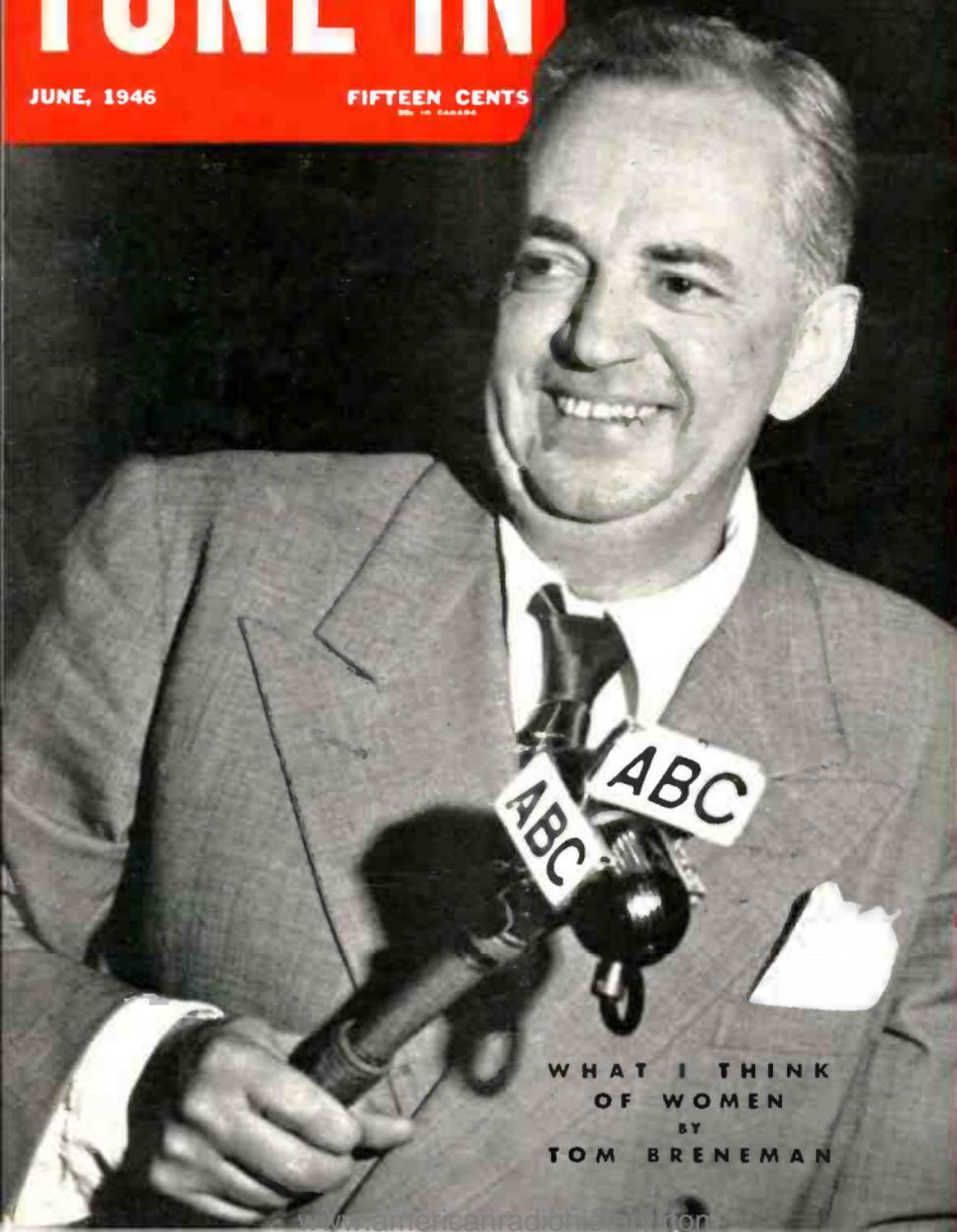


TUNE IN

JUNE, 1946

FIFTEEN CENTS

50¢ IN CANADA

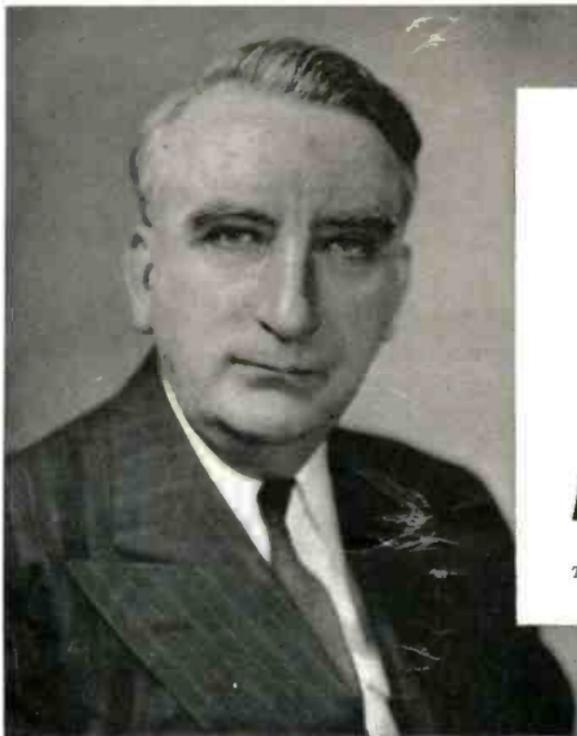


WHAT I THINK
OF WOMEN
BY
TOM BRENEMAN

THE RADIO LISTENER'S MAGAZINE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A. N. C.



A Timely Message to Americans

from
The Secretary of the Treasury

America has much to be thankful for.

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

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

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

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

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

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

greatly to a stable, prosperous postwar nation.

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

All those things relieved the pressure on prices.

THE TASK AHEAD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fred W. Vinson
Secretary of the Treasury

NBC

Fan Fare

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE BEST IN RADIO?

Some of you Jills and Jacks complained that last month's quiz was too easy. (Can we help it if NBC stars are so popular?) So here's a quiz guaranteed to wrinkle the grey matter. (We've even included performers you haven't seen in the movies—yet!) How well do you know the programs especially designed for teen-age Americans? (Hint: Each caption's a clue, each entertainer a star on NBC.)



1) **TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME** Wardie Donovan, one of radio's newest sensations, owes the voice that brings romance to NBC listeners on two consecutive days every week. What two days?



2) **THIS TEEN-AGE STAR** has a program of her own, every Saturday over NBC. Her singing style is one of the most effervescent on the air. Her initials are E. B. What do they stand for?



3) **THE OLD PROFESSOR**, Kay Kyser, is the quiz master to 20 million students. His sparkling Wednesday show on NBC is one of the few full-hour variety programs in radio—right or wrong?



4) **"JUGHEAD"** always speeds in the rescue whenever Archie Andrews cries: "Come over here! It's a matter of life or death!" Saturdays over NBC. In what program does "Jughead" appear?



5) **"BLOOMER GIRL"** star Nonette Fabray scores as great a hit on NBC's Jimmy Edmondson show as she does in the Broadway musical comedy. On what night of the week does she sing?



6) **G. I. JIVER** Johnny Desmond is the ex-serviceman whose voice rates top with teen-timers and whose NBC program features leading songs each Tuesday. What's the show's title?



7) **AMI "A DATE WITH..."** whom? Her real name is Louise Erickson. Her program is one you listen to every Tuesday night over NBC. The name of the character she portrays is... what?



8) **WHO IS THIS?** (It's Perry Como!) In what movie did he star? ("Doll Face.") Where is he heard over NBC? (In "The Supper Club.") How many times a week? (You answer this one.)

Turn page upside down
for the ANSWERS

America's No. 1 Network



A Service of Radio
Corporation of America

...the National Broadcasting Company

1. Saturday and Sunday 2. Thursday 3. Monday 4. Archie Andrews 5. Saturday 6. Phillip Morris Radio 7. Just 8. Three times 9. "Doll Face" 10. "The Supper Club" 11. "The Old Professor" 12. "A Date with..." 13. "The Supper Club" 14. "The Supper Club" 15. "The Supper Club" 16. "The Supper Club" 17. "The Supper Club" 18. "The Supper Club" 19. "The Supper Club" 20. "The Supper Club"

"I
**READ IT
 IN
 TUNE IN**"

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

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D

THE MONUMENTAL NOSE



THE PRICE OF FAME comes high for Jimmie Durante as his famous schnozzle—and his hands—are dunked in the soft cement in forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Sid Grauman and Juan Thorsen are shown giving their moral and physical support to the unhappy Durante.



THE REWARD OF FAME comes high too, i.e., pretty Juan Thorsen gives Jimmy Durante a face washing. Most of the men stars leave the imprint of their size 9 shoes in the Grauman cement. Posterity will find that the famous Durante nose was no exception—in size.

TUNE IN

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JUNE 1943

Publisher
Richard Danks

Executive Editor
Franklin Sherman

Managing Editor
Ed McCarthy

Assistant Editor
Sam Justice

Editorial Assistant
Terry Walsh
Virginia Calahan

Art Director
Wes Aikman

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ON THE COVER

TOM BREWSTER, STAR OF "BACANFAST IN HOLLYWOOD," FOR STORY TURN IN PAGE 26.

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BETWEEN ISSUES . . .

Ida Cantor rumored to be considering woman's commentary program. Eddie, meanwhile, is busy writing his autobiography and polishing up his first story "My Life Is In Your Hands" for possible movie sale... the Hildegarde hairdo is achieving national prominence what with a well known coiffure and a prominent hatmaker promoting it in their latest models... Heavy fan mail for "Beulah's" pet recipes is prompting a project to publish a real "Beulah's Cookbook"... Fanny Brice's son, Billy, exhibiting his latest paintings in New York. He's well known in art circles... Amazing to learn that Joe Laurie, Jr., reads between 500 to 1,000 gags a week in his attempt to top listeners... Kate Smith



now having a street named for her in a housing project on Long Island... Jackie Coogan feted at cocktail party given by CBS after preview audition of his first program. The former child star has an excellent radio voice... Norman Corwin off on his One World flight sometime in May, if all goes well with travel reservations. The trip ought to provide plenty of material for future radio shows... Col. Stoopnagle, Ed East and Polly and Lon (Nick Carter) Clark among those purchasing small planes for private use... Meredith Willson (May issue) now working on his third full-length symphony... Tommy Dorsey definitely set for summer show to the delight of his fans... Interesting new project afoot to broadcast the Chicago Opera next fall in much the same manner as the Met (page 13). There's also a chance that auditions will be held similar to the Met Auditions... Nice to hear Fu Manchu back on the air. Program had the highest mystery show rating when it left the air a few years ago... Gangbusters group pleased over broadcast, ing a clue which led to the arrest of criminal connected with the Al "Bummy" Davis murder... Mexican government asking Ralph Edwards to think up stunts to lure tourist traffic there... James Melton considering the idea of heading a syndicate to buy Paris Opera Company - out of business since the war... Parkyakarkus backing a chemist who has something new in creams - when applied to a man's face no shaving is necessary... Funny man Lou Costello running for Studio City, Cal., honorary police chief... Maggie Teyte being encored back to the States in June for many guest appearances. She's stolen everyone's heart... June, our pretty switchboard girl, is postponing all engagements due to Jerry's imminent arrival.



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Along Radio Row



SONGBIRDS ALWAYS MEET and so Nelson Eddy and Dinah Shore say hello at memorial show for late Jerome Kern.



RAISING BLISTERS ON THE MIKE may not be the intension of Danny Kaye and Georgie Auld as they swing a duet, but it looks hot. Can she translate his "Git Gar Gattle" chatter?



A HANDFUL OF SCRIPTS is what Van Johnson and Lisbeth Scott are so tickled about. These are radio scrips.



SMILES TO MAKE YOU HAPPY and songs to make you swoon is the double object of guest star, Andy Russell and host Frank Sinatra. The rivals get ready to blend a duet.



IT'S THE CONSEQUENCES of being so popular that makes Ralph Edwards' mail so heavy. When he appealed for March Of Dimes last winter, one fan sent a sock full of dimes.



THE LEGS HAVE IT. These shanks belong to Johnny Mercer and Joan Edwards awaiting cue on "Hit Parade."



IS SHE KIDDING? That's what Abbott and Castello want to know as high school gal, Barbara Coleman, shows the pair what she wrote. "I swoon for Abbott and Castello."



DON'T DRESS! said the Edgar Bergens to Charlie McCarthy but the young lord wore his soup-and-fish anyway.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE) 5



TWO "POOR LITTLE LAMBS" who got themselves caught by the camera (to paraphrase the "Whiffenpoof Song"), are the very comely Betty Bradley and that old Yale Blue favorite, Rudy Vallee.



MAD ABOUT MUSIC or at least Harriet Hilliard hopes that her sons are. David and Rick listen attentively to Mama as she explains all about those funny little marks on the sheet music called notes.



ENGLAND BOUND Maggie Teyte chats with her manager, A. Wilder, Gladys Swarthout and a friend. The famous British soprano is scheduled to return to her radio program, Telephone Hour, in August.



BUSY COMMITTEEWOMEN compare notes—but not the famous blue notes. Dinah Shore, who was once a polio victim, works for the March Of Dimes; Genevieve Sams does her bit for the Cancer society.



JUST OLD MARRIED FOLKS having a riotous good time at the studio are Harriet Hilliard, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Orzelle Nelson during a rehearsal for a broadcast. Work can be such fun!

TUNE IN'S. LISTENING POST

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



"Smooks" is 25 years old this year but still just a kid to "Daddy"

SUNDAY

9:15 a.m. **E. POWER BIGGS (C)** The organist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra starts off Sunday morning with fine organ music. ▼

9:00 a.m. **COAST TO COAST ON A BUS (A)** This show is strictly for and about children with genial Milton Cross as the emcee. ▼▼

10:30 a.m. **CHILDREN'S HOUR (N)** Also a children's program of long standing which is not as well produced as "Coast To Coast," nor as original. Features singing and stunts by youngsters. ▼

11:30 a.m. **INVITATION TO LEARNING (C)** This is a program for deep thinkers and heavy readers which features a discussion of the great works of literature by guest writers and educators. ▼▼

12:30 p.m. **ROBERT MERRILL SHOW (N)** Baritone Robert Merrill sings light classical music against the background of the NBC Orchestra directed by Frank Black. ▼▼

1:00 p.m. **CLIFF EDWARDS (A)** 15 minutes of fun and songs with oldtimer, "Ulelele Ite." ▼

1:15 p.m. **ORSON WELLES (A)** The actor-producer-writer-and who knows what else provides a highly stimulating and provocative commentary on anything he chooses. Highly recommended. ▼▼▼

1:30 p.m. **SUNDAY SERENADE (A)** Sammy Kaye's music on the sentimental side is a nice accompaniment for your Sunday dinner if you don't mind the poetry thrown in. ▼▼

1:30 p.m. **CHICAGO ROUND TABLE (N)** Some distinguished guest speakers enter into stimulating discussions on the state of the world. Good. ▼▼

2:00 p.m. **RADIO EDITION (C)** A program of dramatic vignettes culled from articles and stories in a certain small magazine. One big name dramatic star is featured in a sketch. ▼▼

2:00 p.m. **HARVEST OF STARS (N)** Raymond Massey does the narration on this pleasant program, music under the direction of Howard Barlow. ▼

2:30 p.m. **JOHN CHARLES THOMAS (N)** The popular baritone is emcee. The Ken Darby Chorus is featured and Johnny Nashiff spins some tales. ▼

3:00 p.m. **ELMER DAVIS (A)** The expert commentator gives his very worth while views on what's happening in America. ▼▼

3:00 p.m. **CARMEN CAVALLERO (N)** You'll get a pleasant dose of Cavallero's music with a commentary from Max Hill thrown in. ▼▼

3:00 p.m. **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC (C)** An hour and a half of symphony music played by an outstanding orchestra with contemporary music featured in addition to the older classics. ▼▼▼

3:30 p.m. **ONE MAN'S FAMILY (N)** American family life is here portrayed at its finest. Expertly devised scripts featuring some of radio's very finest performers. Good listening for all ages. ▼▼▼

3:30 p.m. **LAND OF THE LOST (M)** Youngsters will adore this fantasy about a kingdom at the bottom of the sea. Produced with imagination and ingenuity. ▼▼

4:30 p.m. **DEEMS TAYLOR (N)** The nationally known composer and lyricist jousts amusingly with Keeny Delmar over the relative value of cynicism and being. Guest stars also appear with Raymond Poige's orchestra. ▼▼▼

4:30 p.m. **NELSON EDDY (C)** The baritone gives his usual repertoire of light operatic music against the background of Robert Armstrong's music. ▼

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

5:00 p.m. **SYMPHONY OF THE AIR (N)** The accomplished music of the NBC orchestra with guest conductors. ▼▼▼

5:00 p.m. **FAMILY HOUR (C)** Semi-classical music is the drawing card on this restful program with different soloists each week. ▼▼

5:30 p.m. **COUNTERSPY (A)** David Harding is still chasing those old spies with great effect. ▼▼

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

6:00 p.m. **ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET (C)** Ozzie is still the dumb husband and Harriet, the pert wife, and sometimes they will pull on you. ▼

6:00 p.m. **HALL OF FAME (A)** A variety show under the talented aegis of Paul Whiteman who introduces various guests to do their stunts. Martha Tilton is vocalist. ▼▼

