ABC, summed up his company's philosophy recently when he stated that he felt it was the duty of radio to keep the public informed—or else.

Mr. Woods was of the opinion that unless the public knew what the international score was, there would be plenty of complications. However, since his dictum a development has taken place which perhaps even the best

minds did not foresee—the American public also wants to know precisely what the domestic score is.

Thus we see a new infusion of commentators all along the line. Henry Taylor comes back over the Mutual Broadcasting System to give his views under the sponsorship of General Motors. The CIO gets such an earnest representative as Raymond Walsh on the air. The AFL seeks time for commentators.

What seems to be happening is that radio is becoming more and more politically conscious. This is possibly an outgrowth of the Roosevelt era when the late President would corner the market on Hooper ratings for an evening by carrying issues directly to the people over the air. President Truman is continuing the Roosevelt era radio trends and has in fact gone further by becoming the first President ever to be televised as he was when he delivered his annual message to Congress in January.

Among the trends is one to bring men like LaGuardia and Sumner Welles into radio commenting, men who have had broad experience in the field of politics. The old-timers, the veterans like H. V. Kaltenborn (he was hitting the crystal air waves as far back as 1921), Walter Winchell and Lowell Thomas also still hold the fort, with a medley of newcomers trying to crack in.»

Here and there a radio commentator has felt the axe—Royal Arch Gunnison left Mutual at the end of the war. Yet Bob Brumby and Jack Mahon, both of whom were active in the Pacific, now have a program of their own.

ARTHUR MALE, BETTER KNOWN AS THE MBS RICHFIELD REPORTER, PUNCTUATES HIS NEWS WITH THE ODD AND UNUSUAL—HUMAN INTEREST





RAYMOND GRAM SWING, whose liberal views are held gospel by many, has been discussing atomic energy one evening a week over ABC.



ROBERT ST. JOHN, NBC's nimble-tongued newscaster, amazed V-E day audiences by making sixty-six broadcasts in twenty-four hours.

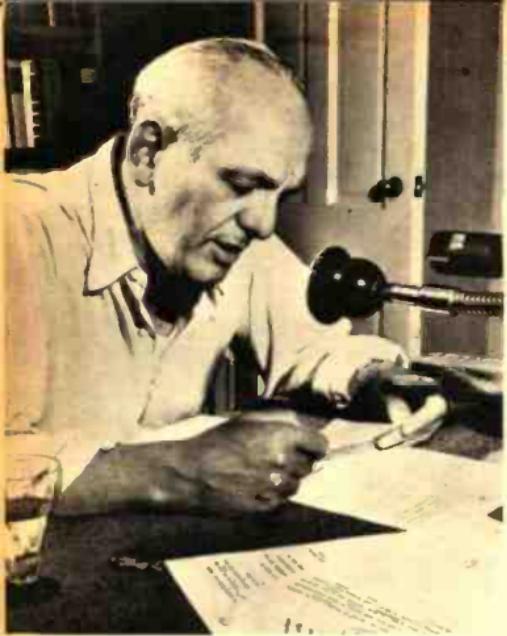


STAN LOMAX, famous MBS sports commentator whose wartime program, "This Is Hellfire Hospital," won acclaim of vets and civilians.



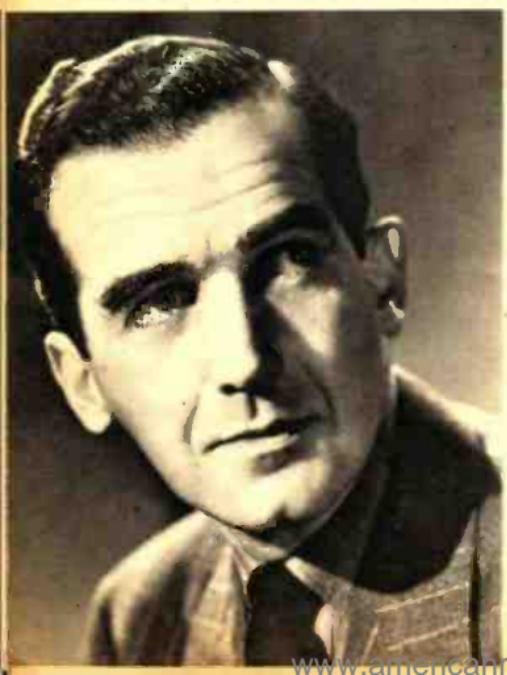
WILLIAM L. SHIRER, CBS news analyst, foreign correspondent and author, went back to Germany to report daily on the Nuremberg trials.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE) 15



GABRIEL HEATTER may be dubbed the "Voice of Doom" but his optimistic "There's good news tonight!" has made his program famous.

EDWARD R. MURROW returned recently after eight years' ace radio reporting to find he had been rewarded with a CBS vice-presidency.



COMMENTATORS (continued)

While it concentrates on Broadway personalities at the moment it may, at an instant's notice, veer back into the realm of pro and con discussion.

Mutual maintains a foreign staff of a baker's dozen who are heard regularly from key spots throughout the world. There are seven or eight others who are connected with newspapers or wire services and do special jobs. During the War the policy of Mutual was to use people on the foreign staff to cover events instead of sending over special correspondents. Since the end of the war the staff has not been cut to any extent and is ready to expand according to the way the political winds blow.

Over at the Columbia Broadcasting System Paul White, director of news broadcasts, has a top-flight crew poised for forthcoming action, with such veterans as William L. Shirer and Howard K. Smith among those in the foreground. That Columbia is looking forward to intensive coverage now, and in the immediate future, may be gathered from the fact that ace broadcaster Edward R. Murrow, former European director, has recently been made a vice-president of the company. CBS does not intend to be caught with its commentating pants down.

Murrow is a fearless and forthright individual and he echoes the sentiments of so many leaders in the broadcasting field: In an interview with the trade magazine, Variety, Murrow declared,

"American broadcasters in Europe have done what they could. But in the years to come, they must be humble and fearless. They must be careful and conscientious observers of a continent in agony. They must weigh words more carefully than ever before, for those who speak, and those who listen here at home, must be ever conscious of the debt they owe to the men who died with death so that those who lived might retain the right to speak and to listen."

Among those who have vanished from the commenting scene—from the military angle—are such authorities as Major George Fielding Eliot who, with Paul Schubert and other experts, fought many a tense battle over the air during World War II. Eliot and Schubert have shifted to other commenting fields, however.

One of the newer post-war developments in commenting is the tack taken by Raymond Gram Swing of ABC. Swing concentrates one night a week upon the gravest scientific discovery since fire first warmed the hearts of men—namely, atomic energy. Swing gives an evening each week to the phenomenon of atomic energy.

That is another aspect of the radio commentator to come—you are going to hear many more discussions of scientific ramifications, along with the political implications therein.

When television finally reaches network proportions you are liable to have a new type of radio commentator. A fellow will get up, describe a news item, point to a large map, give an educational discussion, practically serve as a history teacher. On-the-scene news telecasts also will open a brand new field for commentators.

Not that they need a new field. Time has shown that they serve a most important place in contemporary life, that fair, unbiased, informative interpretations on their part will help civilization in the parlous days to come. The miracle of radio may be just as important as the miracle of atomic energy in keeping the peace in the world of today—and of tomorrow.



CUT-UP JUDY CANOVA SHOWS HOW DELILAH, THE ORIGINAL CLIP JOINT GAL, GAVE SAMSON A BOYISH DOB, MEL BLANC PLAYS SAM

GREAT LADIES OF HISTORY

AN ALBUM OF HISTORIC POSES

BY GREAT THOUGH UNLADY-LIKE JUDY CANOVA

WHEN it comes to turning back the-clock, Judy-Canova, the Beverly Hills hillbilly with the face that would stop one, is just the girl to do it. Recently, Judy took time out from her radio and movie work long enough to visit the studio of photographer Alfredo Valente, where she pushed back the hands of the clock, waded back through the sands of time, to reenact the antics of Brunnhilde (on the cover), Delilah, Cleopatra, Lillian Russell, Pocahontas, Molly Pitcher, Joan of Arc and Queen Elizabeth—some of the great women of history. Maybe you won't think Judy's imitations of these ladies, very lady-like, but you'll certainly agree that they are great. Aiding and abetting Judy in recreating history are Mel Blanc and Ruby Dandridge who play Pedro the gardener and Gardenia the cook on Judy's radio show.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE) 17



CLEOPATRA: Snapped as she emerges from her carpet bag, inviting Caesar to seize her and cut a rug. She carries a spare string of pearls with her to cast before Julius in case he gets fresh and behaves like a swine. Her maid servant is Ruby Dandridge of Judy's radio show.



LILLIAN RUSSELL: A reasonable facsimile of the woman with the hour-glass figure by the gal who's stacked like a grandfather's clock.



POCAHONTAS: From the land of sky-blue waters and looking as though she walked all the way to save the head of one of the Smith Boys.



MOLY PITCHER: The best hustler the American League had in the 1770 Series. Eight-ball Judy liked the cannon ball for a change.



JOAN OF ARC: A predecessor of World War II's Rosie the Riveter armed with a can opener gets ready for a coming out party—she hopes!

QUEEN ELIZABETH: Putting her Bess foot forward, Mel Blanc, one of Judy's radio stooges, is the guy who's leading the life of Rawleigh.



LA CAMAYA: As herself, Judy puts on a glamor act. Maybe she isn't one of history's great ladies, but she sure is one of radio's.



MR. BENNY'S SWITCH PANS OUT

JACK ASKED FOR PAN LETTERS, GOT 250,000, BUT ENDED UP ON TOP OF THE HEAP

JACK BENNY, that penny-pinching fiddle-toin' comedian with the Casanova eyes has earned the right to another title—that of "master switchman." His latest in a long career of switches, the "I Can't Stand Jack Benny" contest went over with such an atomic explosion that his publicity men and gag writers (as well as those of some rival funny men) are still riding along happily on its repercussions.

Running up a new high in response—over 250,000 entries flooded Hollywood post offices—the contest made the phrase "I Can't Stand Jack Benny" as popular as the No. 1 hit tune of the week. And it proved that Benny knew what he was talking about when he told his doubtful press agents that the American public could "go along way with a gag."

Benny started his traditional switch-pulling four years ago, when instead of having a cast of stooges he became a stooge for his cast; instead of telling the joke on the other fellow, he let the other fellow turn the joke on him. So, it was a perfectly natural follow-up that, having been criticized for years by experts, ranging from Fred Allen on down, he should decide to let his public in on the act. Not only did he let them in on it—but, to add injury to insult—he paid them \$10,000 in war bond prizes for their panning.

In many ways it was the simplest radio contest ever staged. No box tops, no "reasonable facsimiles" and no set of complicated rules. All Benny asked was that his listeners outline in 50 words or less what there was about him they couldn't stand.

John Q. Public was properly appreciative of Benny's magnamity and fell to pencil chewing with great glee. Grandma, grandpa, kid sisters—big name celebrities—old friends and rival comedians—they all wanted a try. And the results varied from "I can't stand Jack Benny because he's tight as an olive jar when you're having a party" to Margaret O'Brien's quip: "I can't stand Jack Benny because he tries to act as young as I am."

Nor only was this the perfect opportunity for the public to air their opinions

By VIRGINIA CALOHAN

of Benny—but, so they interpreted it, of radio comedians in general. Listen to this: "I can't stand Jack Benny because: His voice is too raspy. He kids too much about his daughters. Doesn't play the accordian enough. Nose is so awfully big. Wait a minute—which one of those guys is he? Oh—that one! With the valet . . . well, I like HIM. Who? Heck, no, the valet."

The following two entries made Judge Fred Allen do a double take: "I can't stand Jack Benny because he helped to build up Fred Allen and *bim* I can't stand." "I can't stand Jack Benny because I can't stand Charlie McCarthy. In fact, I can't stand any of these sissy dummies who sit on a knee and use their noses for talking. Give me a HE-MAN like Joan Davis."

In case you didn't know, Fred Allen, Benny's life-long "enemy" headed the board of judges. Yes, it was Benny's choice—he decided as long as he was going to put his head on the block he might as well supply the ax, too. The board also included horror man, Peter Lorre and Goodman Ace, of "Easy Aces" fame.

