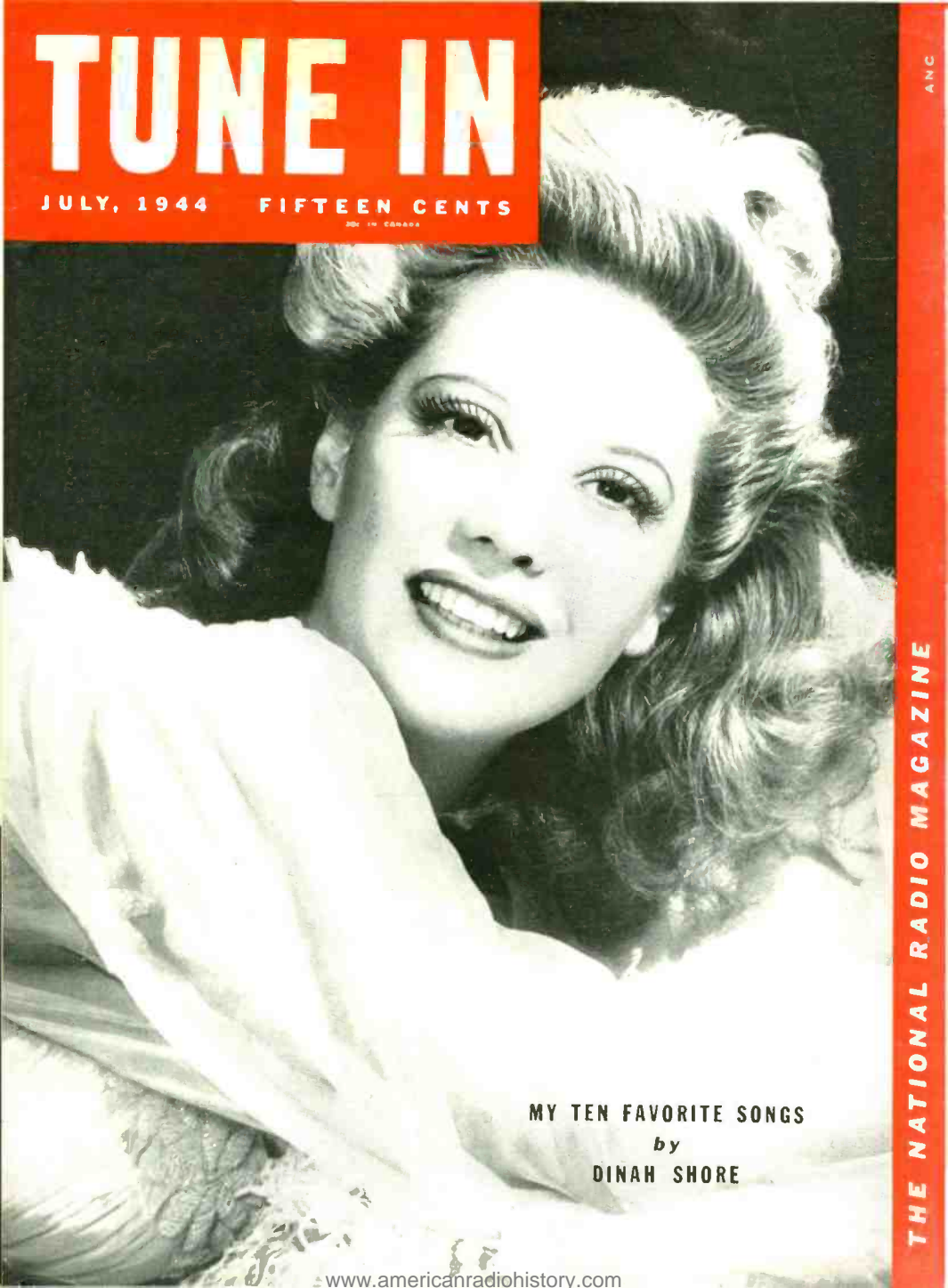


TUNE IN

JULY, 1944 FIFTEEN CENTS

30¢ IN CANADA



MY TEN FAVORITE SONGS

by

DINAH SHORE



Laughter—to give you strength

LAUGHTER for enjoyment? For merriment and just plain fun? Certainly. But with the shadows of war ever present over the world—over your land—in your street and in your home—laughter can bring you much more.

It brings to your life release from tension—a respite from wondering and worrying—refreshment and courage and strength to tackle tomorrow's job with new zest and vigor—new hope and courage. Laughter—to give you strength.

Laughter—from the jokers of a nation—over your radio, with its

funny men and women, its witty, well-turned phrases . . . its puns . . . its comical songs and situations.

Laughter is a pretty important part of life.

Laughter is a pretty important part of radio.

It's a pretty important part of the Blue Network.

There's wit in plenty, too, on many Blue programs—though wit is but one of the ingredients of this round-up of the great of the entertainment world.

You are the one that makes these and all the rest of radio's comedy possible. You in your home . . . you in your job . . . you on your ship . . . you in barracks, and tents and on the battlefields of the world.

You—and your chuckles and laughs that can't be ordered or ordained or dictated—no, and sometimes not even predicted.

Your tired nerves need the balm of humor. When your spirits need the lift of sly wit . . . when you want to laugh freely, wholeheartedly, joyously—listen to your radio.

THIS IS THE *Blue* NETWORK

A M E R I C A N R A D I O C A S T I N G S Y S T E M , I N C .

"TUNE IN" for COMPLETE RADIO ENJOYMENT

★
THE RADIO MAGAZINE
FOR EVERY MEMBER
OF THE FAMILY

★
IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Because of transportation problems and present day paper conservation policies you can avoid disappointment by having "Tune In" sent to your home regularly every month. Coupon, below, for your convenience.

only \$1.50

FOR TWELVE EXCITING ISSUES

FILL IN AND MAIL THIS CONVENIENT COUPON NOW

TUNE IN
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
RADIO CITY, N. Y.

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

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COMMENTATORS—PRO AND CON

Dear Editor:

There's been a lot of talk in the last year about the way commentators distort and misinterpret the news. I don't know much about that, though I suppose it is true that listeners hear the news from one viewpoint only. However, I wouldn't know what's going on at all if it weren't for the commentators.

After a 48-hour week plus overtime in a war plant, a man hardly has time or energy to keep up with what's going on in the world. People who have a lot of leisure can read several newspapers and form their own opinions—but who has such leisure these days?

In my own case, too, I just don't have the knowledge of geography and history to make up my own mind about things. What good does it do me to hear that a certain town has been captured if I don't understand its strategic importance? How do I know whether the President's newest appointment is a wise one unless someone tells me something of the man's career? I'm convinced that the average man must have his news interpreted for him. The problem is to choose a wise and impartial commentator to listen to—if you can find one.

A. D.

Brooklyn, New York

Gentlemen:

I'd like to see our radio newscasting completely overhauled and permeated after the BBC model—that is, less opinion and more facts. I don't need somebody to tell me what to think—just need to know what is happening and then I can do my own thinking.

Too many commentators use their air time to ride their own private hobbies or those of their sponsors. I never know, when I tune in on a commentator, whether he's telling the truth as he sees it or as his employer dictates. Just to make the point clear—suppose that a strike was reported by two commentators, one sponsored by the National Association of Manufacturers and the other by the CIO. Each would highlight the facts that suited his purposes, and the truth would be lost somewhere in the shuffle.

ANNA MERDICK

Tucson, Arizona

TOO MUCH LOVE

Gentlemen:

I thought I'd been unfortunate when I fell down and broke my leg recently, but I really didn't know how unfortunate until I started listening to those daytime programs. To put it mildly, my ears have suffered a lot more than my leg.

I don't pretend to be an intellectual giant now, but I do know that a couple of months of listening to some of those shows would make me a moron. Love is a very important part of life, I'm sure, but who can stand six or eight hours of unadulterated romance a day?

LAWRENCE ALTOON

Bangor, Maine

WAR REPORTING

Gentlemen:

I am glad to see that other people have objected to the radio reporting of allied losses. Nothing is more disheartening to a mother with two sons overseas than to hear somebody cheerfully announce: "Only six of our planes lost. That word 'only' seems to indicate that the men on those planes were expendable—that their loss was unimportant. Certainly we don't have to rejoice over our own casualties, no matter how they compare with the enemy's."

MARY BARRISTER

Washington, D. C.

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS

Dear Sirs:

I have enjoyed your magazine very much, and have had every issue so far. I would like very much if you would put in more articles about children's adventure stories, such as "Hop Harrigan," "Dick Tracy," etc. I think that your younger readers (of whom I am one) would enjoy these articles very much. I also would like to see some articles on Canadian radio actors, such as Alan Young.

H. G. MEADIE

Westmount, Quebec
(Editor's Note: Watch future issues.)



RADIOQUIZ

JAY C. FLIPPEN

GUEST QUIZARD

LIVELY EMCEE OF "CORRECTION, PLEASE" (CBS)



1 You should be able to recognize the period-costumed stars of: (A) Gay 90's (B) Keepsakes (C) Waltz Time



3 This statue is situated at: (A) Radio City, N. Y. (B) Merchandise Man, Chi. (C) Radio City, Hollywood



5 Once a Boy Scout, now a bandleader. You know him as: (A) Woody Herman (B) Johnny Lung (C) Fred Waring



7 Tobacco-auctioneer champion of Speed Riggs invites listeners to try: (A) Camels (B) Luckies (C) Chesterfields



2 She's "Young Dr. Malone's" leading lady. Her name is: (A) Edna Ross (B) Elizabeth Relfer (C) Elsie Robertson



4 The Lone Ranger comes on the air with the cry: (A) Heigh Ho, Silver (B) Hi Yo Silver (C) My Old Silver



6 Red Barber broadcasts baseball shenanigans from: (A) Ebbetts Field (B) Sportsman's Park (C) Wrigley Field



8 Ish Kabibble (Merwyn Bogue) is a comic on: (A) Eddie Cantor Show (B) The Goldbergs (C) Kay Kyser Show

ANSWERS ON PAGE 47

LETTERS (continued)

SERIALS WITHOUT END

Dear Editor:

There is one thing I've always felt like writing about and never got around to. I get so disgusted with the stories that continue for years—Mary Marlin, for example. I can't give it up because I'm waiting for Joe and Mary to be together, but, for goodness sake, a story is a story and generally has an end. Stella Dallas and Backstage Wife are two others that annoy me.

What I would like to see, or hear rather, is the ending of these stories and the dramatization of some good books, which will end with the book. I thought Kitty Foyle was grand when it started, but what have they done but made a never-ending thing of it.

MRS. LYMAN A. COOK
Townsend, Massachusetts

THRILLERS IMMORAL

Dear Sir:

I'm quite an oldtimer now, and far beyond any temptation to break the law. And I must admit that I get many a chuckle out of the "Thin Man" and "Mr. and Mrs. North" serials. But sometimes my social conscience prickles me about their influence on the young folks.

I wonder if anyone else has noticed that gangsters such as gunmen, jugs and murderers are almost invariably treated as lovable characters who wouldn't hurt a fly if they didn't have to earn a living. And what does the police force think of having its members portrayed as fat-footed, nick-skulled dimwits who have to depend on some doltish detective to catch their crooks for them? After all, they do represent law and order.

Making crime seem funny instead of a serious problem doesn't seem a good idea in the long run.

BRODERICK MORRIS
Chicago, Illinois

PROPAGANDA

Dear Sirs:

Your favorable write-up of the Army Service Forces show was entirely deserved. I think, as many of the broadcasts are interesting and gripping indeed. However, on this as on other propaganda programs, sometimes the moral is much too apparent and the drama too obviously written around it. When that happens, the show falls entirely, for it does not entertain and people have a tendency to resent having messages shoved down their throats.

ELISA GRANDER
Litchfield, Connecticut

SWOONERS' CORNER

Dear Sirs:

Frank Sinatra has made a name for himself and could be thoroughly enjoyed if it wasn't for a lot of girls yelling and screaming every time he opens his mouth. It really isn't doing any of these girls any good swooning over him—after all, he's married and has a family. I know if I were married, I'd want my husband to be popular, but not swooned over. I think the girls will agree with me too!

MARVENE MARTIN
New York, New York

Dear Sir:

So Miss Gloria Forsyth doesn't like Sinatra's singing? I agree with her on one point—she certainly isn't normal. If she thought about it for a while she would realize she's the one who is out of step. Let's just put it down to a lack of interest in music or perhaps she thinks it's novel to say she doesn't like him.

VAL BARBER
Seattle, Washington

Gentlemen:

Imagine my delightful surprise in not finding any photos, or even a single story about Mr. Swoonatra, the king of com, in your April issue of TUNE IN. Thanks a million! Ever since all this silly fuss about Sinatra, it's really a relief and pleasure to pick up at least one issue of my magazine and not find Sinatra cluttering up the pages with his "strictly from hunger" look staring up at me.

CATHERINE BOURT
San Jose, California

TUNE IN

VOL. 2, NO. 3 JULY 1944

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ON THE COVER

DINAH SHORE, who tells the story of the songs which have marked milestones in her career—on page seven.

TUNE IN, published monthly by D. S. Publishing Company, Inc., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Radio City, New York 20, N. Y. Richard Davis, president; V. C. Alban, secretary. Single copies 15 cents. Subscription, \$1.50 for 12 issues. TUNE IN accepts no responsibility for manuscripts and photographs that may be submitted. Manuscripts returned only with self-addressing envelope. Entered as 2nd class matter January 20th, 1943 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Copyright 1943 by D. S. Publishing Company, Inc. PRINTED IN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

AROUND THE NETWORKS



NBC regards its latest drama series, "Arthur Hopkins Presents," with the greatest pride. For more than thirty years, this veteran producer has been a vital force in the American theatre, but this is the first time that he has engaged in a radio venture. Through the re-enactment of the great Broadway plays of the last three decades, many of them with the original stars, Mr. Hopkins hopes to come closer than ever before to his dream of a "people's theatre with a wide repertoire. He believes that broad-

casting offers an ideal solution to the problem of a theatre for the masses, surpassing the efforts of Broadway productions and touring companies, because of the high price of seats. Moreover, a greater variety of plays can be introduced to the public through the elimination of the legitimate theatre problems of disproportionately great production costs and talent salaries.



Jessica Dragonette, soprano concert artist of CBS "Saturday Night Serenade," is one of the first top-ranking radio stars to be signed for a television series. Miss Dragonette is currently appearing on a new sight-and-sound program, called "Your World Tomorrow," over the New York station, W2XWV.



Memories of Paul Whiteman's historic contributions to jazz history will be revived once more when the orchestra leader appears in the forthcoming film, "Atlantic City." The movie will re-create the Blue maestro's first band, which began its precedent-breaking ragtime renditions back in the early twenties.

All four networks are cooperating to make radio's contribution to the 5th War Loan campaign surpass even the grand total of \$15,000,000 rolled up for the 4th Loan Drive. Plans for June include battlefield and war plant pickups, an international women's program and a special labor-management broadcast, as well as addresses by the President and Secretary Morgenthau.

"First Nighter," Mutual's veteran dramatic series, chalks up another milestone this year when it continues without interruption during the summer for the first time in its fourteen-year history. Leading lady Barbara Luddy has a record of her own, having been "married" over 300 times since joining the series.





