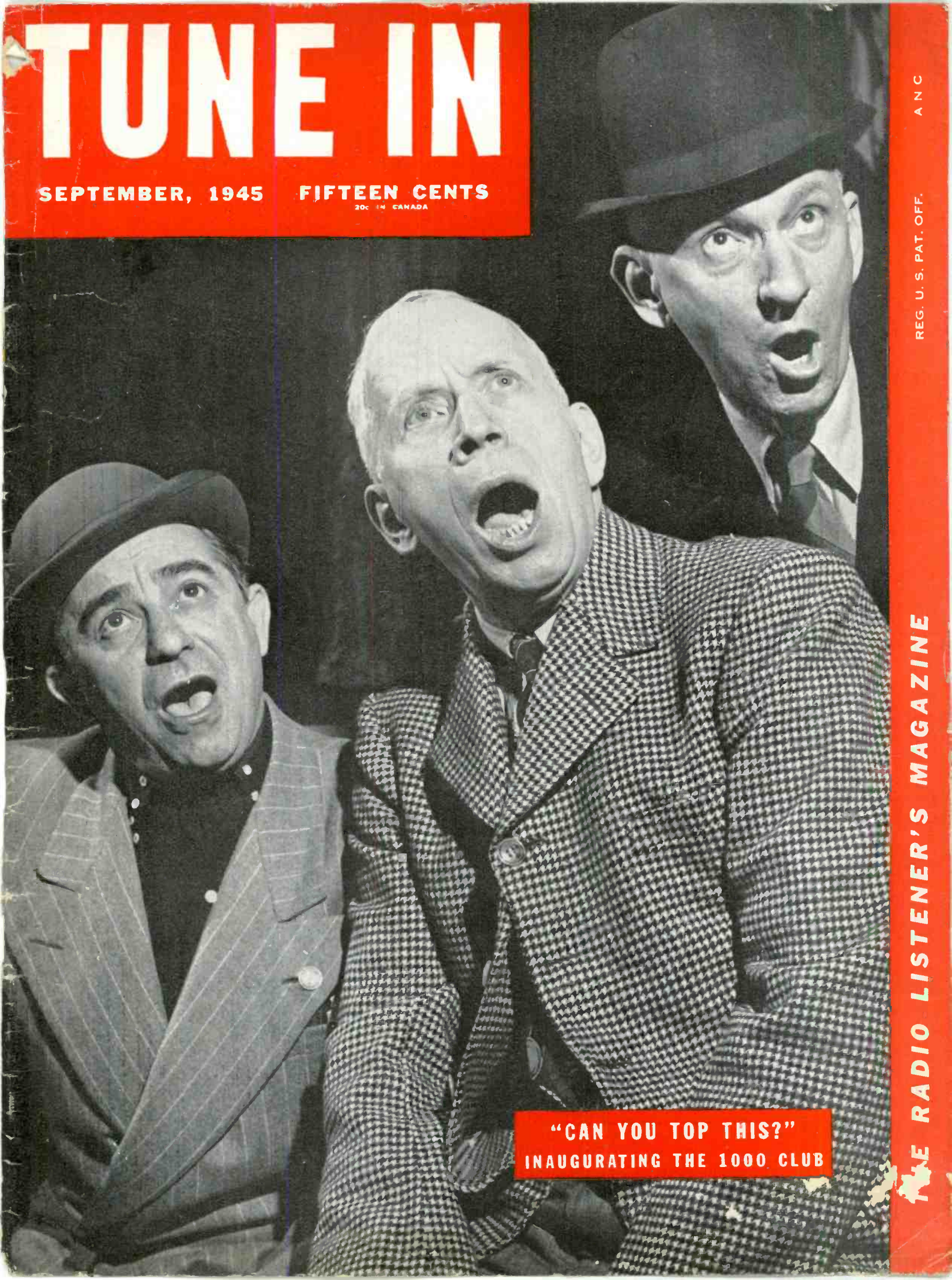


TUNE IN

SEPTEMBER, 1945

FIFTEEN CENTS

20c IN CANADA



**"CAN YOU TOP THIS?"
INAUGURATING THE 1000 CLUB**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. A N C

THE RADIO LISTENER'S MAGAZINE



DON'T BLOW IT

Oh, workman or scholar,
 Hang on to your dollar
 And do not spend it soon,
 For every cent
 Unwisely spent
 Inflates the price balloon.



IT MAKES SCENTS

To market (black market) to spend lots of jack
 Careless of how many ceilings you crack,
 To market (black market) where prices are dear,
 —Gosh, there's a terrible smell around here.

If

If you can keep your head and calmly ponder
 How silly spending drives the prices high;
 If you can save the cash you'd like to squander
 And only buy the things you need to buy;
 If you can do your part to fight inflation
 By simply being thrifty with your pelf,
 You'll do a vital service to the nation
 And—furthermore—you'll benefit yourself.

Bonds you buy with payroll earnings.
 Help fulfill your future yearnings.

NO GAMBLE

When the war is over, will the prices
 rise or fall?
 We do not know the answer, and
 nobody does, at all.
 But this much we can prophesy—
 whichever way they go:
 You will find it more convenient if
 you've saved a little dough.

★ ★ ★



Money in your pocket.
 Take it out and sock it
 Into War Bonds, which
 Help to make you rich.

DOUBLE AND NO QUILTS

When you boost your paycheck quota and allot it
 To another bond—it's pretty soft for you!
 For, although you've spent your money— you
 have got it,
 And the Interest is interesting too.

POINTED RHYMES FOR TRYING TIMES

by
 Berton Braley

*Here is wisdom by the peck
 Versified to save your neck!*



WHO? ME?

There was a little dope with a fat
 pay envelope
 And she spent every cent that
 was in it.
 And she wondered, by-and-by,
 why the prices rose so high,
 But she didn't blame herself for
 a minute.

★ ★ ★

INFLATIONARY MARY

Inflationary Mary spills
 This silly kind of chatter:
 "My little teeny-wee bills
 And spendings do not matter.
 "And if I cheat a little bit
 On rationing and ceilings
 The Nation's welfare isn't hit
 By my small lawless dealings!"
 Inflationary Mary's wrong.
 For she'd be much to blame
 If people in a mighty throng
 Should say and do the same.
 Small spendings, in the aggregate,
 Reach sums extraordinary,
 So let's not try to imitate
 Inflationary Mary.

★ ★ ★

ADVERTISERS, PUBLISHERS—NOTE:

You are welcome to use all or
 any part of the material on this page to aid
 the fight against inflation.



SNAKE IN THE GAS

There was a crooked man and he
 lived in crooked style,
 He dealt at crooked markets with a
 smugly crooked smile.
 He viewed himself as clever with
 his crooked ration book,
 But everybody knew him for a
 crooked little crook.

★ ★ ★

THE GANG'S ALL HERE

You may ask, "Why should *my* spending
 Cause inflationary trending
 Though I squander every penny I have got?"
 —If you're joined by sixty millions
 Of civilians blowing billions,
 You'll discover that it matters quite a lot!



YOU CAN LAY TO THAT

As the best egg for a nest-egg
 Buy a War Bond—buy a batch.
 But you gotta keep 'em settin'
 Or they ain'ta gonta hatch!

Save your pay
 Here's a way—
 Bonds and savings and insurance
 Give your future more endurance.
 Mrs., Mister,
 Brother, Sister,
 Don't compete in buying things
 That is whence inflation springs.



ONE PERSON CAN START IT!

You give inflation a boost

—when you buy anything you can do without
 —when you buy above ceiling or without
 giving up stamps (Black Market!)
 —when you ask more money for your services
 or the goods you sell.

SAVE YOUR MONEY. Buy and hold all the
 War Bonds you can afford—to pay for
 the war and protect your own future.
 Keep up your insurance.