6:30 p.m. **SUNDAY EVENING PARTY (A)** An uninspired but pleasant enough half-hour of music by Phil Davis and orchestra with vocalists. ▼

6:30 p.m. **THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE (C)** Probably the kids will get more pleasure out of this than the grown-ups but Hal Peary does a pretty good job of playing Thracianman Gildersleeve. ▼

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

7:00 p.m. **JACK BENNY (N)** A familiar landmark to Sunday Night listeners. ▼▼▼

7:30 p.m. **BANDWAGON (N)** Cass Daley is the raucous mistress of ceremony presiding over a different guest band every week. ▼

*7:30 p.m. **THE QUIZ KIDS (A)** The junior brain trust continues to stifle America with their knowledge of anything and everything. Very entertaining as a rule, with pleasant Joe Kelly in charge. ▼▼▼

*7:30 p.m. **BLONDIE (C)** Each week Blondie gets Dagwood or the young one out of some scrapes. Routine entertainment. ▼

8:00 p.m. **BERGEN AND MCCARTHY (N)** You just can't help exploding into laughter at Charlie's quips. The guest stars are usually very fine and the shows never drag. ▼▼▼

8:00 p.m. **MEDIATION BOARD (M)** Mr. Alexander does his best to settle the woes of the general public aided by experts in the human relations field. ▼▼

8:00 p.m. **SUNDAY EVENING HOUR (A)** A full hour of good music which is a bit lighter in tone now that warm weather is here. ▼▼▼

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE) 7

TUNE IN'S LISTENING POST (continued)

8:30 p.m. **DON'T BE A SUCKER (M)** This program performs a helpful public service by exposing various rackets that beset the public. Richard Baerle is featured as leading actor. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. **THE FRED ALLEN SHOW (N)** One of the best half-hours in radio. Allen and the characters of Allen's Alley are unbelievably funny in anything they do. ▼▼▼

8:30 p.m. **CRIME DOCTOR (C)** Some pretty bright criminals turn up on this show but Doctor Ordway manages to trip them up. ▼▼

9:00 p.m. **MANHATTAN MERRY-GO ROUND (N)** A musical variety with a long list of entertainers but not too original in content. ▼

9:00 p.m. **WALTER WINCHELL (A)** The commentator combines anti-fascist propaganda with saucy innuendos about Hollywood and New York characters. ▼▼

9:00 p.m. **EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN (M)** An interesting and different scientific program which is very well done and deserves attention. ▼▼

9:30 p.m. **F. H. LAGUARDIA (A)** New York's former mayor holds forth on his views of what's wrong with the world for fifteen entertaining minutes. ▼▼

9:30 p.m. **AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC (N)** Old and new songs beloved by Americans are featured by the Hoosier Concert Orchestra with Evelyn Mac Gregor of the deep voice as a regular and guest. ▼▼

9:30 p.m. **STAR THEATRE (C)** The almost too ebullient James Melton with guests and a comedian. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. **HOUR OF CHARM (M)** Well, it's the all-girl orchestra determined to get on your nerves or charm you depending on you. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. **TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT (C)** Phil Boler keeps this quiz show fairly lively with his quips. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. **THEATRE GUILD ON THE AIR (A)** The illustrious Theatre Guild condenses its Broadway hits into an hour show which sometimes comes off very well and sometimes not. Fine attempt though. ▼▼▼

10:30 p.m. **MEET ME AT PARKY'S (N)** Stars Harry Einstein as Parky, actor, the proprietor of a mythical restaurant and features Betty Rhodes as vocalist. Routine. ▼

10:30 p.m. **WE, THE PEOPLE (C)** A sometimes amusing show which tries to bring a cross-section of the American people and their activities to the mike and often succeeds. ▼▼▼



Flustered soda jerk Jackie Coogan takes a hiding from Lawrence Tuttle and Arthur Q. Bryan

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)** Jovial, entertaining early morning program, with Don McNeill emceeing for a surprisingly talented and wide variety 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 opera 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. ▼

10:45 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 in good if 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. ▼▼▼

12:15 p.m. **MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE (N)** 15 minutes of stylish chatter by another one of these gals who seem to know just every body and do everything. ▼

1:15 p.m. **CONSTANCE BENNETT (A)** The film star hands out tips on grooming, new gadgets, Hollywood gossip and some rather brittle philosophy. ▼

1:45 p.m. **YOUNG DR. MALONE (C)** The highly traveled young medical 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. **ETHEL AND ALBERT (A)** Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce dramatize very humorously the small problems that upset the domestic tranquility of a young married couple. ▼▼

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

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

5:00 p.m. **SC'HOOL 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. ▼

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 new mystery shows that have sprung a mushroom growth this season, this one battling 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. ▼▼▼

8:00 p.m. **JACKIE COOGAN SHOW (C)** A comedy-drama starring the former famous child star who turned out to have a very good voice for radio. ▼▼

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 movies star in these entertaining adaptations for radio of the Arthur Conan Doyle detective stories. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. **VOICE OF FIRESTONE (N)** Howard Barlow conducts the symphony orchestra, and Gladys Swarthout appears 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. Harry van 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 Voorhes 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. **WV**

9:30 p.m. **FOREVER TOPS (A)** Paul Whiteman and ark featuring tunes that never die and anecdotes about the songs by Whiteman himself. **WV**

10:00 p.m. **CONTENTED PROGRAM (N)** Light and semi-classical music, sung by guest stars with the orchestra conducted by Percy Faith. **WV**

10:00 p.m. **SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS (C)** Good radio plays adapted from outstanding movies; featuring Hollywood stars in the leading roles. **WV**

10:30 p.m. **DR. I. Q. (N)** A quiz show that's apt to get on your nerves. **V**

11:00 p.m. **NEWS AND NEWS ANALYSIS (C)** Two experts—John Daly and Loery Lesueur—combine their talents to bring you the latest news and interpret it. **WVW**



Johnny Desmond and Margaret Whiting get into a tangle before the "Follies of 1946" airing

TUESDAY

9:15 a.m. **ARTHUR GODFREY (C)** Godfrey in his insouciant way, is as refreshing as can be as he licks his way through the morning news. **WV**

10:00 a.m. **MY TRUE STORY (A)** Human interest stories built around real-life incidents, pretty dull and routine. **V**

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. **V**

11:15 a.m. **ELSA MAXWELL'S PARTY LINE (M)** The professional party-thrasher and columnist turns her vast supply of energy to radio. Limited appeal, but more stimulating than many daytime shows. **WV**

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. **V**

12:00 a.m. **GLAMOUR MANOR (A)** Cliff Arquette and his own cast of characters take up part of the week, an audience participation goes on the other two days. Pretty funny—sometimes. **V**

9:15 p.m. **MA PERKINS (C)** Another one of radio's self-sacrificing souls, who likes to help other people solve their problems. **V**

2:30 p.m. **WOMAN IN WHITE (M)** Soap opera with a hospital background; more entertaining than most. **WV**

4:00 p.m. **JACK BERCHE SHOW (A)** Fifteen minutes of popular tunes sung and whittled by the genial Berch. **V**

4:30 p.m. **TIME FOR WOMEN (A)** A bright young lady, Shelley Mydans presents the news with the woman's slant and interviews some pretty interesting people. **WV**

4:15 p.m. **STELLA DALLAS (N)** The hard-boiled gal with the heart of gold is the heroine of this afternoon serial. **V**

6:45 p.m. **LOWELL THOMAS (N)** The late news delivered in a smoothly professional style by this well-liked newscaster. **WV**

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. **WV**

8:00 p.m. **FOLLIES OF 1946 (N)** Singers Johnny Desmond, Margaret Whiting, humorist Herb Shriner. The "Follies" idea is represented by a chorus of 16 girl vocalists! **V**

8:30 p.m. **DATE WITH JUDY (N)** A light-hearted saga of teen age troubles taken very seriously by the adolescents. Younger listeners will like it. **V**

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. **WV**

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. **V**

8:30 p.m. **DARK VENTURE (A)** This is a series for the psychology student to get a work-out on. The dramatizations are full of suspense and now and then a murder. **WV**

9:00 p.m. **AMOS 'N' ANDY (N)** The lovable comedy team, funny as ever after all these years. **WV**

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

9:30 p.m. **FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY (N)** The escapades of the couple from 79 Wistful Vista make one of the most popular of all radio shows. **WV**

9:30 p.m. **DOCTORS TALK IT OVER (A)** Prominent physicians discuss today's medical problems. **V**

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. **WV**

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 vet appeal and the vocals. **WV**

10:30 p.m. **SIGMUND ROMBERG MUSIC (N)** The romantic music of the distinguished composer to match your summertime mood. **V**



The very first couple to be married on "Bride and Groom" chat with show's emcee, John Nelson

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. **WV**

11:30 a.m. **BARRY CAMERON (N)** Serial based on the emotional difficulties of a discharged soldier, a soap-operaic treatment of a problem that deserves more serious consideration. **V**

12:15 p.m. **MORTON DOWNEY (M)** Songs and ballads by the perennially popular Irish tenor. **WV**

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

2:30 p.m. **BRIDE AND GROOM (A)** It seems that people want to get married over the air now. That's what this one's all about. **V**

3:00 p.m. **YOU'RE IN THE ACT (C)** Veteran entertainer, Nils T. Granlund allows members of the studio audience to do anything they please before the mike in this Monday through Friday show. Pretty funny. **V**

3:30 p.m. **PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY (N)** Very entertaining afternoon show—the story of an average American family told without the usuality emotionalism of most daytime serials. **WV**

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. **V**

8:30 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. **WV**

8:00 p.m. **SUPPER CLUB (N)** Good fifteen-minute variety, starring Perry Como and Jo Stafford. Martin Block as M.C. **WV**

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 Nicki, Inspector Queen and Sergeant Vello, 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 (N)** Joseph Curtin and Alice Frost star as Jerry and Pam North who, no matter what they're doing, manage to stumble over a corpse and solve a mystery. Good. ♡

8:00 p.m. **JACK CARSON (C)** The ace 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 Willcox and seven-year-old Norma Nilsson. ♡

8:30 p.m. **FRESH-UP SHOW (M)** Second-rate variety show, with comedy by Bert Lahr, songs by Ruth Davis, music by Rust 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 Harsholt stars in this saga of a country doctor: good entertainment, if you don't take it too seriously. ♡

8:30 p.m. **HILDEGARDE (N)** The singing personality gal gets a fully loaded sometimes and is just too cute unless she sings her numbers straight. ♡

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 comedian has 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 tight squeezes week after week. Probably the top radio action thriller. ♡

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 show. But, after five years, the format seems a little stale and a change might be a good thing. ♡

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



"Sapsara" fans get a double treat with Lila Leptow and Agnes Moorehead, both on the show.

THURSDAY

9:30 a.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. ♡

11:45 a.m. **TED MALONE (A)** A short recital of human interest tales and incidental thoughts in Malone's soothing voice. ♡

5:45 p.m. **TOM MIX (M)** Stock cowboy characters and situations, slanted towards the afterschool 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. **PROFESSOR QUIZ (A)** The ubiquitous quiz show again by the man who's brave enough to claim to be radio's original quiz master! ♡

7:30 p.m. **BOB BURNS (N)** The Van Buren bazooka player in a new winter show, with vocalists Shirley Ross, Et-Dead End Kid Leo Corcoran heads the comedy cast. ♡

8:00 p.m. **BURNS AND ALLEN (N)** Admirers of zany comedy will rate screwball Grace and her married spouse George as tops; Meredith Wilson supplies the music. ♡

*8:00 p.m. **SUSPENSE (C)** Radio's psychological thrillers, one of the finest mystery shows on the air. With different movie stars as guest 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 discussion on subjects of note, with the studio audience pitching in afterwards to ask questions. ♡

9:00 p.m. **MUSIC HALL (N)** Eddy Duchin doing smooth piano numbers backed competently by John Scott Trotter's orchestra. ♡

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

9:30 p.m. **JACK HALEY (N)** Wisecracking Eve Arden is featured in the over-the-counter fun at the village store. Pretty funny. ♡

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

10:30 p.m. **RUDY VALLEE (N)** A rather uneven show with Rudy greeting guest in his off-hand way and Finky Lee handling the comedy end. Bandle Krueger and his orchestra. ♡

10:30 p.m. **POWDER BOX THEATER (C)** Popular songs by popular tenor, Danny O'Neil and Evelyn Knight. Also features Jim Ameche and Ray Block's Orchestra. ♡



Dynamic Danny Kaye "mugs" through his broad cast just as if the listener could see him.

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. ♡

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

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

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

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

6:40 p.m. **BILL STERN, SPORT NEWS (N)** Excellent sports dramatization based on thin sliver of facts. ♡

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 Lavalle and his orchestra in an excellent half hour of music; guest star. ▼▼

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. **THIS IS YOUR FBI (A)** More spy stories but these are based on actual facts from FBI files. Sometimes exciting. ▼

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. **HOLIDAY AND COMPANY (C)** An oldtime vaudeville family who never quite made star billing, take over a gas station and have a hilarious time. You will too. Stars Frances Heflin, Roy Mayer, and Edith Evans. ▼▼▼

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. ▼▼

9:30 p.m. **WALTZ TIME (N)** A nice dreamy session of tunes with deep-voiced Evelyn MacGregor singing. ▼▼▼

9:30 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. ▼▼▼

10:00 p.m. **MOLLE MYSTERY THEATER (N)** Geoffrey Barnes narrates another thriller series to chill your blood. ▼

10:00 p.m. **DANNIE KAYE (C)** The comic's scripts have improved immeasurably and so has his own mite technique. Goodman Ace appears on the show as well as writing it and Butterfly McQueen is a riot. ▼▼▼

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

11:30 p.m. **VIVA AMERICA (C)** A Latin American musical review that's very nicely done. ▼▼

SATURDAY

10:00 a.m. **EILEEN BARTON SHOW (N)** Directed to the teen-age group, this has Art Ford as emcee, Warda Danovan as the singer. Much screaming and yelling. ▼

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

11:00 a.m. **TEEN TIMERS CLUB (N)** Another show for the teen ages but this one may catch on and become a nation-wide organization. Johnny Desmond is the singer; a well-known person delivers tolerance message each week. The idea is a good one. ▼▼

11:05 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 astroverts. ▼

12:00 p.m. **THEATER OF TODAY (C)** The productions are certainly not good theater but it is a switch from soap operas. ▼

12:30 p.m. **SNOW VILLAGE SKETCHES (M)** Porter Fennelly and Arthur Allen provide homesy, rustic amusement in this old time setting. ▼▼

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. ▼▼



"E. Or C." contestant aimed the pie at her husband but hit emcee Ralph Edwards instead.

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

2:30 p.m. **COLUMBIA WORKSHOP (C)** A re-run of the very original dramatic productions that gave radio a new lift. New material, techniques and formats come out of this excellently produced series. ▼▼▼

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

4:00 p.m. **DOCTORS AT HOME (N)** Timely dramatizations of interesting new discoveries in medicine. ▼

5:45 p.m. **TIN PAN ALLEY OF THE AIR (N)** A lively variety show with singing and all kinds of carrying on. ▼

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

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

7:00 p.m. **OUR FOREIGN POLICY (N)** Outstanding statesmen and government officials discuss each week some current issue in America's world diplomacy. You'll have to be interested to enjoy this. ▼▼

8:00 p.m. **THE LIFE OF RILEY (N)** William Bendix in a fair-to-middling comedy series about life in Brooklyn. ▼

8:30 p.m. **FAMOUS JURY TRIALS (A)** Court room dramas that really happened are aired using fictitious names and places, of course. Pretty good cast and usually quite interesting. ▼▼

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

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

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

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

9:00 p.m. **YOUR HIT PARADE (C)** The nation's top ten tunes, well played by Mark Wornow and his band and sung by Joas 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 ORCHESTRA (A)** Fine music in a lighter vein than the winter series, geared to hot-weather listening. ▼▼▼

9:30 p.m. **CAN YOU TOP THIS? (N)** Peter Donald, 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 CANOYA (N)** Judy's comedy is too corny to please a lot of radio listeners, but she has vitality and keeps the show going by the force of her personality. ▼

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

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

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OF MIKES AND MEN

By
TERRY WALSH

DEAR Radio Listener: You are not quite through hearing songs which extoll the virtues of "Poor Little Rhode Island," "Beautiful Ohio," "Oklahoma," or any other state in the union. Oh no! In fact, says Meredith Willson, the composer, and maestro of Burns and Allen's program, "The accent will be on geography in the coming crop of song hits! The lads returning from service are rediscov'ring their home towns and states, and they'll want songs which express their emotions."

They're reviving all the old ones too, such as "Carolina Moon," and "In The Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia." It's a mighty slipshod band these days that hasn't learned "Missouri Waltz." In case Mr. Truman should happen in,

Willson is writing the "Dakota Polka." Will Osborne has done "When The Geese Come Back to Massachusetts." But it's going to take some talent to put New Hampshire and Connecticut into a song title. Willson's advice to young songwriters: "If you want to make a hit on Tin Pan Alley, go buy yourself an Atlas."

★ ★ ★

Erik Rolf, comedian on the "Beulah" show, frankly admits he's mimicking his friends when he clowns through his characterizations of Mr. Kutziuff and his down-east dialect. His Russian accent is so close an imitation of that of a film star pal's that he can fool the man's other friends with it on the telephone. The down-east accent is a dead-ringer for the voice of one of his New York radio acquaintances. And neither of these people realize they're being kidded. The life of an actor's friend just ain't safe.