HIT-AND-LONG-RUN LADY: Patsy Kelly has entertained at "Stage Door Canteen" more often than any other guest star and Bert Lytell, emcee of the CBS show, has given her a scroll to prove it.



NBC'S "HERE'S TO YOUTH" got many verbal bouquets for its fight against juvenile delinquency—but gave a real one to Helen Hayes, who helped the ten cooperating youth organizations to launch the Saturday series.

Along Radio Row

TURNING OVER AN OLD LEAF—or anything else he can unearth—is mere child's play to Groucho Marx, when the star of Columbia's Saturday "Blue Ribbon Town" digs dirt for Victory garden.



IT'S NOT DONE WITH MIRRORS but with papier-mache! Anne Seymour and Jimmy Monks pose with quaint figurines Lenora Boe fashioned, showing them in their frontier roles for "A Woman of America," the NBC serial.



LIP MIKES COME IN HANDY when "Vox Pop"pa Parks Johnson has to interview workers against the noise of boat-building plants and such. Otherwise, CBS listeners wouldn't hear much of the program on Mondays.



BY THE PROPHET'S BEARD, Senator Bloat can answer any question-of-the-week Fred Allen can ask him, come Sunday. Hefty Jack Smart is proud possessor of both the CBS role and the beard.



HIDING BEHIND PACKING CASES won't help Staats Cressworth get an off-guard shot, if he keeps lighting cigarettes. But nothing ever stops "Casey, Press Photographer," when he gets going, on Saturday nights over CBS.

IT'S BLUE NETWORK BLUES when tenor Morton Downey toots a sad note or two for musical director Paul Whiteman. Morton held a strictly dummy tax, in days when he sang with Paul's band.





He Proposed last night!

-how lucky that I wore my lovely

Evening in Paris
face powder



Face Powder \$1.00
Perfume \$1.25 to \$10.00
(All prices plus tax)

BOURJOIS
NEW YORK

Theme in "Here's to Romance," starring Dick Haymes, with Jim Amadio and Ray Block's Orchestra—Thursday repeats, Columbia Network.

OF MIKES AND MEN

By

Laura Haynes

FANNY BRICE is not only getting a new program all her own (leaving FRANK MORGAN in sole possession of "Maxwell House Coffee Time"), but may also do a Broadway musical—produced by her ex-husband, BILLY ROSE . . . ED GARDNER's new contract for next year's "Duffy's" allows the rollicking Archie the unusual privilege of bowing out at any time, should he prefer another show or network.

★ ★ ★

FRED ALLEN is getting back-pats for his nice gesture in letting ALAN REED take the "Texaco Theater's" *Falstaff Openshaw* character into a new sponsored show of Alan's own—and for free . . . TOM BRENNEMAN thought he'd seen everything in fan letters, during his long emceeship of "Breakfast at Sardi's"—until he got a tender missive from a teen-age Michigan girl who wrote that she'd like to look for work in Hollywood but, since she was a total stranger would he please meet her at the bus?

★ ★ ★

Mutual Admirer Department: Several hundred people were turned away from a popular New York night club the evening that SUNNY SKYLAR, Mutual's song-writing varitone, began an engagement there. Among the disappointees was Columbia's own Voice of America, FRANK SINATRA, complete with party of eight.

★ ★ ★

BURNS AND ALLEN always time their own CBS working schedule so as not to miss any episodes of "THE GOLDBERGS"—the result being something of an occupational hazard for comedienne GRACIE and her laugh-mate. "We're very sad when we come to work," says GEORGE. "How can people get into all that trouble?"

★ ★ ★

The "Crime Doctor" cast is now practically beardless, after months of sporting impressive beavers (which they grew because ORSON WELLES once remarked that he'd never really been accepted as a "genius" until he grew his famous facial foliage) . . . HOUSE JAMESON had to remove his distinguished gray goatee for the sake of pictures in the magazines and newspapers . . . EVERETT SLOANE had to shave off what was left of his magnificent red Vandyske, after son NED prankishly clipped off a

sizeable tuft while Sloane was sleeping . . . and RAY BLOCH's musicians then saw no further use in hanging on to their weird assortment.

★ ★ ★

Networkers are still laughing over the ration-wise crack pulled by "Take It or Leave It" quizmaster PHIL BAKER. "Today," Phil observes, "the women gas about beef and the men beef about gas!" Novel twist in DUNNINGER stories comes from Boston, where a paint dealer reports that a little old lady caught sight of the Mental Marvel's poster-picture in the window and exclaimed: "Oh, my! Are they still looking for that terrible gangster, DILLINGER?"

★ ★ ★

ALEC TEMPLETON's patriotic "Bee-W-Bee" (Buy War Bonds) jingle on "Cresta Blanca Carnival" has been further immortalized as the name of a race-horse belonging to a sports-minded Templeton fan.

★ ★ ★

The "missus" WHITEY FORD refers to, on NBC's "Grand Ole Opry," as "the fattest woman you've ever seen" is a purely fictitious character. The real-life *Duchess of Paducab* (for these past 14 years) still has one of the most attractive figures in the state of Tennessee . . . JEAN HERSHOLT (Columbia's "Dr. Christian") and his wife, celebrating their 30th wedding anniversary this year, were hosts to JOE E. BROWN (Blue's "Stop or Go" traffic-master) and his wife—married a mere 29 years.

★ ★ ★

When NBC's "Great Gildersleeve" guest-started with BARBARA LUDDY on Mutual's "First Nighter" this past season, his fee bore no recognizable relation to the \$25-per HAL PEARY used to receive in his old acting days on the Chicago show.

★ ★ ★

DINAH SHORE's 21-inch waist—already one of the tiniest in radio—is now even more sylph-like, as the result of the nipped-in costume corset (vintage 1900) which she wears in her latest flicker, "Belle of the Yukon" . . . XAVIER CUGAT, whose maerstrship of "Dubonnet Date" is only one of many musical chores these days, has to stall off his own not-so-slim movie commitments for his summer engagement at New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

★ ★ ★

Story of the Month comes from LORRAINE BENDIX, Blue's "Life of WILLY" star. Hiking on a Sunday through the Hollywood hills, the two had trouble finding the right trail home. "Dad stood there scratching his head," as Lorraine describes it, "looked at the paths, and said: 'I wish EMILY POST was here—I think we took the wrong fork back there!'"



MY TEN FAVORITE SONGS

by

DINAH SHORE

AS FAR back as I can remember, I have been singing. You can become familiar with a lot of songs that way. When I look back, titles by the thousand run through my mind. There are at least a hundred or more of these that I could sing throughout, from memory—if the audience wouldn't object.

But, out of all these tunes (some really beautiful, many good, and quite a few—well, *bad*), ten will always remain my very own favorites.

That doesn't mean my "ten best" songs, understand! Some of my ten never did become big hits. Others were just novelties which found a quick

vogue, then died almost as quickly. But they are my favorites, just the same, because of what they mean to me—something personal and very special.

Each one was a stepping-stone in my career. All of them bring back those fond, vivid memories which add so much to living—memories I'd like to share with others, just the way I recall them now. They're numbered, not in order of preference, but more or less as they fitted chronologically into my life so far, beginning with:

(1) "*Under a Blanket of Blue.*" The first time I ever tried to sing in public—for money—was at a Nashville night



ARMY ENTERTAINMENT: DINAH HEARS DRUMMER MONROE VOIGT BEAT OUT SOME G. I. JIVE



BENEFIT PERFORMANCE: CHINESE CHILDREN OFFER HER A TROPHY FOR AMERICAN FLYERS



SHIP LAUNCHING: DINAH POSSES WITH HER MATRON OF HONOR BEFORE THE CHRISTENING

club. I was all of 14 years old, but I had talked the manager into giving me a tryout, prudently neglecting to inform my parents of this interesting news. I practiced for days, borrowed an evening dress from my big sister, and went down to wow the customers with "Under a Blanket of Blue."

That's just where I was, too—shrouded in indigo—when I marched out on the floor to discover, to my horror, that mother and daddy were sitting right in the front row of tables. Though they let me get through the number, I'll never know just how I did it.

They snatched me right back home before I had a chance to try my equally well-rehearsed encore, "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby." But the manager still paid me my very first singing money—\$10, to be exact.

(2) "Give Me a June Night." Remember the song which began with those words? That was the one which started me in radio—but it didn't get me very far. It only gave me the bug to keep on trying. I used it to make an audition for Station WSM, while I was still a kid down in Nashville.

Being pretty nervous and knowing nothing about the peculiarities of microphones, I sang it so loudly that the engineer rushed out and shoved me a good five feet back from the mike.

P. S. I didn't get the job.

(3) "Dinah." No, I haven't forgotten that one, and I never will. I guess it's closer to me than any of the others in the catalogue. I went wild over it, the first time I heard Ethel Waters sing it on a record.

When I did a little song series over WSM (I finally beat 'em down, in spite of that bad start I told about), I chose "Dinah" as my theme song. And I had Bobby Tucker—now at CBS in New York—make the arrangement for me.

At that time, I was still known as Frances Rose Shore. But, when I myself went to New York, I already considered the song so lucky for me that I changed my name to Dinah. And it is still my opening theme today, on my Thursday evening program over CBS.

(4) "Easy to Blame the Weather." I had a pretty tough time of it, when I was attempting to break into the big-time in New York, and I won't soon forget the night I was auditioned for a sustaining series over NBC. The orchestra was led by Ray Sinatra, and this is the song I chose for my great moment. It got me the series, too.

(5) "Memphis Blues." Maybe I'm a bit partial to this because of the old

home state. Actually, I find it tough to make a final choice among that special group of songs which have done more for me than any others. I mean those wonderful blues—"How Come You Do Me Like You Do?" and all the rest—which helped me get started on my first big-time program, "Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street."

(6) "Yes, My Darling Daughter." This one marked another big red-letter day in my life. It was the tune I picked for my first broadcast on the Eddie Cantor program. I used it as a tryout for Mr. Cantor, and it turned out to be one of the most successful numbers I have ever sung.

Though I had been making records for Victor for about a year, by that time, this was my first real hit in that field and it gave me the start I needed in the recording business. Other songs have sold more disks for me, but none gave me a bigger thrill.

(7) "Leaning on the Old Top Rail." This is another song from about that same period, and I'll remember it for years to come—but for a very different reason. I had a chance to do a 13-week program of hit tunes and got by all right for the first two weeks. Then, on the third, I chose to try "Leaning on the Old Top Rail."

In our enthusiasm to do something different, Ticker and I worked out the most elaborate arrangement we could devise, with the help of any old standard numbers that happened to come to mind. ("Ticker," incidentally, is a name—not a condition. Ticker Freeman was my arranger-accompanist until his recent induction into the Army.)

The sponsor didn't like it. He complained—with what was a beautiful bit of understatement—that it was "over-arranged," and we parted company that night. But I did have the pleasure, a year or so later, of going on his show again, as a guest—at considerably more than double my original fee.

(8) "Blues in the Night." This song, which came along just a few months later, is my own particular favorite and has become the one most often asked for by service men—nearly every night, in fact, during my months at the Waldorf-Astoria's Wedgewood Room.

If I were cast alone upon a desert island and could have but one song with me, it would be "Blues in the Night." That isn't because I think it is the greatest, but simply because I feel it fits me so perfectly when singing it.

(9) "Mad About 'Em Blues." I have a very soft spot in my heart for this one. You probably know it—almost everyone has heard it—and the story behind it is just as nice as the song.

It was written by a couple of NBC page boys, Larry Markes and Dick Charles, and it carried them to prominence in the song-writing field. Dick has been a producer for the Blue Network in New York for some time now, and Larry has been a bomber pilot in England, with a record of several missions over Germany—and one plane shot from under him over Italy.

Their song was perfect for me. It still is; I rarely sing at any service camp without including it.

(10) "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To." My tenth song is picked for a very special reason. It's still a fairly recent number, but it will never grow old for me. You see, I had just started to sing it when I first met George Montgomery, then a screen actor, now a Corporal—and my husband.

It became sort of a theme song for us both. I made the record while we

were going together. And then, after George went into the Army, I sang it wherever I appeared, because it brought George closer to me. When he was sent to Alaska, I managed to get it into "Command Performance" and "Mail Call" broadcasts, hoping he'd hear them up there. (He did, too.)

So there are my ten favorite songs, as I remember them best.

I could add others, I could include "The Dreamer," because it became the outstanding song of those I did in my first motion picture, "Thank Your Lucky Stars," and stands as another milestone in a new career.

I could drop in "Now I Know," which is in my newest film, "Up in Arms," because it seemed headed, from the start, for a top spot in music.

I could even add—but don't let George hear!—"I Said No" (that catchy bit of nonsense about a girl and a magazine salesman), because they still yell for it at the Army camps.

But George says, now we've set up housekeeping, I gotta develop more resistance. Remember that paper shortage!



THE "SWEETHEART OF THE A. E. F." HAS A SOLDIER HUSBAND—CORP. GEORGE MONTGOMERY



BUSINESS IS SO GOOD AT THE DAVIS-HALEY "STORE" THAT SEASONED TROUPERS JOAN AND JACK MUST KEEP THEIR FINGERS CROSSED

SEALTEST VILLAGE STORE

JOAN DAVIS, PROP., AND JACK HALEY, MGR., DEAL IN LAUGHS AND CHUCKLES

TUNE IN THURS. 9:30 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

WHEN Joan Davis trips out on the stage — whether at the Thursday night broadcast of her *Sealtest Village* show or Tuesday night preview in which the program is audience-tested before actual airing — the first, quite audible reaction is: "Why, she's *good-looking!*"

Why this should be such a thunderbolt to beholders is still a puzzle to Joan's friends, who have long known the current clown princess as an attractive, quiet-voiced young lady. It even astonishes those very gag-writers (of whom Joan's husband, Si Wills, is one) who have been wringing their hands over a hot typewriter all week, searching for more lurid insults with which to picture wacky Joan Davis

as a homely, loud-mouthed wench who couldn't even be pin-up girl in a lonely Eskimo's igloo.

But there she is, in the slender, appropriately curved flesh, clad in well-tailored suit, with a flower on her ever-hatless head. The hair is wavy and burnished-bronze, the eyes are gray-blue and appealing — but it must be admitted that the famous nose can really look remarkably like a sugar-scoop in the wrong light. And it's Joan's business as a comedienne to see that she gets in the wrong light, that her generous mouth contorts itself into the wryest of grimaces, and that her trim, graceful legs tangle themselves up into pretzel-knots at the most crucial moments for the sake of comedy.

Glamour is anything but the strong point of the one-time Madonna Josephine Davis of St. Paul, Minnesota. When she trips out on a stage, she *trips*. She's the rubber-legged female counterpart of Leon Errol, and she takes her low-comedy falls with a certain air—but hard.

Television will hold new terrors when it captures the shenanigans of Joan Davis and her long-suffering sidekick, Jack Haley. Right now, the Davis-Haley broadcast is a 3-ring circus, complete with acrobats. The two comics chase each other around the mike, do stumble-bum minuets during musical interludes, pound performers on the back until they almost lose their lines from laughing.