TUNE IN'S LISTENING POST

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

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

SUNDAY

- 9:15 a.m. **COAST TO COAST ON A BUS (A)** Year in and year out a new crop of talented children appear to sing and recite; Milton J. Cross is the perennial M.C. Recommended only to those who like to hear children entertain. ▼
- 11:05 a.m. **BLUEJACKET CHOIR (C)** Spirituals and marching songs sung by an excellent choir composed of 200-odd Negroes; broadcast from the Great Lakes Naval Training Station in Illinois, which the lads now call home. ▼▼▼
- 11:30 a.m. **INVITATION TO LEARNING (C)** For those who like to start off the week with some fancy book-learning; a bad spot for a good show, with guest speakers discussing the great literature of the world. ▼▼
- 12:05 p.m. **WAR JOURNAL (A)** News commentaries from the war capitals; very good news show. ▼▼▼
- 1:30 p.m. **CHICAGO ROUND TABLE (N)** Another fine program that comes along too early in the day and interferes with the Sunday comics; stimulating discussions on the state of the world. ▼▼
- 2:00 p.m. **WASHINGTON STORY (A)** Dramatizations and interviews with people who make the story; John B. Kennedy, narrator; Marquis Childs, Washington columnist; and guest speakers. ▼▼▼
- 2:00 p.m. **THE STRADIVARI ORCHESTRA (C)** Paul Lavalle conducts a string orchestra that plays semi-classical music sweetly and agreeably, with Harrison Knox pitching in for an occasional tenor solo. ▼▼
- 2:30 p.m. **JOHN CHARLES THOMAS (N)** The baritone makes an ingratiating M.C.; John Nesbitt spins some fancy tales; Victor Young conducts the orchestra. ▼▼▼
- 3:00 p.m. **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC (C)** An hour and a half of symphony music played by one of the great U. S. orchestras with emphasis on serious contemporary music in addition to classics. ▼▼▼
- 3:30 p.m. **ONE MAN'S FAMILY (N)** An old radio favorite; one of the first and best of radio's chronicles of American family life. ▼▼▼
- 4:00 p.m. **ARMY HOUR (N)** Combat action and current situation reports from the war areas; a show no one should miss. ▼▼▼
- 4:30 p.m. **ANDREWS SISTERS (A)** The three sisters whose popularity is one of the Ten Wonders of the World head a variety show that includes George "Gabby" Hayes, comedian; Vic Shoen's orchestra; and a guest star. ▼▼
- 4:30 p.m. **MUSIC AMERICA LOVES (N)** Tommy Dorsey is the master of ceremonies; the music is plentiful and well played; and the guest stars are generous with their songs. ▼▼
- 4:30 p.m. **THE FAMILY HOUR (C)** Eileen Farrell, soprano; Earl Wrightson, baritone; Jack Smith, tenor; and Al Goodman's Orchestra in an easy to listen to show. ▼▼
- 5:00 p.m. **ADVENTURES OF FATHER BROWN (M)** A new radio series starring the amusing and lovable detective priest. ▼▼
- 5:00 p.m. **SYMPHONY OF THE AIR (N)** Frank Black conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra, considered by lovers of good music as one of the three great U.S. symphony orchestras; guest stars as soloists. ▼▼▼
- 5:45 p.m. **WILLIAM SHIRER (C)** The former European news correspondent discusses the news of the world, with emphasis on what's doing in the war theatres. ▼▼
- 6:00 p.m. **ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET (C)** Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson are two nice enough young people, but lack the real punch of top-notch radio personalities. ▼
- 6:30 p.m. **PAUL WHITEMAN (A)** No longer the King of Jazz, but still one of the leading talents in radio; always a good show. ▼▼▼
- 6:30 p.m. **REPORT TO THE NATION (C)** News interviews and sketches conducted by John Daly; excellently produced, fine entertainment. ▼▼▼
- 7:00 p.m. **NORMAN CORWIN (C)** Plays by radio's most brilliant writer; one of those programs you shouldn't miss. ▼▼▼
- 7:00 p.m. **WAYNE KING (N)** The hits of the day played slow and soft, for those who like them that way; Jack Benny comes back next month. ▼▼
- 7:00 p.m. **DREW PEARSON (B)** One of the liveliest and most controversial of radio's news commentators. ▼▼
- 7:30 p.m. **BANDWAGON (N)** Dick Powell is the M.C.; Jim Doyle is the newscaster; and a different orchestra every week adds to the fun. ▼▼
- *7:30 p.m. **QUIZ KIDS (A)** Joe Kelly presides over this motley collection of miniature geniuses, absolutely the last word in quiz shows. ▼▼
- *8:00 p.m. **BLONDIE (C)** Each week Blondie and Dagwood get into a new scrape; routine Sunday evening entertainment. ▼
- 8:00 p.m. **FRANCES LANGFORD (N)** The petite and charming songstress replacing Bergen-McCarthy for the summer months, and doing a good job. ▼▼
- 8:00 p.m. **MEDIATION BOARD (M)** A. L. Alexander conducts this most reliable of radio's "Dear Beatrice Fairfax" shows. ▼
- 9:00 p.m. **MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND (N)** Musical variety, with a long list of entertainers headed by Thomas L. Thomas, baritone, and Victor Arden's orchestra. Not as good as some other shows like it. ▼
- 9:00 p.m. **WALTER WINCHELL (A)** Fast talk and saucy gossip from one of the first and best of the radio columnists. ▼▼
- 9:30 p.m. **AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC (N)** Frank Munn, Jeon Dickenson, Margaret Daum, and the Buckingham Choir sing, and the Haenschen Concert Orchestra plays, old and new American songs. ▼▼
- 9:45 p.m. **JIMMIE FIDLER (A)** Hollywood gossip delivered in the rapid-fire manner by the well-known gossip monger. ▼
- 10:00 p.m. **HOUR OF CHARM (N)** A little too coy for some listeners, but there is no doubt that Phil Spitalny's is the best all-girl orchestra around. ▼▼
- 10:00 p.m. **EARL WILSON (M)** The syndicated columnist's radio show lacks the punch of some of his best stories; fetching guest stars make it occasionally entertaining. ▼
- 10:00 p.m. **TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT (C)** Most people would rather take this quiz show starring Phil Baker. ▼▼▼
- 10:30 p.m. **MEET ME AT PARKY'S (N)** Eddie Cantor's old stooge in a slick, new, talent-filled variety show. ▼▼

TUNE IN'S LISTENING POST (continued)

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

11:30 p.m. **PACIFIC STORY (N)** Very worthwhile program, which attempts to bring to interested U.S. radio listeners a background to the war in the Pacific. ▼▼

MONDAY

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

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

*10:45 a.m. **BACHELOR'S CHILDREN (C)** Dr. Graham solves his personal problems, and those of his patients, five days a week. Very popular morning serial, better written than most. ▼▼

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

12:00 noon **KATE SMITH SPEAKS (C)** The most popular daytime show in America, according to the polls. And for good reason. ▼▼▼

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

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

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

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

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

8:30 p.m. **BLIND DATE (A)** Very popular show, with Arlene Frances playing Cupid to the G.I.'s. Lively, unrehearsed fun. ▼▼

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

9:00 p.m. **SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS (C)** Good radio plays adapted from outstanding movies; featuring Hollywood stars in the leading roles. ▼▼

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

10:30 p.m. **DR. I. Q. (N)** Jimmy McClain conducts a popular quiz show which determines how bright you are. ▼▼

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

TUESDAY

9:00 **FUN AND FOLLY (N)** The hour is early, but Ed East and Polly ore as sprightly and gay as ever. Chatter, interviews, gags, designed to make you start the day smiling. ▼▼

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

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

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

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

2:45 p.m. **HOME AND ABROAD (A)** An afternoon round-up of American correspondents from all parts of the world. ▼▼

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

4:45 p.m. **DANNY O'NEIL (C)** Popular ballads and small talk, a pleasant late afternoon program. ▼▼

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

*7:15 p.m. **MUSIC THAT SATISFIES (C)** Fine arrangements of currently popular songs, with a dash of the old favorites; featuring Paul Baron and his orchestra. ▼▼

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

9:00 p.m. **MYSTERY THEATRE (N)** Excellent mystery stories, adapted from famous whodunits. Expertly directed and produced. ▼▼▼

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

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

WEDNESDAY

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

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

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

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

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

*7:00 p.m. **SUPPER CLUB (N)** Good fifteen-minute variety, starring Perry Como with Ted Steele and his orchestra; Mory Ashworth, vocalist; and Martin Block as M.C. ▼▼

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

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

8:30 p.m. **BILLIE BURKE (N)** No one can do a dizzy, scatterbrained mother-in-law as well as Miss Burke; usually a very funny show. ▼▼

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

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

9:00 p.m. **THE ROAD AHEAD (A)** One of the best shows in radio; each week the program is broadcast from a different G.I. hospital; with movie and stage stars as guests. ▼▼▼

10:30 p.m. **LET YOURSELF GO (C)** Milton Berle works very hard as the M.C. and comes up with a winner; guest stars each week perform uninhibited antics. ▼▼▼

10:30 p.m. **TRANSATLANTIC QUIZ (A)** The boys go far to dream up new ideas for the quiz shows. This one is a two-way quiz—coming from London and New York—with John Masan Brown and Christopher Morley representing the U.S. ▼▼

11:15 p.m. **JOAN BROOKS (C)** Very listenable fifteen minutes of the popular songs of the day. ▼▼

THURSDAY

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

2:15 p.m. **JUST BETWEEN YOU AND JANE COWL (M)** One of the theater's first ladies has a gracious radio personality. ▼▼

3:45 p.m. **RIGHT TO HAPPINESS (N)** The Hooper rating ranks this the most popular daytime show, next to Kate Smith. Which proves the women like their soap opera on the emotional side. ▼

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

7:30 p.m. **TRACER OF LOST PERSONS (C)** Dramas about amnesia victims and other lost and wandering souls; usually entertaining. ▼▼

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

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

*8:30 p.m. **DEATH VALLEY SHERIFF (C)** The week-to-week adventures of the law versus the badmen in wicked California. Routine. ▼

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

9:00 p.m. **MUSIC OF MORTON GOULD (N)** Very listenable arrangements of the better popular songs; with guest stars. ▼▼

9:00 p.m. **MUSIC HALL (N)** Bing Crosby is still vacationing, but this continues to be one of the best variety shows in radio. ▼▼▼