★ ★ ★

Donald Dame, young tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, had one song to which he attributes all his luck. It's the "Stuttering Song" from "The Bartered Bride," and it calls for some grueling vocal gymnastics on the part of the singer. When he sang it at auditions he won scholarships

at two schools and later it won him a place at the Met. Once, singing it over WHK, Cleveland, it got him his first commercial sponsor. The client was a bank president who had been afflicted with a stammer in his youth but had managed to overcome his impediment.

★ ★ ★

James Melton had been trying for ages to get his mother-up from Florida to see him on his broadcast or in an opera. One day, she turned up unannounced at the broadcast when Sinatra was Jimmy's guest. "I just had to see that Frankie boy," she said.

★ ★ ★

During an ordinary year, our national anthem is played by every station an average of 730 times. Most radio stations sign on and off with it. On one network it is played whenever the President or a head of a foreign state speaks. There's always a slight flurry over protocol when both the President and the head of a foreign state are on the air. But the rule is that the foreign anthem comes first, then ours. "God Save the King" is usually only played when the King of England is present but during the war they made exceptions and played it when Winston Churchill spoke. All of which brings us to the conclusion that these anthems aren't to be tossed off lightly. You have to stick to the rules!

★ ★ ★

Duke Ellington has a habit of ordering food for himself while working and being too busy to eat it when it arrives. Knowing that musicians are always hungry, he takes care to hide it until he can find time to eat. It wasn't too startling for his second trumpeter to find a ham sandwich complete with mustard in his hat (mute) one night while playing an engagement. But the next night the absent-minded Duke left a quart of ice cream on top of the piano before the show. When he sat down to play "Softly," it was really melting melody that poured from the keyboard. The ice cream was idly dripping down into the strings of the piano.



NEITHER AUDIENCE NOR ARTISTS KNOW THE LOCATION OF MICROPHONES—CAN YOU GUESS WHERE THEY ARE IN THIS "LOHENGRIN" SCENE?

MIKE GOES TO THE OPERA

TWELVE MILLION FANS FIND MET BROADCASTS FREE OF SPONSOR'S WHIMS

RADIO programs have a tendency to mellow with age, but one of the rare exceptions can be found in a Saturday afternoon broadcast whose listeners have swelled from a few crystal-set fans to an impressive audience of more than twelve millions and whose cultural value has not suffered by the whims of any sponsor. This is one of the rare occasions where a program originating indoors, is not planned for broadcast but merely uses the magic of radio to bring to its many listeners the kind of entertainment they would otherwise be unable to enjoy.

In homes all over the nation, with the

By **FRED HIFT**

dishes cleared from the table and the family comfortably settled, music lovers relax and prepare themselves for several hours of top musical revelry when they hear the familiar greeting:

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. This is Milton Cross, inviting you once again to hear the broadcast of a complete opera as performed on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City."

Few of the many faithful admirers of these Saturday afternoon matinee broad-

casts ever give a thought to the difficult and technically involved task faced by the men whose job it is to put on the air the most nearly perfect reproduction of the artistic blend of orchestral music and voices that gives the Metropolitan Opera performances the quality of first rank musical events.

The man in charge of the music-end of the American Broadcasting Company's opera transmissions is William Marshall, an old timer in radio, whose experience and background qualified him for this responsible job when the Texaco Company began sponsoring the broad-



SENSITIVE, LONG-RANGE MICROPHONES ENABLE THE LISTENER TO FEEL THAT HE'S RIGHT UP FRONT AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

casts five years ago. He laughs when he talks about the 'old days' of broadcasting. "We only had one microphone then," he says, "and often we didn't even see the stage from where we were broadcasting. It was pretty much touch and go, but we worked hard on it all the same. In those days we broadcast only one act of an opera. I guess we thought that's all people could take."

Opera broadcasting has come a long way since then. Today, with most of the ABC stations joining the network for the Saturday matinees, the length of the opera and the intermission features are worked out in such detail that there seldom is more than one or two minutes delay. ABC broadcasts the full opera even if it should last for three, four or, as in the case of the *Meistersinger*, six hours. In any event, however, the opera must come to an end by six o'clock to permit the shifting of the scenery for the evening performance. Sometimes there are unforeseen delays, but these usually are made up for by some frantic, last-minute cutting of the intermission feature scripts.

Production men will not so soon forget the seemingly endless minutes before the overture of one performance last year. Milton Cross had finished his introduction of the singers and the plot and the house had hushed expectantly,

but the conductor, Vincent Peletier, did not appear. Minutes passed and Mr. Cross, script tossed aside, had desperately launched into an anecdote about one of the performing artists while Mr. Marshall was frantically phoning backstage to find out the reason for the delay. He found that the music for one of the orchestra members had been mislaid and that Mr. Peletier flatly refused to go on without the musician.

In another instance Mr. Cross' talent for extemporaneous comment helped save the day when Lauritz Melchior, the star of a *Tristan and Isolde* performance, decided to take a shower between the second and third act and was unable to make the stage in time.

The nerve center of all opera broadcasts is in a little box in the back of the Met's famed Diamond Horseshoe. Shut off from the stage and the house, both of which can, nevertheless, be observed through a window, the box has been made into a combination control-room, announcers studio and director's booth. In its back is a huge loudspeaker which, during a broadcast is turned up to full volume to enable the engineer to hear the performance on the air and to make the necessary adjustments. On the side is a complicated control board and several telephones which connect this miniature studio with the network's

master-control and other parts of the house. Facing the stage, perched on a high chair, sits the chief engineers whose expert hands manipulate the dials on the control board, also known as the mixer panel. Next to him is Mr. Marshall who follows the broadcast with a score and gives the necessary cues. Milton Cross, the Voice of the Met, makes his announcements from a small, separate room next door where he too has a full view of the stage and the house.

Many days before the actual broadcast, Mr. Marshall and his staff get busy on the thousand and one details which have to be checked to insure accuracy and to prevent any last minute mishaps. The two lines to the studio as well as microphones and instruments have to be tested for balance and sound and late changes in stage-routines have to be discussed with the stage manager. Once the opera is put on the air, Mr. Marshall and his engineers know exactly the positions the different singers will take on the stage during the performance and they are familiar with the place and the direction from which entrances will be made onto the stage.

Many of those who have heard the opera broadcasts and then have gone to the Met, have wondered just where the microphones are hidden because neither with the naked eye nor with the aid of

glasses were they able to discover their location. The fact is that not even the singers know where their voices are being picked up and as for the American Broadcasting people—they won't give away the secret. All they are willing to admit is that there are seven microphones on the stage. Two of them can be readily seen dangling over the orchestra pit, but the rest are well concealed. The reason for all this secrecy can be found in the simple fact that any singer, knowing the location of a mike on the stage, will invariably make an effort to get near it or at least to sing in its direction. As these microphones are of a special type, designed for sensitive, long-range pick-up, the strong vibrations of a close singing voice cause shrill and distorted reception.

Those are not the only headaches the opera broadcasters have to put up with. Their list of troubles range over a wide field, starting with a number of unscheduled sound effects emanating from the stage as the action unfolds. A sword

banged to the ground in anger sounds on the air like the piercing report of a pistol shot. Shrill, high women's laughter causes the engineer to double up with oral pain before his control panel and the tinny, clanging noises of the beer-makers in Faust play havoc with the sound balance. Squeaky shoes have been known to almost ruin broadcasts. Many an offstage whisper in the wings has gone on the air and the excited voice of the prompter in his little box right in front of the stage has turned many of Mr. Marshall's hairs prematurely grey with worry.

Thanks to the superb acoustics of the Met, which eliminates any dead spots in the house, there is little to fear from echoes bouncing from the walls of the house and from the scenery to again return to the microphones in the form of disturbing sounds. Yet other technical problems keep coming up. There is the entrance of Lohengrin, for instance. He starts singing offstage and the micro-

phones on the stage give the desired impression of a song sung in the distance. Trouble arises when Lohengrin, riding his swan, makes his majestic entry into the scene with his back to the audience and, on the air, therefore still sounds offstage. Mr. Marshall solved that one by putting in a microphone backstage just for the occasion.

One of the most difficult problems facing the opera broadcasters since the earliest days of this type of radio broadcast, always has been to focus the stage action so as to achieve the clarity that ordinarily could be obtained in a studio broadcast. Modern engineering methods and improved microphone locations finally overcame this sore spot. Today the engineer, sitting before his control-board in view of the stage, follows the proceedings somewhat in the manner of a television camera in picking up the action on the particular segment of the stage on which it takes place. This is done by switching from microphone to microphone and judging by the enthusi-



IN "PRIZE SONG" FROM "DIE MEISTERSINGER" ENGINEER MAY SWITCH MIKES A DOZEN TIMES FOLLOWING ACTION FROM SOLOIST TO CHORUS



LAURITZ MELCHIOR, WAGNERIAN TENOR, IS A FAVORITE OF RADIO FANS IN "SIEGFRIED" ROLE



METROPOLITAN ARTISTS SINGER, JOBIN AND PINZA STAND BY TO GO ON AIR IN "FAUST"

astic comments received from listeners, reception and reproduction of the opera broadcasts has hit a new high in quality.

Nevertheless it is impossible to eliminate the human element. As Mr. Marshall says: "When a singer is good, he'll sound good on the air, because our microphones don't flatter and they don't exaggerate. If he is bad . . ." Mr. Marshall doesn't go on from there.

Every year floods of letters from well-meaning listeners pour into the American Broadcasting Company's office, complaining about the balance between voices and orchestra on the air. Wagner fans want the orchestra to come out and to predominate the broadcast. Others think the voices should be brought out more and they usually complain that the Met broadcasts are drowning out the singers. To hit on a balance which would equally please both of these factions would be next to the impossible, so ABC engineers just rely on their own good taste and their sensitive instruments to find the golden middle-way.

The interest of the listening audience not only extends to the quality of the broadcasts but also to the kind of operas that are put on the air. Taking note of the increasing demand for certain works, the Metropolitan has decided that, for the first time in its history, the public shall have a word in the choice of the operas it is to hear during the next season. Ballots now are being sent out, giving interested listeners a chance to indicate their preferences. Three of the most popular operas thus chosen will be broadcast during the 1946-47 series of Saturday afternoon performances.

The entrance of television into the general broadcasting field is expected to not only give opera a fuller meaning to the twelve millions who now listen to the Saturday afternoon broadcasts, but to also awaken an interest in opera among millions who have never seen a performance nor listened to operatic broadcasts. Television, by bringing the Metropolitan Opera into the home, is counted on to do much to popularize opera in America to heights it has enjoyed in European countries.

As television enters the picture, the enjoyment of opera probably will be shared by many millions more Americans who now think of it as high-brow and uninteresting. Until that time comes, the thanks of the country's musical majority go to the men whose efforts have resulted in bringing the understanding and pleasure of operatic music into the homes of the many millions who otherwise would be deprived of sharing in the thrill of Met performances.

EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN

DRYER PROGRAM MAKES SCIENCE SCINTILLATE

INTERPLANETARY travel, cancer, alcohol—as a force of good and evil, hypnotism, polar exploration—none of these subjects is too far-fetched or too ticklish for the exciting science program "Exploring The Unknown." Sherman Dryer, director-producer of the unusual Mutual series, declares, "Educational radio programs need not necessarily be dull programs." He certainly proves his point as he brings scientific subjects to the microphone and uses radio's finest actors to dramatize them.

Twice winner of the Peabody Award (for his "Chicago Roundtable" and "The Human Adventure" productions), the 32-year-old director had extensive background in the techniques of radio drama and educational methods. He figured that the average radio listener needed and wanted a science program but saw no reason why such programs should be dull, academic and stuffy, as they almost inevitably were. He conceived of a show that would give the meaning of scientific research to the man in the street—for after all, to whom is it of more significance than to Mr. and Mrs. America?

"People are naturally curious," says Dryer, "and easing their curiosity about various subjects offers a great opportunity to entertain them." And providing good, up-to-the-minute entertainment is just what Mr. Dryer has succeeded in doing. The format is anything but static. It may be planned in documentary form, as a musical program, in gag-type comedy, even as a fantasy. All these means and others are used to keep the show stimulating and palatable, even though Dryer is dealing with extremely technical material.

To give an instance of his individual style, Dryer uses music as he would use an additional actor instead of just to provide a background. When he was directing the saga of the unending fight against cancer, he found that the explanation of how the disease developed was difficult to convey to listeners in one try. He solved that problem by having

the music director point up the scene. "Music comes in, fugue-like, suggesting the disease spreading through the body," was Dryer's instruction written on the script. So well did the effect succeed that the American Cancer Society requested transcriptions of the show for use in field service.

Hollywood sears like to play Einstein too! Judging from the enthusiasm they show in accepting invitations to appear as guests, they love it. Orson Welles was the first to seize the opportunity, and he did a fine job appearing both as father and son (with typical Wellesian ingenuity) on a show called, "The Barile Never Ends," a drama of man's fight against insect plagues. Walter Huston was featured in "A Drink Of Water," Boris Karloff, on a holiday from the horrors, became the "Baffled Genie."

One of the most fascinating presentations of all was called simply "Hypnotism." Presenting a typical case history, the drama began in the psychiatric ward of a large New York hospital, where a young man was suffering from amnesia. The scene flashed back to the early discoverers of the therapeutic value of hypnotism from the 18th century Mesmer, who first conceived the medium and was publicly tried for fraud, to the great modern psychiatrist, Freud, who proved its value in mental cases. Dryer, himself, has views on the power of hypnotism.

"Swooners owe their success to hypnotism," he thinks. He says that the style of singing employed by Sinatra with its slow beat and whispered phrases is almost identical with the methods of professional hypnotists. "The strange symptoms we see in bobby-soxers can also be observed in hypnotized patients," he insists.

As a matter of fact, actor Luis Van Rooten, who played the role of the psychiatrist on that particular sketch, received a most unusual request after his performance. A woman listener called him on the telephone and asked if he would tell her how to break a hypnotic spell. It seemed that her husband had fallen into what looked like a state of trance as he listened to Van Rooten hypnotising the amnesia victim.

The paradox of alcohol, sometimes



DIRECTOR DRYER PASSES OUT POINTERS TO AN ACTOR DURING THE SCRIPT REHEARSAL



THE YOUTHFUL DIRECTOR, WEARING EYE SHADE, SIGNALS "ON THE AIR" TO THE CAST

man's curse but certainly also one of his blessings, formed the basis for one dramatization. One section of the show depicted alcohol as the miracle solvent, without which synthetic rubber and other industrial materials could not be produced. The second part dealt with alcohol from a social viewpoint, portraying the marital crackups, sorrows and heartbreaks that drunkenness can bring to a home. There was nothing dry about that presentation!

Dryer's first venture into the field of drama was during his senior year at high school. As business manager of the class play, he was determined to overlook no possibilities in promoting it. He felt that he needed more publicity than billboards, posters, and ads; so he asked for time on a local radio station. He got thirty minutes of it! To fill it up, he did a pocket version of the class play which was "Monsieur Beaucaire." Both the play and the radio show were a great success. That encouraged him to work his way through college by producing radio shows. Dramatizing news shows at the college really gave him a start and determined his natural bent for vitalizing plain facts.

In addition to writings designed for airing, Dryer has contributed factual



WALTER HUSTON LOOKS ON AS MARILYN EBSKINE, SID CASSEL AND ARNOLD ROBERTSON DRAMATICALLY EXPLORE THE UNKNOWN



IT ISN'T MARS THIS TIME, KIDDIES, BUT YOU CAN BE SURE ORSON WELLES' GUEST APPEARANCE IS PACKED WITH MIRE DYNAMICS

articles on the subject of radio itself to Collier's Magazine and the Journal of Educational Sociology. His first book, "Radio In Wartime," was published in 1943. A native of Minneapolis, Dryer comes from a family of showmen. Although he has won his laurels in the newest field of showmanship, he credits his success largely to his father who was a pioneer in the movie business. Dryer is married and has a daughter, two-year-old Gail. If young Gail is inspired at an early age like her Pop, you can expect almost anything.

Sherman Dryer looks like an extremely serious man. He is that, but he knows how to make serious subjects entertaining. He is particularly adept at making news important before it has actually become news. In doing this, he has become known as the "Nostradamus Of The Air." "The Lie Detector," "Cancer—Cause For Hope," and "The Flying Blowtorch," were recent subjects in which predictions made by Dryer became actualities just as the shows hit the air. He has an amazing faculty of hitting the news right on the head and capitalizes on it. The dark-visaged, owl-eyed producer is at times, as uncanny himself as some of the amazing discoveries he brings to his eager audience.



MUSIC, WHICH PLAYS BIG ROLE ON SHOW, IS CHECKED WITH CONDUCTOR DON BRYAN

WHAT I THINK ABOUT

Women

By
TOM BRENEMAN



TOM'S NOT HAVING ANY OF HEDDA HOPPER'S FISH-BOWL HAT—NOT EVEN FOR AN ORCHID

THIS is the moment I've been waiting for. For five years now, women have been telling me what they think of me on my "Breakfast in Hollywood" program. Now I'm going to let down my hair — what's left of it — and tell what I think of *them*.

And I should know what I'm talking about, too. Because I've gabbed with nearly one million women over the coffee and corn flakes since my program started. If there are any feminine failings I haven't encountered in that time I don't know what they are.