The script takes quite a beating, both literally and figuratively. Joan and Jack use it to swat each other over the head. They kiss it ecstatically when a joke brings hearty laughter, tear pages out of it and throw them away when a gag fails to deliver. Favorite stunt for both guest stars and regulars, when they have a particularly harrowing insult to pay Joan, is to hold up their copy where the audience can see it and shake their heads to prove it was the writer's idea, not theirs. They can't, you see, quite get over this business of giving slugs instead of plugs to a good gal like Joan.

The one person who doesn't mind is the victim of all these left-handed compliments. Joan read the handwriting on the wall when she was only 6, and saw that it spelled out G-A-G-S, not G-L-A-M-O-U-R. Having successfully inflicted sad songs and serious sayings on church festivals for three years, she tried a dramatic recitation on an amateur-night theater audience in St. Paul—only to be hooted off the stage by the paying customers.

Undaunted, the train-dispatcher's daughter bounced back next week with a comic routine and beat the balconies into howling mirth. Result: A contract to tour the Pantages circuit, billed as "The Toy Comedienne." She eventually came home to finish her schooling, but the footlights still gleamed as something mighty enticing to fall into for a good laugh from the gallery. More vaudeville "single acts" followed until, one fine St. Patrick's Day, Madonna's manager teamed this daughter of the Irish and Welsh with Si Wills. That's when she changed her first name to Joan. Just five months later, she also annexed "Wills" as her own legal last name—by marriage.

August has been a sizzling month in the life of the sultry singer of cracked-voice songs. It was in August, 1931, that Si and Joan were married . . . August, 1933, that their daughter, Beverly, was born . . . August, 1941, that Joan made her radio debut on the Rudy Vallee program as a guest . . . and it was also in August, some decades earlier, that her present partner, Jack Haley, was born.

The long trouping experience of both Davis and Haley (for Jack, too, has had years of vaudeville headlining) has had a lot to do with their show's consistent rating among the five top-ranking programs of its type. But another never-to-be-forgotten success factor has been Rudy Vallee himself, their predecessor and champ booster.

It was Vallee who first brought them to the airwaves—in individual guest spots, on different programs—and proved to them and the critics that they definitely had something to offer radio. It was Vallee who kept Joan on the present show as a regular, chose her as his successor, and introduced Jack as her assistant, before resigning to go into the service. It was Vallee (now a Lieutenant in the Coast Guard) who was least surprised of all when the re-cast show retained its previous popularity—then kept on climbing. And it was Vallee who sent Joan two handsome onyx



Penelope Cortwright, Joan's romantic rival on the Davis-Haley show, is played by honey-haired Sharon Douglas, 23, from Oklahoma City.



MAN-CHASING JOAN IS QUITE A PROBLEM TO JACK — PARTICULARLY IF THERE IS SOMEONE AROUND LIKE FRANK SINATRA HIMSELF!

rable-lighters, in the shape of crowns, when she was voted the year's Queen of Comedy.

Nevertheless, radio success came as something of a surprise to both Joan and Jack, who are what is known in the trade as "physical" comedians — Joan with her arm-flinging antics and jaw-dropping grimaces, Jack with his wide-eyed mugging and general air of being a well-meaning, eager little guy who is always being shoved around by the other fellow. Both are used to getting most of their laughs visually.

As a consequence, it's doubtful whether Joan — who, at just past 30, has become a \$60,000-a-picture and \$100,000-a-year radio star through just such clowning — could really give her best performance without playing to a live audience. At broadcast time, she still seems a bit keyed-up about having to face a mike and hold a script. Added to this, of course, is the knowledge that she is now considered a "prestige" comedienne and that a lot of salaries and reputations depend upon her radio show's retaining its present popularity.

No such terrors dismay the veteran Haley, who has learned to take things as they come, bright lights or comparative obscurity, applause or indifferent silence. Cheerfully admitting that he's, "past 40" — though his boyish features, fresh skin and trim 5-foot-10½ figure will probably still make him look like an Irish juvenile, at 90 — he's been through too many opening nights, learned too thoroughly that relaxation is the key to long life in show business, to worry unduly about what other performers are getting in cash, credit or handclaps.

As a matter of fact, although Jack isn't co-starred with Joan in the present set-up, his weekly salary runs comfortably close to hers and he has about an equal number of profitable film assignments. Despite the fact that Joan has never had Jack's long musical-comedy experience on Broadway, while Jack didn't start his theatrical career as early in life as Joan (he ran away from his home town of Boston to go on the stage, at 18), there are some intriguing parallels in the Davis-Haley careers.

Both spent years in vaudeville — and found their lifemates there. For Jack, it was Florence McFadden, one of the "Soda Fountain Girls" in his first big act, which forecast the ice-cream counter setting in his present radio show. They have been married for 21 years now, and the quiet comic is still utterly devoted to his Flo.

Both Jack and Joan became established in movies before trying broadcasting. Now both are under contract to RKO, where Joan has just finished "Show Business," and each has

several commitments with other studios. But neither has ever let Hollywood go to their heads.

Generous to others but wary of the future, they have few extravagances. Joan invests some of her savings in good jewelry, including a set of buckle-design rubies and diamonds which would flutter any feminine heart. For years, she had a fine, large home which was her pride and joy until she sold it to get a less pretentious one — simply because servicemen guests said they would enjoy a swimming-pool and the smaller house had one.

Jack invests in California real estate, with special emphasis on his 250-acre ranch (127½ miles from Hollywood), where he spends the major portion of his week. A navigator's son with no love for the sea, he has turned to his grandfather's profession, farming, and talks eagerly of "free gravity water," "perennial crops" and his "foundation herd" of white-faced Hereford cattle.

Above all, both have children who are chips off the old block — or, as Beverly once said, "hams off the old hock." Haley's 18-year-old daughter married young, but Jack, Jr. shows considerable promise, at 10, and has even been screen-tested. Beverly Wills, almost 11, has definitely inherited some of her mother's comic gifts and has appeared on the show as Joan's kid sister.

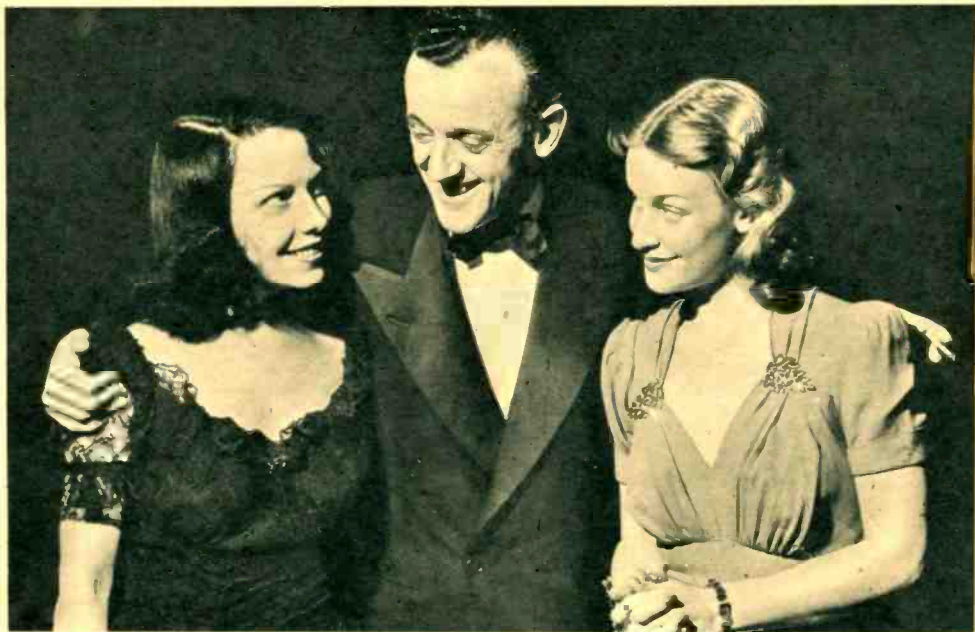
So — it looks as though the two zanies themselves have taken good care to see that the next generation shall have a chance to enjoy the same kind of slap-happy radio humor that this generation has given ample proof of enjoying!



Davis-Haley vocalist is tall, dark and shy Dave Street, 26, director of the noted boys' choir at St. Brendan's Church, in Los Angeles.



Fussy Blossom Blimp is played by one of Hollywood's best-loved character actresses — short, gray-haired, fun-loving Verna Felton, 53.



A CAST OF THREE — IRENE WICKER, BOB WHITE AND JOAN BANKS — IMPROVISE DIALOGUE FOR AS MANY AS SIX DIFFERENT CHARACTERS

DEADLINE DRAMAS

BOB WHITE DREAMS UP COMPLETE PLAYLETS IN JUST TWO MINUTES

TUNE IN SUN. 12 MIDNIGHT E.W.T. (Blue)

CREATORS of most radio shows take great pride in boasting of the care with which their programs are put together. Hours of writing and rewriting are followed by long and strenuous rehearsals. But Bob White, impresario extraordinary of "Deadline Dramas," takes just the opposite point of view. His greatest joy is in declaring that the broadcast's playlets are developed right on the air, with no advance preparations whatsoever.

The idea behind these unique impromptu performances really was born in the early thirties, while Bob was doing more conventional work at a Chicago station. The slim, energetic young man and his tiny blonde wife, the former Betty Reynolds, were in the habit of holding open house on Sunday afternoons in their Wilmette, Illinois home. Since most of the couple's friends were actors and actresses, they invented a kind of busman's holiday entertainment, in which guests put on extemporaneous plays based on a situation thought up by some non-participating member of the party.

As the drama-wise writer-producer makes clear, the history

of unrehearsed plays goes back a lot further than that. In the famous Commedia del' Arte of the 15th century, basic plots were written on a board and the players devised action to fit them while eating together before the performance — usually inventing some new twist on a well-worn theme of folklore or legend. Later, Stanislavsky in Russia used this device as theatre practice and succeeded in developing an almost telepathic sensitivity in actors through the necessity of guessing ahead of time what other performers in the drama would say.

In "Deadline Dramas," techniques have been changed and elaborated somewhat to meet broadcasting conditions. Nowadays, listeners send in twenty-word situations (for which they win War Bonds) and the announcer reads these bare outlines to Bob and his two assistants, Irene Wicker and Joan Banks. The trio concentrate so hard that they seem to be all ears, and then make a mad dash for a glass-windowed control booth where Bob machine-guns his plans for filling in the outline to the two intent ladies. At the same time, a sound

man, equipped to produce any one of a hundred different effects, listens in on the frenzied verbal scripting through earphones. His job is to cue organist Rosa Rio for mood music, and be ready to supply the crash of crockery or the report of a pistol when necessary.

Exactly two minutes after the reading of the original situation by the announcer, the play goes on. Sometimes, as the nervous, 41-year-old dramacaster admits, the actors don't know themselves just how the plot is going to end, and the ladies try to follow White's lead to a logical finish. Bob's no egotist, and insists that, as in dancing, leading is a lot easier than following—especially when you have no idea at all what your partner has in mind. As the ad-lib dialogue unfolds, the "leader" sometimes finds it necessary to introduce another character, and it's up to the "followers" to catch on. On such occasions, too, Bob often has to gesticulate and grimace violently at soundman Brock while carrying his own lines, so that that intuitive soul can pull new effects out of his hat.

Amazingly enough, the dramas sound smooth and finished over the air. Only the studio audience is aware of the tension and strain as they watch the taut bodies and nervous fingers of the three players. Sixty-four different girls were tried out over a period of two years before the present harmonious combination was found. Irene Wjcker, long known through her children's programs as radio's "Singing Lady," was the best actress Bob could remember from the original Wilmette, Illinois group. And Joan Banks (Mrs. Frank Lovejoy in private life) is a serial veteran.

The only rehearsal for the entire half-hour broadcast is

a kind of warm-up in which the former movie-scenarist and his two satellites get the wheels working properly by doing practice playlets from situations supplied by anyone who happens to be around. A few more skits are produced from 20-word sentences contributed by the studio audience in order to convince skeptics that the dramas are really unheard. None of these are as good as those which actually go on the air, for a board of editors selects the most interesting plot outlines from the twelve or thirteen hundred received each week, thus giving the actors more scope for their talents.

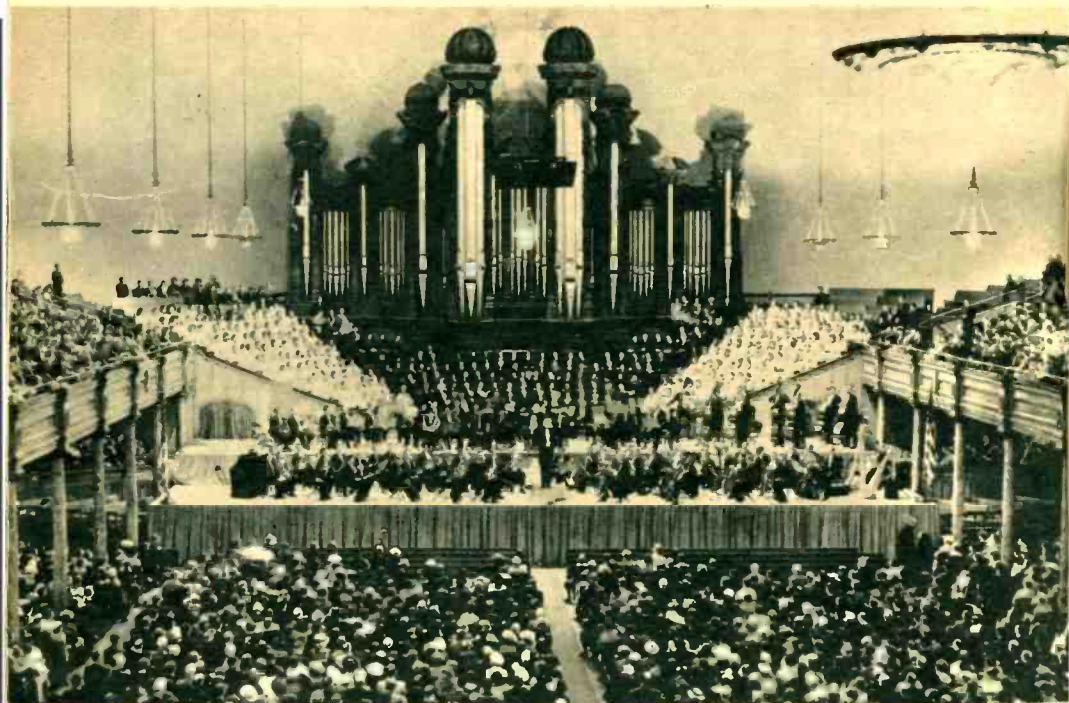
Bob White explains his quick-thinking ingenuity quite simply. The dramagician states that he doesn't remember or memorize plots as he just hasn't that kind of mind. But he has written about 1500 radio scripts and the scenarios for thirteen movies, and consequently thinks habitually in terms of situations and characters. Whether an idea will strike him as comic or tragic depends entirely on the way he reacts to it at the time, but the board of editors tries to include as varied a selection as possible each week.

Though rehearsals are held to a minimum, intense post-mortems follow each week's performance. As soon as the show is over, Bob runs for the nearest phone to call up Mrs. White and get her criticism and reactions before the cast disperses.