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

9:30 p.m. **MEET CORLISS ARCHER (C)** The shenanigans of a typical American teen-age girl; amusingly written. ▼▼

9:30 p.m. **STARLIGHT SERENADE (M)** A pleasant half-hour of songs by sultry-voiced Bea Wain and Mexican tenor Nestor Chayres. ▼▼

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

10:00 p.m. **ABBOTT AND COSTELLO (N)** Gags, some good, some bad, by the movie comics; songs by Connie Boswell; music by Will Osborne; guest stars. ▼▼

10:30 p.m. **ROMANCE, RHYTHM AND RIPLEY (C)** Entertaining variety show with astounding data from Bob ("Believe It Or Not") Ripley; music by Ray Bloch; songs by Marion Hutton and Larry Douglas. ▼▼

10:30 p.m. **MARCH OF TIME (A)** Dramatized accounts of news events and personalities in the news, usually good. ▼▼

FRIDAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

9:00 p.m. **WALTZ TIME (N)** Hardy radio favorite, with Frank Munn, tenor, and Abe Lyman's Orchestra heading a large cast. ▼▼

9:30 p.m. **DOUBLE OR NOTHING (M)** John Reed King emcees this fast-moving quiz show. ▼▼

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

SATURDAY

10:00 a.m. **ARCHIE ANDREWS (N)** Very funny adventures of teenage Archie and his high school pals. ▼▼

1:00 p.m. **LUNCHEON WITH LOPEZ (M)** Vincent Lopez and his band plays some of the hit tunes of the day while the forks and knives clatter in the background. ▼

1:30 p.m. **THE FIGHTING AAF (A)** Informal talks with AAF fighting men, broadcast directly from overseas bases. Lacks speed, but is honest and unrehearsed. ▼▼

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

4:00 p.m. **SATURDAY SYMPHONY (A)** Symphony lovers will rate this afternoon concert as one of the best; with the Boston and other leading American symphony orchestras. ▼▼▼

4:30 p.m. **ASSIGNMENT HOME (C)** Rehabilitation problems faced by American servicemen; good dramatizations. ▼▼

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

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

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

*7:30 p.m. **MEET YOUR NAVY (A)** The Navy proves that it can measure up to the Army in the quantity and quality of its entertainers. Good entertainment. ▼▼

*8:00 p.m. **EARLY AMERICAN MUSIC (A)** Excellent program of country dance music; genuine Americana. ▼▼▼

8:30 p.m. **SYMPHONY OF THE AMERICAS (M)** Valter Poole conducts a 55-piece symphony orchestra in music of the Latin-American countries. ▼▼

*9:30 p.m. **THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR (C)** Dramatizations of actual cases drawn from the files of the G-Men. Good thriller. ▼▼

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

9:00 p.m. **YOUR HIT PARADE (C)** The nation's top ten tunes, well played by Mark Warnow and his band, but not quite the show it was when Sinatra was around. ▼▼

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

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

10:00 p.m. **ANDY RUSSELL (A)** Pleasant, unpretentious program of popular music, starring the bobby-soxers' newest idol. ▼▼

10:15 p.m. **AL PEARCE (C)** Al and Elmer Burt and the rest of the gang are old radio favorites; some of the humor is flat, but most of it rolls along at a nice pace. ▼▼

11:00 p.m. **MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT (C)** Analyses of World War II's battles and campaigns for the arm-chair strategist. ▼

*11:30 p.m. **I SUSTAIN THE WINGS (N)** Half-hour of lively G.I. entertainment. ▼▼



RADIOQUIZ

DON McNEILL

GUEST QUIZARD

MERRY QUIPSTER OF BLUE'S "BREAKFAST CLUB"



1 Jack Benny sports insignia of: (A) Swiss Navy Commander (B) Nebraska Navy Admiral (C) Inland Sea Captain



2 Marion Loveridge is known as: (A) Purple Heart Sweetheart (B) Medal of Honor Darling (C) Navy Cross Pin-up



4 Do you remember this little lad? His daddy is crooner: (A) Frank Sinatra (B) Dick Haymes (C) Perry Como



3 Decker out in black-face, they're called: (A) Pick and Pat (B) Sooty and Boxcar (C) Molasses and January



5 Listening for a cue is ace writer-director-producer: (A) Norman Corwin (B) Jerry Devine (C) Arch Oboler



6 Engineers on this "Army Hour" broadcast, simulating battlefield conditions, make use of a sturdy: (A) dynamic mike (B) ribbon mike (C) lapel mike.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 45

PEACE CONFUSION

Dear Sir:

I'm a great one for listening to the commentators, and find them very interesting on the war news. Even when I don't agree with their interpretations, I get a pretty good idea of what's going on.

But the peace news is something else again. I've listened till my ears are bug-ging out of my head—but I still am just hopelessly confused about Dumbarton Oaks, the San Francisco Conference, and the entire political and economic set-up that's supposed to prevent World War III. Do the commentators understand it themselves—or am I just plain dumb?

HENRY BURDARD

Brooklyn, N. Y.

JEKYLL-AND-HYDE SINATRA

Gentlemen:

I admit that I've never been a Frank Sinatra admirer. I have been a Bing Crosby fan ever since I first heard him some 12 years ago from the stage of the New York Paramount—a small guy in a sailor suit, with ears like handles and a voice which went right to your heart. Frankie's voice, on the other hand, is so whining, so helpless, it does not "send me."

But last April 23rd, I changed my opinion of Frankie's abilities—and I am sure many others did the same. He can sing—really sing, just like any other good vocalist, instead of muttering and lisping. He proved it at the Hollywood Bowl memorial service for our late Commander-in-Chief by his beautiful rendition of "Going Home" from Dvorak's "New World Symphony." Bing could not have done any better.

Why doesn't Frankie use this talent more often?

FANNY SCHUELEIN

Los Angeles, Cal.

RADIO OPPORTUNITY

Dear Editor:

I can't tell you how glad I was to see your article on how to get into radio. I have been telling my daughter for several years now that it's a long, painful business to become a successful actress—but she never believed me until she read your story.

Of course, I don't think talented youngsters should be discouraged and I'm glad to learn that the networks have a liberal policy in giving auditions. But I think that would-be stars should know the facts outlined in your August issue.

ANNA JENNINGS

Omaha, Neb.

COMMERCIALS O.K.

Dear Sir:

I have just read an item in your "Voice of the Listener" column that sort of got me.

Some one wrote about the General Mills Hour announcers making such fools of themselves as they put on commercials. Now, if any one should ask me, I think they're a lot of fun. They make one feel like going right out to try the products they talk about in such a silly way.

These announcers make the commercials as interesting as the stories are—and, after all, if we must listen to commercials to get the stories we may as well make the best of it and have a little fun.

ELLEN A. SEWART

Elk Grove, Cal.

FAIR SEX NEGLECTED

Gentlemen:

Your story on "Women Take Over" set me thinking about something I've noticed for a long time. I can't see that women get much of a break in radio—not only as far as the technical end is concerned, but also as performers.

As far as I can see there are only five gals who get top billing in radio—Kate Smith, Fanny Brice, Dinah Shore, Ginny Simms and Gracie Allen. Otherwise they're all just also-rans. Yet many others are just as talented as the boys who rate all the headlines.

In comparison, the movie industry seems to have passed an equal-rights amendment. The Dotty Lamours and Greer Garsons get their share of the gravy. I don't understand why it isn't that way in radio.

ALICE ORNAN

Chicago, Ill.

TUNE IN

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ON THE COVER

JOE LAURIE, JR., HARRY HERSHFIELD and "SENATOR" FORD, stars of "Can You Top This?" Pg. 18.

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BETWEEN ISSUES...

Earl Wilson's B.W. (beautiful wife) is now dieting in order to live up to our comments on her lovely figure (July issue)...A party for Arthur Godfrey was one of the most heavily attended events--both



by press and network hierarchy. Watch this redhead. He's going up and up...Joan Brooks pulled a fast one on us when she turned honey blonde just as our July issue hit the stands ...Senator Ford's "Sioux City Four" stole all honors at the "Can You Top This?" party for the One-Thousand Club, while Joe Laurie, Jr. spent most of the time worrying about remembering the lyrics to "Goity McGoik." He got through it beautifully...Bob Hawk can replace Dunninger any time with those large, brown, hypnotic eyes...Ed Gardner refused to say if he had a union card when he played bartender at a large cocktail party thrown in his honor recently. At least he looked the part in that now-famous apron...It was a big thrill to witness one of the Waves' Regimental Reviews up at Hunter College (story on page 12)...Bill Slocum, CBS commentator, back from France twenty pounds lighter. He claims to be one of the healthiest people to return from the fighting fronts...