Fred Allen said he was torn between staying on the board of judges and having the pleasure of reading why everyone couldn't stand Benny or resigning so he could send in his own replies. He made a happy compromise: stayed on the board but couldn't resist saying (just for the heck of it, understand): "I can't stand Jack Benny because I saw him mature from a man to a boy."

The whole idea of the contest started out as a gag gimmick dreamed up by his staff of writers. During the continuity of the Benny Sunday night program



JOAN, BENNY'S ATTRACTIVE DAUGHTER, WARNS CHARLIE . . . BUT HE NEEDS THOSE BONDS

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE) 21

MR. BENNY'S SWITCH (continued)

of NBC the Waukegan comedian participated in a "dream sequence" which had him winning a fortune at the race track. His fictitious press agent, dynamic Steve Bradley, spread this news far and wide with the result that a holdup artist visited the Benny manse and, at gunpoint, relieved the comic of \$10,000.

The hoax was finally uncovered, however, when Bradley admitted to Benny that the holdup was not on the level but had been rigged up as another press agent stunt. Well, there the writers were with a little item of \$10,000 on their hands and, in discussing ways and means of disposing of the returned loot it was suggested as a gag, that the money be used as prizes in a contest.

The gags were kicked the idea around among themselves for laughs, but when Benny heard about it he decided the contest idea might be worth a try. It took courage to go through with the stunt but the ebullient Benny has plenty of that—plus faith in his fans. But even he was amazed at the avalanche of entries and the tornadic sweep of publicity that it kicked up.

The gag became overnight a catchword throughout the radio industry. It was borrowed and used by scores of rival radio comedians. Fred Allen, during

the life of the contest, "went along with the gag" and used material tied in with the contest on his weekly Sunday night programs. Danny Kaye, Ed Gardner, Arthur Godfrey, Jack Haley, Louella Parsons, Jimmy Durante and Gary Moore, Cliff Arquette and many others kidded the contest idea on their own programs and dozens of commentator and gossip columnists of the air did likewise.

In addition, Benny's idea received raves of publicity on newspapers, magazines and trade publications and, what is more important, the contest provided the Benny program with some really hilarious scripts. Undoubtedly from time to time it will be revived to add spark to future scripts.

Many of the entries, although they didn't bring home any of the fifty-three prizes, ranging from \$2,500 to \$100—were much too good to die a wastebasket death.

From Greenwich, Connecticut, came this lament: "I can't stand Jack Benny because he's ham—which I like edible rather than audible."

A Massachusetts war veteran had this to say: "I can't stand Jack Benny because he reminds me too much of my three and a half years in a Jap prison

camp. One day I heard a Jap scratching the strings of a violin with a bow and I recognized he was trying to play 'Love Is Bloom.'"

Then there was the wifely complaint: "I can't stand Jack Benny because my husband won't miss his program; then we are late for church. He'd rather miss his chance to heaven than to miss Benny's program."

And what Hanks Greenberg holds against the silver-haired, brass-tongued Benny is: "I can't stand Jack Benny because he's had me on third base since the World Series and I want to come home."

Jack's fellow radio and screen performers also had to put their two cents in. Such as Charlie McCarthy who said: "I can't stand Jack Benny because he's too much like a close friend of mine and by close I do mean Bergen."

Dale Carnegie also has his grievance. "I can't stand Jack Benny because he obviously hasn't read my book."

The only score in which Benny played safe in the contest was that he did bar all his relatives and members of the cast of his Sunday night show. Rochester, Phil Harris, Latry Stevens and Mary Livingstone gave scelous

"WELL, DON'T JUST SIT THERE, ROCHESTER!" BENNY'S MAXWELL CREAKS UNDER A LOAD OF SOME OF THE 250,000 PAM-LETTERS





"THREE CENTS OVERDUE"—AND BENNY PAYS UP TO DISCOVER WHY HE'S SO UNLOVED. WHAT'S THREE CENTS BESIDES \$10,000 IN PRIZES?

thought to the idea of starting their own contest, the prize to be a picture of Jack doling out the \$10,000. Rochester felt it would be a collector's item since no one had ever seen Benny actually part with so much money.

An interesting angle to the contest, and one of which the radio industry as a whole is keenly cognizant, is that it proved the public is once again in a receptive mood for promotions of this kind. All such contests were shelved during war days—but Jack's recent success will more than likely prompt many other performers to climb on the contest bandwagon. Which will mean a resultant flood of valuable prizes to be won by lucky dialers in all parts of the country.

But it's safe to say that few will hit it as squarely on the button as did the "I can't stand Jack Benny" gag. Which all harks back to the indisputable talent Jack has for timely "switches." Maybe he played train too often when he was a kid. Whatever the reason ... it's a talent that's paid off mighty well.



A BIASED JUDGE? CHIEF JUDGE FRED ALLEN GIVES OUT HIS OPINION OF JACK BENNY

keep in tune with the times on CBS...

Every week for a total of 18½ hours CBS broadcasts 33 programs devoted to keeping millions of Americans better informed, and thus better equipped to deal with the events and problems of a swiftly changing world. Taking

part in this varied schedule of information and discussion are many of America's foremost leaders in the fields of art, science, public affairs and education. To hear history unfold tune in your favorite CBS station.



PUBLIC OPINION Art, business, science and public affairs are discussed each week by leading authorities. Above, Wm. C. Coulter, Canadian industrialist; John F. Fennelly, former director of C.E.D.; CBS' Lyman Bryson, Britain's Sir Walter Citrine, and Marion Hedges, American labor expert.

PEOPLE'S PLATFORM Saturdays 8:15 p.m., EST



AGRICULTURE CBS Farm Editor Chuck Worcester talks about farming with a Maryland dairy farmer. *The Country Journal* broadcasts news of national significance to farmers from Washington, then travels to communities throughout the nation to accent local farm news.

COLUMBIA'S COUNTRY JOURNAL Saturdays 9:30 a.m., EST



CURRENT EVENTS From its central newsroom in New York CBS brings you the day's headlining news, then takes you to its Washington and overseas correspondents in London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Moscow and Tokyo, for on-the-scene reports and analyses.

THE WORLD TODAY, Monday through Friday 6:45 p.m., EST



VETERANS Among the nation's most important jobs is to help our veterans find useful, rewarding work and a normal place in civilian life. *Assignment Home*, produced in collaboration with the Veterans' Administration, attacks the problem as it appears through the eyes of a returning fighting man. **ASSIGNMENT HOME** Saturdays 3 p.m., EST



WORLD AFFAIRS Discussing An International Bill of Rights, CBS Education Director, Lyman Bryson, explained the rights of nations, and of plain men, under the United Nations Organization Charter. Each Sunday his talk brings careful analysis to a topic of world significance.

PROBLEMS OF THE PEACE Sundays 2:30 p.m., EST



EDUCATION Quincy Howe, CBS news analyst, talks over current problems with high school students on *This Living World*. On other days of the week you'll hear history, music, science and literature, in America's foremost radio education series.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR, Mon. through Fri. 5 p.m., EST (Oct through April)



LITERATURE When John Mason Brown's first brilliant appraisal of Ernie Pyle's "Brave Men" was on the air, *Variety* called it a "superb summation of that correspondent's place in the history books." For a clear analysis of the latest books, listen every Saturday to John Mason Brown.

OF MEN AND BOOKS, Saturdays 2 p.m., EST



THE CLASSICS During six years well over 200 scholars have shared their own excitement in the world's classics with the millions who listen in. Above, Carl Van Doren discusses Cooper's *The Spy with Nancy Cousins*, of the Saturday Review of Literature and Orville Prescott, of the New York Times. **INVITATION TO LEARNING**, Sundays 11:30 a.m., EST

This is CBS... the Columbia Broadcasting System

THE HOUSE THAT "MIKE" BUILT

HOLLYWOOD ACTORS' HOME IS FINANCED BY THE SCREEN GUILD'S RADIO SHOW

By HERB KAMM

"IT'S BEEN a pleasant day," the old actor said. "And now I think I'll take a nap."

He sank into a soft leather chair and gazed past the walnut trees and, the citrus groves to the high hills beyond. The lines in his face softened, and slowly his eyes closed.

The California sunlight slanted through the wide, windowed front of his living room, touching his white hair. The walls were galleried with autographed pictures of stars of an era now in the shadows—Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Beerbohm Tree. Souvenirs and mementoes of the stage and screen were arrayed about the room.

Those were all this drowsing actor had left—those and the comfort and happiness of a home he can call his own, a home where he can keep alive the memories of his long years before a camera and behind the footlights.

He, like the other venerable folk of Hollywood's movieland who now live in the Motion Picture Country House, must remain anonymous. But he and the others have, in the twilight of their lives, found peace and contentment because those whose names are still bright in lights willed it so.

Country House is a tribute to the generosity of both radio and the film industry. It was created and is operated by the Motion Picture Relief Fund, Inc., now in its 22nd year. Like all houses, it's a house that Jack built, but in this case a mike provided the jock for the Screen Guild Players radio program, which started in 1939 under sponsorship of the Gulf Oil Company and since 1942 has been sponsored by the Lady Esther Sales Company, actually contributed the funds for the building and furnishes the money that keeps it going.

Hollywood usually is guilty of overstatement, but it stretched modesty to a fine point of understatement when it christened this development—the Country House. Actually, it is a community of rare scenic beauty, planted in 60 acres in the Woodland Hills section of lush San Fernando Valley.

Situated some 2½ miles from the heart of the film capital, Country House is a cheery, spacious and modern group of cottages where those of the film industry who have long since passed out of the limelight are given a new lease on life.

Its residents include former producers, directors, writers and technicians as well as one-time actors and actresses who,



COUNTRY HOUSE IS AS BEAUTIFUL AS A MOVIE SET IN THE CALIFORNIA SUNLIGHT. ITS 60-ACRE SITE IS 2½ MILES FROM HOLLYWOOD

by reason of old age, infirmity or some other hapless condition, are no longer able to support themselves.

Some were stars in their own right in years gone by. Others were personalities whose names rarely, if ever, received conscious billing. But every one of them contributed at least 20 years of service to the motion picture industry—one of the eligibility requirements. Male guests must be 60 or over; women must be 55. The average age of the present 35 occupants is 70.

The guests of the Country House—they're always called guests—are a proud and devoted group who spend most of their time reading, playing cards, listening to the radio and putting around the flower beds and vegetable gardens.

The walnut and citrus groves are worked by professional gardeners, and proceeds from the sale of fruit and nuts last year totaled \$9,171, more than double the receipts of the previous year. But some areas are set aside for those with a penchant for gardening.

The group is taken to Hollywood in station wagons once a week, a treat which is Number One on their hit parade by a slight margin over the first-run motion pictures that are shown every Friday night through the courtesy of the studios.

Live entertainment shows are staged occasionally—John Charles Thomas sang for them last Easter—and once in a great while they present a play of their own. These are few and far between because such undertakings are a strain.

Country House is no Waldorf-Astoria or Chateau Frontenac, but it has a similar air of solid and exclusive prosperity. There are 38 one-story bungalows, rustic in design and blazingly modern in planned conveniences. They are in attached units of four and six, scattered in casual rows and spread out among flowered walks and pathways. The landscape is sprinkled with ponds bright with water lilies.

The central group of buildings houses the administrative offices, a lounge where entertainment is presented, a library with more than 5,000 books and scores of magazines, a large dining room, kitchen, storage facilities and laundry.

The program, heard over CBS Monday nights from 10 to 10:30, is unique. The writing and acting talents is donated, which means that the sponsor turns over \$10,000 every week to the fund. A veritable fortune in talent has appeared on the show since Joan Crawford, Judy Garland, Jack Benny and Reginald Gardiner inaugurated the Screen Guild Players broadcasts on January 8, 1939.

So successful was the innovation that Jean Hersholt, who had succeeded Mary Pickford as president of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, was authorized the following year to select and purchase a site for the Country House—a goal on which the fund had set its sights at its inception.

Hersholt had helped establish such a home in his native Denmark, and he tackled his new assignment with the enthusiasm of a new star. He spotted the site one day while driving toward Santa Barbara. Then and there he slapped down a deposit.

"If the Motion Picture Relief Fund won't take it," he told the real estate man, "I will." The fund took it.

There was no stopping Hersholt now. He collared William L. Pereira, one of the country's leading architects, who designed the Country House and organized the huge construction job. Pereira donated his services, but the bread he cast upon the waters didn't just float away. He has since become a motion picture producer and director.