Off the air, Bob's as whole-hearted a family man as he is a showman and will pull out pictures of his wife and three sturdy boys at the drop of a hat. Far from boasting of his own success, he considers former actress Betty White the remarkable member of the family, loves trying to prove it



THE NERVOUS TENSION OF THESE QUICK-WITTED AD-LIBBING VETERANS COMMUNICATES ITSELF TO THE FASCINATED STUDIO AUDIENCE



USUALLY ACCOMPANIED BY PIPE ORGAN, THE CHOIR HAS ALSO SUNG WITH SUCH ORCHESTRAS AS STOKOWSKI'S PHILADELPHIA SYMPHONY

Salt Lake City Tabernacle

A GREAT CHOIR BROADCASTS FROM THE CENTER OF MORMON CULTURE

TUNE IN SUN. 12 NOON (CBS)

JULY of 1944 inaugurates the sixteenth consecutive year of one of America's most unusual radio series. By Christmas, it will have passed its 800th weekly broadcast. Considering these figures, Columbia believes that its Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir's "Music and the Spoken Word" is setting something of a record as the oldest continuously-presented nationwide sustaining program in radio history.

Any "novelty" appeal this large-cast religious series may have had has now worn off, and the growth of its listener-audience for the past decade or so has been quiet though steady. Outsiders curious about the Mormon religion — for

which the Salt Lake City Tabernacle is a main gathering place and conference hall — have long since discovered that they'll learn no mystic secrets from this tranquil half-hour blending brief talks on morals in general, hymns of all denominations, and classics from all countries.

Yet there is much that is definitely unique about the program — in setting, history, personnel. The physical background is unmatched elsewhere in the world. Even Salt Lake City itself has a flavor which is not only peculiarly Western but peculiarly its own. Visitors, though no longer surprised to find that Mormons don't really have green horns

(a favorite joke among the Latter Day Saints themselves), are still amazed at the great size of Salt Lake City blocks, the unusual width of both sidewalks and streets and, above all, the drinking fountains on every corner, with crystal-clear mountain water running down the gutters.

These are all the more startling since the city nestles in the foothills of the Wasatch range, with other mountains, desert and the Great Salt Lake all visible from the heights. Its location explains the plentiful supply of snow water, in a state which relies almost entirely on irrigation for its all-important agriculture. But how can one explain the

large city blocks and wide streets, which were laid out long before the first automobile — and even before the first pioneer home was ready for occupancy there?

Salt Lake was one of the first "planned" cities in America. Brigham Young and his Mormon settlers began mapping it out within a week of that day in 1847 when he first looked out over the broad, tenantless, barren valley and said: "This is the place."

Prominent in those plans was Temple Square, where the Tabernacle now is. Today, as then, this 10-acre landscaped lot, with its 15-foot-high surrounding wall, is the hub of Mormonism. It is the center of religious life in Utah (it's estimated that three-fifths of the state, one-half of the city, are members of the church) and also of much of Utah's cultural interests.

The statues in this area are by nationally known Utah-born sculptors. Mahonri Young, grandson of Brigham, did the life-size figures of the martyred Smiths — Mormon prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum, slain by mobs in the Midwest before the great trek started —



RICHARD L. EVANS, PRODUCER-ANNOUNCER

and the graceful Seagull Monument, commemorating the birds who saved early crops from a plague of grasshoppers.

Cyrus E. Dallin did the heroic-size, frock-coated statue of Brigham himself, at the busy intersection just outside the gates — and also the hammered-copper,

gold-leaf-covered figure of the angel Moroni, surmounting the six-towered Mormon Temple.

The architecture in the Square is a law unto itself, dictated by Brigham Young. The Temple, with its 210-foot eastern spire, is vaguely Gothic, as vaguely reminiscent of French chateaus, modified with Oriental touches and the solidity of native granite.

But the Tabernacle defies all comparison with buildings of any previous period. It was, in fact, one of the first such structures ever built with a self-supported, vaulted roof — it's oval, 250 feet long, 150 feet wide.

Severely simple, with stone buttresses shouldering an enormous slate-colored shellback of a roof, from the air it looks like a gigantic tortoise. From the ground, it looks rather like a modern airplane hangar — a resemblance which is startling in an early photograph taken during its construction, while the ribs were still exposed.

That was in the early 1860's, when nails were scarce in the pioneer community. Rawhide thongs and wooden pins were used instead, to hold together

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



THE SOPRANO AND TENOR SECTIONS REPRESENT ONLY AN APPROXIMATE HALF OF THE FULL TABERNAACLE CHOIR OF MORE THAN 300 VOICES

Salt Lake City Tabernacle (continued)

the fabric of this building which seats 5,000 people but has no pillars supporting its unbroken ceiling.

The unusual construction has given the Tabernacle remarkable acoustical qualities which are the delight of tourists and the despair of Stokowski—who objected that they were all wrong for a symphony orchestra.

This is one place where you can literally hear a pin drop—from one end of the great hall to the other—a fact frequently demonstrated to the guided tours which swarm over the Temple grounds, *a la* Radio City, and listen to the free half-hour organ recitals each noonday in the Tabernacle.

The organ—usually presided over by Alexander Schreiner or Frank Asper, of the Sunday broadcasts—is as remarkable as the building in which it's housed. The original, begun in Civil War days, is still part of the present four-motored model and there are many of the first pipes among the 6,868 today, which range from five-eighths of an inch to 32 feet in height.

The console, which also operates a celestial or "echo" organ located at the opposite end of the building, is an elaborate affair with complicated pedals. Both Schreiner and Asper are famous for their footwork—and Asper, in fact, wears special shoes designed to allow for greater speed.

Music has always been a strong part of the Mormon religion, and not necessarily sacred music, either. Historians say that there was some form of musical instrument with every group of the refugee-pioneers who made one of the



LISTENERS CROWD INTO THE TABERNACLE DOORS (MORMON TEMPLE IN BACKGROUND)



ALEXANDER SCHREINER AT THE CONSOLE

most gruelling westward passages in American history. Thousands of them, including women and children, crossed the plains and mountains on foot, pushing their worldly goods before them in unwieldy hand-carts.

Songs were morale-builders, around the meager campfires at night, and these weren't all hymns. Ballads, folk-songs, classics and even dance-music were carried westward with the train.

The original of the present Tabernacle Choir was organized in 1850, has been uninterruptedly active ever since 1879, made appearances at virtually every important world's fair since 1893, sung in such varied settings as the White House and Hollywood Bowl.

For all this, the some 300 members not only serve without compensation but pay their own expenses—a matter of

almost \$10,000 a year. All have their own trades and professions during weekdays—be they mechanics or lawyers, school girls or housewives. There are whole families in the choir. A recent survey showed 27 married couples, 6 mothers and daughters, 3 fathers and sons, 11 pairs of sisters.

Their enthusiasm is unbounded. Some walk great distances to take part in the Sunday broadcasts. Many rise at 5 A.M. to be on time for rehearsal. All are eager to sing for J. Spencer Cornwall, their director for the past nine years . . . to listen attentively to the brief inspirational talks of Richard Evans, commentator since their first few months on the network . . . and to lend their help, in any way they can, to one of the most sincere non-sectarian religious programs ever to be heard over the air.

VAUGHN MONROE

THE HANDSOME BANDEADER IS AN UNSELF-CONSCIOUS MATINEE IDOL

ONCE away from the bandstand, Vaughn Monroe sheds glamour like a duck sheds water. Seen without the rose-colored glasses, he's just a big, good-natured, likeable chap with a job to do and a family to support. And that's just the way he likes to think of himself. Of course, there's no doubt about the 33-year-old bandleader's good looks — on stage or off. As thousands of swooning fans point out, the deep-voiced crooner has a perfect profile, an ingratiating smile, and dimples — to say nothing of the fact that he's six feet, two inches tall and powerfully built. But once out of the limelight, the handsome baritone slouches down in his chair, curls his feet around the rungs, and manages to appear quite an ordinary fellow.

As a matter of fact, the glamour-boy build-up has come as something of a surprise — and a shock, — to the unassuming young maestro. Like other members of his profession, he's learned to accept the fact that publicity agents have a tendency to gild the lily. It no longer astonishes Vaughn to find himself described as a curly-haired blonde, when, to tell the truth, his hair is brown, almost straight, and definitely receding. Any fan who really wants the unvarnished truth can take a good look and find out.

The conservative, grey-eyed maestro really started out to be an engineer, but ended up in the entertainment world through a series of accidents. Perhaps it was all pre-ordained from the start, for when he was born in Akron, Ohio, his

mother named him after a prominent stage idol of the day, one Vaughn Glaser. No further progress was made in his career, however, until the family moved east to Jeannette, Pennsylvania. There the young Monroe hopeful was fortunate

in making the acquaintance of a boy whose father had just bought him a trumpet. After tooting away for a while, the boy down the block discovered that he'd never be able to play the instrument properly because of a peculiar formation of his teeth, and in a burst of friendship he presented the trumpet to Vaughn. By the time the bandleader-to-be was fifteen, he'd already won a state-wide contest as a trumpet soloist. His musical talents were also put to use in the Jeannette high school band, and later the young man worked his way through Carnegie Tech University in Pittsburgh by means of professional engagements with

dance bands. But rhythm was getting into his blood, and after a while Vaughn gave up all ideas of being an engineer and turned professional entirely. Big-time success was still a long way off, however, and orchestra-leading was the farthest thing from the lad's mind. The serious-minded musician started out at first merely as a trumpet player with Austin Wylie, 'way back in the thirties. Then, after six months of that, he got a chance to work with Larry Funk, combining the job of baritone vocalist with his trumpeting.

The real climb to fame began, however, with Jack Marshard, Boston society band leader. When Marshard wanted to



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VAUGHN MONROE FAN CLUBBERS GET "HEP" DURING A REHEARSAL



AFTER THE SHOW, THE MAESTRO SIGNS AUTOGRAPHS FOR THE JIVERS



VAUGHN MONROE'S NOT ABOVE A BIT OF CLOWNING ON OCCASION

take a vacation, in 1937, he asked Monroe to substitute for him while he was away. Far from welcoming the opportunity, the handsome trumpet-player balked like a mule. Always thoughtful and conservative, he realized and wanted no part of the headaches that make up a bandleader's life. However, luckily for Vaughn's fans, Marshard was insistent, and Vaughn finally, but reluctantly, agreed.

Once in the saddle, the athletic young baritone became fully aware of his opportunity and found that the work was not quite so burdensome as he expected. Instead of returning to obscurity, he was soon leading his own outfit as a singing bandleader, playing alternate seasons in Boston and Miami. Lady Luck didn't even give him the courtesy of a glance, nevertheless, until he began to give broadcasts from Seilers Ten Acres near Boston and further attracted national attention through a series of Bluebird recordings.

By 1940, Vaughn had climbed right into the groove with a style that attempted to appeal to youngsters and oldsters alike. Far from getting swelled-headed, the "kid from the country" still believed — as he does today — that bandleading is just a tough job with a lot of hard work attached, and that no "luck" or "looks" will make up for a lack of good music. He's got an answer ready, too, for those who sneer at jazz. They'll wake up and take notice one day, the maestro believes, for, with the improved tone color of modern bands, jazz is evolving now into something really tremendous, with a permanent place in American music.

One of the first things Vaughn did after reaching success was to marry tall, slim former-schoolmate Marian Baughman of Jeannette, Pennsylvania. Vaughn admits that he remembers Marian from high school, but insists that he used to think she was terrible. The only thing the athletic adolescent liked about her at that time was that she was a whiz at basketball. It wasn't till the lass's hair began to grow long and she took off her glasses that the trumpeter really sat up and took notice. In any case, the two friends corresponded regu-

larly while Vaughn was at Carnegie Tech and Marian at the Pennsylvania College for Women, but the baton-wielder insists he never thought of asking the lady's hand in marriage. He still says that he was completely surprised to find himself proposing on the day, four years ago, when he made a long distance call from Miami Beach to the gift shop in which Marian was working. Evidently, Marian was surprised, too, for she told him that if he still felt the same way about it the next day he should write her. Needless to say, he did — and the Monroes have seldom been separated since.

The couple agree that they have a lot of fun doing nothing together, for Vaughn's work leaves him little time for outings. Night club visits are rare and they practically never see a movie — except those which happen to be on the same bill as the orchestra. Blue-eyed and brown-haired Mrs. Monroe is quite used to the clockwork schedule on which a bandleader's private life must be run, and manages to have dinner on the table for her husband each night at twenty minutes to six exactly. Her only objection is that Vaughn is always catching up on his sleep just when she wants to have a long chat with him.

One thing that Vaughn is really grateful for, too, is that a bandleader's hours give him some free time during the day so that he has a chance to see a lot of two-and-a-half-year-old Candace. Candy's a real trouper already, for she toured the country with her daddy from infancy, making her first trip to the Coast when only four months old. Wartime restrictions make such traveling impossible now, but the family is hoping that they can all be together again every day in the year, as soon as the war is over.

Meanwhile, the orchestra leader spends as much time as possible in his seven-room New York apartment, tinkering with gadgets and fussing with his collection of pipes. His ambition — which is still a long way from being realized — is to settle down and vegetate on their New Hampshire farm.



DARK-EYED DELL PARKER TAKES CARE OF THE FEMINE VOCALS

VAUGHN MONROE PURSUES HIS HOBBIES FERVENTLY



DAUGHTER CANDACE (CANDY FOR SHORT) IS HER DAD'S FAVORITE PHOTO SUBJECT



VAUGHN HAS A FINE TIME TAKING INSTRUMENTS APART



FAST MOTORCYCLING IS A PEACETIME RECREATION FOR THE ATHLETIC SWINGMASTER



THE BANDELEADER HAS A COLLECTION OF 200 PIPES

CBS for laughs...

Everybody works better and fights better if there's something to laugh about. Here are typical quickies from the shows that keep you tuned to CBS for laughs — laughs our enemies can never understand — can never conquer.

Fred Allen addicts drop everything (even the baby) when his voice travels down his nose into their radios. Here's why:



Allen: Getting ready for Easter, eh?

Portland: Yes. Mama packed 12 dresses in a trunk last Fall...When we opened the trunk...

Allen: What was inside?

Portland: 300 moths and 12 zippers.

Allen: I had a Homburg hat in the closet all Winter.

Portland: Did the moths eat it up?

Allen: No. the moths wouldn't eat the homburg without onions.

Judy Canova's unsuccessful pursuit of men and matrimony is almost America's No. 1 Problem.

Judy: Howdy, folks...Well, I made one of my regular trips to the Hollywood Canteen...Well, sir, you should have seen them soldiers crowd around me. I sure had what they wanted... Dorothy Lamour on one arm and Ann Sheridan on the other.

Judy: ...Some of the fellers thought I was gonna give a puppet show. When I walked in they said, "Here comes Punchy Judy!"...I served sandwiches and coffee. The only way I could get a feller to hold my hand was to put it between two slices of bread...Once three fellers proposed to me. Percival, Albert and Dewey. But I turned 'em all down. Well, Percival took poison, Albert took gas and...Dewey took Manila.



Edison may have been a more important inventor than Col. Stoopnagle, but the Colonel is a lot less sensible.