Wonder if any talent scout heard the would-be radio quartet serenading all passers-by in the center of Radio City during several noon hours...Roland Young must be the best-read actor, if the rows of books in his New York apartment mean anything...It was pleasant to welcome Connie Bennett back to New York in connection with her new radio show. She looks younger and more glamorous than ever...Office staff envious and admiring of the complimentary make-up

Ann Delafield gave to one of our writers after reading "Cinderella Story" in the August issue...Ted Steele amused and amazed us with the story of putting vanilla on the noses of his mother rabbits and their children so they'd know each other...A nice letter of thanks from Ozzie Nelson for our July story...Johnny Neblett, favorite story-teller, (You Can't Hear Everything, August) dropped into the office while in New York with lots of new material you'll be reading in future issues...Norman Corwin's television debut with his production of "Untitled" (one of his best scripts) gave further proof of his genius..."March Of Time"--tops in talent and production technique. Cover and lead story are forthcoming...Howard Petrie confesses that his



first contract with Garry Moore was signed sight unseen. Garry just wanted the biggest and boomiest man on the staff--for contrast. Seventeen giggling college girls draped around the studio didn't help our interview with Mayor LaGuardia (October issue), but "The Little Flower" maintained his non-chalance throughout...Introductions were performed when our Managing Editor and Jinx Falkenburg attended the same party. Turns out that Larry's wife and Miss F. even have the same first name--Eugenia.





STRENUOUS WORKOUTS in the gym every day keep excess pounds away for slim Lucille Wall, star of NBC's "Portia Faces Life."



COMPETITION'S GETTING TOUGHER when Frankie has to face not one, but *four* Crosbys at the mike! Occasion is a CBS "Command Performance" broadcast with the Crosby youngsters (in uniform), Elizabeth Taylor, Roddy McDowell and Margaret O'Brien participating.



'T WAS JUST A GAG when WEAF's Robert Lewis (decked out as "Mrs. Weather Bureau") offered listeners sea water in exchange for steak. When a butcher obliged, Bob had to give a sailor the sirloin in order to get the pail of brine.



ANNIVERSARY CONGRATS are extended to Arthur Godfrey by an overgrown banana at a party thrown for him by WABC executives—including Dick Swift and Arthur Hayes.



DAZZLED BY STAR-GAZING is 16-year-old seaman William Riley, as Johnny Mercer, Ed "Archie" Gardner and Frances Langford cluster around at a Blue "Radio Hall of Fame" show. The lad falsified his age to enlist at 15, is a veteran of three major invasions.



PULLING STRINGS is a favorite off-mike occupation of NBC actress Lois Zarley, who puts on marionette shows for friends.

Along Radio Row



THAT CREW HAIRCUT sported by CBS comic Garry Moore is a constant source of amazement to friends. Here Ben Grauer finds out that it feels just as prickly as it looks.



THE BIG TOP CLOWNS take time off to amuse Toni Darnay, star of CBS' "Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters," when she visits her younger sisters at the circus. Lucretia and Aileen are dancers with the tent show's ballet corps.

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

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

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D

**OF MIKES
 AND MEN**

By

LAURA HAYNES

Souvenir-hunting by swoon-fans really reached a new high (or low) when two teen-aged Jersey youngsters broke into the Hasbrouck Heights home of FRANK SINATRA—and carted off the fan mail which had been accumulating while the crooner and his family were out in Hollywood!

★ ★ ★

Echoes-from-the-Past Dept.: Remember the court battles, a dozen years ago, when RUDY VALLEE and WILL OSBORNE were fighting it out as to which one was the first to croon through a megaphone? Well, just recently, they've both been working for the same comedy team—and liking it!—RUDY as the screen villain in M-G-M's "ABBOTT and COSTELLO in Hollywood," WILL as orchestra conductor for BUD's and LOU's NBC program.

★ ★ ★

We wouldn't want to get into any arguments as to which is more influential—radio or movies—but can't help thinking it's sorta significant that screen star IRENE DUNNE reports she got more letters commenting on her participation in "America's Town Meeting of the Air" than on any film she ever made.

★ ★ ★

Met Opera and CBS star JAMES MELTON has achieved a new kind of official recognition—all because of his hobby of collecting horseless carriages. The state legislature of Connecticut has just authorized a \$150,000 appropriation to construct a museum to house JIMMY's group of 90-some ancient autos.

★ ★ ★

Millinery Melange: A recent "Telephone Hour" party seemed to be as much a prima donnas' battle of hats as a fifth-anniversary testimonial to conductor DONALD VOORHEES . . .

There was tiny LILY PONS, topped by a towering, lilac-trimmed confection of vivid pink tulle (which, for some unknown reason, she refers to as "a small hat from Paris") . . . There was slim GLADYS SWARTHOUT, wearing a pert pillbox literally plastered with huge yellow daisies . . . There was ultra-feminine BIDU SAYAO, with a pouf of black gauze centered in a rhinestone-studded white clover leaf which looked like something out of 16th Century Venice . . . Competition came from even jolly MRS. FRITZ KREISLER, with a tiny, bright green straw covered with life-sized bunches of purple, green and peach-colored grapes . . . Most conservative chapeau in the gathering was that of dignified MARIAN ANDERSON—a trim black tricorne discreetly decorated with wee pastel birds.

★ ★ ★

Giving a "command performance" before his small son's kindergarten class, violinist JOSEPH GINGOLD started by asking: "What would you like to hear?" A little voice piped up: "Can you make a noise like a pussycat?" The one-time soloist with TOSCANINI and current concertmaster for Mutual's "Symphony of the Americas" solemnly drew his bow across his priceless fiddle—and brought forth a series of unmistakable *mee-ows!*

★ ★ ★

Privately, the "Thin Man" cast is much more devoted to art than sleuthing. Hero LES TREMAYNE does sculptures, heroine CLAUDIA MORGAN works with water colors, and frequent-villain LUIS VAN ROOTEN is a whiz at both woodcuts and architectural drawings.

★ ★ ★

Wanted: Metal sewing thimbles—size 11 or 12—for man who makes music by strumming a washboard, has worn out his own pre-war supply. Please send spares to HEZZIE of the HOOSER HOT SHOTS, "National Barn Dance," 2204 Tribune Tower, Chicago 11, Ill.

★ ★ ★

Fans are ingenious, all right. Baritone DICK HAYMES is getting personal letters from one of them, at his home address. An insurance company typist, she found the information in the firm's client files . . . Meanwhile, singer DICK BROWN is getting billets-doux in his apartment mailbox, put there by his next-door neighbors—requesting that he do certain favorite songs while he's yodeling in his shower!



"GI JILL" (BLONDE, SCHOOLGIRLISH MARTHA WILKERSON) IS THE AFRS ANSWER TO THE ENEMY'S SIREN, "TOKYO ROSE"

THE ARMED FORCES NETWORKS

BROADCASTING SYSTEMS THAT REACH OUR BOYS — EVEN IN FOXHOLES

WHEREVER the men in the Armed Forces happen to find themselves—in the lonely outposts of Iceland or the Aleutians, in the foxholes of Okinawa or on the seven seas—a faithful and untiring servant is certain to be at their side. It's the AFRS—the Armed Forces Radio Service—which, under the sponsorship of the Information and Educa-

by PAUL GOULD

tion Division of the Army Service Forces, brings a touch of home, a remembrance of things past, to men in all branches and all uniforms.

By means of 453 stations throughout the world—some of them small outlets,

others large networks—the cream of the entertainment field is daily brought to them in a variety of moods. The system overseas is popularly known by its former title of American Expeditionary Station—AES for short—but its official designation is the Armed Forces Radio Service, and it is a combined operation of the War and Navy Departments. Sta-

tions beaming the programs are designated as "GI stations," while outlets are those taken over by the Army but generally serviced by both GIs and civilians. There are almost 100 foreign government and commercial outlets which are manned in this fashion.

All of them receive a weekly pack of transcriptions containing an average of 126 separate programs—those transcribed from the four major networks and those produced by the executives, writers and musicians of the AFRS in Los Angeles—an equivalent of 50 transcribed hours of entertainment.

Nineteen short-wave transmitters, located along the East and West Coasts, beam more than 4,000 hours of AFRS programs, special events and newscasts each month, and they penetrate to such far-flung outposts as England, Iceland, Greenland, Persia, China, Burma, India, the Aleutians, Philippines, Central and South America.

On the 5th Army front in Italy, in past months, it wasn't unusual for a mobile station to be operating in the mountains. The attraction may have been a musical request program, a science survey, a digest of the news, a discussion of the San Francisco parley. If it was "The Old Oaken Bucket," it ran for an hour and a half and was conducted by Cpl. Jack Ostrode.

Ostrode called himself "The Drop in the Old Oaken Bucket" and he ran his show along novel lines. Everyone sending in a request for a number—and there were more than 3,000 such queries—received a card entitling him to the dubious honor of being called "a drip." Among the more celebrated "drips" were Generals Marshall, Eisenhower, Clark and Doolittle.

Or the scene might take place halfway around the world—on an out-of-the-way island in the Pacific, with the sun beating down ferociously.

"Are you repellent? Yes?" a radio might be blaring out. "Then use Horijous Gai—it keeps the mosquitoes away. Remember, rub it in your delicate skin each evening as the sun goes down. Tha-ank yo-oo."