Ground for the project was broken the same year, and the Motion Picture Country House was dedicated on September 27, 1942. The first guest moved in the following month. The home has been filled ever since.



IN THE CENTRAL BUILDINGS are located the dining room, lounge, library, administrative offices, kitchen and laundry, all blazingly modern.



BRIGHT, CHEERY INTERIORS of the bungalows, tastefully furnished, have none of the appearance usually associated with an institution.

An 18-bed clinic has the services of a full-time staff of doctors and nurses. It has proved its worth a thousand times, not only to the guests of the Country House but to hundreds of others in the motion picture industry who have grasped the helping hand of the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

Hersholt, now serving his eighth consecutive term as president of the fund, is the Country House's most frequent visitor and its most enthusiastic champion. He moved earth—with a shovel—to help get it started, and he would have moved heaven, too, if necessary.

In the process of laying the financial groundwork for the home, he touched Will Hays for a \$100,000 gift from the Will Rogers Memorial Fund. He got Hollywood stars to buy penny Christmas cards one year for the same amount they usually spend for expensive ones—with the difference going to the Motion Picture Fund. President Roosevelt gave him an old campaign hat so he could raffle it off for a pretty penny.

But the money piled up by the Screen Guild Players was the clincher. The guests of the Motion Picture Country House wouldn't miss it for love, money or Shakespeare.



TIME'S GIRL SHELLEY

RADIO'S NEW LADY COMMENTATOR
ONCE SOLD DOLLS FOR MACY'S

TUNE IN: MON.-FRI., 6:30 P.M. EST (ABC)

FROM selling dolls in Macy's department store to becoming one of the most famous women commentators in radio is a jump which would be difficult for the guy with the seven-league boots. Yet Shelley Mydans did it. Now she's heard daily over ABC and some of the critics are beginning to mention her in the same breath with such top-notchers as Dorothy Thompson and Lisa Sergio.

Where does Macy fit into the picture of Shelley Mydans? Well, it was one step on the way up and for awhile it seemed as if she might not go any further, even with an escalator. She had come to New York because in San Francisco she had failed to prove herself an earthquake on the stage. Her pride and her pocketbook were hurt. So, reversing Horace Greeley, she came East.

Shelley was—and is—pretty, slender, brown-haired. She is modest, retiring. She looks like an English professor's daughter, which she is, and you would never think she once suffered from stage aspirations. Born in Palo Alto, California, the youngest of three children, Shelley (that's her real name), majored in English at Stanford University, and then set out to make her fortune. (She didn't make Fortune but she eventually made Life).

Coming to New York after having appeared in California stock and in a radio thing called "Alice In Wonderland," Shelley Mydans discovered that she was just another girl in the big city. The stage was simply full of talent and wanted no part of her. She danced for awhile, tried secretarial work, sold dolls at Macy's with a lot of other frustrated intellectuals, and pondered her fate. Then she met a friend who told her that she ought to try the *Literary Digest* for a job.

BY CANDLELIGHT IN CHUNGKING, BEHIND BLACKOUT CURTAINS, SHELLEY TYPES STORY



OFF THE ULITHI ATOLL—Shelley and two "charming" natives, Darez and Mak, start out in an outrigger canoe on the trail of a story. Ulithi Atoll was a secret Naval base between Guam and Truk.

Shelley was there for a year and lost out when the Literary Digest called the wrong horse in an election. That let Shelley out, and New York, with its wide pavements, large parks and benches, was all hers. Again, a friend entered her life, told her that a new magazine called *Life* was blossoming and they were looking for researchers. Shelley was an expert researcher by this time and she got the job.

She worked for two years at *Life* and then the biggest thing in her life occurred—she met Carl Mydans and married him. Unlike most wives, Shelley Mydans will admit that the turning point in her career was her marriage. This was in 1938. In September of 1939 Mr. Hitler marched and the Mydans flew to Europe as a photographer-reporter team for *Time* and *Life*.

From there on, the little California girl developed into an internationalist. After four months in England and France, Shelley moved on to Sweden and Portugal. Then, by the presto-changeo turn of an editor's wrist, the Mydans moved to Chungking. Shelley and Carl shuttled constantly to Singapore, Siam, Burma, Chentu, Lanchow, shipped up the Yellow River, and stopped off at Hongkong.

Meanwhile, the Japs, without informing the Mydans' party, decided to attack Pearl Harbor. Shelley and her husband had gone on to report on Corregidor and the defenses of the Philippines. They got a story out on the last clipper plane that seeped through to the United States. It arrived in New York on December 7, 1941.

Following the terrible Luzon campaign of the Japs the Mydans were captured. Shelley Mydans suffered twenty-one awful months in the internment camp at Santo Tomas University. In December, 1943, she and her husband were repatriated from Shanghai, returning on the "Gripsholm."

Later, after the Japanese had been overwhelmed, Shelley and Carl Mydans had the pleasure of returning to Manila, the scene of their imprisonment, and to other areas as the Japs surrendered, for a look around. Among the things that impressed Shelley most on these meanderings were the Japanese she met who had been imprisoned by the Imperial

Government under Japan's "thought control" laws. Strangely enough, there were a considerable number of anti-war Japs who had gone to prison for their democratic ideals. Shelley, visiting the prisons when General MacArthur ordered all "thought control" prisoners released, spoke to men who had been interned from ten to twenty years because of the things they believed in. One of the liberated Japs, reports Shelley, had been under sentence of death and was to have been executed on what turned out to be V-J Day. For him, the arrival of the American liberators was a real triumph for the principles for which he was ready to die.

Shelley Mydans wrote "*The Open City*," her first book, in 1944 before she went back for more coverage of the Far East. On her return in 1945, *Time* magazine prepared the way for her to step into radio where it was felt her extensive experience would help furnish a fresh backdrop for the news.

Now, on her radio program, "Time For Women" Shelley Mydans discourses intelligently and brightly of a world she truly knows. Material for the program is provided for the most part by *Time*'s far-flung army of correspondents. Shelley does not write the show, but does help with the editing. A daily feature is Mrs. Mydans' interviewing of famous guests. Her talks are alert, broad, slanted so that busy women who can't run around the globe like Shelley can get the large drift of the news.



INTERVIEW WITH THE SIKHS—crack Indian troops brought by British to defend Singapore—was an assignment of Shelley Mydans and her husband, Carl, on their Far Eastern beat for *Life*.



JOAN DAVIS OFFERS OLD GAGS TO LUNCHEON COMPANION, EDDIE CANTOR, AT THE DERBY. HE'S "GAGGING" AT HER FANCY PRICES

MEET ME AT THE DERBY

IT'S THE STAR-STUDDED MAGICIANS' HAT OF HOLLYWOOD RADIO

KEEP it under your lid," says one Hollywood bigwig to another. Whether the guy will or will not is a moot point. But you can bet your sweet life that sooner or later—mostly sooner—that confidential little matter will find its way under that most famous of all lids in the entertainment world—"The Brown Derby."

If The Derby could talk, the Hollywood gossip columnists would go out of print. Or at least they wouldn't have to spend so much of their time with ears tuned in on the tables at The Derby, finding out what's cooking from the great, near-great and would-be-great of the movie and radio world.

Nor only does everybody who's any-

body in Hollywood radio and cinema meet at The Derby, but many's the radio program that first saw the light in conversation at The Derby. A chance word, an idea, the right people present—and presto! A bang-up entertainment feature for the airlines is born.

That's how it was with "Meet Me At Parky's," Parkyakarkus and an adver-

tising agency man were eating a leisurely dinner at The Derby before going out to the Friday night fights. Dinner was seasoned with a few tentative suggestions about Parky's new summer show when they spotted Hal Fimberg, writer and producer, and invited him to draw up a chair. Plates were pushed back, intricate doodlings took shape on the table cloth and soon a high-powered business conference was in full swing, with the fights completely forgotten. When they left The Derby—much later—Fimberg had agreed to produce and co-write "Meet Me at Parky's."

Options, contracts, lapsed contracts, Crossley and Hooper ratings, who's the new sponsor for Benny, what's the latest "dope" on the new Sinatra deal is the sort of table talk dished out by Derby-ites.

Right in the midst of it, just as eager for the "know-all" as the wide-eyed tourists are the stars. Saunter into The Derby during any week and you're sure to see Bing Crosby in a table huddle with John Scott Trotter—or Louella Parsons tactfully querying Gable or Jack Benny, Ginny Simms, Edgar Bergen, Bob Hope, Barbara Stanwyck—they're all there.

Not only stars and celebrity-seekers crowd The Derby but also the men and women on the producing and organizing end of the game. Executives, writers, directors, song pluggers, musicians, singers, announcers, sound men, press agents, commentators—a representative cross-section of all those who contribute to ether entertainment like to prop their elbows up on the Derby tables. And it's a natural "happy hunting ground" for



"HOLLYWOOD HOTEL"—radio's first big-name program, was born at The Derby. Here, originators reminisce over lunch—Louella Parsons, Dick Powell and Ward Wheelock, advertising executive.

those looking for jobs and for agents drumming up business for their clients.

Why? What's The Derby got that other spots haven't? There are the usual visible reasons—good location, right smack in the middle of network row and its adjacent advertising agencies—good food. And, probably most important, there's the personality of Bob Cobb, president of The Brown Derbies.

George Burns and his wife, Gracie, regard Cobb as a wonder-man.

It seems Cobb slid into their booth at The Derby one night for a chat and stayed to drop a gold-minted suggestion—"Why don't you two base your show on your home life? It's just as funny as anything a gag writer could dream up."

"Nuff said," replied George and Gracie simultaneously. Their new series

was based on this "homey theme" which clicked so well many other radio programs adopted the formula.

"Hollywood Hotel," radio's first big guest star program and Rogues' Gallery, starring Dick Powell, are two other top radio programs that owed their origin to The Derby. Louella Parsons got the idea for the first, while lunching at The Derby. She was mulling over the star-crammed room when the thought struck her—here's a fertile field for a new type of broadcast. She discussed the idea with other stars present and eleven weeks later "Hollywood Hotel" was on the air.

Yes, the Hollywood Derby is a veritable magician's hat of ideas—for those who belong to the inner circle of the kilocycle clique and know how to produce them.



BUSINESS AND PLEASURE mix well at The Derby. Parkyakarkus (left) and his writer-producer, Hal Fimberg, ironing out script wrinkles.



GAG PREVIEW by Archie (Ed Gardner) of Duffy's Tavern is clicking—judging by the broad smiles of Ida Lupino and Mrs. Ed Gardner.

JOHNNY DESMOND

THE GI SINATRA

FAME CAME WHILE HE WAS IN THE ARMY
BUT HE'S BEEN ON THE RADIO SINCE 11

TUNE IN SAT. 11 A.M. EST (CBS)

WARS COME along and the first thing you know soldiers blossom forth who speak the language of their fellows. Men like Marion Hargrove write an extremely understanding book, guys like Bill Mauldin catch their spirit in cartoons — and a boy like Johnny Desmond sings their songs.

Haven't heard so much of Johnny Desmond? Well, you will, for this is the 25-year-old creamy-voiced Detroit whom they called the GI Sinatra. Singing to those rough babies in the Army and making them like it was no picnic, as many baffled entertainers will relate, but Desmond took it in vocal stride and had them howling for more.

His fame, among the soldiers, had spread to other fields and the day after Desmond left the Army he started a radio series on NBC, starting in "The Teentimers Club." Within two weeks he was making personal appearances at the Broadway Strand and a month later he was recording for RCA-Victor, besides taking screen tests for Warner Brothers. And he was a long way from the Air Corps Sergeant who was earning seventy-two dollars a month.

Johnny sang with the American Flying Band of the Supreme Allied Command, a unit more popularly known as the Glenn Miller band. In Paris he chortled so successfully that a French fan club formed which called itself "Les Bobby Soxers."

Desmond became so popular that he actually received mail in three languages — French, English and Italian. Like his esteemed contemporary, Frank Sinatra, Johnny is of Italian descent.

As with many a crooner's notes, Johnny's career has been a series of ups and downs. He was born in Detroit, took to singing on the radio as a youngster and from the ages of eleven to fifteen his soprano proved a matter of wonder and delight to listeners. With the emergence of his Adam's apple his soprano receded and a baritone of doubtful proportions issued forth. With his voice changing, Desmond changed his tactics and went in for acting roles on serials like the Lone Ranger and Green Hornet.