One of the worst things about women is that they talk too much. Any husband can tell you that it's practically impossible to get in a word edge-ways with one woman over the breakfast table. So think of me — one lone man — trying to outtalk 400 women at breakfast five days a week! If I so much as pause for breath, while interviewing one of my lady guests, they usually yell hello to their Aunt Bessie in Duluth. Also, it's practically impossible to get in the last word with a woman, no matter how old she is. Once, when I was awarding an orchid to an 80 year old guest, I asked:

"Do you remember what your husband said when he proposed?" Without a blink, she replied, "That's my own affair, young man."

"Oh, I'm sorry," I apologized, "I shouldn't have asked that. I make it a point never to get personal on this program."

"I know different," snapped the little old lady. "I listen to you all the time — and you're pretty nosy."

Another thing about women is that they're unpredictable. I've asked the ladies a lot of things on the air, but you should hear some of the things that women ask me off the air. Women in every corner of the country seem to think nothing of writing to ask me to stop in Hollywood for something they can't find in their home town. One woman asked me to see if I could find some moustache wax for her son in the service. Another young lady wrote to me that she was coming to Hollywood to crash the movies and asked that I meet her at the bus station. A woman in Falmouth, Mass., wrote, "I consider myself quite psychic and desire to tell fortunes. It is necessary to have an already hypnotized crystal ball . . . mine has been broken. Knowing your wide contacts . . . perhaps you can find one."

What amazes me most is the trouble that the ladies go to just to get on the air and talk. Some time ago a guest men-

tioned on the air that she had left her several young children home, to come down and take part in the program.

"You don't mean you left them home alone," I asked.

"Oh, my no," she protested into the microphone, "I left them in very good hands." She paused, then concluded with genuine seriousness:

"My husband's ex-wife came over to take care of them."

And their *hats!* You can turn a deaf ear to the "last word" . . . you can fight fire with fire by keeping *them* waiting forty minutes at a time . . . but the hats!

I can truthfully say that I never had a nightmare until I started trying on women's hats for fun. In the five years "Breakfast in Hollywood" has been on the air, I have been chased through my dreams by some of the most fearful and fantastic head-going monsters that the most warped millinery mind could possibly conjure . . . hats with feather dusters . . . hats with shoes and alarm clocks in strange juxtaposition . . . hats that started life as foodstuffs, lampshades, auto parts, livestock, a Crisco can . . . hats a half-inch in diameter . . . hats two feet in diameter . . . hats spouting miniature microphones, radio towers, flower pots, a tiny replica of a complete farm with chickens, pigs, ducks and geese browsing on its brim.

The most baffling aspect of the hat plague though — at least it never ceases to amaze *me* — is the complete poise, the calm imperturbable grace with which a woman can wear these fiendish creations. The crazier the headgear, the more self-assured milady appears.

My candidate for the hat-to-end-all-hats is the monstrosity Hedda Hopper and John-Frederics dreamed up for the movie version of "Breakfast in Hollywood" . . . When Hedda floated into view that first day on the set, my brain refused to believe the frantic message my bulging eyes telegraphed. Goldfish — that's what they were! Goldfish bobbing and flicking their burnished tails in a large round fish bowl which gleamed from surrounding billows of sea-blue froth on a wide brim.

But I don't want to talk about that hat anymore, please. It still gives me goose bumps. And it is certainly the blood-curdling climax of a long line of millinery crimes perpetrated against old Tom Breneman by women since "Breakfast in Hollywood" began.

But don't get me wrong. I love women. Without women, there'd be no "Breakfast in Hollywood" . . . and no Tom Breneman, to speak of.



AN AUTHORITY ON THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE, HE'S INTERVIEWED OVER A MILLION



THEY LEAVE THEIR CHILDREN TO CRY, THEIR TOAST TO BURN, FOR FLOWERS FROM BRENEMAN

CASS DALEY

RADIO'S NEW COMICAL UGLY DUCKLING PRODUCES ONLY GOLDEN EGGS

FLO ZIEGFELD, the famous purveyor of beautiful women for the stage and creator of the extravagant "Ziegfeld Follies," once privately admitted that "a beautiful woman is perhaps the only background for a musical show, but the primary job is still entertainment — for that I want an entertainer." That he meant what he said is evidenced by the fact that he hired many ugly ducklings such as Fanny Brice and Eddle Cantor to spark his extravaganzas.

Today a new comedienne named Cass Daley is further proving that Ziegfeld was right. Daffy Daley is officially considered radio's top comedienne and, as a result, her tasteful bellows over the ether and in the movies are making her richer by \$2,000 every week.

Big-boned and fleshless Daley is making radio producers happy, and movie producers happy too, because radio and screen executives know that beautiful looks are not the essential ingredient of good entertainment. In fact, producers in both fields hope that Cass Daley will be an inspiration to others unblest with beautiful looks.

Born 30 years ago in Philadelphia, Miss Daley was solemnly named Katherine. Mrs. Daley, a former trouper, had high hopes for a stage career for her daughter, but when Cass started de-

veloping buck teeth and stringy black hair, she despaired.

The Daleys were poor people, so in her early teens, Cass decided to help out by taking a job in a hosiery factory at \$8 a week. Miss Daley says she "twitched and stitched" and during the lunch hour entertained her fellow employees with her impressions of various factory representatives. While she was mimicking a bow-legged member of the staff, he walked in and promptly fired her.

The energetic Daley found an outlet for her talent for mimicry and song in amateur shows where she nursed her hefty voice into full bloom. As a result, the big-browed flower of the stage got a job working in a Philadelphia night club where, for \$85 a week, she checked hats, sold cigars and cigarettes, worked the spotlights, swept the floor and sang. The urge to cut up got the best of her and comedy sneaked into her act. This took more of her time than selling cigarettes, so the manager hired her.

Loss of the job turned out to be a pivot in her career, because she quickly got a spot in a little night club in Tuckahoe, New York. There she met a keen-eyed insurance broker named Frank Kinsella, who recognized Cass as a great comedienne.

Comedy had cost Cass two jobs, so she was busy trying to be pretty and demure. When she sang she tried to hide her unhappy teeth by pressing her upper lip down over them. Kinsella kept coming to hear her and tried to convince her that the unrestrained romplings of her childhood would produce a better show. He used drastic measures to break her shyness, breaking plates during her act to startle her. He urged her to accentuate rather than hide her odd features. And because Cass was sensitive about a scar on her leg, he made her strut up and down a beach in a scanty bathing suit. In fact, he kept both himself and Miss Daley so busy that he quit his insurance business, became her manager, and later married her.

With her husband at the helm, Cass broke into big-time. She toured with Ozzie Nelson's band, wowing audiences wherever she went. A big break came in the "Ziegfeld Follies of 1936" when she teamed up with Bobby Clark and did a thriving business in curtain calls. She was next featured in roles in "Naughty Marietta" and "Rio Rita." These shows were followed by appearances with name bands such as Glenn Miller, Glen Gray, Jimmy Dorsey, Sammy Kaye and others.

In 1938 the kid from Philadelphia



WHAT'S THAT CRACK ABOUT MY PUSS?



SEE—CASSANDRA CAN BE BEAUTIFUL



AW, SHUCKS. THE REAL DALEY OZZES OUT

played the music halls of England. Her first performance was rewarded with stony silence. Realizing that her American humor didn't appeal to the Britons, Cass changed her act and got some lusty chuckles from normally reticent English audiences. The English liked the galloping American girl and the London *Evening Standard* enthused over her.

On returning to the States, Cass got a small but funny part in Paramount's "The Fleet's In." A bigger part in "Star Spangled Rhythm" set audiences back on their heels and made them cry for "more Daley." This led to appearances on NBC's "Kraft Music Hall" and radio listeners asked for more too. The Fitch Company signed Cass as a summer replacement for their "Bandwagon Show" and now the latest dope has it that Fitch is going to play up Cass and play down the guest orchestras. Coming up for her is a featured part in a new "Maxwell House Coffee Time" show starring Frank Morgan. It premieres over NBC next August.

Cass' hobby or pet project at the present is to start a mutual-aid society for those who haven't learned to turn their handicaps into assets.

The gal who earns a tidy screen and radio salary off the buck teeth that fifteen years ago made life not worth the living, said she has been convinced of the need for a "Handicappers' Club" by the thousands of letters she has received from handicapped fans.

"Every time there's a fan magazine article about my teeth I get literally hundreds of letters from people who are handicapped and want my advice," she explained. "Honestly, some of them are so pathetic they make you cry, but I don't know what to tell them to do.

"I thought that if they all got together and wrote to each other each one would realize that some people are a lot worse off than he is."

A shy sort of Individual among friends, Cass makes the most of these attributes when she comes out on the stage in a flowing gown. A coy look at the audience—sneaked over the top of a feathery fan—a polite curtsy, and bashful Cass suddenly explodes. She chases the announcer, walks on her heels, bends unconventionally at the waist, makes with a toothy grin and straddles the mike. All of this is unseen by radio audiences, but with television fidgeting around the corner, the buck-toothed mayhem expert from Philly should knock herself to new pinnacles of success.



RADIO LISTENERS MISS HER ROBUST ANTICS—TELEVISION WILL REMEDY THAT SOME DAY

Hear them first on CBS

For 18 years it has been CBS' steady and rewarding job to search out hidden talents, nourish and develop them, and bring them to your loud-speaker. Across these pages are spread a round dozen of Columbia's foremost discoveries, representing a cross-section of the arts—singing, conducting, composing, acting, writing, and newscasting. Some are well into their second decade of stardom. Others were born only yesterday. But for all of them we're proud to say, "We opened the door."

This is CBS... The Columbia
Broadcasting System 



TED HUSING Since his first CBS broadcast of the 1924 Penn. Iceless Husing has ranged the entire field of sports, including the Kentucky Derby, which he has described for the past 13 years. You can hear him anytime there is anything really big coming up.



ANDRE KOSTELANETZ First heard on CBS with the *Ballad Hour* in 1929, the gifted conductor rapidly evolved the brilliant musical style which has become his hallmark. The *Muscle of Andre Kostelanetz* comes to your loudspeaker every Thursday at 9 p.m. EST.



FRANK SINATRA "The Voice" first rode the airwaves in 1935 on *Major Bowen's Amateurs*, began appearing regularly on *Columbia* in 1942. Upwards of 9,000,000 loyal followers listen to him every Wednesday night at 9, EST, on *The Frank Sinatra Show*.



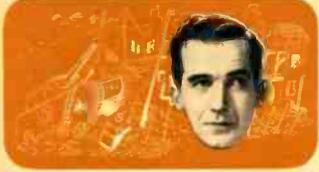
NORMAN CORWIN Nation's foremost dramatist, Corwin joined CBS in 1938 and soon launched the first of a series of prize-winning programs. America's radio editors recently singled out his *On a Note of Triumph* as the "outstanding broadcast of the year."



MARK WARKOW The distinguished conductor joined the network staff in 1929, soon directed the *Maquisade* program. He was among the first to introduce jazz concerts to radio. His orchestra presents *Your Hit Parade* every Saturday night at 9, EST.



KATE SMITH Beginning with her mighty *When the Moon Goes over the Mountains* in 1931, Kate has become an American institution—as singer, cosmopolitan, humanitarian. She speaks *Mus Day* through Friday at noon, sings Friday at 8:30 p.m. EST.



EDWARD R. MURROW Now CBS Vice President and Director of Public Affairs, Murrow came to the network in 1935, gained wartime recognition for his calm, objective news reporting. Currently he is affixing the news each Sunday at 1:45 p.m. EST.



EILEEN FARRELL After a routine audition in 1941, Eileen Farrell was engaged for *Songs of the Centuries*. She has appeared regularly on the network and with many distinguished orchestras. To hear her, tune in *Eileen Farrell*, Monday at 11:30 p.m. EST.



AGNES MOOREHEAD Originally on CBS in 1929, the noted radio, stage, and screen actress has played important roles in a score or more of Columbia dramatic programs. She appears regularly as *Marilyn in Mayor of the Town*, Saturdays at 8:30 p.m. EST.



BERNARD HERRMANN The widely-acclaimed young composer came to CBS in 1934, has written and conducted continually for network dramatic and musical programs. Three of his works have been performed by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony.



WILLIAM L. SHIRER Began as CBS Berlin correspondent in 1937. His accounts of the early war years were recorded in the best-seller, *Berlin Diary*, in 1941. He's currently airing his analyses of the world's peacetime problems on Sundays at 5:45 p.m. EST.



DANNY O'NEIL Auditioned in 1943 at the CBS-WBBM studios in Chicago, within the week young Danny's romantic tenor voice was decorating four commercial programs. Now you can enjoy *Danny O'Neil and His Quartet*, Tuesday nights at 11:30 EST.

SE'S A BIG BOY NOW!



TODAY'S SPECIAL EVENTS CREWS MAY WORK WEEKS SETTING UP FOR REMOTE PICK-UP BROADCAST OF ONLY THIRTY MINUTES AIR TIME



SE ENABLED BRITISH KIDDIES TO SHOUT "HELLO, MUMS!" ACROSS ATLANTIC DURING BLITZ

SPPECIAL EVENTS broadcasting has grown up and members of the special events fraternity have graduated from the novelty class. Today you are not likely to find an announcer, his hat brim slapped back in the wind, breathlessly broadcasting from a zooming aquaplane. Nor are you likely to hear broadcasts from underwater diving bells, lions' dens or flying trapeze, merely for the stunt.

To be special eventsworthy today, a happening must be of such importance to the listener that he feels he just can't wait to read about it in the next edition of his newspaper, but that he must sit in on the history-making event at least through the medium of radio.

The time is past when a SE broadcast meant a glib announcer ad libbing into a hand mike. The SE crew of today is a highly coordinated team of writers, directors, announcers and engineers. Under ideal operations, they line up and

write their show as far in advance as possible. Often as not, the production is rehearsed. Always, however, there is the sudden, unexpected event that sends an SE crew scurrying to a new scene where it writes and produces the show on the spot. At times like these, when a big event breaks, the SE section snaps into action in an atmosphere resembling a big city newspaper's newsroom, with jangling phones, hustling copyboys and harried editors.

On Father's Day of 1941 into CBS station WTOP in Washington, D. C., marched a joyful group of scrubbed-clean moppets. The cause of their happy giggles and constant chatter was the fact that they were going to get a chance to talk to their naval officer daddies who had been in England and away from home for "Oh, so long!"

Kneeling on a chair, his elbows on a table, a blond youth cried, "Daddy, when are you coming home? Sister is beating me!" Sister, obviously embarrassed, later refuted her brother's claims to her father and more than 7,000,000 radio listeners with a stiff, "Eddie's nuts! I only hit him twice for taking my candy!"

At the close of the broadcast the kids marched gleefully home, their faces sunny with smiles but somewhat bewildered by the attitude of hard-bitten CBS emcee Eric Severid and other members of the studio personnel who witnessed the broadcast. Tears in the eyes of grown-ups were difficult for the kids to understand. They had just talked

to their daddies and they were feeling dandy. But to the staff of WTOP and CBS's chief of special events, William Slocum, Jr., the broadcast had been a vivid portrayal of a war-to-come.

An unofficial poll taken among gatherings of members of the radio world reveals that William Slocum, Jr., son of an old-time sports writer, is top man in the field for SE productions that feature good sense along with color and daring.

Slocum, gray-haired at 33 and a six-footer, is a genial man who "completely disarms" those who come to the mike for an interview with him. The chief of special events for CBS is described by a friend as "the stranger you'd be most likely to stop on the street to ask for a match." This extreme affability probably has a lot to do with Slocum's success at the mike.

Bill Slocum is glad to air the problems of SE crews and thinks the public should get an inside look. For example, politicians are a knotty problem for even the best in the business. They have a habit of running over-time and ad-libbing extra comments into their "well-prepared" scripts. During the Republican nomination of 1940, immediately after Willkie had been put up, bedlam broke loose and Slocum and commentator John Daly were slammed into a corner by over-zealous politicians eager to shout criticism of Willkie into the mike. "I shoved one of these mike lice rather rudely, but I kept the stuff from getting on the air," Slocum observes ruefully.

Along with other emcees who have put effervescent Fiorello LaGuardia on the air, Slocum feels that New York's former mayor was pretty naughty about sneaking in too many ad libs. However, "when the little guy started studying for commercial radio he improved to where he is now almost perfect."

What with good and bad personalities going on the air it has been necessary to develop various and sundry suave techniques in handling the bad boys. In preparing a broadcast Slocum tries to pick out the long-winded and tricky gent and put him on at the end. It is easy to cut a man off at the end of a program aid do it gracefully. Another technique used by Slocum and his men is to switch back and forth, from one announcer to the other at different points, and cut off speakers at will. The usual signal for such a cut is the straightening of the tie. Says Slocum: "The poor guys never know they've been cut off until the next day when someone tells 'em."

Unbelievable as it may seem, in six years of broadcasting Slocum claims that he hasn't ad libbed more than 15 words. "And," says Slocum, "if I've ad libbed that much I've still ad libbed eight more words than most announcers." The only exception to this statement, Bill points out, is the San Francisco blackout when he ad libbed the entire program.

So you can see, SE programs are not spontaneous affairs that are cultured and grown on the spot as you listen to them. The script is written as much before the scheduled broadcast as time will allow.