That was the Mosquito Network in action in the Southwest Pacific—so-called because the doctors behind this unique "commercial" fervently hoped the mosquito-repellent plugs would spur the boys to use an insect salve which not only smells bad but is considered sissified by many fighting men. General MacArthur's forces in the Philippines and New Guinea are tuned in on stations of the Jungle Network. Central and western islands are serviced by the



JUNGLE SETTINGS AND PROBLEMS CAN'T HAMPER THE EFFICIENCY OF AFRS STATIONS

Pacific Ocean Network, familiarly known as the "Sarong Network."

A wide diversity in equipment and background may mark the different "chains." In the Pacific, where short-wave and medium-wave reception is uncertain, tiny 50-watt voices are welcome to the lonely "doughs." But there are maintenance problems to be overcome—some never dreamed of in the manual or textbook of good ol' peace days.

When Major Purnell Gould (formerly associated with WFBR of Baltimore) and his staff of ex-commercial radiomen opened shop on Noumea, they found the going tough. "Juice ants" took a fancy to the insulation around the transmitter wiring and hungrily devoured it, causing short circuits. Microphones had to be blown out twice a day with bellows, because fungus sprouted from them. But the biggest single problem of all was that of getting receiving sets for the audience. Furthermore, ordinary radio sets were good for only about four months' service and then they succumbed to the tropics.

This created quite a stir on the home front, and inventive genius was put to work. A compact, plastic-sprayed set—all-wave, with considerable range—was found to be so resistant to the tropic dampness that it could even be submerged under water for hours without damage. This was speedily sent out to the men. Other difficulties were hurdled with the aid of diesel-power, well-equipped studios.

On the other side of the pendulum's swing were installations with elaborate studios, plush-bottom furnishings, cozy fixtures. Programs emanated, for exam-

ple, from immaculate settings in Rome and were directly lined to focal spots, such as the St. Georgio and Excelsior Hotels. But, in each case, the studios, large or small, sumptuous or modest—had their own music libraries and librarians, control board engineers, program directors and staff announcers, and each was on the air an average of 120 hours a week.

And what response do the Army and Navy get for the activities of their brain-child? Well, the volume of mail from seven Mediterranean stations alone shows a huge and discriminating audience, to judge from the 10,000 letters received every month. In the states, survey people estimate that each letter indicates about 500 listeners.

An examination of correspondence in that particular theatre showed some interesting preferences. At the Rome station, for example, the demand for Crosby was 2 to 1 over Sinatra—but both trailed badly, when it came to vying with hillbilly vocalist Roy Acuff. Old sentimental ballads got a heavy play, numbers like: "The band was playing the night I met my wife."

All the men agreed that the absence of commercials was refreshing, and most chimed in to say that "highbrow" material, previously frowned upon, was "good stuff." Plays by Norman Corwin, music by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, others of their type, were prime favorites with dogfaces who never before had gone in for anything heavier than the "Donkey Serenade."

Local talent was especially abundant in the Mediterranean theatre, talent ranging from Lt. Jonathan Schiller to

Pfc. Ken Card. Schiller is a balding, 31-year-old devotee of Brahms, Beethoven and boogie-woogie, and he lined up a well-balanced program that suited every taste. Card, well-known on this side, put on his trick-banjo program (he's supposed to be the only banjo artist who can play two separate numbers on that instrument at the same time), in addition to pulling seven-hour shifts on the control board. He broadcast a 15-minute show of his own and emceed the mammoth Western variety bill on Saturday afternoons.

AFRS broadcasting outlets not only receive original GI productions but also 80 programs weekly from four major networks in the U. S. All AFRS programs are stamped on plastic discs, 16-inch size, containing half-an-hour of entertainment per disc. An average of 50,000 such discs are shipped overseas each month and 20,000 distributed to the ships of the Navy to be broadcast over public address systems. A few months ago, the AFRS turned out its millionth recording. It was a broadcast of "GI Journal" and featured Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Linda Darnell, Betty Grable, Frank Morgan, Kay Kyser, Jerry Colonna, Abbott and Costello.

Other familiar and perennially popular programs have acquired standard titles: "Command Performance," "GI Jill," "Music for Sunday," "Mail Call," "Personal Album," "At Ease," and "Mystery Playhouse." The transcription packs are flown overseas by air transport planes for use on a round-robin basis by clusters of stations and public address systems. Also flown overseas are AFRS basic music libraries, script kits and sound-effect libraries which enable stations to develop their own shows. Each library contains more than 2,000 musical

selections — popular, semi-classical and classical.

But it's not only in sheer entertainment that the AFRS specializes. Extensive news programs and discussions of public issues are also featured on a weekly series. "Heard at Home" contains selected broadcasts from the leading network discussion programs. To inform service personnel of developments in America's relations with the rest of the world, AFRS presents each week "Our Foreign Policy," in which officials of the State Department and members of legislative committees of the Senate and House of Representatives play the leading part.

In the field of general education, standout numbers include "Your Science Magazine of the Air" and "This Is the Story." The series, "They Call Me Joe" — originally produced by NBC in cooperation with the Education Unit of the AFRS and recently broadcast overseas — was awarded the Citation of Distinguished Merit by the National Conference of Christians and Jews, during Brotherhood Week in 1945.

Universally credited with being the No. 1 overseas attraction is Martha Wilkerson, "GI Jill" of the AFRS. Practically unknown on this side, she is enormously popular with the fighting men. Of the massed AFRS mail received from every quarter, one of every four letters is earmarked for her. Even a million-dollar show such as "Command Performance" takes a back seat when she's on the air. "Dick Tracy" — with Crosby in the title role, Dinah Shore as *Tess Truehart*, Frank Sinatra as *Shakey*, and Judy Garland as *Snowflake* — runs a bad second to Jill.

Jill records six days a week in Los Angeles and her transcriptions are flown

out in six-day batches. Her formula is a simple one. She plays jazz music by request, talks back to her writing audience, sprinkles her programs with gags, chatters away on almost any subject in her cheerful voice.

This is a sample of her opening to sailors: "Hya, fellas. This is Jill again, all set to rock the bulkheads on the old jukebox and shoot the breeze to the sons of Mother Carey."

The response of the tars is tremendous. They shower her with grass skirts and invasion money, they cable orders for yellow roses to be sent to her, they write devastating love letters.

The little blonde is Uncle Sam's best answer to Tokyo Rose. But, where the latter siren tried to make the men homesick, Jill's trick is to make them feel at home wherever they are. Perhaps she knows how because she has a husband in the Army and a three-year-old daughter at home. She devotes half the day writing her scripts and answering thousands of letters.

Jill made her first broadcast overseas for the OWI in 1942. Col. Thomas H. A. Lewis happened to be listening in, decided then and there that she was to be our reply to enemy broadcasters. The next year, she became a full-fledged employee of the Army.

If the doughs and tars go for her opening remarks, there's hardly a one who isn't stirred when she signs off wistfully: "Till next jive-time, this is your GI gal Jill saying good morning to some of you — good afternoon to some more of you — and, to the rest of you . . . good night."

She's saying it to them — and to her husband — but, for millions, there's the nostalgia of home and a personal call to keep their chins up until V-J Day.



EASTER MUSIC IN NEW GUINEA—BY SHORT WAVE FROM HOME



BASEBALL IN GERMANY—PLAY-BY-PLAY FROM AMERICAN PARKS



WAVES SINGING PLATOON MARCHES IN CORRECT MILITARY FORMATION TO BROADCAST

WAVES ON PARADE

WOMEN'S RESERVE "BOOTS" LIFT VOICES IN SONG

TUNE IN MON. 5 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

EVERY Monday afternoon, forty earnest lasses in blue go on the air to proclaim in song, "We are the Waves of the Navy." And as every dialer who has tuned in to the "Waves on Parade" program knows, they sing with a zest and enthusiasm which marks them as

full-fledged members of the service to which they have given their hearts.

It's a little surprising to realize that this choral group is actually made up of newcomers to Navy ranks—"boots" who have had only a few weeks to absorb the timeworn traditions and salty ver-

nacular of the U.S. Navy seaman. As spokesmen for the U.S.S. Hunter (Naval Training School, Women's Research, in the Bronx, N. Y.) observe, it doesn't take very long for a civilian to become a Wave—not if she has the will and the spirit to plunge full steam ahead into her new life.

Discipline is the order of the day at the U.S.S. Hunter, and recruits are soon made to feel their responsibilities as representatives of Uncle Sam. From the moment the boot climbs aboard the training ship (really former college buildings on prosaic dry land), she sheds her civilian individuality along with her high-heeled shoes and beflowered hat. She must bunk in barracks (converted apartments) with more shipmates than she's ever lived with before, "stow her gear" in closer quarters. She must learn to "knock it off" (keep quiet) without question when ordered; march in formation wherever she goes; get up at 5:30 in the morning and stand in queues for chow.

Training is admittedly tough, designed to weed out weak sisters as well as to adjust the normal healthy young woman to Navy life. Each day of the eight-week course is filled with classes and drills, physical training and swimming optional, lectures on everything from why we fight the war to how to salute. The average girl is so tired by evening that she's glad to crawl into bed, doesn't mind the fact that she's allowed only one shore leave during the entire orientation period.