Once his voice settled Johnny settled back to singing. He began vocalizing with Bob Crosby's band. Then, in 1942, he stopped off at a place in Enid, Oklahoma, and when he left Johnny Desmond was in the Air Corps. He was in service nine months before Major Glenn Miller heard him.

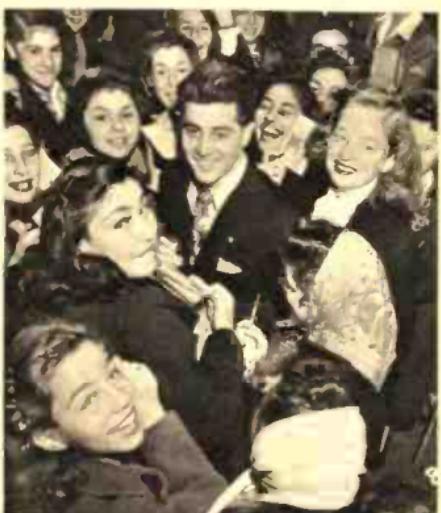
That was the turning point. For Johnny went with the band to England, sang for the troops over the British Broadcasting Corporation's network, and, then, after D-Day he switched to France to chant over Radio Paris.

The 101st Airborne division went cuckoo over Desmond, voted him an honorary member of the outfit, and presented him with a complete paratrooper's outfit.

That's the background of Johnny Desmond to date. His work on "Teentimers" over NBC established him immediately as a voice and some folks have dubbed him The Creamer to describe the quality of his singing. Something should be done about that cognomen, but only time will tell.

One thing that time unquestionably will tell is the measure of success of the dark-haired, good-looking Desmond. His personal appearances have been marked by favorable audience reactions and the now accepted swoonings of bobby soxers. And on the air his show has proved to be one of the most exceptional to hit radio in a long while. Besides Johnny, the program came along with Jane Harvey, the first new girl singer to be signed by Columbia Records in two years. She formerly sang with Benny Goodman's band.

Big name orchestras are "Teentimers' Club" guests each Saturday morning. Woody Herman, Jimmy Dorsey, Frankie



JUST LIKE SINATRA, Johnny Desmond is surrounded by a host of young admirers at the close of "The Teentimers' Club" program.

Carle, Tony Pastor and Johnny Long have been among the guests. The comedy cast features Phil Kramer and Susan Douglas.

Since the "Teentimers' Club" plans to travel to many cities, it is possible that Americans will be able to catch Johnny Desmond and his show personally in key places throughout the United States this year.

Johnny Desmond is one of the phenomena of the war, a man who sang in the way the GI's loved to hear. Now the post-war period is here. Will he go on to the tremendous future which seems to be his? We'll know soon enough.

However, Desmond embarks on a serious civilian career with a distinct advantage because he has such a following among the ex-GI's. For most people the Army has marked an in-between period in their lives. For fellows like Johnny Desmond, Marion Hargrove and Bill Mauldin it was a take-off to success in private life.



AUTOGRAPH FANS began to pounce on Johnny while he was still in the Army Air Forces.



WITH JANE HARVEY, Johnny hums through a song. At right, he gives out with a solo.



SHARING SPOTLIGHT in Teentimers' show are Johnny Long, Jack Wyrat, Johnny and Jane.



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.

SURGEON MAKES A CUT-UP

STARTED playing straight radio acting parts and probably would never have branched out into being an M.C., if I hadn't had some trouble with my appendix in London one year.

I went to see a doctor in the West End—and he proceeded to try to find my appendix with a blue pencil, a ruler and a compass. In fact he had me all so blue pencilled that I looked like a road map. Then when he finally located my appendix, it didn't hurt—I remember he said: "Of course, you have no appetite." I said, "Oh, no doctor, I eat like a horse." "But you don't sleep?" "Oh, yes, I sleep wonderfully." "But you don't get any exercise then." "Oh, yes, I take a two-mile walk every day." Well, it was a terribly funny experience and not so long after when I was at a party in New York, I told it. A radio executive who was there laughed at it and then asked me whether I'd like to do a show of my own. Naturally, I did.

—Peter Donald

"Behind the Scenes at CBS"

THINKING MAKES IT SO



"Psychosomatic medicine is the modern approach of medicine to the many diseases that man is heir to—it is a recognition and study by all branches of medicine, of the other fellow's problems. It is the study of the power that these problems play in making him sick."

The name itself is fairly new and its popularity is very new. But to medical men psychosomatic medicine is as old as medicine itself. In fact, Hippocrates, the ancient Greek physician, the father of medicine, knew it well, and every physician from his day on has known psychosomatic medicine and used it in its proper place.

Long before physicians had pills, or powders, or potions—they had what some people laughingly refer to today as their bedside manner. They knew the problems of the people they had to deal

with. They lived among them. They shared their joys and their sorrows. They understood their problems.

Take for example the hard-working husband who comes home to find that his wife is unfaithful to him. At times like this a person's ego suffers. He goes off on a "trot," either to duck reality or to find the false courage to face his friends. The problem is so great to him that he cannot face it. The result—absenteeism. And that's only one example. There's the little switchboard operator—madly in love—who suddenly hears that the boy she expected to marry has married someone else. What does she do? She's ashamed to face her friends. Perhaps she's already announced to them that she's going to be married to this boy. Her ego's been hurt so she goes home and boo-hoo's for three days or a week. Love, hate, fear—the entire gamut of human emotions can be the cause of wounds. Some of them heal while they're still in the mind. Some of them continue on until they assume physical form.

From time immemorial the heart has been the traditional seat of human emotions. Actually, it is the cash register of our fears. Therefore, I know that emotional tension makes people sigh, or over-breathe. When they try to be their own doctor, they're apt to confuse an emotional sigh with the shortness of breath that comes with heart disease. They're apt to think they have heart disease.

One authority claims that almost sixty percent of the patients who consult a heart specialist are suffering from aggravated or wholly unnecessary anxiety about their hearts. Their disease has arisen from suggestion and is not based on facts.

—"Tell Me Doctor" (ABC)

VARIETY VERNACULAR

ADEL GREEN, editor of *Variety*, was asked to elaborate a bit upon *Variety's* language, its pithy headlines and mystifying abbreviations when he was interviewed on the Morton Downey

show. He explains: "'Biz Boff in Buff' means that business is boffo, or socko, or terrific, well anyway it's pretty good in Buffalo."

"Stix Nix Hix Pix" merely means that the people in the hinterland (or the sticks), are allergic to motion pictures with a hick or bucolic theme. In other words, just like the city slickers, they don't care for hillbilly plots. Personally, I like 'Wall Street Lays An Egg' best. That one was coined by an ex-variety mugg, Claude Binyon who is now a star scenario writer for Paramount, you know. You remember the notorious Wall Street collapse in October, 1929, and you know what it means when an actor lays an egg.

—Abel Green on
Morton Downey Show (MBS)

ELSA ON MERRY-GO-ROUND



I've found that "Society" is made up of "climbers." I've watched them grow all my life, with admiration and, I might add amusement. I say this with a strengthening tug at the end of my own rope ladder, being an agile Alpinist myself.

Oh, there's nothing against climbing as such. Every self-made man or woman is, technically, a climber. "Success" is spoken of in every schoolboy's copybook as a "ladder." But the joker in the pack is that climbers should only be valued in terms of the heights they've scaled under their own steam. It isn't at all cricket to get to the top by walking on other people's shoulders and necks. A legitimate climber always gives as much as he receives in talent, creativity, pleasure, beauty, wit or charm. In fact, the last word on this highly elastic subject was said by George Bernard Shaw in his definition of a gentleman. Quoth the Great Beard: "A gentleman is a man who gives back to the world more than he receives." And by this token the great gentlefolk of the world have been the Shakespeares, the Homers, the Nightingales, Michel Angelos, Beethovens, Brownings, Schuberts, Curies, Mozarts, Einsteins and Toscaninis. And even this imposing list is far too small.

It isn't so much what you give, it's that you give your best unselfishly—whether it's concertos or cornpop. Our patient old world is too crowded with dinner-giving bores, with scheming connection makers, with rapacious, ambitious, men and women who would push,

fight and trample down anything in their mad desire to attain that illusive thing called "Social Position." These would be baskets in the light reflected glory would sell their grandmothers to a glue factory if, by such a biochemical contribution they could get their names in the papers or on committee letter-heads along with Mrs. Truman, Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Hull or Mrs. Vanderbilt.

All entertaining, worthy of the name must be done for reasons of pleasure—not business! All society is one—no matter which side of the tracks it comes from or which salary bracket. It is composed of the people you like and who like you. People you want to see and who want to see you. People who give you much of themselves—who trade their wits, dreams and plans for yours. This "Society" is certainly at the opposite pole from that which tries to mix its dining and conversation before the clay feet of the great God Getting-On. Such folk have the firm belief that dinner with those in a higher income group always tastes better than bread broken with their more humble friends—and that the conversation is smarter and saltier.

Our civilization is involved and sad enough, friends, without sacrificing our few, simple, personal pleasures on the dull and suffocating altar of "Social Position." I'd hoped the war would have taught us that one truth at least—opened our eyes to the real things of life which offer our only chance of lasting happiness. But the old merry-go-round is beginning again—the off-key calliope grinding out the old and cruel refrain—"Get ahead of your neighbor. Don't be sentimental, live only for yourself!"

Let's jump off the macabre carousel before it's too late, my friends! Listen to the boys who are coming home now. Their eyes and heads are clear. They know what the score is. There is no class when death has his hand on your shoulder, nor is there "society" in bread lines. Soldier, sailor, banker, tailor have the same capacity for starvation as well as love and hate. We've been a very blessed and lucky nation. Let's share our blessings and our luck with our fellow men and fellow nations!

—Elsa Maxwell's "Party Line" (MBS)

CEREBRAL OFFSPRING

LINDSAY and I have been impressed with the constant popular interest in politics these last few years. It used to be that people only thought about politics during campaigns. Continuous inter-

est in how our nation runs seems to us a healthy thing—a thing to be encouraged—so we began to think about writing a play around politics.

So many people have suggested that Wendell Willkie provided the inspiration for the hero Grant Mathews. We didn't even think about Willkie in writing the "State Of The Union." Grant Mathews is our own candidate—the offspring of the cerebrations of Lindsay and Crouse—the kind of man we, and a lot of other Americans would like to have in public office.

—Russell Crouse interviewed by "Margaret Arelow" (CBS)

CORNET vs. NOSE

 You want to know how I became a comedian. Well—it was like this. I had my own band then and, I was getting along fine. There was just one fly in my ointment—my cornet player. Whenever we were face to face, we just didn't see eye to eye. I wanted him to play dis-a-way—he wanted to play dat-a-way—and no matter what the hotel paid him, he was always complaining. But good cornet players were hard to get so I had to keep him on.

Outside of that, I didn't have a worry. One day when I was feeling good because I had just talked the hotel manager into giving the cornet player a raise, whom did I see but one of the waiters from the hotel. He ups to me and he says he's got a proposition. He wants me to go into business with him in a big night-club he's going to open up. I says, "Eddie, right now, I'm a man without worries—why should I want to go into business with you?" He argues back and forth and even forth and back but finally he gets discouraged.

Well, thatta would have been the end of thatta but about a week later when I'm rehearsing the band, what do my poor ears hear but that cornet giving out a sour note. What a mote, says I to the cornet player. It's so bad I can almost smell it. Again the cornet player hits it and by this time I'm about ready to hit him. But while I'm counting to seven (I never learned to count to ten)—the truth comes out. He hits the sour note because he's feeling sour. He wants a raise.

Well, if good cornet players weren't so hard to get, I'd have told him to jump right out the window. That's the conditions that prevail. So I cogitated—

no—I even went further than that, I thought about it. The manager of the hotel wouldn't give him another raise. I'd have to do it myself, out of my own salary. So every week, from then on, I gives him ten dollars right out of my own pocket which means he's making more money than me. But do I care? No! All I want is to have no more trouble! Then about a week later, he doesn't show up for rehearsal until an hour late. Why?