CBS' SLOCUM AND TROUT DESCRIBE 1944 POLITICAL CONVENTIONS



BILL SLOCUM, CBS' SE HEAD, RELATES AN EARLY GLIDER THRILL

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And, as you might expect, many SE broadcasts are faked simply because there is no other way to do them. One of Slocum's Great Yearnings is to produce the authentic sound effect of a glider being cut away from the mother ship while in the air. "The sound of the fading throb of aircraft engines and incoming whistle of air slipping around the glider is something I want radio listeners to hear," Slocum beams.

Several attempts to produce the "fade" and "whistle," however, have almost killed the SE chief. At Scout Field, Indiana, Slocum found himself airborne with all his equipment in a glider that hadn't been flown for a year. Inactivity had frozen the controls and in order to balance the ship the entire crew was ordered into the nose. Slocum managed to sputter out part of his broadcast with his heart bouncing somewhere around his ears, but the ship had safely landed and come to rest while he was still describing the landing over the mike. Much to his consternation, a ground crew member flung open the door of the ship and burst forth with an impromptu greeting that Slocum slyly admits almost spoiled a good show.

In order to put anxious relatives at ease CBS wanted to give a word-view of

how the wounded were handled during the war by the Troop Carrier Command. Naturally, it was impossible to ask Troop Carrier to schedule a flight of wounded men to suit a broadcasting company and of dire necessity the flight was faked. Slocum went up in a plane and described the activity as it actually happened, but actual contact with the control tower was impossible because it would interfere with plane traffic. The next best bet was to rig up a fake control tower that could converse with the plane. This fake tower was located—of all places—in an enlisted men's latrine.

SE men are of the opinion that one of the easiest broadcasts is that of the launching of a battleship. Such launchings almost always go off exactly on time and the reason for the phenomenon has always fascinated Slocum. "It seems that if the Navy wants to launch a ship at ten in the morning, the shipbuilders will start knocking the props out from under it at midnight the night before. The last prop is so timed that it is battered away at the precise time of launching. I have always wanted to meet the genius who figures this prop-knocking program out," Slocum says with admiration. "I will thank him from

the bottom of my heart for keeping my programs on schedule."

In contrast, the hardest thing to broadcast is a common everyday garden variety of parade. This event keeps the SE men hopping all over the city and demands the use of numerous pick-up points because, you see, short wave walkie-talkies don't work so well when surrounded by steel buildings and the job must be done direct from pre-designated points.

In the radio world it is common knowledge that the personality of the producer has a direct bearing on the calibre of the show produced. That William Slocum, Jr., influences his productions is putting it mildly. Slocum is as devoid of inhibitions as any man dare be. He is tactful, but admits that he's "not bothered by modesty, but I could never be considered the dean of special events men." Friends consider Slocum, above all, extremely honest with himself. He sees things as they are, and without fanfare or false embellishments.

However, no matter who directs SE programs they are as much a part of radio as commercials. They are the on-the-spot news source of millions of listeners who are eager to hear important happenings as they happen.



MOBILE UNITS ARE IDEAL FOR AIRING PARADES, OUTDOOR EVENTS



SE CREW BRAVES WEATHER TO COVER WINTER SPORTS IN COLORADO



FREE SPENDER MRS. VOX POP CONSIDERS A DEPARTMENT STORE AIRPLANE. NOTHING IS TOO GOOD FOR VOX POP CONTESTANTS

Mrs.

VOX POP

By BETTY REEF

BEHIND scenes on the Vox Pop show, Louise Johnson has a job many a woman might envy. Wife of Parks Johnson, who is interlocutor and founder of this CBS program, Louise's only duty is to spend money. Through her nimble fingers pass \$500 each week in exchange for many of the things you'd love to own: radios, lingerie, jewelry, furs, furniture, electric appliances, golf sets, cameras, watches.

Even as you and I, Louise Johnson has a feminine passion to acquire beautiful things, fanned to white heat by glamorized displays of merchandise in store windows and magazines, by unctuous commercials on the air. But unlike you and me, Louise can fully indulge that urge without ruining the family budget or running out of closet space.

Louise buys all those wonderful presents showered each week on Vox Pop's guest interviewees. As a result of years of intensive shopping experience, those gifts are getting better all the time. Accompanying the show as it roadshows around the country, Louise Johnson has

probably visited more stores in her search for exactly the right gift than any comparative shopper extant. During the war, when merchandise supplies shrank and Vox Pop guests always seemed to want scarce items, she ran herself ragged trying to keep them happy.

On tour, the Johnsons and Warren Hull, co-quizzier on the show, arrive at their broadcast location the Friday before the Monday program. While broadcast volunteers are sifted to find the most interesting personalities, Louise, in comfortable, flat-heeled shoes, "cases" the town's retail outlets. After department stores and specialty shops come pawn shops, pet shops, antique shops, and even auction sales, as she tracks down gifts of interest not only to Vox Pop guests but to listeners as well. And all of this is just preliminary scouting, for Louise doesn't buy a thing until she's met the guests-to-be.

Vox Pop's crew always entertains these lucky people in advance of the show to get a better idea of their es-

periences and personalities. Louise goes along and listens for hints of what they'd like most to have. She talks to their friends and perhaps to members of their families. On the basis of this research, she decides in her own mind the perfect gifts for each individual, and then sallies forth on her delightful mission. Proof of her choices lies in the fact that hardly anyone ever exchanges his gifts, although Louise has an understanding with the stores that Vox Pop guests may do so.

The gifts are usually the essence of thoughtfulness:

For a young man discharged from the Navy, who'd just bought a house for his family—a lovely antique brass knocker for the new front door, and two pups, one for each of his sons.



A-HUNTING SHE GOES FOR THE PRICE



A CUTE HOUSECOAT FOR A GIRL GUEST

For a girl who loved bright colors and never in her life had dared buy anything impractical—a bright red wool coat to take along on a vacation trip she planned.

For a young Danish student—warm clothing to send to his destitute family in plundered Europe.

For a hard-working farm family in Georgia—the first Bendix washer to come off the postwar assembly lines.

For a war worker—a paid-up dental bill.

Vox Pop claims a lot of radio records. It's the grand-daddy of all interview and quiz-type programs and is also the first show on the air to present gifts to participants. Soft-spoken, folksy Parks Johnson tells how the show started forty-seven years ago on Station KTRH, Houston, Texas. Originally a sidewalk pitch, Vox Pop (short for vox populi, Latin for "voice of the people") quizzed the man on the Houston street for his views on timely questions. The program was a natural. Whenever the station crew put their mike on a street corner, a big crowd always gathered, with the reward of hearing themselves talk providing more than enough incentive to appear on the show.

But once during a thick snowfall, Parks and his crew roamed the frozen streets without finding a soul abroad. In the emergency—the show must go on!—Parks interviewed the station engineer, paid him five dollars for his opinions, and announced that every guest on the program would be similarly rewarded. Even on that night "not fitter man nor beast," crowds came.

After 1935 when Vox Pop went net-

work and was heard coast to coast, gifts began to get livelier than mere dollars, with many of them angled for laughs. Interviewees received the zaniest stuff ever handed out in radio—live mules, goats, a bull, calves, dogs, birds, goldfish, a bicycle built for two, a fur-lined bathtub. The program's atmosphere was pert and funny, posing questions like "What is a hen's temperature?" and "Should a gentleman remove his hat before striking a lady?" (In case you're wondering—we don't know the answers!) For added interest, sprinkled among thousands of guests chosen from the hot polloi were a handful of movie stars, politicians, and captains of industry.

During the war, Vox Pop originated from Army and Navy bases, shipyards, and war plants all over the U. S., and fighting men and their families, as well as war workers, became stars of the show. Since these people had moving personal stories to tell, Parks Johnson and Warren Hull changed the nature of Vox Pop's questions. The program gradually evolved as an interview broadcast. Queries, aimed to help guests tell their stories, were personal and friendly, with a little good-natured joshing, at which Parks is a master. Vox Pop thus became a human interest feature, and gifts, instead of being mere gags, had to be thoughtful and useful. That's when Louise Johnson perfectly filled the bill.

A pleasant, neighborly person, her own experience as a mother and homemaker equipped her with twenty-six years of shopper's know-how. That's how long Louise and Parks have been married. They have two children, a boy and a girl. Their son, Lt. William Parks



THE JOHNSONS MET MARINE HERO SON, BILL, IN SAN FRANCISCO ON RETURN FROM IWO JIMA

Johnson, Jr., of the U. S. Marine Corps was wounded on Iwo Jima, but recovered sufficiently to be reunited with his parents on a broadcast this year. Their daughter, Mrs. Boyd Ryan Willett, wife of a Texas chemical engineer, is the mother of a baby girl who'll soon be calling Parks "Grandvoxpath." So Louise has had lots of practice buying for a family, a serviceman, and a grandchild, and furnishing the Texas ranch house to which she and her husband hope to retire someday. The experience has come in handy on shopping junkets through forty states, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and Puerto Rico, where Vox Pop has travelled.

Though today she's well-known in department stores of most big cities, she tells an amusing tale of one of her early store experiences. It happened during the "casing" part of her studies when she merely looks but doesn't buy. Seeing her move among the counters and study the merchandise, a suspicious floorwalker, with the store detective at his side, approached Mrs. Johnson.

"Did you want anything, Madame?"

"No, thank you. Just looking," Louise answered in her soft Texas drawl. Making an entry in her notebook, she breezed down the aisle and out on the street.

She laughs now as she recalls the incident. "I know that floorwalker thought I was a shoplifter! He surely was surprised when I came back to that store two days later. I remember how his eyes popped when I paid cash for the expensive gifts I bought," she said.

For most of us in metropolitan centers, shopping has become a strenuous

experience. We impatiently wait our turn at crowded counters. We ordinary consumers are buffeted and pushed in jammed elevators, while we drag our bundles in aching arms, growing hot and weary. In complete contrast, Louise Johnson shops with ease and dispatch. In New York's largest department store, for example, where only the sturdiest of mind and body venture, Mrs. Johnson experiences none of the usual rigors. First the store management courteously checks her hat and coat. Clerks smile, are attentive, anxious to please, show one article after another.

Louise has earned this buyer's paradise, having worn down her nerves and heels on an average travel schedule of 1,000 miles a week for the last few years. Accompanying the show, her total travel to date approaches 275,000 miles. And on these tours, she's bought more than 3,000 separate articles for Vox Pop interviewees. Now that store inventories are getting back to normal, Louise's biggest headache is trying to think of new and unusual things to buy. "Oh yes, there's one other problem," she says. "Everywhere we go people always want the same presents they heard described on the show the week before. Naturally it wouldn't be interesting to give the same things week after week. So I have to persuade these folks that they really prefer something else."

Keeping up with taste and the times, Vox Pop has again changed character. Still an interview show featuring interesting people, it now spotlights groups, places, or problems of special interest. Guests are chosen on the basis of the color they can add out of their particu-

lar experience. Since V. J. Day, Parks Johnson and Warren Muller have varied the program's subject matter. One show, for instance, originated from International House, the beautiful New York residence established by a Rockefeller grant, where students from foreign countries who are enrolled in American universities live and work with American college students. At another broadcast, guests were all Powers models, who proved that their looks were matched by brains and sense of humor.

One of the oldest programs in radio, Vox Pop rolls up more popularity as it gets on in years. As fresh, warm, and vital as the human personalities it deals with, the show can never grow dull. And it looks as though Louise Johnson has got herself a lifetime buying job.



THE LUXURY ITEMS LURE MRS. VOX POP



GUEST WAS SHOWN A MEN, TOLD TO GUESS ITS TEMPERATURE. QUESTIONS ARE OFTEN ZANY



JINX FALKENBERG WAS THE GUEST EMCEE



"SELF SERVICE!" DAGWOOD BEAMS AS HIS BRAIN CHILD PULLS FOOD AROUND TABLE, BELIEVING A BURNSTEAD BOTTLENECK



LEGS FOR ALL—DAGWOOD CROSSED TURKEY WITH A CENTIPEDE

DAGWOOD CRACKS A BOTTLENECK

'CHOW CHOO' PASSES FOOD AT TABLE

SHADES of Alexander Graham Bell and Thomas Alva Edison, Dagwood Bumstead has done it again! Dagwood (nobody thinks of him by his real name of Arthur Lake any more) has come up with another dazzling invention. And for some strange reason, all of his inventions have a distinct culinary aroma.

First, he built the world's tallest sandwich—the "Dagwood." Now, he comes out with the "Chow Choo," which he claims will uncork a lot of gustatory bottle-necks. Dagwood discovered that when all hungry hands lay to at the Bumstead dinery, it became impossible to get any food passed. Perhaps you have experienced a similar impasse at your own dinner table.



THE TRAIN'S UPSET AND SO IS DAGWOOD AS BLONDIE LOOKS ON DISGUSTEDLY. OH WELL, HE CAN ALWAYS BUILD A SANDWICH

Well, Dagwood decided to do something about it. The next thing young Alexander Bumstead knew, Pop had set up his electric train right in the middle of the dining room table. Alexander was about to ask Pop if his mind had jumped the track, but Blondie (Penny Singleton, if you want to be technical, fellas) was accustomed to the caprices of the mad genius and advised her offspring to be patient.

Came the dinner gong and Dagwood carefully loaded the food onto the freight cars as Blondie looked on apprehensively. "Just like a revolving table!" Dagwood explained proudly. "When you wish butter, for instance (wonder where he got it?) just wait until the butter car rolls around and then help yourself. Ha," said Dagwood rubbing his hands. "now maybe I'll get something to eat around here!"

But like most Dagwood inventions, disaster lurked around the curve for the "Chow Choo." We don't know whether the engineer got fed up trying to keep track of the food, but the train and the food certainly got off the track. Which left the chow and Dagwood pretty upset and Blondie, as usual, with the last word.

These madcap antics of Dagwood keep the laugh meter at a high setting on the Blondie series, heard Sunday nights over CBS. Dagwood faithfully courts disaster with his ingenious innovations, and Blondie, just as faithfully, winds up pulling him out of his difficulties.

The series reflects a facet of American life and continues each Sunday night on its merry, popular way. Like Dagwood, listeners just eat it up!



TASTY BALM FOR TROUBLED GENIUS—'CHOW TRAIN' IS FORGOTTEN

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.

A LOSING BATTLE

FROM our public school system, religion is rigorously excluded. The school delivers to society one generation after another with a thoroughly secularized mentality. Religion is taboo. Youth, therefore, makes the natural inference that religion is not important or only marginally so.

Protestants have been consistently loyal to the public school system. The result is that both the general community and the church membership are religiously illiterate. They know little more than nothing about the lore, the history, the ideology, the liturgy, or the social significance of the Christian religion. There is a vacuum where this knowledge ought to be.

This vacuum the churches try to fill by a pathetic one hour a week in Sunday schools. It is an impossible task. The church cannot adequately supplement or counteract the secularizing effect a systematic education that shuts religion out. This is one of the reasons why the Christian faith has been losing to secularism.

—Dr. Charles Clayton Morrison,
Editor, *Christian Century*,
"America's Town Meeting" (American)

A WISE PREDICTION



Move back in time; a full twenty-five years back. The scene is the New York apartment of T. R. Smith, then the editor of the *Century Magazine*.

The hour is thirty one, towards twilight, when a long day's work is done. Two men, scarcely unknown, two men who cannot be accused of having a passion for anonymity, have just appeared at Mr. Smith's door. They are H. L. Mencken, and George Jean Nathan. Their job, just then, is to edit the *American Mercury*; their pleasure is to be the Katzenjammer Kids of American literature. When Mr. Mencken and Mr.

Nathan enter Mr. Smith's apartment, they notice a stranger. He is a tall, skinny, paprika-headed fellow. They know him only as the author of an indifferently serial in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

According to Mr. Nathan, in a volume modestly known as "The Intimate Notebooks of George Jean Nathan," he and Mr. Mencken barely had time to get their hats and coats off when the stranger approached them, much as the sea serpent approached the Laocoon group. He coiled one long arm around Mr. Mencken's neck, the other around Mr. Nathan's. Then he started talking. Nathan described it as "yelling at the top of his lungs."

"So you guys are critics, are ya? Well, let me tell you something. I'm the best writer in this here blankety blank country; and if you, George, and you, Hank, don't know it now, you'll know it blankety-blank soon. Say, I've finished a book that'll be published in a week or two and it's the best blankety blank book of its kind that this blankety blank country has had and don't you guys forget it."

Three days later Mr. Nathan received a letter from Mr. Mencken, who'd returned to Baltimore.

"Dear George," it said, "grab hold of the bar-rail, steady yourself and prepare for a terrible shock. I've just read the advance sheets of the book of that lump we met at Smith's and he's done the job!"

The book was *Main Street*; the tall, skinny stranger with the paprika hair was, of course, Sinclair Lewis whose 19th novel, *Cass Timberlane*, has been recently published. (1945)

—John Mason Brown (CBS)

HOTEL MERRY-GO-ROUND

I was staying in the Beverly Hills Hotel and when the time came for me to leave because of the five day limit, I negotiated a move to the Bel Air. No sooner did I get settled there than I went out to dinner, and found seated

on my right a girl named Tilly Losch, who is appearing in "Duel In The Sun." In the course of our conversation we took up the subject of housing and Miss Losch informed me that she had just moved from the Bel Air Hotel to the Beverly Hills. I asked her, "What room did you occupy at the Bel Air?" She told me the number and I said, "That's the one I'm now in. Not only that — but it turned out that over at the other hotel, Tilly Losch had fallen heir to the exact room from which I had just been ejected. I don't know just how our moving relieved the hotel room shortage.