A recruit's life does have its compensations, however. For one thing, it's exciting to meet girls from all over the United States—from large cities, and small towns, from farms and offices and schools—all brought to the U.S.S. Hunter for training. "Our backgrounds are as varied as our personalities, and it is probably true that in civilian life many of us would never have met." Then, too, there's the never-ending thrill of feeling more like a seaman every day, of being part of a tremendous patriotic movement.

Comforts and conveniences are not lacking, either. There's a beauty shop to help keep those straggling back locks off the Navy collar, a shoeshine emporium to make G.I. shoes glisten, a ship's store selling needs and luxuries at bargain prices. Many a housewife would sigh in envy of the laundry service which does up shirts immaculately for only a nickel.

Recreation activities are also regularly planned. There are spacious lounges and a library for leisure moments, weekly movies and a station newspaper. In ad-

dition to the "Waves on Parade" program, talented seamen appear on station variety shows, and occasional celebrities stop by to entertain.

Perhaps nothing is as much fun to the new recruit as learning the Navy lingo, and dazzling the folks back home by using it in letters. Everything a Wave owns is "gear," and she must learn to keep it in true nautical order. Quarters are "policed" daily and are subject to inspection at any time. Should a careless boot leave a pair of gloves out of place, she receives a demerit along with a note: "gloves adrift." Sometimes the note reads, "kittens adrift"—meaning that there are whirls of dust somewhere around her bunk.

The sturdy cotton stockings every recruit is required to wear have been christened "Navy nylons." (They're worn with resignation rather than joy, are usually discarded in favor of rayons as soon as rules permit.) A day off during the week is known as a "rope-yarn Sunday" from the old sailor's habit of tying knots and coiling rope during free hours.

The fiction of being aboard a ship is kept up throughout the U.S.S. Hunter. Floors are called "decks" and personnel on duty in the barracks "stand watches." Regimental reviews are held "on the beach"—a walk bordering the reservoir which runs along one side of the property. And, when a boot wishes to leave her barracks, she "logs out."

After eight weeks of such 24-hour-a-day indoctrination and training, the former boot feels like an old-timer, has gathered together an impressive store of information on the Navy. "Ask me the meaning of stars or stripes, chevrons or bars, eagles or anchors. I'll tell you about ships and planes, bureaus and districts, drill and discipline, laws and customs, who's who in the direction of the affairs of the Navy, what to do when the gal next to you faints. I know why we have a Women's Reserve, how it originated, its purpose and aims. While Admirals plan campaigns, I learn the ways to help work the plan."

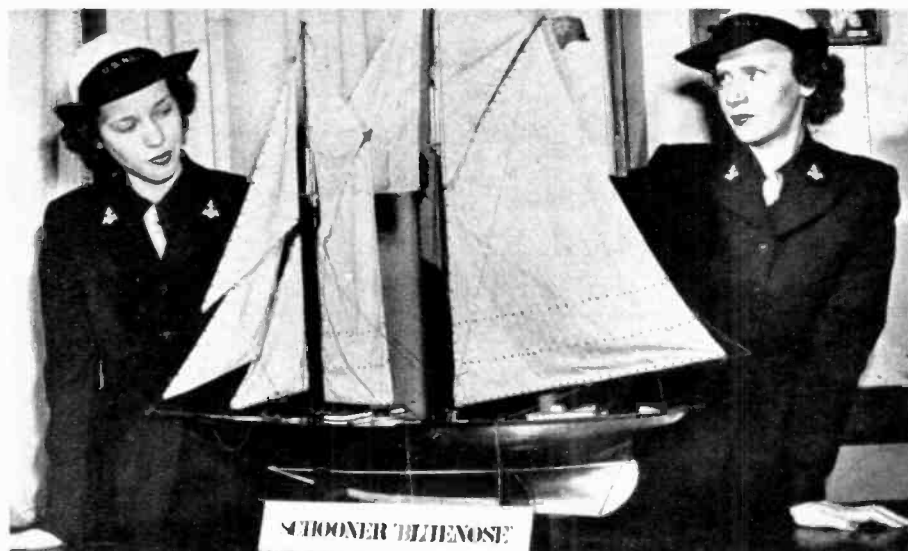
It's no wonder then that "Waves on Parade" sounds so briny. No one is permitted to join the Singing Platoon until she has passed her first three weeks of boot training—and, by that time, the girls are all outfitted in sleek Navy blue, have learned to sling the slanguage like a "vet" of three years' service. And, if there are any "civvie" edges left, band-leader and choral director Ray Charles sees to it that they're all smoothly polished off before actual broadcast time.



GETTING THE FEEL of a destroyer helm is part of orientation course in Navy lore and customs.



CHEMICAL WARFARE classes teach recruits the features of various types of gas masks.



A SERIES OF SHIP MODELS, complete down to the last detail, makes a panoramic history of seafaring for the earnest students. Collection ranges from a Grecian trireme to a Chinese sampan.



PHYSICAL TRAINING means better health—and trimmer figures—in strenuous days ahead.



SHIP'S LANTERN is an example of equipment used to speed up learning, make subjects real.

Radio's Oscar

UNIQUE GADGET REASSURES STARS ON THE "LUX RADIO THEATRE"

THERE'S one performer on the "Lux Radio Theatre" who never fluffs a line, never gets excited or blows up, never shows even a trace of knocking knees. His name is Oscar—and the reason for his godlike perfection is simple. Oscar's a kind of robot, made of untemperamental aluminum and steel.

Each Monday night at 9 P.M. E.W.T. (over CBS) this sturdy character takes a firm stand in the middle of the stage. With four round legs solidly anchored to the floor, directly beneath the mike, Oscar's on the alert and ready for the evening's work, can be counted on never to lose his head no matter what catastrophe occurs.

Originally designed by Cecil B. DeMille, this iron man's primary function was to serve as a guide to actors, keeping them a proper distance from the microphone while tossing dialogue at each other. Since the gadget's height can be regulated by adjusting the legs, it can also act as a script rest so that players need not worry about rattling papers in trembling hands.

But Oscar's claim to immortality stems from neither of these prosaic chores. It's purely as a moral support that this lad has become the toast of Hollywood. The arched handle you see in the picture on the right glistens beneath the studio lights—and not because it's been polished, either. That gleam comes from the convulsive tightening of feminine hands and the vigorous clutch of masculine grubhooks, as stage and screen stars cling to Oscar like a life-preserver in a sea of mike fright.

Of all Oscar's admirers, Bette Davis is perhaps the most enthusiastic. During her big scenes in "Dark Victory" and "The Letter," Bette fastened on his bent bar with a death grip, then emoted away with confidence. "I never get over being afraid of a microphone," she admitted later. "I'm always scared out of my wits, and without Oscar I should probably pass right out of the picture." And her remarks have been echoed by scores of screen notables.

Of course, many of the luminaries who appear on "Lux Radio Theatre" are now radio veterans as well, have entirely recovered from their attacks of airwave jitters. But that was far from the case during the early years of the show. Since

the program's debut eleven years ago, this dramatic series has introduced numerous celebrities to dialers for the first time, shepherding them palpitating and reluctant to the studio. If Oscar could only talk, he'd have many a tale to tell of the stars who've rubbed his shining cranium.

There was the time that Paul Muni was signed up to be "Louis Pasteur." Outwardly calm, but inwardly quaking, Muni just couldn't stand the tension. Knowing that violin music was soothing to his nerves, the actor borrowed a fiddle from one of the orchestra men, scraped violently away in the wings during intermissions. (Don Ameche and William Powell take to milk instead of music, each down a pint of Grade A before going on the air.)

Then there was a day, back in 1936, when the late Jean Harlow was to make her first "Radio Theatre" broadcast. Word got around the town that the screen's glamour girl would appear in person—so fans started gathering, milling around the studios from early in the

morning till the hour came for the evening show. After the ticket-holders were all seated and the program started, the disappointed mob, determined to get in, broke down the doors and poured in a flood down the aisles. Pandemonium reigned—but luckily the interruption came during a crowd scene, and the play's listeners never knew there had been a near-riot.

Practically every bright light in the movie world has succumbed to the lure of the "Radio Theatre." (Notable exceptions are Chaplin and Garbo.) Screen thespians find it refreshing to do a play in legitimate theatre fashion, going right through characterization from start to finish without a break. In films, they point out, they seldom get the "feel" of a story, for they work on a few lines or a single scene each day—doing the same thing over and over again until it's been successfully recorded by the sound cameras.

There are disadvantages for actors accustomed to movie technique, too. As Claudette Colbert said before her air debut: "I have an entirely different feeling about radio than I have about pictures. I know that if I make even the slightest mistake in pictures there is a chance for a retake. But once you say something into the radio microphone, it cannot be recalled. That is what frightens me." Some were also tense at the prospect of doing scenes in front of a live audience—an experience they'd never been accustomed to. But as listeners know, Claudette, as well as Ronald Colman, Barbara Stanwyck, Irene Dunne, Brian Aherne, and many others, now seem to be completely at home in the airwaves medium.