I couldn't say nothing that would hurt his feelin' even though my foot was itching to hurt more than his feelings! But getting back to the subject and the predicate, when we finally do start rehearsing, he plays way behind the rest of the orchestra. When I reprimand him gently, you know what he says?

"I wasn't playing a whole bar behind the rest of the boys. They were playing a whole bar ahead of me!"

It was his signal for another raise. I tell him I'll think about it, I try to figure out how I can give him another raise out of zero minus twenty. Just then Eddie comes along to say goodbye—he was leaving to start his night-club. Well, he catches me in one of my mathematical moments. There I am trying to budget my balance. Again he tries to talk me into going in with him on his night club but I'm pondering bigger things. How can I get even with that cornet player? If things go on, I'll be working for him instead of for me. But as long as I have the band, he's got me trapped.

—Jimmie Durante

"Behind the Scenes at CBS"

GUEST STAR'S COMPLAINT

 I don't like guest rooms so poor in comforts that they seem to whisper to you: "OK—so you missed the late train and have to stay over tonight—but tomorrow, beat it!"

I don't like guest rooms with beds so uncomfortable, they actually seem to grow lumpy right under you . . . guest rooms with no place to hang your clothes unless you bring your own clothes tree . . . guest rooms with no light to read by so that you're driven to reading in the bathtub—which is too small to begin with . . . Solution: every hostess should be compelled, by law, to spend one night a year in her own guest room! Meanwhile, I don't like it, do you?

—June Coul (MBS)

ICONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 35

SAFETY FIRST—OR LAST?

 Unless America takes positive, strong measures to apply the safety knowledge we now possess nearly eight million Americans — one in eighteen now living — will die as a result of accidents. And by positive measures, I mean that every community in the country must organize to prevent accidents. For accidents do not just happen. They are caused. They can be prevented.

Apparently few Americans realize that accidents annually take more lives than war or any of a long list of deadly diseases. Ned Dearborn, President of the National Safety Council who is America's number one safety spokesman, gives us the following facts:

The rise of traffic accident deaths since V-J Day has offset all efforts to reduce the accident toll for 1945. It looks now as if the total number of accidental deaths for the year will not be greatly different from the 1944 toll of ninety-five thousand.

All indications point to a steady rise in traffic accidents during 1946—a rise that may reach the all-time high of 1947, when forty thousand persons were killed in motor vehicle accidents.

—“Headline Edition”
with Taylor Grant, ABC

TWO OF A KIND

THIS is a story about the time General Eisenhower sang a song to Marshal Georgi Konstantinovich Zhukov, deputy commander in chief of all Soviet armed forces.

It happened on the day when Marshal Zhukov presented Eisenhower with the Russian Order of Victory—a little hundred thousand dollar star-shaped gadget with ninety-one diamonds and rubies set in platinum.

There was a negro entertainer named Alberta Hunter, from Chicago. She and a very modest troupe of Chicago entertainers happened to be in the area when the big dinner struck — so they were invited to entertain. There were some people with doubts — after all, the Russians have huge choruses and ear-bursting brass bands. Here was a lady who sang blues songs, with three strolling instrumentalists to give her the beat.

Alberta burst in and started to sing. It was “Some of These Days.” Ike Eisenhower looked up, smiled, put down his fork, and beat time on the table. General Zhukov looked sternly at the entertainer, turned his head a bit to hear

her clearly, then suddenly smiled the biggest smile I ever saw.

From then on Alberta Hunter was in. Not a song she sang was known to the Russians but they beamed, beat time. Then Alberta got into the old timers — “Swanee River,” “Roll Out The Barrels,” “Old Man River.” The only person at the entire table who was rigid and unmoved was the one woman there — 20 year old Russian senior lieutenant Lydia Zaharova, who was too aware of the way she was outranked. But, under the table, I saw her foot bearing time like a teen age bobby socker. I have often wondered how she controlled the rest of herself so well . . . when you know darned well she wanted to get up and dance.

Alberta Hunter sang “Swing Low Sweet Chariot” and everyone stopped talking. The Russians seemed to understand the pathos of the song — even if words were not in their language. Then Ike, in his barbershop voice, turned to Marshal Zhukov and sang “You Tell Me Your Dreams, I'll Tell You Mine.” Diplomacy set to music.

Two Americans — Alberta Hunter, the Chicago Blues singer and General Eisenhower gave the Russians a charming and effective diplomatic one-two.

In their own way — Alberta and Ike — two of a kind.

—George Germ-Cowles (WPHOM)

THE BOOKKEEPER GOES WEST

 This story of a bookkeeper begins back in the Gay Nineties. In an English school for boys, the headmaster gently breaks some bad news to a dark-eyed student. His father has died, there is no more money for his schooling. And so, the boy must leave school to go to work.

At the end of the term, he gets a job as office boy for the British Steamship Company and he works so hard and so earnestly that within five years, he has become accountant and bookkeeper. Regularly each week he drills with the London Scottish regiment. But after his period of enlistment expires, he reluctantly gives up drilling to devote more and more time to studying bookkeeping. He likes the near columns of figures and the complicated balancing of books.

On the fateful day of August 4, 1914, war is declared between England and Germany.

And then comes the historic First Battle of Ypres! A heavy rain has left the battlefield a sea of mud and the sky is overcast, stained with the thick black smoke and orange flame of field artillery. Somewhere on the other side of that field are the hated Boche raining shells on the British Tommies as they creep and crawl through the cold and clammy mud. In the front line is the erstwhile bookkeeper and though the shrill whine of bullets overhead is enough to strike terror into the bravest heart, he doesn't flinch. Inch by inch, foot by foot, he crawls toward the German lines. But now the German shells are hitting closer, the Huns are getting their range!

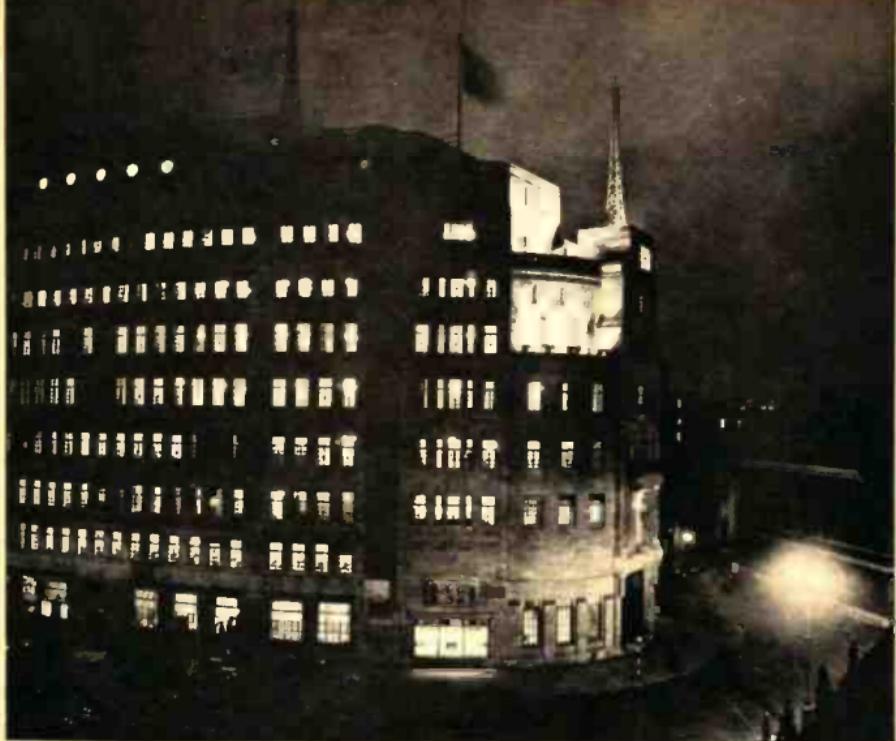
Only a few feet away, a shell hits the earth, sending up a vast spray of heavy mud. Instinctively the bookkeeper ducks and a split second later, the earth torn up by the shell cascades down upon him. There in the churned mud of No Man's Land, the ex-bookkeeper is buried alive!

Scrambling through the mud, two Tommies reach the mound of earth and unmindful of their own danger, they dig furiously with their rifle butts. Little by little, they uncover the face of the buried man. Dropping to their knees, they lean over him. Is he breathing or has he already smothered? Clumsily, one of them wipes the mud from the still face. For what seems an eternity they wait anxiously for some sign of life. And then, there is a soft rasping sound as he draws a breath. His eyelids flutter a moment, then open wide and he stares in disbelief at the two faces. He scarcely hears the sound of battle but he does hear the hoarse voice of one of his rescuers, saying, “Blimey, you’re all right! We thought you’d gone West!”

Buried alive and yet his only injury is a badly fractured ankle so smashed that he is honorably discharged. But after leaving the Army, he doesn't go back to keeping books for, indelibly printed on his mind are those words he heard on the battlefield. “We thought you’d gone West!”

He determines to go West — to America and when he arrived with only \$37 in his pocket, he set about looking for any kind of a job and when he was down to his last dollar, he found one! It was a small, part on the New York stage. And since that day he has endeared himself to millions of American theatre-goers, for this is the story of one of the finest, most polished actors in America today — Ronald Colman.

—Johnnie Neblett on
“In the Story Goes” (WBBM, Chicago)



BROADCAST HOUSE IN LONDON IS THE CITADEL OF THE BRITISH BROADCASTING COMPANY. GERMAN BOMBS COULDN'T SILENCE IT

"THIS IS BBC!"

COMMERCIALLESS BRITISH BROADCASTING LOST SOME OF ITS STUFFINESS IN THE WAR

ON a bleak September morning in 1939, with Prime Minister Chamberlain's declaration of war against Germany still ringing in the ears of English listeners, the British Broadcasting Corporation scattered its offices and went to join the battle of the air-waves. Its task was difficult but clearly defined. It had to tell the world what Britain was fighting for, it had to keep up the hopes of the nations who had gone down under the Nazi heel and it had to prepare the British people for the struggle that lay ahead. It was in 1939 that the BBC emerged from its role as a purely British institution and began its job as one of democracy's great bridge-builders in the service of truth and humanity.

One of the most outstanding characteristics of the BBC, and incidentally one that our GI's in Britain were quick to appreciate, is the complete absence of commercials on the British air. The status of the BBC, officially described as "a public utility corporation, controlled by a board of governors appointed by the King in Council," is that of a non-profit organization, operating on a ten-year charter granted it by Parliament. Compared with the brisk, forthright continuity of American programs, British presentations seem slow and more deliberate, more intent on giving a good, well-rounded performance. Before the war its hidebound traditions and occasionally sluw and stodgy entertainment would often turn the eyes of an envious

British audience towards the United States or, at any rate, to stations operated in the American manner. On Sundays, for instance, the BBC, which did not offer its subscribers any dance music, lost millions of listeners to Radio Luxembourg and Radio Normandy which filled the air hour after hour with American jazz music, interspersed with the inevitable advertising jingles.

Since the outbreak of war, however, the BBC has learned many a lesson. For years, as its voice attempted to penetrate the darkness of enslaved Europe, only one network was available to listeners in the British Isles and it was no easy task to create a program that filled the needs of war and, at the same time, appealed to a maximum number

THIS IS BBC (continued)

of people. As the war progressed and the air-blitz began to hit British cities, the BBC overcame tremendous obstacles in order to keep up the efficiency of its services. Farmhouses and cottages became studios. Its staff, which had risen to some 13 thousand employees, was scattered in two-hundred buildings all over the country, often typing their scripts and rehearsing their lines by the uncertain flicker of candle-light. Thanks to their efforts the BBC never once, during those critical days, went off the air. One evening, just as the news-bulletin was being read, a bomb struck Broadcasting House in London. listeners could hear the dull thud of the explosion as part of the building collapsed, burying many in the debris. But the announcer only drew a sharp breath and continued to read the news.

Women have replaced men in almost all fields of British broadcasting activities. Today they number almost one half of the staff and their crisp, clear voices can be heard in both the home and the overseas services. They receive the same rate of pay as the men and for anyone who says British listeners don't like their women announcers, the stacks of fan mail received daily at Broadcasting House are convincing proof to the contrary. BBC announcers, news-readers, as they are called — are specially trained for their jobs and carefully selected for the quality of their voices and pronunciation. Anonymous before the war, they later gave their names at each broadcast to insure against any German tricks.