—Noel Busch, author of
"Time For Women" (American)

ART OF ALL TRADES



I was born in Saskatchewan, Canada, and before I was eighteen, I had been a bus boy in Chicago, a harvest hand in South Dakota, a fire fighter in the forests of Washington, a theater usher in Minnesota, a clerk in Wall Street, a seaman (and so on).

I got into a lot of scrapes on those jobs and I had to fast-talk my way out of them. You see, I had discovered I had a weakness. I liked to talk. When I was a kid in high school, I used to sneak into the school auditorium after hours and orate, and do you know, no a single empty seat ever walked out on me.

I studied public speaking, and I was on the debating team at San Diego College, and finally one of my professors happened to tell a radio man I had a gift for gab. And this really happened. I was dishing up bean soup in the cafeteria at college when I was called to the phone and the manager of the CBS station in San Diego asked me if I wanted a job as an announcer. You might say, I went from soup to nets . . . networks, that is. That's a pun, son!

I announced for a while and in 1935 I became radio director for the San Diego Fair. Later I held the same job on the Texas Fair in Dallas and the Golden Gate Fair in San Francisco.

I did as many as seventeen shows a day during those fairs. I interviewed people in planes, in submarines, on horseback, underwater, milking cows, calling hogs and on roller coasters.

During the San Francisco exposition, I started free lancing with audience par-

ticipation shows, and in the last five years. I've had about 10,000 contestants before the mike.

Just the other afternoon, Lillian Fontaine, the mother of Olivia De Havilland and Joan Fontaine, was in the audience at my G. E. Houseparty. I said to her, "Mrs. Fontaine, where were your two girls born?" She said, "In Tokyo." I asked, "In Tokyo? How did that happen?" She calmly said: "Oh, in the customary manner." I ducked!

—An Linklater
"We, The People" (CBS)

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE

WE can travel faster than any man of a generation ago could possibly have imagined; all we need now is some place to go. We can circle the earth in a moment with a beam of speech; all we need is something to say. Speed, speed and more speed, but no man is wise enough to tell whether we are on a dizzy toboggan carrying us to oblivion, or a chariot of fire carrying us to heights of glory.

—Frank Kingdon (WMA)

ROBOTS VS. NEWSBOYS



The newspaper vending machine bothers the inventor because not so very many years ago he himself, was a shouting newsboy. He thinks there's romance, fun, and excitement in paper-selling and he feels, frankly, there isn't much romance in his new machine.

I don't think any machine on a street corner will be half as attractive to me as stopping at the little covered cubicle, where I'm greeted cheerily by a friendly news vendor.

There's one thing no machine can ever do. It can't get up before daylight and plod through the cold and wind and rain and snow and deposit your favorite newspaper on your own doorstep, beside your bottle of milk. A machine can't remember faithfully, morning after morning which paper you read. A machine can't turn into an eager, rosy-checked industrious little schoolboy who comes around at the end of the month with your bill, who smiles and says thank you and leaves you with the feeling that it's good to have dealings with the smallest business men!

No, a machine can't do any of these things. It can never take the place of

our little news boys, on the job early and late in all sorts of weather. Not for my money!

—"Kate Smith Speaks" (CBS)

A MODERN SIR WALTER

WHEN New York was experiencing one of the worst winter storms, and the snow piled up in drifts along the busy streets, an elderly woman waited outside an apartment house, laden down with luggage. Suddenly, an Eighth Avenue bus drew up to the curb. The driver opened his door and shouted:

"Come aboard, lady." Said the woman: "Oh, no thank you. I'm waiting for a taxi."

"Well, where are you going on such a stormy night?"

"I've got to get to Penn Station to catch a train," was the answer. And amazingly the driver said, "Well, hop right in, lady. I'll be your taxi — drive you right up to the door!"

A bus turned taxi cab in busy New York? That is unusual for a big, unfriendly city. But not for America's most courteous bus-driver, Sam Casavilla who says: "When I help people, the time passes quickly. I like taking the kids to school best. The mothers put them on the bus in my care. I see that they get off at the right stops and get across the streets. And the school teachers, I get them there too. Every morning they wait for me because they know I get them there on time. And if they are not there, I wait awhile.

"There is a woman that's been riding with me ten years. She gets on at 135th street and rides down to the garment district on 88th street. A few years ago she did not show up. Well, I got down to 77th street and saw the woman waving at me. She had missed my bus at 135th street, so she took the subway to 77th street and waited there for me.

"I bring a lot of maids down from Harlem, apartment house doormen too. So nearly every day I get a maid or apartment for someone. But that service is causing trouble. People are beginning to line up at bus stops, not to get on my bus but to ask me to get them a maid or room. And I have a time schedule to keep.

"I would like to help them. I enjoy making people happy. And they do not forget me. They write me from all over the country. And at Christmas they even send me money and gifts. They're wonderful, my riders."

—"We, The People" (CBS)

SOMETHING TO PONDER



I specifically reject the narrow nationalistic doctrine under which America would wither. It is a doctrine under which America's national selfishness would be increasingly translated into group selfishness within the country and so divide us and weaken us that we would not only fail to contribute to the welfare of the people of the world but we would also fail to attain the broad progress in the welfare of the people in America.

—Harold Steffen (WMA)

WORDS OF WISDOM

THE gift of happiness is given to those who face life courageously and with ever increasing wisdom — to those who view the shortcomings and mistakes of others with tolerance and understanding.

—"The Right To Happiness" (NBC)

STYLISH BREADWINNER

AUGUST it was. In 1920, when the first (Winnie Winkle) strip appeared. And I might say that Winnie is much the same today as she was then ... a youthful working girl ... who's a little wiser, no doubt, for all her experiences. Now, you see, she has two youngsters, twins, and she lost her husband during the war.

When we started the strip, we wanted a character that our thousands of working girl readers would like. So you see, we simply created a normal girl in an office, doing normal things, and getting into normal jams and we've kept Winnie that way, just a kid in an office with no cock-eyed adventures, or hair-raising, thriller, experiences.

Winnie Winkle appears in a different dress every day. I guess a working girl wouldn't have so many clothes. Here's the story behind that. When we first started the strip, I was wondering how to capture the interest of our feminine readers. It was my wife who said that, because girls are interested in clothes. We ought to pay a lot of attention to what Winnie wore.

I could never claim that Winnie had never worn the same dress twice. If it weren't for my wife, she has always had a skill at designing dresses and cos-

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

YOU CAN'T HEAR EVERYTHING (continued)

tumes, used to design most of our costumes when we were trouping together in vaudeville. We have thousands of fashion magazines at our place. She subscribes to every fashion publication under the sun. I think. She's a whiz at it though I've had to train her in one way — to draw me the backs of the dresses as well as the fronts. Me, I don't know the front of a dress from the back, don't know a thing about women's clothes. When she'd give me the sketch for only the front, I couldn't have Winnie turn around or else I was as likely to put the front of the dress on Winnie's back, you can see what a problem that presented.

When the strip was new I thought we were getting along swimmingly with our idea of a different dress every day. Suddenly our fans descended upon us with letters galore asking exactly the same question ("Does she whip up a new dress every night?")

It stumped me for a day or two, and then I figured it out this way. You see Winnie Winkle had a friend with a dress shop and as a favor to this friend, Winnie modeled her dresses, wore a different one to her office each day.

You run into that sort of thing every now and then. A bright idea turns out to be a boner, until you can figure a way out of it. Of course I've slipped up a couple of times in this way, when an incident about Winnie would carry over into strips for several days, and Winnie'd be pictured in her office the whole time, well, I'd slip up and draw a different dress on her for each day's strip.

Then the fans descended again. They asked me if she came to work with a suitcase, and changed her clothes every few hours. I've learned better now.

—*Maria Brunner on "Margaret Arlen" (CBS)*

SO SOLLY

A FRIEND of mine who has ambitions for a writing career has been collecting rejection slips. They are an inevitable and sad part of any writer's life. She got her first one as the result of sending in her first bit of amateurish prose at the age of 13. Last night I dropped in on her just as she passed her 143rd literary "No" in her scrapbook. When you read them, they're so sort of cold and impersonal. Just the opposite of a Chinese rejection slip.

One was quoted by Clip Bouettel the other day in his column in the *New York Post*. This rejection slip is sup-

posed to have been used by a Chinese publishing firm whenever it returned manuscripts to an unhappy author. This is how it goes: "We read your manuscript with boundless delight. By the sacred ashes of our ancestors we swear that we have never dipped into a book of such overwhelming mastery. If we were to publish this book, it would be impossible in the future to issue any book of a lower standard.

"As it is unthinkable that within the next ten thousand years we shall find its equal, we are, to our great regret, compelled to return this divine work, and beg you a thousand times to forgive our action."

—*"Margaret MacDonald" (CBS)*

HIGH I. Q.



It was an interesting experience to interview little Margaret O'Brien, who is a big star although only 9 years old. To tell the truth, I had expected that it might be something of an ordeal to talk to her. I was left alone in the room with the child after her advisors and directors withdrew. Margaret must have seen the terror in my face for she piped up: "It's quite all right, Mr. Busch. Don't be frightened. I'm really quite intelligent." And so she is!

—*Noel Busch, author on "Time For Women" (American)*

FEAR AND THE ATOM

NOTHING stimulates and exacerbates fear as much as secrecy. Yet we are all moving into an atmosphere of growing secrecy which causes us to suspect the existence of the most dangerous and explosive motives behind the moves which every country makes. Fundamental in this sense of uneasiness is the presence of the atomic bomb. We, who first produced it, have made ourselves entirely vulnerable from every part of the globe. As several of our military experts have pointed out we are more vulnerable than most other countries owing to the concentration of our industrial areas in relatively confined sectors of our continent. It seems more than evident that the way to eliminate fear is not by pursuing a policy of increasing threats and of consequent compromises, but by attempting, with new sincerity to work for a world community. A tool for this purpose was set up in UNO. Yet, at its first sessions

UNO showed itself to be the tool of power politics. The nations which met there, came away with greater distrust and suspicion of each other than when they arrived. This is an unpleasant statement to be making, but it corresponds to the truth and until we are willing to face the truth there will never be a cure for fear. Robert Hutchins, President of Chicago University, said recently that because the United States, in producing the atomic bomb has made itself so entirely vulnerable from all sides, it has the greatest stake in world community.

"Since the great aim is world community, Hutchins said, the great task is world education." He admits to the immensity of the task when he adds "the task is overwhelming and the chance of success is slight. We must take the chance or die."

—*Lisa Sergio (American)*

ONE MEAT BALL

The "Kingfish" of the "Amos 'n' Andy" show had such a distinctive explanation of the human digestive system when it encounters a meat ball, that many listeners requested a repeat performance.

"De meat ball!" explained the Kingfish to Andy, "goes down de sophyagus an' slips up and down that den, den makes a sharp turn left into your arm an' stops when it hits up against de cartilages. It bloats de arm an' at night when you turn over in your sleep, de meat ball goes over in de other arm an' bloats dat too. When you gits up in de mornin' it leaves de arm, knocks over a few caputaries and heads for de appendicitis. Now de brain tips off the thyroid and de liver dat dere's a meat ball on de loose, and dey sends out red and white corpuscles with orders to 'Git dat meat ball!' Den de fight starts. De meat ball banks off de floatin' rip, side-swipes de kidneys an' kisses off in de side pocket. Den you start to hicough!"

—*Amos 'n' Andy (NBC)*

SWAN SONG

BEFORE Jerome Kern died, he'd wanted to write a song for Jan Clayton. He intended to make her the owner of that song for one dollar. He hadn't written it when he died. But Richard Rodgers, hearing about it, decided to make good on it for his old friend. So Jan will get a song of her own with all royalties paid to her, for the sum of one dollar.

—*Margaret Arlen (CBS)*

Anita Gordon

A STAR AT FIFTEEN — SHE COULD MAKE THEM CRY WHEN SHE WAS ONLY FIVE

ANYONE who has seen the late Aimee Semple MacPherson, the Los Angeles revival expert, perform will tell you that the frail blond was an exploding package of religious jitter and jive with an extraordinary sense of discovering potential talent to stimulate her religious extravaganzas. One of her discoveries was a reddish-haired little girl of five who, ten years ago, climbed up onto a chair in the huge and glittering Angelus Temple in the film capital, and sang herself and Aimee's audience to tears.

That little gal is Texas-born Anita Gordon, now all of fifteen years old. Her most important occupation these days is singing with Ray Noble's band

as a regular on the Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy Program. According to fan mail and what all of her friends and associates say she is still as sweet and unaffected as she was when she sang for Evangelist Aimee.

When Anita came to New York for the first time last fall, she immediately impressed NBC's publicity staff with her "complete absence of complexes." While posing for publicity pictures she had an opportunity to be photographed in several fur coats. One rather modestly priced model caught her fancy and she asked if she mightn't have it for Christmas.

The dulcet-voiced lass stacks up to a size 12 with curves in the right places, stands three inches over five feet and

looks at you endearingly through a pair of hazel eyes. She dresses like you'd expect a Hollywood High School sophomore to dress: hair down in back, teenish dresses, and once in a while saddle shoes and—yes—bobby socks. She's constantly studying singing and with her first check she bought her older sister a season ticket to the opera and her boy friend a cameo ring.

Anita sings with the ease that most of us feel when we are warbling to ourselves while taking a shower. She specializes in the popular ballad and during an off-guard moment admitted that she's still not beyond a tear or two while she's singing. She says simply, "I feel it."



"SING A LOVE SONG, ANITA!" THAT WOLF CHARLIE MCCARTHY CAN'T KEEP HIS MIND ON HIS WORK WITH ANITA ON THE PROGRAM

HOW LONG ARE YOUR FEET, GRANDMA?

THEY MAY WIN PRIZES ON ART'S HOUSE PARTY

"OUT of the mouth of babes," says Art Linkletter, "come some of the funniest remarks on the air!" And amiable Art, who is fast becoming the child specialist of CBS, should know what he's talking about.

Among his multiple microphone chores, Art chats with five little Southern Californians five afternoons weekly as a feature of his madcap GE House Party program and the results are often embarrassing as well as hilarious. But it makes for one of the most popular highlights of the anything-can-happen-and-usually-does program.

These quiz kids without portfolio range in age from five to thirteen and are selected for appearance on the program by the Los Angeles Board of Education on the basis of citizenship and scholarship records. And it doesn't matter what their creed or color is, or from what side of the tracks they come.

About the only thing they all have in common is that Art never knows what they're going to say next.

There was the six-year-old Chinese boy, for instance, who said he'd like to be a dentist when he grows up, "because," he sagely observed, "doctors have to get up in the middle of the night and deliver babies!"

There was the eight-year-old charmer who said she had a boy friend, but under cross examination admitted he didn't take her to the movies, didn't take her to parties, and never paid any calls. "I guess," she sighed, "he just doesn't like me!"

None of the boys and girls is coached in advance, but before they go on the air Art chats with them for a few minutes in a locked room. There he gets acquainted so they won't be frightened by either him or the microphone. seldom, if ever, does one "freeze" during

the crucial moments before the coast-to-coast audience.

When not interrogating the kiddies on "House Party," Art is likely to be dashing over the studio audience with a hand mike trying to find the youngest father present, the girl with the biggest feet, or the oldest married couple. Digging up stunts to keep the program running twenty-five minutes daily, Monday through Friday, is a harrowing task, but Art succeeds in keeping his listeners in gales of laughter with such stunts as finding the woman with the longest hair, tracking down the oldest old maid—he got one 90 years old—or conducting a search for the program person with the smallest waist.

For his glib handling of "House Party" and his other informal program, "People Are Funny," Art can thank his gregarious nature and his broad radio background. Big, blond, blue-eyed Art is the chummy sort of guy you'd be most likely to sidle up to for chatter at a dull party. Besides his facility with words, Link has the knack of making a stranger feel at ease. Talk to him for five minutes and he'd probably have you ready to show him your operation.

Although Art has a disposition as sunny as Southern California is supposed to be, he hardly could have acquired it from his windy birthplace in Saskatchewan, where he made his world debut on July 17, 1912. Before he was six, Art's parents had carted him over most of Canada and the United States



THE WHORL—4177 pounds! Mrs. Mildred McKinley won contest to find largest woman. Art Linkletter can't believe scale reading.



NOT A LONG-HAIRED program, but Miss Rosa Rosh's 60-inch tresses won prize for audience member having the longest hair.

before they settled down in San Diego.

Standing six feet, one inch and weighing 270 pounds, Art is a pretty, fat athlete in his own right. In college he played basketball and was on the swimming team. Today his favorite sport is handball, at which he is no slouch. He has played in A.A.U. national matches and is regarded as one of the top players in the country.

One reason Link gets so much out of the kiddies on "House Party" is because he is the father of three himself. Unlike many Hollywood personalities, Art gets to spend a great deal of time at home.

By listening to his own kiddies' problems and questions, Art is able to obtain a general idea of the problems that beset the average boy and girl and thus comes somewhat forearmed for his daily chore on "House Party."

Once in awhile, however, even the loquacious Link is rendered mute. Take the time a thirteen-year-old boy defined a politician as "a person who solves problems that wouldn't be there if there weren't any politicians!"

Art says some of his adult guests are just as surprising as the kids. Like the woman who described how she met her hubby. "It was at a masquerade," she explained. "I was dressed as a senorita."

"And how," urged Art, "was your husband-to-be dressed?"