Colonel: Eddie, it looks like I'm going to have to make up my mind between Acidopholus and the Acme Dog Walking Agency. Why did I have to be born a man?... Why couldn't I have been born a child? Well, I was born a child. Why couldn't I have been born an animal child...like, say a cub...The cubs have it nice...They're born with a silver baseball contract in their mouths... Look at the animals that have gotten someplace in the world...Mickey Mouse, Maxie Baer, I. J. Fox, Hal Roach...to say nothing of the famous birds... Walter Pidgeon. Ursula Parrott, Vivienne Siegal...

As if the world weren't confused enough, George Burns and Gracie Allen add their unique touch of madness. Certainly Gracie's voice is enough to drive strong men...



Gracie: Oh, Rita, this is awful. Here I thought George was a genius and he turns out to be just the man I married.

Hayworth: It's nothing to get upset about, Gracie.

Gracie: You don't understand, Rita. It's like having a great big dish of tutti-frutti, and then the frutti melts away and you're left with just the tutti.

George, don't feel bad about not being a genius. After all I can't expect you to be a genius and a great lover too.

George: I'm the romantic type, huh?

Gracie: Oh, yes, darling. When evening shadows fall and I'm hungry for romance, only you can take me to see a Charles Boyer picture.

Some day printed matter will be wired for sound and then when you read the works of the Great Durante you'll get the full, rich overtones. In the meantime, you better listen to his program.



Moore: Now Jimmy, in this play you and I are detectives. Have you ever done any detective work?

Durante: Why in my youth I was known as the uncouth sleuth with the loose tooth! Only today a guy calls me up and says, "Durante, there was a big burglary downtown. I won't rest easy till I know you're on the case."

Moore: Who was it that called?

Durante: THE BURGLAR!

You've often seen hurly Jack Carson in the movies, but not until you hear him over the radio do you realize what a fraidy-cat he really is.



Carson: How do you like my bathing suit, Leslie?

Brooks: I think the sleeves are too long... But what's the idea of the water wings?

Carson: They're not water wings. The pool's cold. These are hot water bottles.

Treacher: Mister Carson, now that you're up and about, how are you going to spend the day?

Carson: This is the kind of a day I'd like to spend driving down a country lane with someone's head resting on my manly shoulder! How about you, Treacher?

Treacher: Don't you think I'm a bit too young for you, Sir?...

How much it pays Tom Howard to be ignorant nobody will ever know. Over his quiz program such questions are asked as "What season of the year does a housewife do her Spring cleaning?"



Tom: Well, folks, here's that quiz program that marks the turning point in education...and the turn is for the worse. Our board of experts are so dumb they think a can opener is a key to a jail. I'm going to introduce them to you in the

order in which they were released from their strait-jackets. First we have a man who has just written a book entitled "How to Evade the Draft" or "My First Twenty Years in Sing Sing"...Our next expert is a woman who is living proof that nature sometimes has hysterics...Our question is: How often is a weekly magazine published?



The wild man of the air is Groucho Marx. Did you know he was a writer, too? Neither did he.

Landis: Groucho, somehow I can't picture you as a writer.

Groucho: Why not, Carole? If I had the time I could write as good as Shakespeare, Dickens and Hemingway! Why, my teacher in grade school told me I wrote very much like Gradnick.

Carole: Gradnick? Who was he?

Groucho: The boy next to me. I copied his work.

Carole: Oh, Groucho, to be able to write you have to live.

Groucho: Well, I've lived...

Carole: I mean recently.

1. Sunday 9:30 pm EWT
2. Tuesday 8:30 pm EWT
3. Saturday 4:35 pm EWT
4. Tuesday 9:00 pm EWT
5. Friday 10:00 pm EWT
6. Wednesday 9:30 pm EWT
7. Friday 9:00 pm EWT
8. Saturday 8:00 pm EWT



Tune in the nearest station of...

The Columbia Broadcasting System

HARRY COOL

**"HERE'S TO ROMANCE" VOCALIST
IS A TALL LAD ON HIS WAY UP!**

TUNE IN THURS. 10:30 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

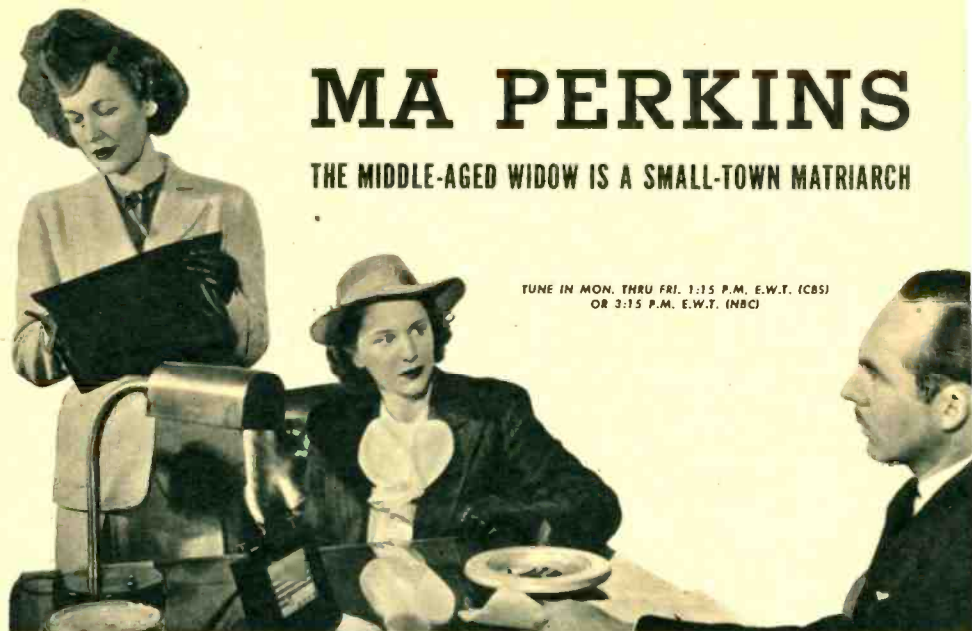
REPORTERS are in for a shock when they interview Harry Cool, who brings a new kind of charm—almost 200 pounds of it—to "Here's to Romance" vocals. The six-foot-four thirty-year-old towers over the tallest mike and looks as though he could break it in two. Curly-haired and dancing-eyed, Harry has a jaw as rugged as Gibraltar, and the only reason he isn't a one-man army right now is a spinal cyst which also keeps him off golf courses and tennis courts.

But that's not the only reason Harry hasn't time for outdoor sports these days. A native of Minneapolis, graduate of a St. Louis station, mid-West band tours and Chicago theatres, he's throwing everything he's got—including a vibrant voice which can handle both romantic and rhythm numbers—into his new career in the East. He wants to make good there first, and isn't at all upset by the contract through which his wary sponsors insist he wait a year before making any movies—a fate which is as certain as higher taxes for the photogenic Mr. Cool.



MA PERKINS

THE MIDDLE-AGED WIDOW IS A SMALL-TOWN MATRIARCH



TUNE IN MON. THRU FRI. 1:15 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)
OR 3:15 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

RUSHVILLE CENTER "SOCIETY": DOBIS FAIRCHILD (KAY CAMPBELL) AND THE PENDLETONS (BEVERLY YOUNGER AND MAURICE COPELAND)

DAYTIME serial queens are mostly glamour girls, pure but not too simple. Housewife or career woman, sweet girl graduate or mature *femme fatale*, almost all have one thing in common: Love is the theme song of their romance-packed lives. Yet one of the most firmly entrenched empresses in the whole royal family of radio drama is a motherly old soul, plain-faced, plain-spoken *Ma Perkins*, central figure in the decade-long serial which bears her name.

Just how much glamour *Ma* has can be gauged by the fact that she's been described as a composite of *Tugboat Annie* and *David Harum*, neither of whom ever laid any claims to being either beautiful or painfully brilliant. What *Annie* and *David* possess in the way of hard-headed common sense and soft-hearted sympathy for the underdog, however, *Ma* also has in abundance—and uses at the drop of a hint.

A widow with grown children, the unassuming matriarch of the mythical Rushville Center isn't hanging around her lumber yard, waiting for Prince Charming to ride in' on a snow-white charger. She's much too busy managing the business *Pa Perkins* left her, years ago. And, though she relies much on the devotion of *Shuffle Shober*, her bachelor partner, she has little interest in personal romance—just a positive genius for getting mixed up in the love affairs of other people, both young and old.

Whatever goes on in Rushville Center—and a lot happens there, small as the town is—you'll usually find *Ma* somewhere in the middle of all the excitement, either because her own good nature takes her to the heart of every trouble, or because some frenzied friend drags her into it against her will. Obviously too religious and conscientious (though the script has never said just what church *Ma* goes to), she also has a great tolerance for human frailty, seldom passes judg-

ment on the misdeeds and mistakes of others, and believes staunchly in the Golden Rule. Naturally, such qualities make her a motherly magnet for every troubled soul in the community, all of whom soon learn that her homely expressions clothe a world of shrewdness and that her gentle voice conceals a will of steel.

Ma's charity begins at home, of course, and her own lively brood has provided her with plenty of chances to exercise her talent for humanity, ever since the series started on the networks in December, 1933. There's daughter *Evy*, now in her 30's, married to *Willy Fitz*, and mother of a 10-year-old *Junior*. There's daughter *Fay*, in her late 20's, widowed by the death of *Paul Henderson* a couple of years ago, and mother of a little girl, *Paulette*. And there's son *John*, who is between *Evy* and *Fay* in age.

It was *John* who inadvertently plunged his mother into her current problems, although he has been in service and far from Rushville Center for many months now. His friend, *Gary Curtis*—who saved *John's* life during the North African campaign, was wounded and discharged from the Army—has been living at the *Perkins* home and has stirred up a hornet's nest, not only for *Ma*, but for the whole town.

Gary was already an embittered man, before the war. Life in the service gave him the only satisfaction and happiness he had ever known, and his discharge made him more cynical and morbid than ever. *Ma's* hopes of rehabilitating him had a good chance of succeeding, however—until he discovered the source of all his bitterness, right in Rushville Center. The resultant fireworks have involved *Ma* with the *Pendletons*, the village's most social family.

Gary's original unhappiness stemmed from the death of his mother, years ago, for which he has long blamed his

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

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hated father, *Jeffrey Powell*, and a mysterious woman—who turned out to be the present-day *Matilda Pendleton*, wife of Rushville Center's leading banker. In his attempt to get revenge on *Matilda*, by breaking up her own marriage, he brought the ruthless *Powell* back into her life, creating a dangerous triangle which soon promised to become the quiet town's most sensational scandal.

Meanwhile, *Gary* became involved in a triangle of his own, since both *Gladys Pendleton*, *Matilda's* daughter, and *Fay Perkins Henderson* were attracted to him. Torn between his grudging affection for them both and his consuming desire for vengeance, he has brought little but heartache into *Ma's* life, adding anxiety about her widowed daughter's welfare to her eagerness to see *Gary* settle down in a job and forget his murderous hatreds. Long-time listeners to "Ma Perkins," however, knew from the very beginning that their

hardy heroine would be more than able to cope with such a problem, even with personal complications.

Oddly enough, *Virginia Payne*, who plays *Ma Perkins*, possesses much of this same ability. Without make-up, the blue-eyed ash-blond may not bear much resemblance to the plump, matronly character she plays. *Virginia* has a trim little figure, just one inch more than five feet tall, wears smartly tailored clothes and ultra-feminine hats—and isn't married. But, she is warmly sympathetic, takes a genuine interest in other people and their problems, is a good listener and never loses her sense of humor.

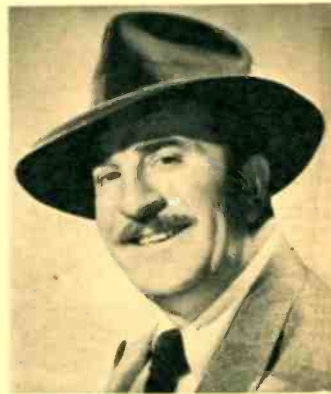
Often called Chicago's First Lady of Radio, this daughter of a physician has merited the name as much through her good works as through the fact that she has held the top-drawer title role of "Ma Perkins" from the day of the program's network debut. Ever since her early days in her native



MA PERKINS HERSELF (as portrayed by Virginia Payne), though neither wealthy nor "influential," is the very heart of Rushville Center—everyone's motherly friend, guide and advisor.



GARY CURTIS (Rye Billsbury), friend of *Ma's* son *John*, is her biggest problem now.



WILLY FITZ (Murray Forbes) is *Ma's* son-in-law, and the father of a boy called *Junior*.

Cincinnati (where she won a Master's degree in literature at Cincinnati University), she has been helping others, living quietly, attending an occasional symphony concert, and studying voice—but mainly devoting her bubbling energy to organization and community welfare.

Today, those efforts are mainly connected with war work. A great-great-granddaughter of the historic Dolly Madison, Virginia is Midwest chairman for the United Theatrical War Activities and vice-chairman of the National Entertainment Industries Council for her area. In both jobs, she is instrumental in lining up talent for entertaining service men and headlining the various War Loan Drives. She's also a committee member for U.S.O. Camp Shows and Red Cross Hospital Shows, making many appearances herself.

For all these tasks, she is particularly well prepared by her four or five years as president of the Chicago chapter of the

American Federation of Radio Artists. Miss Payne of Chicago may not live in a small town, like *Mrs. Perkins* of Rushville Center, but she is obviously just as busy being of service to her fellow city-dwellers.

A "born trouper," like *Ma* herself, she has been a conscientious worker from the moment she made her radio debut over Starion WLW, a high school student playing an Indian maid in a Thanksgiving Day playlet. In 10½ years of "*Ma Perkins*," she has never missed a broadcast—though she broke a bone in her leg at 6 o'clock one evening, had it set by midnight, and performed as usual the very next day.

That's a spirit which *Ma Perkins*, her family and friends in Rushville Center could understand. The characters whose portraits are printed on these pages may know little about show business, according to the script, but all are learning—through *Ma*—what a sense of responsibility should mean.



FAY HENDERSON (Rita Ascot), *Ma's* younger daughter, is a widow and herself a mother.



SHUFFLE SHOBER (Charles Egelston), bachelor and best friend, is also *Ma's* lumber-business partner.



EVY FITZ (Laurette Fillbrant) is *Ma's* married eldest daughter.



MATILDA PENDLETON (Beverly Younger) is the social leader of little Rushville Center.



AUGUSTUS PENDLETON (Maurice Copeland) is Rushville Center's banker and most prominent citizen.



GLADYS PENDLETON (Patricia Dunlap) is the banker's daughter.



JEHOSHEBA (PLAYED BY BARBARA FULLER) AND JEHOIDA (OGDEN MILES) OPPOSE THE WICKED DESIGNS OF QUEEN ATHALIAH (IMITZI GOULDI)

Light Of The World

OLD TESTAMENT CHARACTERS COME ALIVE FOR MODERN LISTENERS

TUNE IN MON. THRU FRI. 10:15 A.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

WHEN "Light of the World" made its debut some five years ago, the air was heavy with forebodings. Radio critics predicted that a storm of public protest would silence the dramatizations of Old Testament stories at once. Instead, the program was deluged with letters of thanks — many of them from clergymen and Sunday School teachers. Laymen are still

writing in to say that these modern-language interpretations have brought them deeper understanding of the characters of the Bible.