British studios and broadcasting techniques differ in many ways from their American counterparts. Going on the assumption that a speaker will feel more

at ease if put into surroundings familiar to him, the BBC has modeled its studios to suit different occasions. Church Services, for instance, are not relayed from an ordinary studio but from a beautiful and well-equipped broadcasting chapel. Talks or discussions are aired from a comfortable studio, equipped as a library. When broadcasting plays, the BBC uses a multi-studio arrangement. In contrast to the United States, where the actors, the sound effects and the music all are grouped in one studio under the watchful eye of the director in the control room, the British radio uses several studios, all specially fitted for sound, music or talk. The director, facing his control-panels in the middle of a group of studios placed around him in a circular arrangement, does not give his cues by hand but by means of light signals. Of course it must be remembered that British radio personnel does not enjoy the high wages paid for the same kind of work in the United States. This, in turn, permits the allotment of more rehearsal time. In the absence of pressure from any commercial sponsors there is more room for dramatic experiments and successful plays often are given an hour and more of air time.

Although the British radio can boast a galaxy of stars and popular entertainers, no program today is more popular than BBC's imitable "It's that man again." Heard on the air for the first time during the worst days of the "Blitz," it is the program that kept Britain laughing while the bombs dropped and it has lived up to that reputation ever since. Tommy Handley, whose rapid-fire jokes once moved Bob Hope to say that they were too fast for him,

is the star of this sparkling variety show. Some 18 million listeners are said to tune in every week to listen and laugh to the puns and gags of funny-man Handley and his stock of characters which includes Sam Scram, a Brooklyn-accented American and the ever-ready Mrs. Mop, the universal charwoman.

Among the many entertaining and educational programs on the British air, BBC's school broadcasts deserve special mention. Thirty-nine times a week, students in England's schools huddle around their loud speakers to hear dramatizations of historic events, stories of scientific discoveries, presentations of the classics and vivid geographical accounts. No expense is spared to give these British youngsters a true picture of other nation's labors, accomplishments and customs. One day, for instance, the BBC was called upon to broadcast a description of a corn-husking contest in the Middle West. Rather than attempt to reproduce this typically American competition in a London studio, English engineers and announcers in the United States took their equipment out into the farm belt and recorded the contest.

BBC's efforts to bring about a better British-American understanding are not confined to student programs only, however. From month to month the number of exchange programs between this country and England has been on the increase. Today it is estimated that some 10 million American listeners tune in regularly when local stations re-broadcast such well-known BBC features as Radio Newsreel or Atlantic Spotlight. The program London Column alone is carried by some 45 American stations and Rose Buckner, whose "typical British housewife" program is carried over



TRANSATLANTIC QUIZ is a two-way broadcast between Britain and America. Here are BBC guest stars Beatrice Lillie and David Niven.



TYPICAL BRITISH HOUSEWIFE Rose Buckner's BBC Program is carried by Cincinnati's WLW. U. S. fans gave her watches when she lost hers.



HANDS ACROSS THE SEA POLICY brought BBC's microphone to Madison Square Garden so that British listeners could learn about the American radio. Evelyn Gibbs interviews the cowgirls.

Cincinnati's WLW, enjoys astonishing popularity. WLW officials still haven't quite recovered from the time when Mrs. Buckner casually opened one of her programs with the remark that she had almost been late at the studio since she had lost her watch and was unable to replace it. The next day Mrs. Buckner's fans swamped WLW with enough money to buy several good watches.

Exchange programs between the two countries have become popular features on all American networks. Trans-Atlantic Call, carried by CBS, has not only been consistently good radio but has also served to no small degree in fur-

thering the understanding between the Anglo-American nations. The informative "Trans-Atlantic Quiz" and the "American Eagles" programs also have maintained their popularity on both sides of the Atlantic. In addition to these features an Anglo-American Forum of the Air, to discuss outstanding political issues among the two nations may soon be heard.

American broadcasts to Britain, while necessarily limited in scope, have been of persistently high caliber. Raymond Swing, who by his measured calm commentaries in the early war years became one of Britain's favorite news analysts,

has been replaced by NBC's able Clifton Utley who now interprets the American point of view to British listeners once a week. The BBC maintains its own offices in most American cities and important national events are broadcast either directly to Britain or are recorded and flown across by plane. Most outstanding BBC production within the last few months has been a full hour-long performance of the classic negro play "The Green Pastures" which was recorded in New York and received an ardent reception by British listeners.

Early in 1941 the German monitoring service for the first time picked up the ominous, muffled drum-beat signals of V (. . —) for victory from a British transmitter. A short time later, the voice of a man who called himself "Colonel Britain" began to give instructions to Europe's Underground. The Germans fought back. Day after day more of their transmitters were devoted to jamming the British wave lengths, but to no avail. From time to time they set up fake BBC's, complete with British accents and programs transcribed from the real BBC, in attempts to mislead European as well as British listeners. Yet, Europe heard Colonel Britain and obeyed his orders to the letter. At the time his identity was a closely guarded secret. Today the world knows that it was the voice of Douglas Ritchie, the director of BBC's European news service that made the Germans wish they had never invented the V-sign which had come back to haunt them.

The beginning of the war found the BBC hardly in a position to live up to its appointed task of giving Europe the thing it needed most — news. Honest, straightforward news in the babel of tongues that makes up the nations of the world. As the years wore on, hard work and intelligent organization built up the BBC schedule until today Britain's voice can be heard in 44 different languages (22 of them European), in services beamed to North and South America, the General Forces, Europe, India, the Pacific and Africa. As the hour of Europe's liberation neared, the allied governments spoke to their people for forty-three hours every 24-hour day. During that time, 125 different broadcasts, consisting mostly of talks, straight news and analysis, went on the air — enough to fill 140 editions of one newspaper. To the news and truth-starved continent the voice of the BBC, the voice that never went silent, was a constant source of hope and strength as well as a reminder of democracy's continuous march towards victory.



TWO SAILORS UNDER HYPNOSIS THINK THEY ARE MILLINERY SALESLADY AND CUSTOMER

HE PUT 'EM ASLEEP

BUT IT WAS ALL PART OF HIS RADIO HYPNOTISM SHOW

OUTSIDE the city lies dark and still in the frosty air. Inside in the lazy warmth of the parlor, your hand idly turns a radio dial and tunes in a Mutual Network station. Suddenly there's a sting of shimmering music, a soft insistent voice...

"When I snap my fingers and say my name three times, you will be fast asleep... ONE... my name is Ralph Slater... TWO... (fading) my name is Ralph Slater... THREE... my name is Ralph Slater..."

You close your eyes. Then the music swells and you hear the announcer's hearty voice introducing one of the most

By BETTY REEF

unusual programs ever to travel through the ether. Ralph Slater, famed lightning-fast hypnotist, is on the air to take the bogey out of mesmerism, to prove that hypnotism can be fun.

But you thought that hypnotism was something to be seen, not heard! You conjure up a picture of a person walking in a trance, eyes closed, as he goes about some mesmeric task. That's definitely not the Slater show, for on this program people under hypnosis seem very much alive. Slater's subjects are volunteer members of the studio audience, who, under hypnosis, laugh, sing,

talk, answer amazing or funny questions, give Tarzan jungle calls and Indian war cries. They shout, whoop, giggle, and yell. They have a wonderful time.

And when Mr. Slater snaps his fingers and whispers, "You will wake up feeling relaxed and refreshed. Wake up!", they do.

"We feel as though we'd just had a good night's sleep" is the universal report.

Demonstrating the art of which he is master, as Ralph Slater did over Mutual's unique radio series, was good fun all around, for the radio audience, the studio audience, and Slater's volunteer subjects. People literally flocked from the audience to the stage the moment he called for candidates.

"They must be volunteers," he explains, "because hypnotism won't work unless the subject is cooperative. I can't hypnotize people against their will or make them do anything against their moral or religious convictions."

In the annals of mesmerism, Slater's claim to fame is speed; he has been known to put individuals in the hypnotic state in less than five seconds. Never does it take longer than fifteen seconds. Called Slaterism, the technique is described by its creator simply as the fastest approach to the subconscious mind. Only because Slater works so fast was he able to make radio entertainment out of an ability which has amazed millions of people, including psychiatrists and physicians. Within the exact space of half an hour of radio time, he was able to give five separate demonstrations of the various phases of hypnotism — humorous, dramatic, scientific.

Choosing carefully from among volunteer subjects, he eliminates those not sufficiently suggestible or honestly willing to be hypnotized. His approach to each subject differs slightly, he says. Most important part of Slater's art lies in his uncanny ability to find this particular approach in a matter of seconds.

Easy-going and relaxed by nature, Slater is dynamic and taut during performances. He seems actually to do very little. He looks at his subject, may make a few quick motions with his hands, may press his fingers to the subject's temple. Meanwhile, he talks rapidly, almost in a race with thought, in a low persuasive voice.

Typical of events on this astounding program was the case of a soldier and a sailor, whom we'll call Joe and Ed.

"Hello fellows. Good to see you," Slater greeted them matter-of-factly.

"Tell me, do either of you have any preferences in fresh fruit? Do you like peaches, apples, or grapes? You do? Good. Would you both be willing to cooperate with me in a demonstration of hypnosis? Good. Look at me..."

A minute later, Joe and Ed stood before him fast asleep.

"Joe and Ed, you now believe that you are going to eat some ripe, luscious, juicy peaches. And now here comes our tray of fruit."

A tray of lemons were brought onstage. "Joe and Ed, this fruit I am handing each of you is a delicious peach," Slater's voice moved on quickly. "You can't wait to eat it. Take a bite, each of you take a bite. Aren't they good? These are the best peaches you have ever eaten."

The boys bit into the lemons, smiling and chewing happily.

"Aren't they good?" Slater continued. "Tell each other how good they are. Ummmmmm, ummmmmmm, Go on, eat some more. You can't wait to eat up all the peaches. Tell the audience how good they are. Tell everybody how much you are enjoying the peaches you are eating."

Joe and Ed smacked their lips, expressing loud gustatory delight.

"All right, that's enough," Slater commanded. "Now stop." He awakened them. They looked surprised. "How do you feel? Do you know what you just did under hypnosis? Each of you has just eaten a lemon thinking it was a peach."

The boys were incredulous, but they saw the half-eaten lemons in their hands, and made wry faces.

People under hypnosis feel completely relaxed. All nervous tension, everyday fears and worries, vanish, and the subconscious comes into action. Once the conscious mind is asleep, the subconscious may be reached and "liberated" to accomplish constructive purposes.

Musicians and singers unable to perform in public because of stage-fright or inferiority complexes come to Slater to lose these inhibitions. On the program, under Slater's influence, the full extent of their talent found expression. One aspiring young girl singer, a former receptionist, received a radio contract offer after her performance while hypnotized on the Slater show.

Shysters and people unable to express themselves found new eloquence before the mike a few moments after they met Slater. Through his special skill, he was able to sharpen the memories of persons who had misplaced objects or forgotten facts vitally impor-

tant to them. Via their subconscious minds under hypnotism, they recalled not only the information they needed so desperately, but all sorts of odd facts buried in the past, like the names of their teachers in the primary grades.

Hypnotism can also heighten the ability to see or hear to a seemingly impossible degree. After a minute with Ralph Slater, a near-sighted guest on the program, tested beforehand with and without his glasses to establish proof of his eye defect, read lettering at a distance far too great for even the normal eye.

More astonishing still are examples of post-hypnotic suggestion. One young man was told that when he awoke and heard the word "How" from the audience, he would give an Indian war cry, chant "I'm Chief Rain-in-the-face," and do a dance around a tepee on the stage. Slater then awakened him. A little while later, when the audience shouted "How" on signal from the announcer, the young man carried out Slater's instructions exactly.

Slater's sense of humor got many an impromptu opportunity on his program. When one of the volunteer subjects proved to be a candidate for mayor of an upstate New York town, Slater mesmerized him into believing he was Fiorello LaGuardia broadcasting.

Though hypnotism produces lots of surprises, there's nothing supernatural about it. "Hypno" means sleep. Hypnosis is defined as a trance-like sleep in which the subject is extremely suggest-

ible. Slater calls hypnotism an art, "like playing the viola." Anybody can learn the techniques, just as anyone can learn to play an instrument, but only a few arrive at greatness. "You need a special affinity for it, something within you, call it genius perhaps, to become a real artist," Slater said, with frank modesty.