"He wasn't dressed at all," smiled the innocent lady.

It brought down the house.



TIP TOP BEAUTIES. Art interviews 'em all, from six-year-olds up to these six-foot-plus Tip Top clubbers, who, incidentally, make Linkletter look like small fry; and he's over six feet.



SEARCH FOR YOUNGEST grandmother produced Mrs. Virginia Wright, 33, shown with daughter, Mrs. Margaret Baker, 18, and grandson.



WHEN ART BEGAN hunting for the oldest mother, up turned Mrs. Elizabeth M. Hall, who admitted to being 92 years of age.



FANS SAY WARD DONOVAN IS AS GOOD TO LOOK AT AS HEAR

THREE OF A KIND

BARTON, FABRAY AND DONOVAN ARE
YOUNG AND CAN DISH OUT THE JIVE

THERE'S a new day dawning for the teen-agers. So bright it is that even they—blase though they may be—admit to a slight astonishment at the current catering to their needs and wishes. The designer, the educator, the social worker, the editor, the manufacturer have suddenly awakened to the tremendous potentialities in this turbulent age group.

Radio, led by NBC, is the latest recruit to climb on the bandwagon in a big way. NBC executives went into a huddle and found they were of one accord on the fact that the teenager's sincere and ardent enthusiasm for music had earned them the right to their own programs—and the best programs—radio could produce for them.

They decided to take the package-show idea which NBC had pioneered so successfully in comedy and apply it to teenage entertainment. By package-show is meant a series of programs such as the comedy group on Sunday night beginning with switchman Jack Benny's program, through that of his arch-enemy, Fred Allen.

The result is that on Saturday morning teen-age Judy and her boy-friend can prop their sneakers on a nearby chair and settle down for a good hour and a half of what they call "solid" listening. The package for the teensters leads off with The Eileen Barton Show at 10:00 followed by Archie Andrews at 10:30 and concluding with that big favorite, "The Teensters Club," starring the GI Sinatra, Johnny Desmond. Not included in this package but with equal appeal for the youthful radio fan are the Jimmy Edmundson Show with Nanette Fabray on Saturday evening and Ward Donovan's own show, "Solitaire Time" on Sunday morning.

With the exception of the Archie Andrews show which concerns the adventures of Archie, the comic strip hero, the meat of these programs is music, with clean, refreshing comedy supplying the seasoning. The stars know what kind of humor and music their audience wants—because they are young themselves.

Jumpin', jivin' Eileen Barton who emcees her own show is as at home in front of the mike as she was in the theatrical trunk in which she was cradled. Still in her teens, she's been singing for the public since she was three. Rudy Vallee claims having "discovered" her in 1936 but there are those who say that when they heard her "lispin' out her first song on the Horn and Hardart Children's Hour at six years of age they knew she was headed for the heights.

She was educated at the Professional Children's School in New York—but she has never had a singing lesson. Broadway musicals and plays and New York night clubs were her training ground. And they must have been a good one because when Sinatra heard a recording of the tiny but dynamic miss he signed her for twenty-six weeks, without ever having seen her. From then on she rode in with Frankie on his wave of bobby-sock adulation. And she's still ridin' high—but on her own.

The boys may not swoon for Eileen but they can—and do—stamp and yell to all high heaven. The girls like her, too—probably because she seems just one of them. She wears a size nine dress, her mass of curly auburn-hair usually has a ribbon around it. Her wide gamin smile wins friends as fast as a nylon line—whether she's on the stage or pursuing her favorite hobby—travelling. It was a hobby she had to shelve during the war but now she's off on a plane or a train whenever the spirit moves her. They are generally as short trips as they are impromptu, however, by reason of her broadcast demands.

She plays the role of "Candy" in a comedy-drama skit on her show. She also sings three songs and provides visual

inspiration for the program's handsome young baritone, Ward Donovan.

Six-foot-two of Irish good looks plus a way of singing directly to you makes Ward a natural contender for bobby-sock royalty. It has only been recently, however, that Ward has had to worry about pleasing the female population; he was too busy producing, emceeing and singing on fifteen shows a week for the Army and Navy in Italy. So he is in a position to know what kind of music the GI wants to hear. On his own program, "Solitaire Time" he always makes certain that his featured song is one that is a favorite with his ex-GI buddies.

Active as Donovan's entertaining schedule was in Italy it was in reality the softest time he spent during the war. Despite the fact that he was draft-deferred he enlisted shortly after December 7, 1941, and for three years saw action in the Atlantic and Mediterranean as radioman on a destroyer. So that he wouldn't get lonely for his jeep-riding days Ward recently invested in a midget auto. He spends his time scooting around town with his French poodle riding grandly beside him on the front seat. When there's a tire to change Ward hoists the car up by hand, without a jack, norce,—unless there's a radio fan around to give him a helping hand.

Speaking of hands, young fans give a big one to pretty, brunette Nanette Fabray who is star vocalist on the Jimmy Edmundson Show on Saturday night. Nanette grew up in show business and made her first big splash on Broadway with a stellar role in "Bloomer Girl." She is a veteran of the movies, stage and radio—but such a young and attractive veteran with a vivacity native to her home town, New Orleans, that the GI vet can't see nor hear enough of her.

One of the interesting phenomena of this radio emphasis on youth is "The Teentimers Club" which bids fair to becoming one of the few radio programs to live up to its name. By that we mean that if plans go through, it may become in reality a club or organization of national scope. Charters will be issued on application by qualified groups throughout the country, along with suggestions for organization, constitution and by-laws—and for activities and projects by the club in the public interest.

"Teentimers" has already taken up the cudgel for intolerance and has done such a good job that it has been awarded citations from "This Month" Magazine, the American Association of Schools and Colleges, and the Campfire Girls.

Each week the program features a different big-name band and at the close of the show our steps from behind the curtain a surprise guest who reads his own personally written message on tolerance. Though no advance publicity gives a hint as to who the guest will be—the youngsters have never been disappointed yet. It is always someone they've been wanting very much to see. Colonel Philip G. Cochran, Ralph Bellamy and Pat O'Brien are among those who have appeared and whose words seemed to carry home to the too-often prejudice-minded young audience.

But not all youthful prejudices are negative. There is the deep-rooted adolescent prejudice in favor of music. It's more intense and flourishing than ever. The average girl or boy would rather go without food than a live session. And radio takes great pride in meeting those youthful musical demands. As for the teenagers themselves, they think all this attention wonderful, opening their insatiable mouths cavern-like in a big howl for "more."



THEY LOVE NANETTE FABRAY'S FRENCH CHARM AND VOCALIZING



POPULAR EILEEN BARTON IS A JUMPIN', JIVIN' CURLYHEAD

RADIO HUMOR

● When Ed (Archie) Gardner, host of "Duffy's Tavern," announced that he was going to have his tonsils removed, he received numerous letters from fans who were worried about the effect the operation might have on his voice. But, Ed reassured them: "It's impossible to snip a Brooklyn accent."

● Here's the way pretty Nadine Connor of the Metropolitan Opera, explains the difference between a college girl and a show girl. "A college girl gets her education by degrees, the chorus girl by stages."

● Band leader Irving Miller asked Jack Kirkwood, who was playing hotel proprietor on his CBS comedy show, "Does the management mind if I smoke in bed?"

"Of course not," proprietor Kirkwood answered. "Some people say it's dangerous but I smoke in bed all the time. I think it's perfectly harmless. By the way, do you know anyone who wants crisp black beds?"

● Frank Morgan was introduced to Boris Karloff on CBS' "Request Performance" and Karloff insisted they'd met before. "You remember me, Frank," he said. "Well," Morgan said slowly, "I can't quite place the face but the embalming job is familiar."

● Jo Stafford, singing star of the NBC "Supper Club," was telling about an egotistical radio actress who tried out for a part on her radio show. "She was like Match," relates Miss Stafford, "she came in like a ham and went out with a line."

● Robert Q. Lewis, WHN's disc-jockey, attended a lecture on architecture at New York University one day. The professor, describing a certain castle, remarked, "This castle has stood for over 300 years. Not a stone has been touched, nothing altered, nothing repaired or replaced." "Gee," sighed a member of the audience, "they must have the same kind of landlord we've got!"



DALE EVANS AND GARRY MOORE ADMIRE STICK WORK OF PRODIGY JOEY PRESTON

DRUMMER BOYS!

LADS FIND NOISE PAYS BIG DIVIDENDS

IF YOU want to be heard from in this noisy old world, your best bet is to get a drum. Youthful Joey Preston and Tommy Cook will assure you that if you're hoping to attract attention, you couldn't do better than to surround yourself with a batch of skins and start pounding the daylight out of them.

And if you doubt that these young gentlemen know what they're talking about, we can assure you that both of them have made a reputation for themselves by following just that formula.

Once it was that they talked of the boy in the sticks who made good. But in this atomic age it's the boy with the sticks who's making himself heard. Right now, both these young gents are pounding out niches for themselves in a Hollywood where drum-beating is one of the

most common sounds to assault the ears.

Just ask eight-year-old Joey Preston how drum-beating will get results. Joey will make with a big grin and assure you that if it doesn't land you playing with big name bands—as it did him—it still will attract attention for you. And you'll always be able to get a job breaking leas.

But Joey will be quick to warn you that your skin must be as tough as the ones on your drums. When the neighbors downstairs knock on the radiator, or the irate guy across the court shouts nasty remarks, that's when you've got to push the cotton in your ears and pound away as if you were doing a request performance. Once they make you stop, your spirit will falter and you might as well cart the drum to the nearest pawn

shop. It also might be a good idea for you to be an extrovert.

If you aspire to be a second Krupa or Buddy Rich, you'll do well to emulate the example of pint-sized Joey, who after six months in Hollywood is considered one of the big "draws" of the year in radio and film.

The son of non-professional parents, Joey was born in Baltimore, Md. At the age of two, he started playing with sticks and beating out rhythm. It wasn't long until he was beating a drum and sitting in on jam sessions with name bands that played Baltimore. Of course, there must have been a little native ability, or Joey would never have had the inclination to play around with those sticks in his diaper days.

As a result of some of the jam sessions he sat in on, Joey was discovered by Joseph Pasternack, who arranged for a Hollywood audition.

At eight, Joey is one of the "hottest" drummers in the business.

He has played with many of the name bands in the country, has made guest appearances on a number of top-flight radio shows and is under contract to MGM. All that work, and fun, too, for Joey. His most recent guest appearance was with the Kay Kyser band.

Currently Joey is at work on the MGM picture "Fiesta," starring Esther Williams. He plays boogie-woogie piano, besides the drums in this picture, in which he is cast as a boy who wants to become a pianist, while his parents want him to become a bull fighter. He recently completed work in another MGM picture, "No Leave, No Love," featuring Van Johnson. Neither picture has been released. Besides playing hot drums, Joey admits to playing the vibraphone and "fooling around with the piano," as he puts it. All of which is pretty fair for the undersized youngster with the broad smile.

You probably know Tommy Cook, 15, best as "Alexander Bumstead" on the "Blondie Show." But in Los Angeles High School where he is a member of the school orchestra, he is considered a very hot drummer. The orchestra doesn't allow him to give full vent to his drumming talents, but the air's eldest Bumstead offspring is the center of many torrid jam sessions where he tries to emulate his idols — Buddy Rich and Sammy Weisa.

So if you want to make sure that son of yours will be heard from, get him drums—and ear plugs for the family.



RADIO'S "ALEXANDER BUMSTEAD" RATES AS TOP DRUMMER WITH HIS SCHOOL BAND

RADIO ODDITIES

◆ Ann Sothern has to have an "Oscar" around when she does her "Maizie" show! We don't mean a gold statuette though. This "Oscar" is the 4-foot high circular railing onto which some actors cling while talking into the mike. Those who simply must have that "Oscar" insist it steadies them and reduces nervousness and mike-fright.

◆ Points of information: The "Inner Sanctum" creaking door opens top-to-bottom instead of sideways. It's easier for the sound man to handle that way. . . . Kay Kyser's "College of Musical Knowledge" is one of the few radio shows in which the performers dress in costumes appropriate to their parts. Ork members wear saddle shoes, beanies and sweaters; vocalists wear "Sloppy Joe" sweaters, and Kay wears a cap and gown.

◆ Sound men know the meaning of "turn the other cheek." Harry Esman, noisemaker on "This Is My Best," had to slap his own face for sound effect so many times during rehearsal that he had to go to work on the left one during the broadcast — the rehearsal cheek was too sore.

◆ So you think that Edgar Bergen and Danny Kaye are the last word in double-talkers. So do we. But here's Jack Kirkwood who made the all-time record back in 1938 at the San Francisco World's Fair, when he portrayed seventeen different characters in "Cavalcade Of The Golden West."

◆ ODDS AND ENDS: Kate Smith's full name is Kathryn Elizabeth Smith. . . . When she was only a struggling unknown, Fanny Brice was fired from a chorus of a George M. Cohan production because she sang too loudly. . . . Danny O'Neil's fine singing voice was first discovered by a chaplain who heard him in a Navy choir. . . . Maestro Paul Lavalie, planned to be a lawyer, but won a music scholarship on a bet with friends, got into radio instead.

Our hat of the many recording labels is doffed this bright month to a bright new singing star—Jo Stafford. She of the neat appearance, clean jazz style and sincere lyric selling, has climbed to the top of the canary heap in double-quick time. Jo's Capitol records and NBC airshows certainly pay off at the box-office. The fact that she's just as nice now as when she blended as one of the Pied Pipers means that Stafford will stay on top. Recommended in her latest Capitolulu pairing of "I Didn't Mean a Word I Said" and "You May Not Love Me." Paul Weston backs up with his usual deft orchestral touch. Both ballads are superbly sung in the Stafford manner. **TUNE IN** says it's Jo Stafford as this month's radio and recording personality!

CHECKING ON THE DUKE: Victor this month released Duke Ellington's total experiment called "Black, Brown and Beige." At the risk of being mauled by Ellington fans, here's a dissenting note about much of this work, which is recorded on a pair of 12-inch discs. Originally presented as part of a Carnegie Hall concert, about three years ago, "Black, Brown and Beige" still sounds pretentious, in the supposedly modern idiom. Ellington is a jazz immortal, but there seems to be a growing attempt to label him as a man who can do no wrong. The "wrong" in this case is not the attempt to portray a "parallel to the history of the Negro." It lies in the cliches, over-arranged passages and corny sentiment which smother much of the composition.

CHECKING THE CLASSICS: Add Fritz Reiner's bright conducting of Beethoven's bright Symphony No. 2 in D Major to your collection. The Pittsburgh Symphony does an outstanding job and the album is sharply recorded (Columbia-M-597-\$4.50) . . . Dimitri Mitropoulos conducts part of the Philadelphia Orchestra in Chopiniana, another bright Columbia masterwork. The Robin Hood Dell boys perform in splendid manner under the explosive baton of the great Greek from Minneapolis (M-598-\$3.50) . . . A sleeper this month is the Paul White "Sea Chanty for Harp and

By HAL DAVIS

Strings." Harpist Edna Phillips produces wonderful effects. Even if you usually steer clear of classics you'll like it.

GALE STORMS POLKA FIELD: As American as our millions of second and third generation citizens are the polkas which sell like—polkas—and sprinkle themselves by the millions in juke-boxes the country over. Heading the popularity list of the gents catering to this vast market is a bandleader named Bill Gale, who leads the Globetrotters on the Columbia label. Latest of the Gale efforts is a dual pairing of "County Fair Polka-trot" from the CBS airshow of the same name, and "Gettin' Hep." The tunes are brash and bright and the arrangements are a cross between America and the Old World—somewhere about the Azores, we'd say. There's a close-blended quartet mixed up in the proceedings and the record is slated for a big sales push. Try one for size.

CHECKING THE POPS: The King Coles show no mercy to "Sweet Georgia Brown" and "It's Better to Be by Yourself" (Capitol). The tempo is terrific, the musicianship superb and the record one that all collectors should hang from their trophy shelves . . . Thelma Carpenter, rapidly getting to be a favorite with many needle fans, toys with "Seems Like Old Times" and "A Jug of Wine" on Majestic. That Eddie Sauter background is money in the bank and the beat is there from the first groove. We'll buy that Carpenter lady as a standout on the record labels . . . Another lady vocalist well represented this month is Kate Smith with "If I Had a Wishing Ring" and "Seems Like Old Times" for Columbia. Nice tempos, Jack Miller backing and an always unerring sense of lyric sense, make these Smith efforts worth the price . . . Two pleasant pops by Tommy Dorsey and men include "If I Had a Wishing Ring" and "We'll Gather Lilacs." Taiot jazz but OK for dancing (Victor) . . . Dinah Shore appears on the Columbia label for the first time with a quartet of offerings. "Shoo Fly Pie and Apple Pan Dowdy," "Here I Go Again," "Coax Me a Little Bit" and "Where Did You Learn to Love?" are the items under which Dinah sets

sail, furling in her new label banner. Plus One is the Sonny Burke orchestral arrangement and backing which gives Dinah a real springboard for her deceptively sweet lyric style. Burke used to run the band which Sam Donahue took over before the war and is one of the best jazz men in the business. His sure touch shows on these sides. Dinah is still Dinah, so the juke and parlor rug cutters should be happy.