Much of the credit for this favorable reception must be given to the writers, Katharine and Adele Seymour. The sisters state simply: "Our story is the story of the Bible."

In "Light of the World" they attempt merely to bridge the gulf of centuries for modern listeners so that Biblical people live and breathe again, as real as the heroes of the newspaper headlines.

To do this is no easy task, however. Though the tales told in the Book of Books retain eternal fascination for mankind, differences in language and custom confuse the reader of today. Moreover, accustomed as we are to the detailed realism of twentieth-century novels and motion pictures, many of the narratives seem brief vignettes rather than full histories. As a result, it was necessary for the serial authors to

act as stage directors, supplying conversation for the characters, describing the clothes they must have worn, the food they ate — and generally fitting in the background of everyday life which was omitted from the original accounts.

The language in itself is quite a problem. Characters must talk in modern English to be easily understood by the listener, and yet retain something of the dignity and stateliness of Biblical style. Slang is never used, and ordinary colloquial expressions almost never. The script refers to a "child's robes" rather than to a "baby's clothes," for example, and the words "silks," "hand-woven linens" or "cashmere" are

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THESE VIVID DRAMATIZATIONS PRESERVE THE SPIRIT AND DIGNITY OF THE BIBLE STORIES



used rather than the new-sounding "fabrics." Thus the careful authors use their choice of words as a subtle means of setting the tone of their dramas. They're quite ready to admit, however, that the radio audience is entirely unaware of this — unless they make a mistake. Then the wrong expression jars noticeably with the test of the text.

Sound effects present difficulties, too. The subdued clatter of knives and forks cannot be used to enhance the realism of a dinner table scene, since such cutlery was unknown in Biblical times. On the other hand, whatever sounds were characteristic of the feasts of the Old Testament would mean nothing to modern ears. Consequently, except for the rustling of a garment or of a piece of parchment, sound effects are omitted almost entirely. Instead, the mood of heroic drama is set by the organ music of Clark Whipple and the majestically intoned announcements of narrator Bret Morrison.

The most interesting and most challenging aspect of the entire adaptation is the analysis of these ancient men and women in the light of modern psychology. Before the Seymour sisters attempted to write dialogue for the wicked Queen Athaliah, in the current sequence, they had to formulate an idea of what she was like from studying her evil deeds. It was finally decided that a woman who did such completely unreasonable things was not only emotional, violent and self-willed, but was also probably half-mad — although the Bible never actually said so. Once such a study of a personality has been made, the writers attempt to convey their impressions of the character through her conversation in much the same way that any author does — except that they do not change the actual deeds of the Queen.

The importance of selecting just the right actors for the parts is realized by everyone connected with the dramatizations. Before the beginning of each long sequence, such as the story of Noah's Ark or the exploits of Samson, director Basil Loughrane and the Seymour sisters audition literally hundreds of applicants in a search for voices that fit the roles perfectly. Luckily for these perfectionists, many daytime serial stars will turn down other opportunities for a chance to act in "Light of the World," because the serious artistic pre-

sentation gives more scope to their acting talents than most radio dramas do.

Occasionally, fictitious persons are cast for appearances in the stories when their presence will make the plot clear or enhance the realism of the action. In the story of Queen Athaliah, for example, neither the faithful Caleb nor the courageous slave-girl, Astra, have actual counterparts in the Bible. In other sequences, it has sometimes been necessary to invent women who must have existed though they were not mentioned. Because of the comparatively unimportant social position of women in Old Testament days, many wives and mothers were never identified at all and have to be written into the script.

Though the Misses Seymour have become learned Biblical scholars themselves through the years of study they have spent on these problems, they make it very clear that all scripts are still closely scrutinized by a non-sectarian advisory board. At every stage in the proceedings, from the first bare plot outline of the sequence, to the settling of the last detail of costume or pronunciation, three eminent authorities (representing the three major faiths of America) are consulted: Rabbi Abraham Burstein, editor of the "Jewish Outlook"; Dr. James Moffatt of the Union Theological Seminary; and the Rev. John LaFarge, S.J., editor of "America."

Since no detail is too small to warrant the most painstaking kind of research, the two authors have very little time left over for other pursuits. Occasionally, they are strongly urged to try their hands at another daytime serial — in more modern vein. Much as they'd like to, both Katharine and Adele feel that when they are working on "Light of the World," they become so steeped in the atmosphere of a bygone era that it would be very difficult to turn their minds back to the present.

Even the house in which the two sisters live has an ecclesiastical setting, being a dignified old brownstone in the "colony" surrounding St. John's church in New York's Greenwich Village. Very often the Seymours compose their dignified but dramatic lines to the appropriate strains of pipe-organ music wafted through the adjacent churchyard.



ERIC DRESSLER PORTRAYS THE KING, JORAM LOUISE FITCH PLAYS ASTRA, A SLAVE-GIRL JOHN THOMAS TAKES THE PART OF CALEB



LYNN GARDNER

A PIN-UP BEAUTY FROM JERSEY
SINGS "THANKS TO THE YANKS"

TUNE IN SAT. 7:30 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

APPROPRIATELY enough, it was a U. S. O. camp show that landed Lynn Gardner her job as vocalist on "Thanks to the Yanks." That was where quizmaster Bob Hawk first heard the green-eyed brunette, while appearing on the same program. This was quite a coincidence in itself, but it was sheer accident that the 20-year-old was singing at all. Time was (about three years ago) when the young New Jersey high school graduate was headed for a teaching career.

Winner of a Fordham University scholarship, Lynn would be in college today—if she hadn't been offered a vocalist's job with Will Bradley's orchestra just about that time. Having sung over the radio at 12 and studied voice for years, she jumped at the chance and has never been sorry, throughout her subsequent career on band tours, Broadway and radio. She's particularly happy now that she can "stay put," live with her parents, make her own hats (which, she confesses, "don't turn out too well"), and grow tomatoes in her family's Victory garden.



JOEL KUPPERMAN

The black-eyed "matergnagian"—who also knows a score of Shakespearean dramas inside out—gets as much fun out of toy boats and wagons as any other 7-year-old.



BACKSTAGE WITH THE QUIZ KIDS

To most people, there's something frightening about child prodigies—until they meet the "Quiz Kids." Then they discover that these junior mental giants are courteous, affectionate, fun-loving and almost discouragingly normal. They're popular with their classmates in Chicago public schools, active in sports and clubs, have their own household chores to do—and honestly believe their older brothers and sisters are smarter than themselves.

Richard, who taught himself to read before he was 3, would like to be an engineer, like his father, but is prouder now of being pitcher on the school team than of being a *Quiz Kid*. Harve, who wants to be a newspaper writer, like his mother, and has already had "bylines" in big dailies, is not only an expert on U. S. history but a devotee of such

American institutions as hamburgers, football, fighting—and reading in the bathtub.

Gerard, who has been a life member of the Chicago Academy of Sciences since he was 8, gets as much kick out of rolling in the snow and splashing through puddles as he does out of collecting nature specimens. Joel, who performs miracles in mathematics, wants to grow up to be a farmer—"and a good husband!" Ruthie, who has had many poems published, also hopes to be happily married but, meanwhile, devotes her energies to salvage campaigns.

Former child-prodigy Orson Welles once said, after meeting his first *Quiz Kid*: "Why, he's just as unaffected, as unspoiled, as simple as Albert Einstein!" The truth is rather simpler than that, as proven by these gay off-guard pictures.



HARVE FISCHMAN

The red-headed young journalist—an authority, at 13, on both American history and famous battles—also loves a good "scrap" and knows his Army models.





GERARD DARROW

The "Quiz Kid" biologist and zoologist has the usual 11-year-old love for playing cow-boy—and takes his turn at grocery-fetching (ration-points are no puzzle at all to him!)



RUTHIE DUSKIN

When not answering every conceivable question on the Bible, opera and drama, the 9-year-old, blue-eyed blonde learns to iron and bake, in preparation for her career—marriage!



RICHARD WILLIAMS

Literally the "fair-haired boy," this 14-year-old has appeared more often than any other "Quiz Kid"—but loves athletics as much as geography, history or mathematics.



A RADIO GLAMOUR GIRL GROWS UP

JANE WEBB is one radio personality who doesn't believe in superstitions. For the eye-filling starlet was born on an "unlucky" day—August 13th, 1925—and Lady Luck has been beaming steadily in her direction ever since.

First step on the road to fame was made when the eight-year-old Chicago lass sang a Swedish song and acted as mistress of ceremonies in a Century of Progress Exposition show

in 1933. Three years later, she landed her first broadcasting role—and has been picking them up steadily ever since. At present, the talented miss plays *Peggy Gaylord* in "Guiding Light" and *Janie* in "The Baxters" (both NBC serials).

As a youngster, Jane wanted to be a chemist, a cow-girl, or a writer—anything but an actress. Now Miss Webb has forgotten these ambitions in the success of her radio career.



AT 11, PIG-TAILED JANE WEBB PLAYED HER FIRST RADIO ROLE



AT 13, THE CHILD ACTRESS BROUGHT HER TOYS TO THE STUDIO



AT 14, JANIE SPARKLED WITH THE RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS



AT 15, THE DEMURE YOUNG LADY TOOK UP WRITING AS A HOBBY



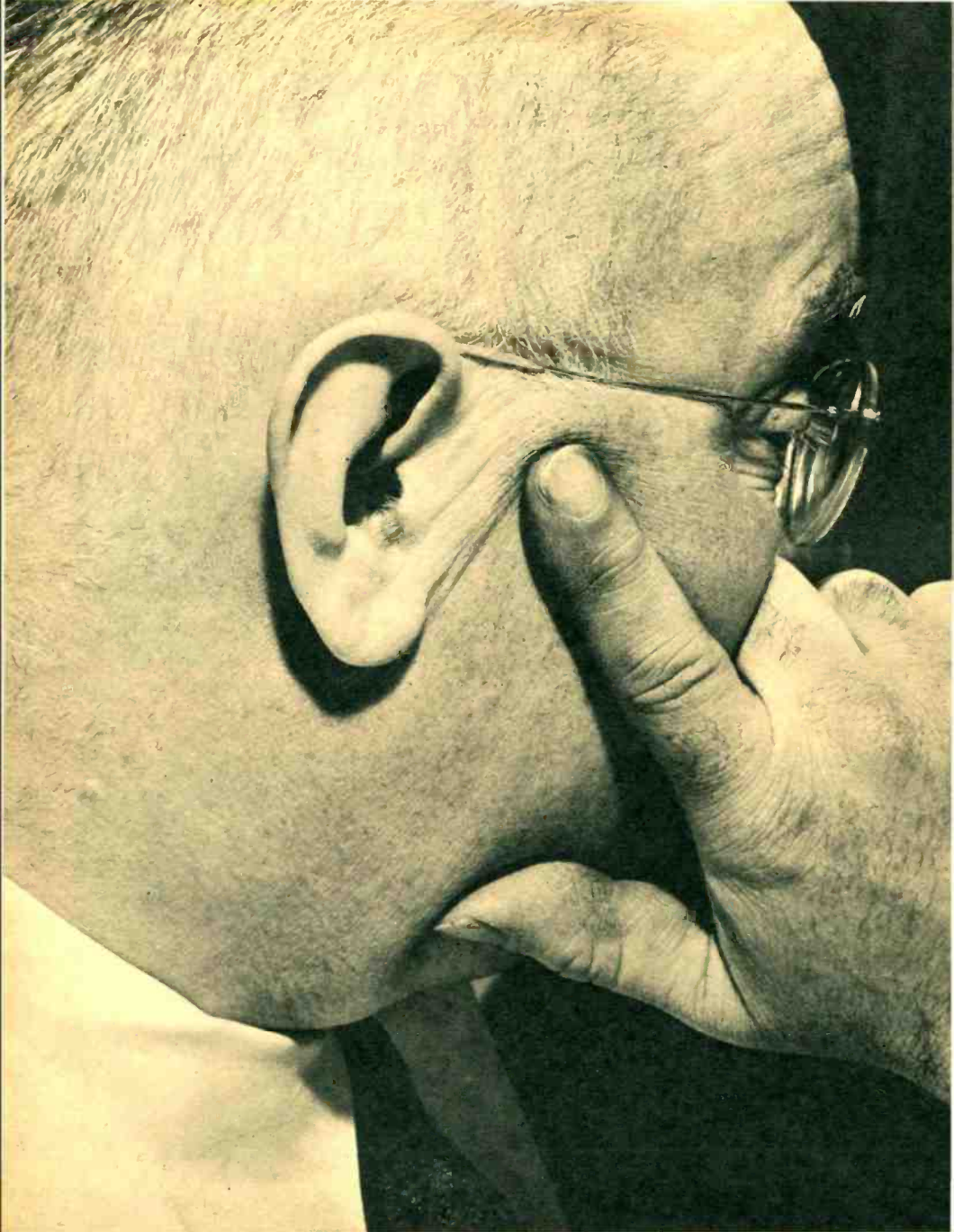
AT 16, THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE WON SCHOLASTIC HONORS



AT 17, JANE WAS VOTED A PIN-UP FAVORITE BY SERVICEMEN



TODAY, AT 18, PIG-TAIL AND BOBBY SOCK DAYS SEEM A LONG WAY BACK AS GLAMOROUS JANE WEBB STARS IN TWO SERIALS



ROBERT S. STEPHAN'S STAUNCH EAR HAS LISTENED TO 1,839,600 MINUTES OF RADIO ENTERTAINMENT DURING THE LAST 14 YEARS



THE RADIO CRITIC'S FAVORITE POST IS IN THE LIVING ROOM



HE LISTENS EVEN WHILE TYPING COMMENTS IN A KITCHEN CORNER

WORLD-CHAMPION RADIO LISTENER

ROBERT S. STEPHAN has often wished he had six pairs of ears. He really needs 'em in his job of radio editor for the Cleveland Plain Dealer. For, during the last fourteen years, this veteran newspaper critic estimates he's listened to well over 30,660 hours of broadcasting.

That means six hours a day, every day in the week—quite a lot for even the most ardent dial fan. But the conscientious 220-pounder insists that it's necessary. If you really want to know radio, you've got to sit down and listen to what comes out of the receiver. And before you recommend a program to your readers, you've got to hear it—no matter if it does come on at 2 A.M.

With this idea in mind, Mr. Stephan has arranged to have a set within reach at any hour of the day or night. There's a console in the living room, for leisure-time relaxation with pipe and slippers; a portable in the kitchen "den," for use while the Mrs. entertains; a small model in the office and another in the car; and, of course, the bedroom radio for middle-of-the-night tuning in.

Among all these there's not a single super-deluxe contraption, however. The critic makes a point of listening to

moderate-priced sets only, so that he knows exactly how the program sounds in the average Ohio home. Moreover, he can't be a bit fussy about selecting broadcasts. Literally everything—from concert hall symphony to commercial musical jingle, from Shakespeare to daytime serial—comes within the province of this jack-of-all-trades. He must have the background to analyze the news analysts, the understanding of the American sense of humor to size up the comics. His one yardstick is that what he recommends daily must be the best possible broadcast in its particular field.