In addition to speed, he has other specialties. He's expert at mass hypnosis, and he teaches self-hypnosis with wide success to those who need it. He's helped to cure insomnia, alcohol addicts, people with habits of smoking or eating to excess. He can even remove the desire for sweets and thus reduce weight. The new, thinner Elsa Maxwell, for example, is a Slater creation!

Not long ago in Florida, he did a late broadcast to put insomnia sufferers to sleep. It worked. He then made recordings of his insomnia "treatment" which were used to put patients in Army hospitals to sleep without the use of drugs. These proved so effective that he began to receive requests for these records from many of America's forty million insomnia victims (Slater states there are that many!). So he has joined the ranks of radio's recording artists and will bring out one record at a time, to be sold at reasonable prices and made available for mass sale. The records consist of self-hypnosis treatments to meet four common situations: insomnia, tenseness, inferiority complex, and depression. (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



IN WATER WINGS AND MODEL T SUIT, THIS SUBJECT TOOK A COLD DIP WHILE HYPNOTIZED

HE PUT 'EM ASLEEP (continued)

Demand for tickets to Slater's performances was enormous. Mutual turned hundreds away from every broadcast because all studio theatre seats were taken. Twice in five weeks, Slater filled immense Carnegie Hall to overflowing. At one of these performances, given during a War Bond drive, people bought over a million dollars in bonds to gain admission. At the second Carnegie Hall show, Slater put on his hypnosis demonstrations before 1,000 physicians and the entire medical staffs of Halloran and St. Albans hospitals. He often appears before doctor's clubs and is called in on consultation in cases where the services of a hypnotist are needed.

Evidently anxious to combat the impression that his incredible skill stems from a strange or mystical personality, Slater points out that his extra-curricular activities are the same as everyone else's:

"I like all the things everybody else likes. I enjoy going out, dancing, good food, the theatre. My hobby is composing music and playing the violin."

There's nothing strange about his manner or appearance either. He's soft-spoken and pleasant. Slight in build, he has a youthful face and small, soft features which belie his age. A small mustache helps him look his 35 years.

He started out early in life to be a concert violinist. During his childhood, part of which was spent in England, his mother took him to London's Albert Hall to hear Mischa Elman play. The concert made a terrific impression.

"Ralph, I want you to become a concert violinist," his mother told him. "Someday, I want to see you standing on the stage of a great concert hall, performing before thousands of people." She then bought him a violin and hired a teacher. Hearing him practice, Ralph's father decided his boy would make a better surgeon and planned to send him to medical school.

Ralph disappointed them both by taking up the study of psychology and finally making a career of hypnotism. Before one of his Carnegie Hall appearances, he was featured at the entrance in a huge poster announcing the performance. He was flanked on the right and left by posters for Mischa Elman and Fritz Kreisler. Ralph sent a picture of the Carnegie Hall entrance to his mother, now in England, and cabled:

Dear Mama, I made Carnegie Hall the hard way—without my violin."

SCHOOL FOR ANNOUNCERS

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY AND NETWORK OF THE SAME NAME EMPLOY PROFESSOR GREET TO TEACH PROPER SPEECH

Even without the statistics to prove it, Dr. William Cabell Greet, professor of English at Columbia University, is pretty darn sure he can match radio's most avid fan for persistency in listening to programs. As the speech adviser to the announcing staff of Columbia Broadcasting System, he checks on almost every broadcast on the network.



DAVID ROSS: Listeners love his prize-worthy diction on CBS but they never adopt it.



MILTON CROSS: His "purple hush" spell comes to an end when the red curtain rings down.

If you always thought that announcers were born talking with perfect diction and lacking any trace of colloquial accent, you aren't far from wrong, according to the professor. They have to prove their ability in diction before the nets will hire them. Furthermore, their delivery or manner of speech is their own and is what gives them "air personality." It's a gift rather than an accomplishment.

"My principal duty," states Dr. Greet, "is to teach the announcers, by a system of gentle nagging, to use reference books and get things right. All we are working for is an acceptable English speech with as high a degree of uniformity as possible."

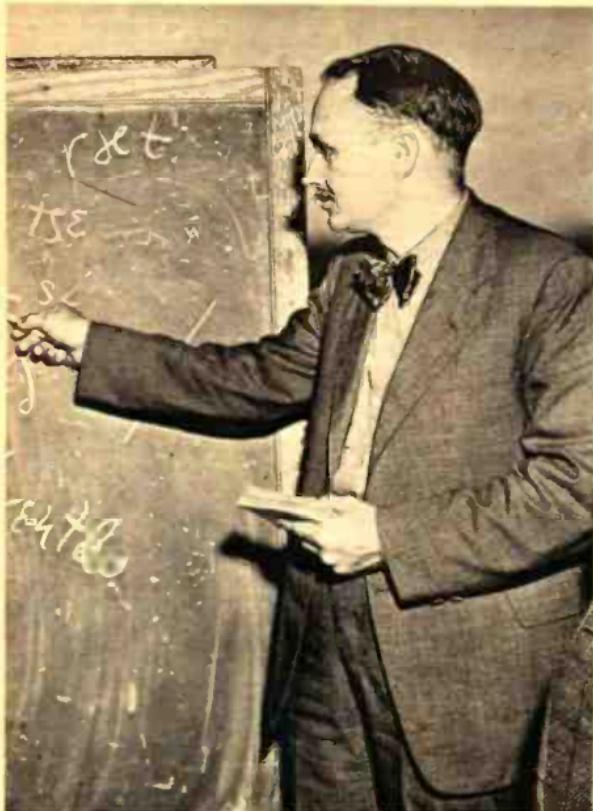
Dr. Greet's system has been to mark down on a sort of report card basis, whatever mistakes he hears in his long hours of listening. Then, once or twice a week, he calls the offenders together and school starts! He maintains though that, "Announcers make fewer speech mistakes than the average highly-educated American."

Way back in those days when the announcers and commentators were rushing to the mikes with news from the battlefronts every few minutes, nobody could afford to be tripped up by a tongue twister like Dniepropetrovsk.



DWIGHT WEIST: Ohio-bred, he wouldn't say "warsh" but Ohioans aren't impressed much.

RADIO HUMOR



DR. WILLIAM CABELL GREET: With a little gentle nagging and diligent checking, he keeps CBS spellers up to their usual excellent standard.

Dr. Greet's guide to pronunciation of such words, titled "War Words," was in constant usage in the CBS news room then. He has since followed up this work with another book, "World Words," which gives easy access to hundreds of unfamiliar names and places that are apt to come up in news bulletins.

When radio was very young, speech authorities prophesied that radio broadcasting would bring forth a uniform "American" tongue. They claimed that local accents were on the way out. The American Academy of Arts and Letters established an award to be given to radio announcers who exemplified good speech usage on the air. Milton Cross, Alwin Bach, John Holbrook, David Ross, James Wallington and Alois Havrilla were honored by these awards. But Professor

Greet's verdict was: "Radio announcers' neutral English has not and never will standardize the country's language!" The average Mid-Western listener may adore the "purple hush" voice of Milton Cross but will still be likely to say "wash" for wash. And in Boston you'll still hear a native say he's going to pair his car." A South Carolinian may go on indefinitely referring to his domicile as a "hayouse" and Brooklynites, it seems, will go right on adding the extra "e's" to their words.

But while he maintains that radio cannot and will not, by itself, induce standard speech, Dr. Greet gives it sincere praise when he says, "Radio has raised the country's educational level and broadened its vocabulary." And that's no mean accomplishment in our books.

• Louise (Judy) Erickson and her co-star, Dix (Randolph) Davis, of the NBC teen-age comedy show, "Date With Judy," were discussing another young radio star of their acquaintance. Said Louise: "He's nice but he's a wolf."

"You don't know what a wolf is," scoffed Dix.

"Sure I do," replied "Judy." "It's a man who devotes the best leers of his life to women!"

• Dagwood Bumstead, describing his wife's cousin Edgar on CBS' "Blondie" show: "When he was taking basic training his camp voted him the man most likely to be shot at sunrise."

• Add dizzy song titles, this one from Ish Kabibble, bang-haired cut-up of NBC's Kay Kyser gang: "It's Too Cold Now, Said The Watermelon To The Squash, So I Canteloupe With You."

• Ken Niles, announcer on the Abbott and Costello and other shows, rushed into the studio one day and reported he'd just witnessed a horrible accident involving a fellow announcer. "The poor guy," said Niles, "ran a personal pronoun into a hanging participle and split an infinitive!"

• Harry Hershfield reached the 1,000 mark on the "Can You Top This?" laughmeter with this one. He said: Two Nazis are in a zoo, and they're looking at a camel for the first time. They see the hump and how it changes down into a hollow, back to a hump, and down again. Finally one said, "Isn't it terrible what them stinkin' brutal Russians did to a horse?"

• Maisie's managing editor, David Mathews, was suggesting on a CBS "Maisie" show that her dress might be "a little daring for this town." "Well," Maisie told him matter-of-factly, "I always say a woman's dress is like a picket fence around the house. It should protect the property but not obstruct the view."

• Musical director Gordon Jenkins mused that the girl who's as pretty as a picture usually has a nice frame too.

• It's the plain thought of Blind Date's fiancee Arlene Francis that lots of folks have a good aim in life but too many of them don't pull the trigger.

• There are two kinds of bird fanciers, quips radio singer Dick Haymes. Those who spend five dollars on a canary and those who spend fifty dollars on a lark.

"YOU'RE THE KID WITH THE DRUM"

A TOP RADIO WRITER TELLS HOW HE BEAT HIS DRUM AND MADE BIG NOISE ON THE AIR

An honorably discharged Army veteran, BOB SHAW is the author of "MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY," making him one of the highest paid and most successful radio writers in the business. Here, particularly for other veterans, he talks about how to get that way.

ONE thing about the Army, you get plenty of time to think. At least, I did, and out of one of those "hurry up and wait" sessions came the idea that maybe, when I got out, I'd let those law books alone for a while. I'd try writing for radio instead. I did. Now let's assume you're in the same boat.

My particular canoe sailed from a separation center to Station WTAQ, a network outlet in Green Bay, Wisconsin, not far from Milwaukee, my home town. There's everything to be said for that "getting in a small station" routine — everything except money, but it's fun. The local girls have an idea that anyone in radio is pretty hot stuff, and eighteen bucks a week buys a lot of beer — in Green Bay.

What's more, there's experience in it. (I mean working for a small station, not the beer.) In three months I turned



AUTHOR SHAW with Vicki Voila, who plays Miss Miller, Mr. District Attorney's assistant.

By BOB SHAW

platters, wrote commercials, organized a quiz show, tried to sell innumerable bright ideas, directed publicity, made a store to store check on the local grocers, and played Abe Lincoln on February 12. That was my one and only appearance as an actor, and as I remember it, I was pretty horrible.

I pestered the daylights out of the boys in the big cities by mail, and finally, the NBC Publicity department in New York said I could come on. I was there before they thought better of it, and spent a little less than a year turning out feature stories on NBC personalities. There's experience in NBC too.

The third floor lobby of the NBC studios in New York, for instance, is a sort of omelette of actors, agents, writers, musicians, directors, vice-presidents, and people looking for jobs or selling magazine subscriptions. Anyone trying to get that first script on the air might sit around an hour or so and pick up a lot of valuable ideas. They'd be valuable, I think, because most of them are wrong.

They'll tell you that it's all a matter of drag, of pull, of brass-polishing, of drinking the right Martini with the right sponsor's wife, of knowing when to stick to milk with an ulcerous advertising agency executive. It just isn't true. Sooner or later, someone's going to lean back in a swivel chair, put on those horn-rimmed glasses, and say . . . "Let's see if the kid can write."

That's when your brain child is read, when they see what kind of a noise you make. In short, you're the kid with the drum.

I'd been at NBC about a year when I read an interview with an agency executive, one who hires and fires writers. Somewhere in the article, small station experience and a mid-west background were played up, so I sent over some original scripts I'd been nursing along rather hopefully, and someone saw a ray of light. At least, I got a job, and started writing a daytime serial, "Front Page Farrell."

Once you're in, it gets easier. Actually, it's that idea that when you've got

a job it's easier to get another. Translated, when you're writing one radio program, opportunities to try another are apt to be right around the corner. You're closer to the corner, I suppose.