Comedians, too, have had a chance to display their versatility on "Radio Theatre." By tradition, gagsters are a race of frustrated would-be *Hamlets*, yearning to play tragedy and condemned for life to being laughed at instead. Through this series, such zanies as Jack Benny, Fibber McGee and Molly, Burns and Allen and Bob Hope found golden opportunities to plumb emotional depths, show the world what they could do with genuine dramatic roles.

And since Oscar assisted on all these historic occasions, it's no wonder that Hollywood considers him one swell guy.



That's Oscar standing between Cary Grant and Greer Garson. Actors consider him, a friend.



FOLKS FROM MASSACHUSETTS FIND OUT A LOT ABOUT PEOPLE OF OTHER COUNTRIES IN A PROGRAM SERIES PLANNED BY STATION WTAG

WORCESTER AND THE WORLD

A NEW ENGLAND TOWN BLAZES NEW TRAILS TO INTERNATIONAL GOOD-WILL

It took the town of Worcester, Massachusetts, to do some hard-headed Yankee thinking about war and peace and the rest of the world. Then they began to ask questions, and young David Harris, program director for Worcester's station WTAG, did the asking.

"How can we know anything about the problems of other countries if we know nothing about the countries themselves?" Harris argued. "And, as far as the hard-earned peace is concerned, how can nations understand each other if they don't know one another?" The result of this direct New England approach has exposed Worcester to knowledge and understanding of the peoples of the world.

It all began when Harris arranged a series of exchange good-will broadcasts last year. D-Day postponed that

venture into international friendship, but the WTAG program director is hard to discourage. He saw radio in the leading role of a community educational campaign. He made the rounds of civic-minded townspeople, called on Mayor William A. Bennett, who saw an idea in the plan to acquaint Worcester with the world. Mayor Bennett brought in Kiwanians, museum committees, Rotarians, women's clubs, then appointed Harris chairman of the committee.

Each week for six months, the people of Worcester honored the countries of the United Nations—in alphabetical order. One week the flag of Belgium or Canada might fly from Worcester's city Hall, the next week visitors would be startled to see the flag of India or Norway snapping in the breeze.

The whole town pitched in, in neigh-

borly fashion, to honor the friendly nations of the world. On the air during Russia week there were Russian musical programs, colorful items about life in the U.S.S.R. Even WTAG's homemaking department got into the spirit of international cooperation and broadcast recipes to housewife dialers for *borscht* and *beef a la stroganov*.

Department stores displayed Russian costumes or sent pulchritudinous salesgirls on the streets dressed in costumes of Belgium or Holland, as the case might be, to distribute pamphlets about that particular country. School children heard lectures in the class-rooms and wrote themes about the U.S.S.R. The public library and museum arranged special exhibitions each week for the country honored.

Outstanding representatives of these nations—including Harold Butler, Brit-



WAR VETS HEAR PAUL READING OF CANADA

ish minister to the United States; Begum Shah Nawaz, India's principal woman leader; Andre Michalopoulos, former Greek minister of information—came to Worcester, talked to the people at open forums which were broadcast. Topics discussed ranged from "Why did Japan covet Australia?" to "What is the role of a small state like Belgium in the postwar world?"

The people of Worcester were learning the basis for peace the American way—through asking questions and getting the truth. Often they found their prejudices slipping away in the white light of open discussion. One solid Worcester citizen, who insisted that war with Russia was inevitable, asked blunt questions of the Soviet representative at the Russian forum. He got blunt answers, right to the point.

Now he buttonholes everyone in sight explaining how much America and Russia have in common, sharply denounces as "troublemakers" those who see Russia as a menace to peace.

The British came in for their share of prejudice-through-ignorance, also. But, after British Week and a wide-open forum addressed by British Minister Harold Butler, Worcesterites told each other, "That man Butler's a pretty good fellow."

Short-wave broadcasts between the United Nations and Worcester were also featured on WTAG. Programs originating in the country-of-the-week were beamed to Worcester, and these New England townspeople gathered—in old Town Hall style—to listen and judge each program on its merits. From the far corners of the earth, voices spoke to Worcester to tell a new story of an old civilization and culture. These short-wave features included a joint religious service by All Saints Episcopal Church of Worcester, Mass., and the Episcopal Cathedral of Worcester, England.

From the heart of Africa, Governor General Pierre Rijckmans broadcast from Leopoldville, capital of the Belgian Congo. During Australia week, Worcester citizens were addressed, short-wave, by Lord Mayor of Melbourne Thomas S. Nettlefold. A "Hands Across the Border" program was broadcast from Canada in which a war-worker, a farmer, and a housewife told of war-time conditions in the country north of us. Another "first" in the short-wave series was the feature beamed from India, the first broadcast



PUBLIC LIBRARY POSTERS AND BOOKLETS SUPPLEMENT "INDIA WEEK" PROGRAM



COLORFUL RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCH HIGHLIGHT THE WEEK DEDICATED TO GREECE BY CITIZENS OF WORCESTER

to be sent from that country to an individual radio station in the U. S.

Once the ball was set rolling by Worcester's local radio station, the town's enthusiasm branched out into unexpected directions. Czechoslovakian week gave citizens the treat of a folk-dancing exhibition. Coin and stamp collectors saw rare exhibitions loaned in honor of the special countries, while art lovers enjoyed the paintings, textiles and sculptures of various nations.

Special lectures and forums were held and broadcast from nearby Fort Devens for the benefit of returned veterans still hospitalized. Consensus among these war-wounded who intend to have a few things to say about peacetime America: "Worcester's learning about other people in the world is a great idea."

Newspapers ran stories almost daily on the world-wide project. Gradually interest was aroused throughout the United States and across international borders. Said U. S. Ambassador John G. Winant this series has been "a significant contribution to international understanding." The Toronto Financial Post stated that if this effort was "honestly and regularly duplicated 10,000 times, it is the sort of thing that would just about banish wars from the face of the earth." It was not the editorial comment from metropolitan dailies, nor even the commendation of world leaders that interested program originator David Harris so much as the fact that people were talking out their problems—with Worcester showing the way—in good old cracker barrel style. Worcester's way of helping her 240,000

people to become citizens of the world has produced the most important result, according to WTAG's program director, of bringing home the realization that people of other countries are the same sort of human beings we are. Harris feels this understanding is the key-stone in any peace program after the war, that radio has set a new model for international friendship and has had definite influence, not only on the local community of Worcester, but on the city's relations with other lands.

Whatever the permanent value of the project, and however much propaganda might creep in, the spirit of the people of this New England town—in their desire to accept their place in the family of nations—has touched off a small, bright spark that finds immediate response among free people everywhere.



CANADA'S DISPLAY AT THE LOCAL MUSEUM



CHILDREN LEARN OF OTHER COUNTRIES BY MUSEUM TRIPS AND CLASS LECTURES



A VOCATIONAL SCHOOL GROUP VIEWS A DEPARTMENT STORE DISPLAY DURING THE WEEK HONORING THE NETHERLANDS AND COLONIES

LIBERATION

It's a party—when loyal Filipinos celebrate their release from Jap slavery! And it's a human-interest story of the type this commentator likes best to tell on his NBC newscasts (Mon. thru Fri., 10 A.M. E.W.T.)

by ROBERT ST. JOHN

A Filipino town is liberated. The natives who fled to the hills when the shooting started come trekking home.



Some have been hiding up in the hills for as long as three years. They return, bearing all their worldly possessions in carabao carts or—more

often than not—in huge bundles which the women carry on their heads. It only takes a matter of a few hours to set up house again in the little nipa shacks. Then—they're ready for a celebration of their new freedom.

The military mayor of each town is generally a very tough individual who won that honor because of his activity with the guerrillas. He appoints a committee to work up a program, *quickly!* Sometimes there are local musicians. Sometimes the mayor asks if a GI band can be borrowed for the occasion. The guests of honor, of course, are the American men in uniform—and also the Filipino guerrillas. The pick of the town's pretty girls are drafted to act as hostesses for the occasion.

And it *is* an "occasion" for them. While the Japs were around, they all did everything they could to make themselves look as unattractive as possible. They wore the dirtiest, most ragged clothes they could find. They literally buried all their cherished finery—buried it in holes in the ground. Now they dig up their pretty clothes. Now they can do something with their beautiful black hair, instead of just heaping it up in an untidy mess on top of their heads. Now they blossom out like the first flowers of spring.

Entertainers are found. Men and women who have not touched a musical instrument for three years spend the afternoon practicing. The celebration always begins with a rendition by the native or the GI band. If the soldiers are furnishing the music, the first number is likely to be something like "Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet." Of course, if the Filipinos are doing it, the selec-

tion will be more romantic . . . something like "Star Dust."

Then the mayor makes his triumphal appearance, invariably dressed in a snow-white, stiffly-starched linen suit and white shoes. GIs in grimy fatigue uniforms—GIs who the day before were killing Japs—push back their steel helmets, sit with rifles across their knees and wait for the oratory which they know is about to begin, for most of them have been through all this, many times before. They know the pattern that will be followed.

As the mayor commences his speech, hundreds of almost nude little boys and girls romp and play in the dust. The mayor says: "Three years ago, the Japanese were telling us the Americans will never return. Today you are here and the Japanese are gone, never to return!" The audience cheers and whistles. The mayor continues: "Democracy has returned. This is an historic day for our town. Now we must till our fields. We must go out and fish. We must rebuild our homes. We must show our great American ally that American sacrifices have not been in vain."