Strangely enough, Mr. Stephan skillfully avoids personal mike appearances—perhaps because his standards are too high. On rare occasions, this savant of the airwaves can be prevailed upon to introduce a celebrity or perform some other minor chore. But he's always willing to talk about the three most striking incidents heard during his long career. One was the electrifying "Infamy Day" broadcast at Pearl Harbor; another, the intensely human statement made by King Edward VIII when he gave up his throne; and, most dramatic of all, the late Will Rogers' farewell address to Knure Rockne, after the latter's death in a plane crash.

MR. STEPHAN TUNES IN TO SERIALS WITH THE BREAKFAST DISHES



AN ALARM CLOCK HELPS IN CATCHING EARLY-MORNING PROGRAMS



WITH GEORGE HICKS IN ITALY

THE BLUE NETWORK COMMENTATOR IS A REAL FRONT-LINE REPORTER SHARING THE DANGERS AND HARDSHIPS OF AMERICA'S FIGHTING MEN

GEORGE HICKS has always loved a tough assignment. In his long career as a special features reporter, the brawny six-footer has met with many risky adventures, which he accepted as part of the fun of the job. There was the time, for example, that he was marooned for four days in Lewiston during the terrible Pennsylvania floods of 1935. On another occasion, he dangled 1500 feet in the air on a rope suspended from a dirigible. The ruddy-faced former truckdriver has managed to see almost every corner of the world, starting his travels as a seaman on an Arctic expedition while still in his teens.

Hence, it was no surprise to anyone, when bespectacled but athletic George was asked to cover the toughest "bear" of all—front-line reporting with the Fifth Army in Italy.

Once overseas, the hardy correspondent lived up to his reputation by managing to be on the spot wherever a story was "cooking." He was the only radio or newspaper reporter to accompany the Allies on the invasion of Corsica. In Italy, the 39-year-old veteran saw every type of action at first hand, as the accompanying pictures show. Like the fighting men themselves, he lived in a tent, subsisted on scanty rations, and sometimes escaped death by the narrowest of margins. Just before returning to London last March, for example, a shell fragment missed him by inches, tearing a nine-inch gash in the rear tire of the jeep in which he was riding.

Far from regretting such incidents, George Hicks believes they add realism to his broadcasts. His only fear is that of being considered an armchair strategist or fireside reporter.



GEORGE HICKS WATCHES DRIVER PFC. HAROLD MOWBRER BREWING COFFEE OVER A PORTABLE STOVE AT A SAN PIETRO FIRST-AID STATION



RUDE CROSSES MARK THESE NEW GERMAN GRAVES NEAR VENAFRÒ



INFANTRY REST ONLY A HALF-MILE FROM ENEMY-OCCUPIED TERRITORY



SOME HOMELESS ITALIAN CIVILIANS ESCAPE BACK OF THE LINES



THE TRACK ON THE LEFT OF THIS TANK WAS BLOWN OFF BY A MINE



GEORGE HICKS AND CAPT. LOUIS IN A MACHINE-GUN FOXHOLE



GETTING THE DOPE ON A 105 HOWITZER FROM SGT. LUSHENE LEWIS

MEET PEGEEN FITZGERALD

"STRICTLY PERSONAL" FITS BOTH PEGEEN'S PROGRAM AND HER PERSONALITY

TUNE IN TUES. AND THURS. 11:55 A.M. E.W.T. (Mutual)



PEGEEN'S HOME IS FILLED WITH ANTIQUE FURNITURE AND SIAMESE CATS

FEMININE is the word for Pegeen Fitzgerald, with her silver-blond hair, soft curves and sure sense of women's interests. Literally born in a Kansas newspaper office, Pegeen got her start writing for an Oregon department store and has been handling fashions on a nationwide scale ever since.

Perhaps that's why she knows what out-of-towners like to hear about, on her "Strictly Personal" broadcasts from New York. That women are interested in her 5-minute chat has been proven by more than 600 letters about a single item. That men should also listen is harder to explain, but "Bravos!" do keep pouring in from the male rooting section.

Possibly it's because Pegeen has an inside track on masculine preferences through her husband, for the Ed Fitzgeralds have an unusual radio partnership. Each has individual programs, but they work closely together and their day starts with a joint local broadcast over their own breakfast table.

Time schedules have made them dependent on each other for companionship, especially now that all their stints are finished by noon—"which means," as Pegeen points out, "that we relax over luncheon the way most couples relax over dinner."

Then they spend the afternoon prowling the city for rare items for their respective programs, rarer objects for Pegeen's collection of fine old umbrellas and Ed's collection of antique watches, and—rarest of all—the Victorian furniture which Pegeen delights in adapting and remodeling for one of the quaintest, most charming and livable apartments in Manhattan.

THE ED FITZGERALDS ALSO BROADCAST OVER WOR EVERY MORNING AT BREAKFAST—WITH THEIR OWN MAID, EVELYN, TAKING ACTIVE PART





GREENFIELD (AT LEFT, WITH SLATE) STAGES A REAL AUDIENCE SHOW WITH WHAT HE CALLS HIS "SLEIGHT OF MIND" MYSTIFICATIONS

THE MAN OF MAGIC

THERE'S nothing supernatural, Felix Greenfield light-heartedly insists, about his "Man of Magic" broadcasts from 10:03 to 10:30 on Friday nights, over New York's Station WMCA. Billed simply as a "variety psychic," the scholarly-looking young mind reader lays no claim to any special psychic or scientific processes, presents his talents for their entertainment value alone.

As a result, his programs are apt to resemble anything from the more violent parlor games to a neighborhood street carnival—whether the Man of Magic is identifying the book previously chosen by a best-selling novelist or reading the caustic thoughts of a young husband dreaming up suitable punishments for his mother-in-law. (P.S. The y.h. in question was hilariously subjected to the same punishments by an appropriate committee of three m.-i.-l.'s!)

Guest stars also take part in the big feature of Greenfield's show, calling up telephone numbers presented by members of the 300-strong studio audience—then checking results as Felix, far from the phone, describes just what those called are thinking about and doing. Greenfield gags are many, but this stunt is the most unusual of all those staged by the slim, friendly Columbia University graduate who—at 26—is probably the youngest and most amusing in his field.

FELIX GREENFIELD READS MINDS FOR AMAZEMENT—AND AMUSEMENT

HIS STUNTS RANGE FROM "HYPNOTIZING" MODEL COLLEEN CLARK TO "READING" BOOK TITLES FROM AUTHOR FANNIE HURST'S MIND



THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

BEHIND THE BANDSTAND

by BOB EARLE

QUIET Please: Charlie Spivak, "The Man Who Plays the Sweetest Trumpet in the World," is conducting a search for the serviceman who plays the "Sweetest Bugle in the World." High point in the daily search came when an audience of servicemen unanimously chose, as their favorite . . . the man who plays the world's sweetest bugle . . . a soldier who couldn't get a sound from the bugle!



CHARLIE SPIVAK

Shhh, Shhh, Baby: When Bluebird recorded "Milkman Keep Those Bottles Quiet" recently, they wanted the actual sound of milk bottles rattling in a metal carrying rack as a sound effect on the disc. They telephoned a Manhattan milk delivery concern for sixteen quarts of milk and the metal racks. Within an hour the milk was delivered by the company . . . milk for everyone . . . in paper cartons!

Suits from Contented Cows: David Street, singer of popular songs on the Joan Davis-Jack Halcy Sealster program, visited the sponsor while in New York. On his tour through the home plant he was taken to the experimental laboratories to see the new fabric which scientists have made of milk. David was so interested in the cloth that the sponsor gave him several yards of the stuff. David had a suit made of the material and is now wearing the product he advertises. That's a good trick when the sponsor sells milk!

Triple Play: Tommy Dorsey's band is presenting itself as a triple threat combination these days. Tommy is currently featuring gum-chewing drummer Gene Krupa and has only recently added to his band another ex-orchestra leader, Bob Allen, as male vocalist. It's a three-in-one band for sure!

Dots between Dashes: Singin' Sam has been signed for a series of records by Beacon . . . Hal McIntyre invaded the West Coast Palladium and clicked before the nation's most demanding dance crowd . . . Jerry Wald is now screentesting.

Latest Popular Recordings

THE MUSIC STOPPED—Woody Herman (Decca): Woody's fine band does an excellent job on this swing ballad. New Herman thrush Frances Wayne sings the vocal on this and the other side, "I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night." Tenor sax work is by Ben Webster and the clarinet by Woody.

GLENN MILLER ALBUM—(Victor): Victor scores with another book of old favorites. This set includes most of the really big swing hits by the Miller band. Tunes are "American Patrol," "Volga Boatman," "Tuxedo Junction," "In the Mood," "Little Brown Jug," "Moonlight Serenade" and "Pennsylvania 6-5000." These albums are a terrific break for those of you who came into the record collecting hobby a little late to have these hits already in your library. The sets are once-in-a-lifetime opportunities and can be traced only to Mr. Petrillo's ban.

I LOVE YOU—Bing Crosby (Decca): The groaner has done it again on this side. It would be interesting to count the number of hit records Bingo has made. It would also be somewhat tiring. This tune has gone the rounds of all the companies, Perry Como (Victor), Enric Madriguera (Hit), Jo Stafford (Capitol), etc., and, surprisingly enough, all are good.

MILKMAN, KEEP THOSE BOTTLES QUIET—Four King Sisters (Bluebird): The girls are in again with another novelty tune. It's a cute tune done in the girls' distinctive style. "San Fernando Valley" is the flipover.

TESS'S TORCH SONG—Ella Mae Morse (Capitol): Ella Mae carries the torch for Tess and well. This is the type of tune for Miss Morse and she handles it better than the run of vocalists.

FRANKIE CARLE AND HIS GIRL FRIENDS—(Columbia album): This is a book of Carle's pianistics. If you like Carle, and a lot of people do, you'll go for the album. "Ida," "Liza," "Charmaine," "Diane," "Margie," "Rose Marie," "Louise," and "Josephine" fill the flaps. The album is good.

MY HEART STOOD STILL—Artie Shaw (Victor): This is a re-issue on a fine Shaw-made ballad. The clarinet is superb, one break in particular. "Any Old Time" featuring Helen Forrest is the backing, and also in good taste.

TUNE IN'S SELECTION OF THIS MONTH'S TEN BEST POPULAR SONGS

(in alphabetical order)

A LOVELY WAY TO SPEND AN EVENING
BESAME MUCHO
BY THE RIVER OF ROSES
EASTER SUNDAY WITH YOU
I COULDN'T SLEEP A WINK LAST NIGHT

I LOVE YOU
MAIRZY DOATS
OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN'
POINCIANA
SPEAK LOW

ON THE SERIOUS SIDE

NEWS AND PREVIEWS

Dr. Hans Kindler, conductor of the National Symphony Orchestra, was doubly honored at a recent concert. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland awarded Dr. Kindler the Officer's Degree of the Order of Orange Nassau, after which Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts



HANS KINDLER

presented him with the Bruckner Society's medal of honor. Dr. Kindler, a native of Holland, has been an American citizen since the year 1921.

Those of you who have some doubts as to the future of the Opera may be interested to know that the Metropolitan isn't worried in the least. The recent Spring tour was the most successful in history, breaking records in town after town. In Chicago, the advance mail orders filled a total of 42 mail bags!

According to a report from Nazi-occupied Paris, the manuscript of Bizet's opera, "Ivan the Terrible," has been found by a Dr. Hartmann in the library of the Paris Conservatory. It had heretofore been thought that Bizet had destroyed the manuscript—in fact, the composer himself had been quoted as saying that. Nazi officials now announce that the opera will be performed in Dresden, but that they have found it necessary to change the scene and time of the work as well as the title. The action will now take place in the 6th century instead of the 16th, and the new title is "King Turpin."

Vladimir Horowitz has accepted the presidency of the newly formed Rachmaninoff Memorial Fund, Inc., a society formed in memory of the great Sergei Rachmaninoff. The organization will promote young American talent in the fields in which Rachmaninoff won his fame and will attempt to establish, through music, better understanding between the Russian and American people

RECORD RELEASES

CLASSICAL FAVORITES: Columbia has recorded an impressive album of Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 in B Minor with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and the Vienna State Opera Chorus. Victor is releasing an excellent set of Concert Favorites by John Charles Thomas.

BACH: TRANSCRIPTIONS FOR ORCHESTRA BY LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI and the PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA (Victor Album M 963): This is one of a series of colorful Stokowski transcriptions released recently by Victor Red Seal. Bach's "Sonata in E Flat Major for Pedal Clavier—First Movement;" "Ich ruf' zu Dir, Herr Jesu Christ," "Prelude and Fugue in E Minor" and "Es ist vollbracht" from the St. John Passion; and Palestrina's "Adoramus Te" are the selections included in the set. Only the genius of Stokowski could have evolved these orchestral scores from their original written media. There is the color of Stokowski's orchestral scoring combined with the charm and the taste of Bach's musical weavings. The interpretations are excellent. Surface noise is low and recording is the Red Seal high standard.

FOUR FAVORITE WALTZES—HOWARD BARLOW and the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (Columbia Album X 240): Barlow and the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony have taken four consistently appreciated waltzes to put between album pasteboards. "Beautiful Blue Danube," "Valse Triste," "Waltz of the Flowers" and "Tales From The Vienna Woods" are the waltzes included. Their interpretation is simple and in good taste. The orchestra is competent and quality is good throughout.



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\$1,000 ON HER WRITING

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Gladys Carr, Annapolis, Md.

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First, don't stop believing you can write; there is no reason to think you can't write until you have tried. Don't be discouraged if your first attempts are rejected. That happens to the best authors, even to those who have "arrived." Remember, too, there is no age limit in the writing profession. Conspicuous success has come to both young and old writers.

Where to begin, then? There is no surer way than to get busy and write.

Gain experience, the "know-how." Understand how to use words. Then you can construct the word-buildings that now are vague, misty shapes in your mind.

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RADIO HUMOR

● Wendie, Lewis: You deserted me. You ran when that big brute grabbed me.

Les Tremayne: Well, he was twice my size.

Wendie Lewis: But you said you'd face death for me!

Les Tremayne: Yes! But he wasn't dead!

—*Bob Crosby-Les Tremayne (NBC)*

● Jimmy Durante: I've thought and thought and finally found out what the women voters of this nation want most.

Garry Moore: You have?

Jimmy Durante: Yeah. But where am I going to get 40,000,000 pairs of nylon stockings!

—*Durante-Moore Show (CBS)*

● Milton Berle: Do you know about "A Tree That Grows in Brooklyn?"

Zazu Pitts: Of course.

Milton Berle: My parents live in it. It's their branch office.

—*Let Yourself Go (Blue)*

● Gracie: But Rita and I can't stay alone in that big house all night. We need a man, we need you.

George: You do, huh?

Gracie: Yes—who's going to cook our breakfast?

—*Burns and Allen (CBS)*

● Hanley Stafford: Now, I'll tell you a story. What kind of stories does your Daddy tell?

Fanny Brice: I don't know.

Hanley Stafford: You don't know?

Fanny Brice: No. He always sends me out of the room.

—*Maxwell House Time (NBC)*

● Leo Durocher: Finnegan, what about the World Series?

Finnegan: That's very hard to get in to.