That's the time, I'd say, to fill the fire full of irons, or however that goes. When I met Ed Byron, I had sample scripts on at least twenty desks — twenty shows I'd like to write — and in the



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY, played by Jay Justyn, has never lost a case, thanks to Bob Shaw.

meantime, my daytime radio stint kept the wolf a healthy distance from the door.

Ed Byron, the producer-director-co-author of "Mr. District Attorney," had just returned from his post as an ASF Major in the South Pacific when I met him. Not that I hadn't heard of him, for among other things, it was Ed who kept the "Mr. District Attorney" rating in radio's hallowed "Top Ten" for more than six years.

When I met him, he was looking for a writer, and I was looking for that job. We had lunch, I told two jokes, wore my best tie, ate with the right fork, and wondered when I'd get a chance to tell him how good I was. I got it — one sentence: "Go on home and write a script," he said, "let's see how you pound the drum."

Ed's idea of a big noise on a drum isn't something you tap out over night. It's a month of nights, and a big pile of scripts that just miss. But we both saw a little light, and when it got bright enough, he took a chance. Now it's different. Now we spend several nights a week together kicking ideas around, plotting the shows, working as a team. Out of this I get a script, and he gets in on the air. But that's after you get started.

I'd say this about that "getting started" problem. If you don't live in New York, Hollywood, or Chicago, (where most scripts are bought), don't move . . . not until you're ready. At best, it takes time, and you can get a lot done from your own front door. Let's be specific. Write to the networks and request a list of programs on the air, their sponsors, and the advertising agencies involved. Pick out the dramatic shows for which you think you can write, and tackle the agency listed.

This works by mail. Write to the agency, ask for information on their script-needs and requirements on the program in question, and you'll get an answer — probably a mimeographed list of tips and suggestions, but it helps a lot.

Once you've found a number of shows you think you can write, and you know which agency is responsible, go ahead. Try it. Keep on sending your handiwork until they holler stop . . . or . . . and it does happen, until they tell you to pack up and leave home. When they tell it, they mean business.

All this, of course, doesn't touch the

would-be radio writer who's got a brand new idea all his own. That's a tough one, for my experience was that while agencies and networks are looking for good writers, their need is for shows already on the air, or about to go on. Knowing this, I'd play ball. I'd "get in" by writing what they need, then use my foot-hold to sell them my big idea. It's easier that way, and you learn a lot on the way up.

There was one guy I know who had what he thought was an all-time sensational idea for a show. He had an idea he believed in and, by golly, he was going to sell it—or else. Well, it turned out or else. He shadowed agency men, sponsors, network executives to the tune of three months' time and his back-home savings. But there just wasn't a market — "later, perhaps, it's a good idea."

Too bad, because the guy really had something on the ball, but, the bulldog type, he wouldn't follow up any of his other leads for material for which the networks were literally crying. For all I know, he's still the frustrated genius of the local station.

On the brighter side, there's the girl I met this week. (A very pleasant part of this business, incidentally.) She'd come to New York, but only because two agencies had seen enough of her samples to say they wanted to talk to her. She submitted samples, she told me, on fourteen shows. Now, while she's waiting, she's taken a job in a department store.

She doesn't need advice. She's the kid with the drum.



CO-AUTHOR OF MR. D.A. is the show's director-producer, Ed Byron. Here Shaw and Byron, in a quiet corner of the station's studio, sweat out final revisions of one of their scripts.

RADIO ODDITIES

♦ Orson Welles's Sunday commentary over ABC is probably the only program on the air where animals are permitted to run about the room while the program is on the air. The Welles cat meanders sedately around the premises and occasionally curls up on the script. His pet dog, Pookles, scamperst everywhere and nobody minds if he yips once or twice because, as Orson says, it adds a homey note to the show. One concession Orson made to the aghast producers was to remove the jingling license tag from Pookles' neck because, explained Orson, he didn't want the listeners to think the Good Humor man was waiting outside.

♦ There's a scramble among radio performers at this season to get jobs as summer replacements for certain shows which seem to be sure-fire to lead to permanent jobs. Prime example of this is the Bob Hope show, the replacements for which always seem to be successful in their own right under other sponsorship.

♦ Basil Rathbone, the hunter, heard on the Sherlock Holmes series over the Mutual network, became the hunted when he failed to arrive at a party given in his honor by members of the cast. When he was finally located, the witty sleuth had to admit he hadn't been able to find his way to the scene of festivities.

♦ The sound man for Kay Kyser's "College of Musical Knowledge" needed a typewriter to supply authentic clickety-clacks for a sequence in the script. He called every department in the studio before he finally located one he could borrow for the broadcast. Just before airtime a messenger delivered the machine—a shiny new noiseless!

♦ In his acting career, John Brown, who plays the father on "A Date With Judy" over NBC, never had an experience any zanier than one that happened on a Joe Cook show. The script called for Cook and Brown to squirt seltzer water at each other and, instead of leaving it to the sound-effects man, they used the real thing. They were both soaked and had to ad lib for several minutes until someone supplied them with scripts dry enough to be read.

THE ANSWER MAN



Albert Mitchell

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

Was there ever anyone in the world at any time who had three sets of teeth?

Certainly. Having three sets of teeth is not as uncommon as you might suppose. There are probably a hundred or more people in the world today who have grown their third set of teeth.

We get our time signal over the radio from Washington and Washington gets the time signal from master clocks operated by the Navy, but where do the master clocks get their time from?

The master clocks get their time from astronomical observations of the transit of various stars across the meridians.

Was it H. V. Kaltenborn or Upton Cross who was the very first to announce over the radio the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor?

No one knows who was the first to broadcast the news about Pearl Harbor. Just as soon as it came in over the news ticker, announcers and commentators all over the nation rushed to their microphones to tell America what had happened. The excitement was too great for any record to be kept of who was first on the air.

How old can a woman possibly be and still have children?

There is an unauthenticated story to the effect that Mrs. Henry of Gortree, England, died at the age of 112, leaving behind her daughter born when she was 103. This may not, of course, be true. However, there are a number of instances on record of women over 70 odd years giving birth to children.

My son is a veteran and was discharged for service-incurred injury, but he did not have the 90 days service required under the G. I. Bill of Rights. Is he still entitled to free educational benefits?

Yes, if he is otherwise eligible.

Are human beings—the only ones to produce identical twins?

No. The Armadillo goes human beings one better and regularly gives birth to identical quadruplets. Each egg produces four young instead of one, as in most animals.

Why do pigeons move their heads up and down when they walk?

So they can walk. Pigeons, like hens, are flat-footed birds and they progress by means of a continuing series of half-falls. They lose and regain their balance with each step. In order to walk, they duck their head forward, start to fall forward, put a foot out to stop themselves and pull their head back to regain their balance. Then they do it all over again.

Which of the present quiz programs was the first to be on the radio?

Vox Pop Is generally thought to be the first of the present quiz programs heard on the air. Parks Johnson and Jerry Belcher originated this program and used it first on a Houston, Texas, station in 1932.

If that lazy animal called the sloth hangs upside down from a tree all day long how does he ever get anything to eat?

He chews up the leaves of the tree he hangs from all day long. The sloth moves very slowly among all the branches of the tree, eating the leaves as he goes. Not until every leaf is eaten will he take the trouble to move to another tree.

Do female movie stars weigh more or less now than they did twenty years ago?

More. Female movie stars of today are, on the average, 15 pounds heavier and four inches taller than the stars of twenty years ago.

Which came first, the big Doberman pinscher or the little pinscher?

The little one. The miniature pinscher has been bred in Germany and the Scandinavian countries for several centuries. While the Doberman pinscher was originally bred by Louis Doberman of Germany around 1890 by mixing the old short-haired shepherd dog stock with rottweilers, black and tan terriers and smooth-haired German pinschers.

Why is the game of shooting craps so called?

There are several beliefs concerning the origin of the name "craps" for shooting dice. The game originated as an outgrowth of the game of "Hazard" as played in England, and one of the terms in "Hazard" was "crabs" denoting the throw of a two or a three. Because of this, the game was first known as "Crabs" when it was introduced in France. This later became corrupted to "craps." Another belief is that the name is a corruption of "crapaud" or "frog eater," a rather vulgar slang reference to a Frenchman. As the French were avid players of the game, and as they were referred to as "Johnny Crapaud" the game of which they were so fond came to be called after them.

Is there a time limit on motion picture kisses? If so, how long are they allowed to last?

There is a limit. Motion picture kisses are allowed to last no longer than three minutes.

Are there more mosquitoes in the Arctic region than anywhere else in the world?

Yes. From the middle of June to about the middle of September, there are ten times as many mosquitoes per square mile over most of the land north of the tree line as there are in the tropics.

Can I restore life and juiciness to my dried-up lemons?

If they're not too far gone, try heating them in a warm oven—or hold them for a second or two in some boiling water.

Suppose you lose your compass while out hunting or fishing. Is there any way to find your direction without it?

If you're wearing a watch and the sun is out, it's quite easy to find direction without a compass. Simply turn your watch so the hour hand points to the sun. Then, half way between the hour hand the number 12 on your watch dials is due south. Of course, if you're lost in the woods somewhere south of the Equator, then this spot would point due north.

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

WITH THE NATION'S STATIONS



JACKSONVILLE, FLA. — Station WPDQ — Breakfast Brevities, popular local variety program had Texas Taffy, trick rodeo horse for a guest

star the other morning. Texas Taffy, in return for her services, collected a kiss on the nose while emcee Bernie Adams wasn't looking.



BOSTON, MASS. — Station WBZ — Station personnel recently honored Mrs. Grace Edmonds, General Service Supervisor for thirteen years, with a farewell party. With her are C. S. Young and W. H. Hauser.



NEW YORK, N. Y. — NBC — Very ultra is 6D, NBC's newest Radio City broadcast studio. It embodies many novel and distinctive features in design—such as sawtooth shape of ceiling and bubbled stage wall.

TELEVISION



HERE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE TECHNICIANS THAT CROWD CBS TELEVISION STUDIO. GIRL KNEELING AT RIGHT IS FLOOR MANAGER

IT TAKES MANPOWER TO STAGE TELEVISION

WHEN television production starts operating full blast, as it promises to do any year now, there's going to be a boom in radio employment. A rough estimate, based on current television operations, is that a television show will employ from five to ten times as many persons as a comparable show on ordinary radio. Take a show you listen to today. In addition to the announcer, cast and orchestra, there's the director and the engineer in the control booth. A television show on the same scale has a regular mob scene in the control room. The director is there and he has an assistant. There are three engineers—one audio and two video. Then there's a rack setter, a film technician and usually a spare technician. Outside on the "floor" or stage, are the floor manager, two cameramen, two boom mike men and a half dozen or so prop and set men. Making the settings for the show probably required the services of another half dozen persons—scenic designers, builders and painters.



CONTROL ROOM at CBS is a highly populated place. Man writing is technical supervisor. Two men in light coats are the video engineers.



SCENIC CONSTRUCTION is a major reason why television requires more personnel than ordinary broadcasting. Here are set builders at work.

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.

SPECIALLY FITTED RING AND EARRING

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

AN AMAZING OFFER

When you get your set show it to your friends and relatives. If 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 buy you have ever purchased. You can see your set at our risk—get it at our expense—if you are not now!

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- JULY RUBY
- AUGUST PERIDOT
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NAME

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CITY & ZONE STATE



Let your HEAD take you

(The average American today has a choice of just going where "his feet take him", or choosing wisely the course to follow. Let's ship ahead 10 years, and take a look at John Jones—and listen to him . . .)

SOMETIMES I feel so good it almost scares me.

"This house—I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world.

"And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me.

"I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you

can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as man gets on this earth!

"It wasn't always so.

"Back in '46—that was right after the war and sometimes the going wasn't too easy—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like almost everybody else, I was buying Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it.

"'Don't do it, John!' she said. 'Please don't! For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's wonderful to know that every single payday we have more money put aside! John, if

we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!'

"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quit dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the Bonds.

"What's more, we kept right on putting our extra cash into U. S. Savings Bonds. And the pay-off is making the world a pretty swell place today!"

The Treasury Department acknowledges with appreciation the publication of this advertisement by

★ **TUNE IN** ★

THE RADIO LISTENER'S MAGAZINE