CHECKING THE ALBUMS: Tommy Dorsey playing tunes from "Showboat" (Victor) was a good idea. Kern fans will like it better than dyed in the wool Dorsey addicts. There's mostly singing by pretty Peggy Mann and Stuart Foster. Enough horn comes through, however, to put the unmistakable Dorsey touch on the four-record collection. Your favorite tunes are all here . . . Columbia's Victor Borge Program is an outstanding pop album. Borge ranks as tops in the comedy field and his pianistics are noteworthy. Worth the album price for the record on phonetics . . . Sam Freed conducts a Hollywood studio orchestra in an album of "Favorite Strauss Waltzes" for Capitol. All the regulars are there, done up in flowing, lush style . . . And Marek Weber's Columbia's collection of Schubert melodies is likely to astound the casual record addict who doesn't know of Weber's superb work in this field . . .



SAMMY KAYE'S BOYS CUT A NEW PLATTER



JOY SHERRILL SINGS FOR DUKE ELLINGTON

IT'S FROM HUNGER

AFTER DINNER SPEAKER ILKA CHASE BITES BACK

THE national flower is a goldenrod. The national bird is the eagle. The national sound of America is the burp! That sound heard from Maine to California as the poor beaten citizens attempt to eat the food served at our public meals, our banquets, Chamber of Commerce luncheons, and women's clubs. As one who has swallowed more poor food in good causes I rise to protest. . . . I've always suspected that the mashed potatoes and stony scoop of tutti frutti ice cream were subsidised by the American dentists. Now if we can only think of a use, that can be mentioned in police society, for the dejected fruit cup which invariably starts these feasts we'll really have something. I know of no bleaker sight than peering into the depths of a sherbet cup in which float dank, tepid little morsels of wilted peach, orange slices, and a maraschino cherry.

Next comes the thick cup of tasteless, lukewarm consommé . . . the leather chicken, the bullet peas, the glacial mashed potato, the ice cream made of frozen library paste, the cardboard cookies and the cold rancid coffee.

Men, we've got to fight. This wholesale poisoning of long suffering milk-toasts has got to stop. I have covered large sections of this country in plays and on lecture tours. My heart and stomach sink when I think of the daily fare served not only at official meals but in the nation's coffee shoppes and drug stores. It is so inexpressibly dreary to sit at these inevitable counters suffocated by the moist steam from the huge metal coffee containers, facing a lump of tuna fish and a pale orange slab of tomato, and when it's formal it's even worse. I have dined for causes ranging from the SPCA to false teeth for anti-fascists. I have gulped for starving China, I have eaten food for the Red Cross which would take that entire organization working overtime to counteract. This deplorable public diet is unnecessary. I grant you it would take strong measures to change it, such as battling headwaiters, and chefs but if our wills are as strong as our stomachs we can win. Not only is public food fierce, there's too much of it. The slow long drawn-out agony

By **ILKA CHASE**

of the four and five course meal is almost unbearable. Especially if you have to make a speech at the end of it and your stomach is already queasy.

Believe me, I think any speaker can be proud if he gets a laugh out of an audience which has been slugged into submission by the dinner it's just undergone. When I think of those slabs of breaded, processed meats, ough!

Oh, and we forgot to mention the salads. The one that really strops me in my tracks is the little job called Candlestick. First you take the very outer leaf of a head of lettuce, the one that's wilted and black around the edges. You lay it on the plate, on top of that you put a sickly sweet slice of tepid pineapple. Then in the hole of the pineapple you stick a banana. And on top of the banana a little dab of red pimento—to make the candle flame. Get it? It's a fate worse than death.

Why can't the town food committees learn from their country cousins. Where you often get wonderful food is at church socials, where everybody contributes and it's a point of pride to send in delicious dishes. There the cold turkey and the baked ham have flavour, the potato salad is succulent with dressing and a dash of onion and maybe a little crisp crumbled bacon, and the relishes and the chowders and the pumpkin pies melt in your mouth and you bless the day you were born.

A rich succulent stew with the vegetables right in, what could be easier or better for a hotel to prepare? It could be of beef or lamb or chicken. It might even be a wonderful fish chowder like that great French dish *bouillabaisse*, which is a meal in itself. Supposing you had that and a tossed green salad, mixed possibly with watercress and endive and a plain freshly made French dressing. What would be the matter with that?

Why shouldn't enough trouble be taken to make a meal enjoyable? That's a cook's job. What makes me so mad is this attitude of the hotels and restaurants who think everything's too much effort. During the war they had a fool-proof alibi—help was im-



TEA-LOVING ILKA — SHE WANTS IT HOT

possible to get but we had deadly banquet food long before the war. I can understand that at home if you have to make the beds and bathe the baby and get the kids off to school, you might be excused for cutting corners a little in the kitchen, but the hotel people have nothing to do but cook. Why not do it well?

Dear banquet committee, please serve tea too. I don't even ask that it be not in a bag. That's the way I prefer it but I know when I'm licked and, despite it though I may, the bag is here to stay, but could we at least have freshly boiling hot water in a pot not in the cup and it would be much appreciated if the waiters wouldn't look as if one had asked them to find Hitler's body when they are asked for an order of tea.

Let us have less and better food at public functions. Let it be simple but planned with imagination. We live in a country that raises the finest fruits and vegetables and meats in the world and we ruin them in the kitchen. Millions of people are starving to death and we are destroying our bounty. And playing hob with our stomachs. This isn't just a trivial, superficial complaint. A man is what he eats and if we are a little shameful I think it is not too far-fetched to suggest that we look to our kitchens. There is small enough variety and thought in cooking to be found in the average home. What goes on in public is downright immoral.

THE ANSWER MAN



ALBERT BROCCOLI

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

How many different towns can be built completely filled with water, if didn't sink?

An estimated half million.

Why was it that when our sailboat got completely filled with water, it didn't sink?

Probably because your sailboat was made of wood—and wood doesn't sink.

Is it true that all the land in England is owned by the King?

Technically, yes. The King owns all the land in England. As a practical proposition, however, no. The rights of the land owner in England are as absolute as those of the land owners of this country.

Is it true that in the tin mines of China the tunnels are so small only children can crawl through them? If so, how is the tin mined? Who does it?

The children.

How did that New Haven Railroad freight train get to be called the Silk Hat?

One day about thirty years ago, an undertaking establishment located near one of the New Haven railroad stations received a supply of new silk hats for its employees. But then, they didn't throw their old hats away—instead, the undertakers presented them to the crew of a New Haven freight train. There were enough hats to go around and to spare, and for about a month every member of the train crew sported a tall silk hat as he went about his duties. Folks came to call the freight train The Silk Hat, and it's been known by that name ever since.

The Russians say that Alexander Popoff invented radio telegraphy in 1896. Some say it was Marconi. Who is right?

The development of radio telegraphy is not the work of just one man. For years prior to Marconi and Popoff, preliminary studies had been made to show the nature of radio waves. In 1895 Professor Popoff developed an instrument for detecting radio waves. Then in 1896, Marconi made instruments both for detecting and sending radio waves. By 1898 Marconi's improvements showed commercial possibilities. Other scientists

—notably Heinrich Hertz of Germany, Sir William Crookes of England and Edouard Branly of France—made significant contributions to the study of the transmission of electrical signals through the air without the use of wires. The work of all of these men made radio possible. Still, Marconi is generally acknowledged to be the pioneer in putting these discoveries to a practical use.

Has a shark really got two brains?

More than that. A shark has five brains. One each for his nose, ears, eyes, skin—and one for his taste.

Is President Harry S. Truman left-handed?

No—despite stories in the press, the White House assures me President Truman is right-handed.

Do sailors really have 13 buttons on their pants?

Yes. Sailors really have 13 buttons on their pants. Each button represents one of the 13 original states—they say—but there's no substantiating proof.

Did more people die by drowning last year than at railroad crossings?

You are right. Approximately seven thousand people were drowned in the United States last year as compared to about two thousand people killed in grade crossings accidents.

Do all bears climb trees?

Some do—some don't. Grizzlies don't bother to. But the common black bear will climb any tree that will hold his weight—from a birch to a redwood.

When did men start wearing pajamas?

Men and women, too, have been wearing pajamas since before recorded history. But it was the English who introduced pajamas into Europe. They had learned of them from the natives of India. The first British pajamas were worn by both men and women as lounging costumes. It was many years before they got around to wearing them in bed.

How did the term "best man" start?

It is believed the custom of having a

"best man" at weddings dates back to prehistoric times. In those days a man simply carried the woman of his choice and seized her off. Generally the groom had to fight his way out—and that's where the best man came in—the groom selected the "best man" the best fighting man in his tribe to help fight off his future wife's relatives.

What American was a United States Senator, head of a foreign nation and a governor of an American State?

Sam Houston—who was sent to Congress from Tennessee in 1823 and was elected Governor of that state in '27. In 1829, when his new bride left him, he deserted public life and rejoined the Cherokee Indians—among whom he had grown up and by whom he had been adopted. He took himself an Indian wife and for six years acted as trader, adviser and peacemaker to the Indians. But in 1836 he was recalled by President Jackson, to lead the American troops against Santa Anna, and he subsequently became President of the new country—the Republic of Texas. When Texas was admitted to the Union in '45, Houston became one of its first Senators—and served as Senator for fourteen years.

What is the Turkish word for mister and how do the Turks say "hello" and "good-bye?"

The Turkish word for mister is "Bey." As a general greeting they say "Merhaba" and at the departure of a guest, "Allahaj Simarladik"—meaning, God be with you.

Was there ever a hanging of a woman in the State of Illinois?

Yes. On May 23, 1845, Mrs. Elizabeth Reed of Crawford County was hanged. She was seventy years old and was convicted of poisoning her husband.

What is the smallest country in the world?

Vatican City is the smallest self-governing, political unit in the world. It has an area of only 108 acres.

Isn't it best to keep bacon in the freezing compartment of a refrigerator?

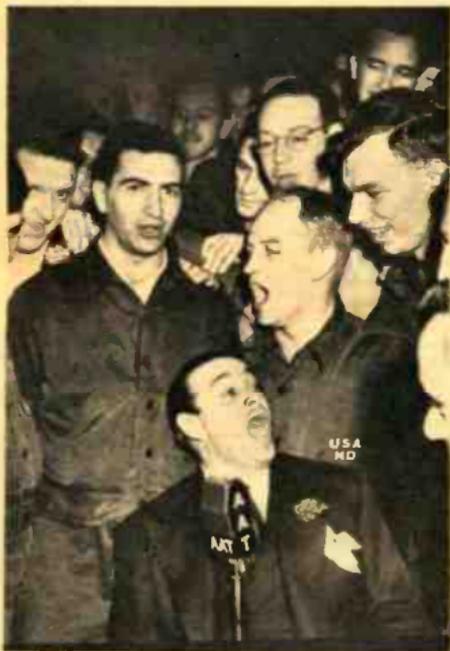
No. It is best to keep bacon in the regular part of the refrigerator where the temperature is about 40 degrees.

Didn't the British General Sir Bernard Montgomery carry some sort of pet with him all through the Italian campaign?

Yes. All through the Italian campaign General Montgomery carried with him a cage of canaries and love birds.

Tune In to "The Answer Man":	
WOR, New York	7:15 P.M. E.W.T.
	7:45 P.M. E.W.T.
	8:15 P.M. E.W.T.
WGCA, Chicago	10:00 P.M. C.W.T.
Yankee Network	8:30 P.M. E.W.T.

WITH THE NATION'S STATIONS



SILVER SPRINGS, MD.—Gather round, boys, it's Mort Downey. Convalescent soldiers at the local branch of Walter Reed Hospital help the famous tenor and his Blue Network cast entertain—themselves.



CHICAGO, ILL.—Daddy, Tommy Bartlett of Station WGN grins his happiness at presenting his first "A Date for Daddy" award. The couple are S.C. Mc James Nix and wife, Mary, a bride of 7 months.



SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Henry Benac, announcer Station W/BAC, records an interview with Byron Nelson, the "mechanical man of golf" on a magnetic wire recorder. Harold "Jug" McSpaden, golf champ, watches.



BOSTON, MASS.—Ginny Dwyer, emcee of the WCOP show, "People You Should Know," interviews 3 charming Conover models at recent Textron fashion show. Definitely—they are people you should know.

TELEVISION



BASEBALL FANS will be very happy over television plans, since sports will be at the head of the list of video offerings this year.



CAMERAMAN atop car is shooting pictures of General Eisenhower that were used in television show broadcast later the same day.

VIDEO GOES SPORTY

ATHLETICS TO HEAD TELEVISION MENU

FOR Elmer Q. Fan who is wondering what kind of programs he'll be listening to—and watching—when he gets that long-awaited television set, we have the answer. For the coming year, his look-and-listen video fare will be mainly remote pick-up shows.

And "remote pick-ups" is just a technical way of saying "sports," which should appeal to Mr. Fan, if he happens to be one of millions in America who would rather see a sport than be one. NBC plans to allot approximately 60 percent of its television time to remotes, with the majority of them on the sports plane. The remainder will cover such special events as parades, ceremonies, and noteworthy out-doorsy doings. So pour yourself a tall one and sit back to watch your favorite pugilists maul each other to a sweaty pulp at Madison Square Garden, or the Giants trying to beat "dem Bums" from Brooklyn at the Polo Grounds.

Studio-originated telecasts will occupy about one-sixth of the NBC video budget, while the remainder will derive from special events recorded on film and broadcast as news or as short subjects.

At present, NBC telecasts about twenty-two hours weekly, and hopes soon to reach the twenty-eight hour weekly minimum that will be required of television stations by the Federal Communications Commission after July 1, 1946. This will provide television fans with an average of four hours of video daily.

Plans of CBS closely parallel those of NBC. The telecasting of seasonal sports will get top call at CBS, with baseball, boxing, wrestling and tennis on tap for this summer. These will be augmented by special events telecasts. Although short of the twenty-eight hours a week figure now, CBS hopes to reach it by July first.

ABC, although planning a number of sports telecasts for the summer and fall, expects to put the emphasis on studio shows. But more about this next month!



BEHIND THE SCENES with CBS crew handling a telecast from the Capitol building. Video will require many more technicians.



NBC TELEVISION CREW records laying of wreath at Lincoln Memorial. Civic ceremonies will rank second to sports in video ratings.

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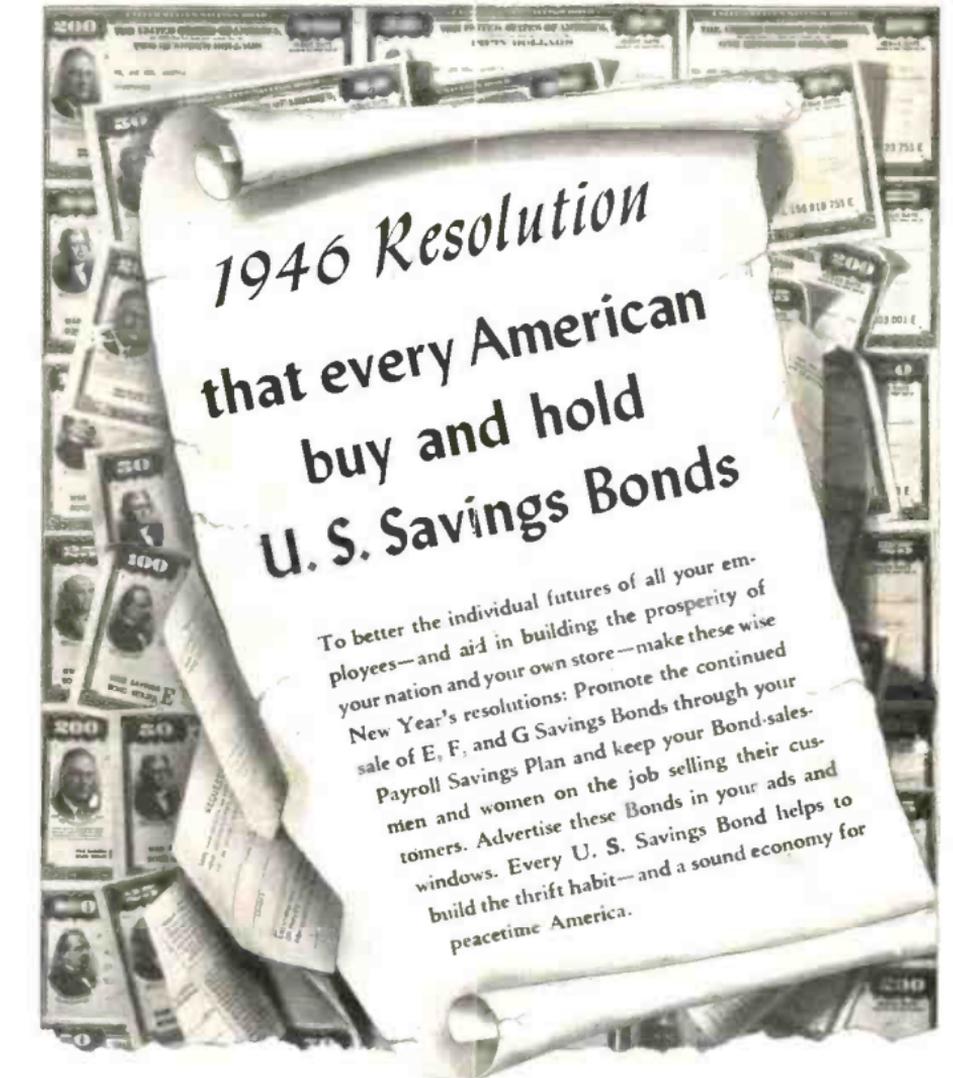
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