Archie: You're right, Finnegan. Mr. Durocher has discovered that, too.

—*Duffy's Tavern (Blue)*

● Cass Daley: Hey, Pop, when am I gonna get married?

Bing Crosby: Always talking about your post-war plans!

—*Kraft Music Hall (NBC)*

WITH THE NATION'S STATIONS



ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.—Station WFOY—A group of stalwart lassies observed leap year by tying up General Manager J. Allen Brown (left) and Chief Engineer Pat Bernhard (right) while they ran WFOY to suit themselves. Needless to say, Sinatra held sway for a good part of the time.



WORCESTER, MASS.—Station WTAG-FM—The manpower shortage isn't much of a problem with this group of comely announcerettes to call on: Gisdys Tomajan (at the piano), Mary Lou Evans, Virginia Atkinson and Virginia Neighbors. Staff of this station is composed entirely of women.



PEORIA, ILL.—Station WMBD—This "family" picture of Groucho Marx was quite a surprise to everyone concerned. Doris Briggs of WMBD had meant to startle Groucho by flinging her arms around him when he arrived, but didn't know he was to alight with a fellow passenger.



COLUMBUS, OHIO—Station WBNS—In a year and a half of War Bond plugging, Jim Cooper has brought in over \$6,000,000 for Uncle Sam. Jim personally delivers all bond purchases of \$300 or over, which keeps him pretty busy covering central Ohio in between daily news broadcasts.

RADIO FACTS

◆ According to CBS, the U. S. county possessing the most radio sets is Cook, Illinois. Cook has 4,063,342 people who own over a million radios. Manhattan (New York county), though a broadcasting hub, had in 1940 only 1,889,924 people and something like 515,992 radios—though these figures may be augmented today by visitors and glasses commuters.

◆ The Army Signal Corps is using a new type of mobile headquarters radio set, called SCR-399. Expected to give the same reliable performances in battle as its predecessor, SCR-229, this model has a distinct advantage in that it can be operated from a moving truck.

◆ Director Robert E. Sherwood reports that on the Pacific Coast alone the OWI broadcasts 694 programs weekly in 24 different languages and dialects. These programs reach a vast and varied audience scattered over more than half the world, and can be heard in Japan, China, Malaya, Burma, Thailand, India, the East Indies, Australia, New Zealand and Hawaii.

◆ In the past twelve months, radio stations allocated to the Treasury broadcast-time valued in excess of \$49,000,000, states Harold Ryan, president of the National Association of Broadcasters. This figure refers to time only, and does not include the talent made available for appeals and bond drives.

◆ That United States radio programs are steadily gaining popularity in Latin America is the belief of John W. G. Ogilvie, Director of Radio for the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. In Lima, Peru, for example, a recent check shows that 44.1 per cent of the listeners prefer United States shortwave programs, as compared with 4.3 for Germany; the remaining 51.6 per cent being divided between Great Britain and the other American republics.

RADIOQUIZ ANSWERS

(Quiz on page 2)

- 1—(A) Gay 90's (Lillian Leonard and Joe Howard). 2—(B) Elizabeth Reller. 3—(A) Radio City, N. Y. 4—(B) Hi Yo Silver. 5—(C) Fred Waring. 6—(A) Ebbetts Field. 7—(B) Luckies. 8—(C) Kay Kyser Show.

TUNE IN'S SELECTION OF OUTSTANDING PROGRAMS

EASTERN WAR TIME INDICATED. DEDUCT 1 HOUR FOR CENTRAL TIME — 3 HOURS FOR PACIFIC TIME. NBC IS LISTED (N), CBS (C), BLUE NETWORK (B), MBS (M). ASTERISKED PROGRAMS (*) ARE REBROADCAST AT VARIOUS TIMES; CHECK LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

SUNDAY

11:30 a.m. Invitation to Learning (C)
 12:00 noon Tabernacle Choir (C)
 12:30 p.m. Transatlantic Call (C)
 1:30 p.m. Univ. of Chicago (N)
 1:30 p.m. Sammy Kaye (B)
 2:00 p.m. Those We Love (N)
 3:00 p.m. N. Y. Philharmonic (C)
 3:00 p.m. This Is Fort Dix (M)
 3:00 p.m. Life of Riley (B)
 4:30 p.m. Coca-Cola Show (C)
 5:00 p.m. Green Valley, U. S. A. (M)
 5:00 p.m. NBC Symphony (N)
 5:30 p.m. Musical Steelmoters (B)
 6:00 p.m. Catholic Hour (N)
 6:00 p.m. Hall of Fame (B)
 7:30 p.m. We the People (C)
 8:30 p.m. One Man's Family (N)
 9:00 p.m. Radio Reader's Digest (C)
 10:00 p.m. Take It or Leave It (C)

MONDAY

4:45 p.m. Raymond Scott Show (C)
 6:15 p.m. Lyn Murray Show (C)
 7:00 p.m. Horace Heidt Time (B)
 7:30 p.m. Blondie (C)
 *8:00 p.m. Convalescence of America (N)
 8:00 p.m. Vox Pop (C)
 8:30 p.m. Voice of Firestone (N)
 8:30 p.m. Blind Date (B)
 8:30 p.m. Sherlock Holmes (M)
 *8:30 p.m. Goy Nineties (C)
 9:00 p.m. Counterspy (B)
 *9:00 p.m. Telephone Hour (N)
 9:30 p.m. Vacation Serenade (N)
 9:55 p.m. Coronet Story Teller (B)
 10:00 p.m. Carnation Program (N)
 10:15 p.m. Top of the Evening (B)
 10:30 p.m. Dr. I. O. (N)
 10:30 p.m. Broadway Showtime (C)
 11:30 p.m. Saludos Amigos (B)

TUESDAY

6:15 p.m. Serenata to America (N)
 7:00 p.m. Let Yourself Go (B)
 7:15 p.m. Passing Parade (C)
 7:30 p.m. Ronald Coleman Show (N)
 7:30 p.m. American Melody Hour (C)
 *8:00 p.m. Johnny Presents (N)
 *8:00 p.m. Big Town (C)
 8:30 p.m. A Date With Judy (N)
 *8:30 p.m. Duffy's Tavern (B)
 *8:30 p.m. Judy Canova Show (C)
 8:30 p.m. Pick and Pat Time (M)
 *9:00 p.m. Famous Jury Trials (B)
 9:00 p.m. Mystery Theatre (N)
 9:00 p.m. Burns and Allen (C)
 9:30 p.m. Fibber McGee & Molly (N)
 10:00 p.m. Cresto Blanco (C)
 10:00 p.m. Charlotte Greenwood (N)
 10:00 p.m. Presenting Corwin (C)
 10:30 p.m. Red Stetson (N)

WEDNESDAY

6:15 p.m. Lyn Murray Show (C)
 7:00 p.m. Connee Boswell Call Show (B)
 7:30 p.m. Easy Aces (C)
 *8:00 p.m. Mr. & Mrs. North (N)
 8:00 p.m. Allan Jones Show (C)
 *8:30 p.m. Beat the Band (N)
 *8:30 p.m. My Best Girls (B)
 *8:30 p.m. Dr. Christian (C)
 8:30 p.m. Dubonnet Date (M)
 9:00 p.m. Eddie Cantor (N)
 9:00 p.m. Dunninger (B)
 9:00 p.m. Frank Sinatra Show (C)
 9:30 p.m. Mr. District Attorney (N)
 9:30 p.m. Jack Carson Show (C)
 9:30 p.m. First Nighter (M)
 10:00 p.m. Kay Kyser's College (N)
 10:00 p.m. Great Moments in Music (C)
 10:15 p.m. Top of the Evening (B)
 10:30 p.m. Report to the Nation (C)

THURSDAY

6:45 p.m. The World Today (C)
 7:15 p.m. Passing Parade (C)
 *7:30 p.m. Bob Burns (N)
 7:30 p.m. Mr. Keen (C)
 *8:00 p.m. Maxwell House Variety (N)
 *8:00 p.m. Suspense (C)
 *8:15 p.m. Lum & Abner (B)
 *8:30 p.m. Aldrich Family (N)
 8:30 p.m. Town Meeting (B)
 8:30 p.m. Death Valley (C)
 8:30 p.m. Human Adventure (M)
 9:00 p.m. Kraft Music Hall (N)
 9:30 p.m. Joan Davis-Jack Haley (N)
 9:30 p.m. Dinah Shore (C)
 9:30 p.m. Treasure Hour of Song (M)
 10:00 p.m. Abbott & Costello (N)
 10:00 p.m. First Line (C)
 10:30 p.m. March of Time (N)
 10:30 p.m. Stop or Go (B)

FRIDAY

6:30 p.m. Arthur Godfrey Show (C)
 7:00 p.m. Nero Wolfe (B)
 7:30 p.m. Friday on Broadway (C)
 7:30 p.m. The Lone Ranger (B)
 8:00 p.m. Cities Service Program (N)
 *8:15 p.m. The Porter Family (B)
 8:30 p.m. Hit Parade (N)
 8:30 p.m. Meet Your Navy (B)
 *9:00 p.m. It Pays To Be Ignorant (C)
 9:00 p.m. Waltz Time (N)
 9:30 p.m. Double or Nothing (M)
 9:30 p.m. Black Castle (M)
 9:30 p.m. People Are Funny (N)
 10:00 p.m. Durante-Moore (C)
 10:15 p.m. Top of the Evening (B)
 10:30 p.m. Bill Stern (N)
 10:30 p.m. Stage Door Canteen (C)
 11:30 p.m. Author's Ployhouse (N)
 11:30 p.m. Meet. Miniver (C)

SATURDAY

11:00 a.m. Hook 'n' Ladder Follies (N)
 6:15 p.m. People's Platform (C)
 7:00 p.m. Good Old Days (B)
 *7:00 p.m. Mayor of the Town (C)
 7:30 p.m. Elvety Queen (N)
 7:30 p.m. RCA Program (B)
 *7:30 p.m. Thanks to the Yanks (C)
 8:00 p.m. Groucho Marx (C)
 *8:30 p.m. Truth or Consequences (N)
 8:30 p.m. Boston Pops Orchestra (B)
 8:30 p.m. Cisco Kid (M)
 *8:30 p.m. Inner Sanctum (C)
 9:00 p.m. Nat'l Barn Dance (N)
 *9:00 p.m. Hit Parade (C)
 9:00 p.m. Chicago Theatre (M)
 10:00 p.m. Barry Wood-Patsy Kelly (N)
 10:15 p.m. Army Service Forces (B)
 10:15 p.m. Correction Phase (C)
 10:30 p.m. Grand Ole Opry (N)

MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY SHOWS

9:00 a.m. Mirth and Madness (N)
 9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
 10:00 a.m. Sweet River (B)
 *10:00 a.m. Volant Lady (C)
 10:00 a.m. Lara Lawton (N)
 10:30 a.m. Open Door (C)
 *10:45 a.m. Bachelor's Children (C)
 11:00 a.m. Breakfast at Sardi's (B)
 11:00 a.m. Honeymoon Hill (C)
 11:00 a.m. Road of Life (N)
 11:15 a.m. Vic & Sade (N)
 11:15 a.m. Second Husband (C)
 11:30 a.m. Brave Tomorrow (N)
 11:45 a.m. David Harum (N)
 12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (C)
 12:30 p.m. Romance of Helen Trent (C)
 1:15 p.m. Jack Berch (M)
 1:45 p.m. The Goldbergs (C)
 2:15 p.m. Today's Children (N)
 2:30 p.m. Women in White (N)
 2:45 p.m. Perry Mason (C)
 3:00 p.m. Morton Downey (B)
 3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)
 3:00 p.m. Black Castle (M)
 3:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (N)
 4:00 p.m. Broadway Matinee (C)
 4:00 p.m. Backstage Wife (N)
 4:15 p.m. Stella Dallas (N)
 5:00 p.m. Hop Harrigan (B)
 5:15 p.m. Archie Andrews (M)
 5:15 p.m. Dick Tracy (B)
 5:30 p.m. Jack Armstrong (B)
 *5:45 p.m. Superman (M)
 *9:00 p.m. Fred Waring (N)
 *7:00 p.m. I Love a Mystery (C)
 9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
 9:15 p.m. Nick Carter (M)
 9:30 p.m. Spotlight Bonds (B)

This American is not expected to buy an extra War Bond in the 5TH WAR LOAN



But we are.

For each of us here at home, the job now is to buy extra Bonds—100, 200, even 500 dollars worth if possible.

Many of us can do much more than we ever have before.

When the Victory Volunteer comes to you and asks you to buy extra Bonds, think how much you'd give to have this War over and done.

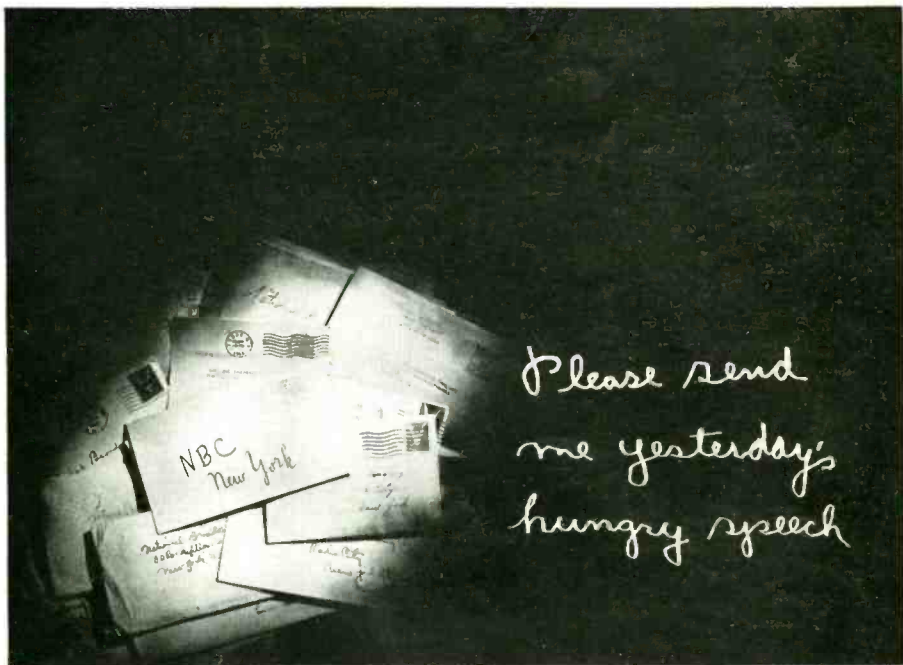
Then remember that you're not *giving* anything. You're simply *lending* money—putting it in the best investment in the world.



Let's Go... for the Knockout Blow!

TUNE IN
NATIONAL RADIO MAGAZINE

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



*Please send
me yesterday's
hungry speech*

What is a "hungry" speech? Or when is a speech hungry?

A stickler for NBC's Information Department, interpreting and answering this youngster's letter.

Did he mean a news broadcast about a famine in India or China—or was this "juvenile jive," meaning he considered some speech "strictly from hunger"?

NEITHER. "Information" searched the files and found he wanted a speech about conditions in wartime Hungary.

Whatever his reason may have been in asking, "Information" answered this letter as faithfully as it answers the 100,000 other inquiries a year from college professors, housewives,

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