After the mayor winds up, the highest ranking American Army officer is invited to talk. His remarks are generally very short and to the point. That invariably disappoints the native population, which seems to judge a speech by its length. Then they play the Filipino

national anthem and either "The Star-Spangled Banner" or "God Bless America." Sometimes the words of these songs are mimeographed and distributed among those in the audience. (Incidentally, many Filipinos think that "God Bless America" is our national anthem.) Then there are more speeches, followed by a slow-moving native dance, performed by six or eight of the prettiest girls in town.

And then the climax. The band strikes up and the young people are permitted to join in a general dance. The soldiers hand their helmets and guns to friends, and the fun begins. Each Filipino girl is accompanied by an eagle-eyed chaperone, and the girls are never out of sight of these chaperones! Few Filipinos know much about jitterbugging or any American-type dancing, unless they've lived for a while in or around Manila. As for the American soldiers, they're generally weary. Besides, the men in Washington who designed Army shoes apparently never considered the matter of dancing.

As a result of all those things, the dancing part of the program is not something the boys look forward to very much. The girls are very shy and, the instant the last bar of a selection is played, they all rush from the arms of their partners to the sides of their chaperones—and GI Joe suddenly realizes that he didn't even get her name or her telephone number.

Still, those celebrations are historic occasions for the Filipinos, and for the war-weary Americans they provide a few hours of much-needed diversion. All too soon it's over . . . the girls are whisked home by their chaperones . . . while the soldiers resume their interrupted thoughts about how soon *they* will be home again.



YANKS AND FILIPINOS JOIN FORCES—AND VOICES—IN HONOR OF A HARD-WON FREEDOM



MEMBERS WATCH A SHOW STAGED BY FORD, HERSHFIELD AND LAURIE

The Show Place Pre-eminent!

PLAZA

PALACE

VARIETIES

COR 5th AVENUE & HACKIE STAND

9 COUNT 'EM **BIG ACTS** COUNT 'EM 9

MAN OF A MILLION DIALECTS!

PEPPER BOYARD

The People's Choice on "CAN YOU TOP THIS?"

In Greetings and Salutations

"THE BOYS" THROW A PARTY

"CAN YOU TOP THIS?" INAUGURATES THE 1,000 CLUB

RADIO stars are often feted by adoring fans, given resounding ovations and testimonial dinners. Seldom has the situation been reversed, with the stars themselves standing treat for members of their listening audience. But at last it's happened! The "Can You Top This?" trio—"Senator" Ford, Harry Hershfield and Joe Laurie, Jr.—have given one of the biggest, plushiest parties ever, in honor of those listeners who have submitted the most mirth-provoking jokes to the program in its almost three years on NBC (Saturday nights at 9:30 E.W.T.).

Place was the grand ballroom of New York City's swanky Plaza Hotel. Occasion was the founding of the One Thousand Club, composed of contributors whose stories have achieved 1000 on the show's Laugh Meter. Though almost 200 people have qualified for membership so far, only a score or so were able to attend the inaugural festivities in person, under present wartime conditions. The others received their "certificates" and felicitations by mail.

Office of Defense Transportation rules restricted the list to those who lived within 75 miles of New York City and

could be expected to make the round trip within a day. Longest, most difficult journey was that of winner Thomas J. Farrell and his wife, who had to take two busses and two separate trains each way, to make the jaunt from their farm near Cornwall Bridge, Connecticut.

The hosts made all invitations good for two, paid for all tickets, made all reservations, even tried to see that guests from the same area would be seated near each other *en route*. (The contingent from the Philadelphia sector, for instance, rode over in the same parlor car, didn't "meet" until they were introduced at the party, later made up a party of their own, going back on the train.)

The resultant late-Saturday-afternoon gathering in the Plaza's grand ballroom was a highly representative group of radio listeners. There were chic fashion-plates, jolly housewives, gray-haired business men, husky farmers. There was one man about 6-feet-5 and a woman barely five feet tall (they were husband and wife!) and a stripling who reached his eighteenth birthday only a few days later, made this party his last big celebration before joining the Navy.



COMEDIAN PETER DONALD EXPLAINS THE NEW CLUB TO HIS WIFE



YOUNGEST MEMBER BOB TONER CHATS WITH HOST "SENATOR" FORD

Youngest of all was Bob Toner of Philly, who got a big kick out of the goings-on when magician Al Baker used him as a stooge for tricks, pulling everything from yards-long ropes to live rabbits from the kid's pockets.

They loved the cocktail party beforehand, the full-course dinner, the 9-act variety bill, and the regular "Can You Top This?" broadcast afterward. But it's doubtful if any of them realized either how much the entertainment cost in both time and money (close to \$4,000) or just how unique that special vaudeville show really was. Only other old-timers in the field, who were lucky enough to be present, could fully appreciate what an historic occasion that line-up of talent marked.

For the "Plaza Palace Varieties" was a re-creation of by-gone music-hall days, done with both authenticity and affection. Theatrical warehouses had been ransacked for "olios" (painted backdrops) of the period, performers of the past had been lured from semi-retirement or more modern jobs, just for this one showing. Even the musicians were straight from the memory books—conductor Eddie Weber, who had been accompanist and manager for Eva Tanguay when she was queen of the vaudie circuits; Willie Creeper, who was drummer at the Palace when it was the mecca of all variety artists; Julius Lensburg, violinist at the Riverside Theatre when it was the "neighborhood" Palace.

All the pre-talking picture trappings were there—the jugglers, the acrobats, male quartets and "art" numbers,—and most of the acts were genuine headliners from the heyday of vaudeville. Al Baker has been a professional magic-maker for half a century, is currently president of the Society of American Magicians. Ace hooper Harland Dixon has been a variety luminary for more years than he cares to divulge, had appeared on early vaudeville bills with all three of The Boys in the good old days.

But it was The Boys themselves who proved to be the real stars, reviving the acts which had once made them famous, before there were any networks. Joe Laurie, Jr. hadn't done his song-dance-and-patter "single" for 18 years but had no

trouble getting right back into the swing (and into his original pearl-buttoned navy blue shirt and Bowery derby), brought down the house with "Gertie McGurk," a comedy number he himself had written long ago.

White-haired, Harry Hershfield hadn't wowed an audience with his inimitable chalk talk for a full 33 years—not since he had split up his own act by devoting his day-times to drawing cartoons for the newspapers and spending his evenings as a much-in-demand after-dinner speaker. He had to rent a peg-top suit, ran into a spot of difficulty when unwitting stagehands lined up his series of easels in the wrong order! Guide-lines had been lightly sketched on the



HARRY HERSHFIELD DOES HIS CHALK TALK: "DESPERATE DESMOND"



MRS. FRANK McANALLY OF UPPER DARBY, PA., ENJOYS THE SHOW



WINNER MRS. N. KEIFER AND HER HUSBAND—FROM PHILADELPHIA

apparently blank paper and, once the sheets were out of sequence, Harry had to make a lightning switch in time to save his heroine from *Desperate Desmond*.

Of them all, "Senator" Ford had the easiest time of it. He hadn't gone into his act since 1926, but had always been a current-topic humorist, had only to gear his glib chatter to the other acts on the bill and to members of the audience. However, his biggest success came later, singing bass with the male quartet. Those four really had the audience "in the aisles," when Don Loring Rogers, Eddie Miller and Geoffrey O'Hara (original baritone of the "Sioux City Four") swung around the stage in an old-time lock-step, yodeling melod-

iously while Ford solemnly boomed out a few deep "oom-pom-poms" at appropriate intervals!

Finally, just to prove that virtue isn't always its own-and-only reward, there was something for The Boys themselves at the end of the program, when all three were presented with honorary life memberships in the National Variety Artists, in appreciation of their many charitable activities. For this trio of wits are more than magnanimous losers who know how to throw a good party for their "rivals." They are experts who have spent their lives making people laugh and have won, not only the gratitude of the general public, but the warm affection of their own entertainment profession.



JOE LAURIE, JR. PROVES HE CAN STILL DO A "BUCK-AND-WING"



FORD (RIGHT) SINGS A BOOMING BASS WITH THE MALE QUARTET



EVELYN WINTERS (PLAYED BY TONI DARNAY) IS VERY MUCH IN LOVE WITH HER FRIEND AND GUARDIAN, GARY BENNET (MARTIN BLAINE)

Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters

ROMANCE IN HIGH LIFE IS THE THEME OF THIS DAYTIME DRAMA

TUNE IN MON. THRU FRI. 10:30 A.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

CAN a woman be happily married to a man seventeen years her senior? Has a guardian any right to fall in love with his ward? These are some of the questions which perplex *Gary Bennet*, leading male character in "The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters." And the answers that the bewildered playwright-producer finds to these inquiries will determine the future action of the daytime drama.

For, despite the title of the serial, it seems to be *Bennet* (played by Martin Blaine) rather than *Evelyn Winters* (Toni Darnay) around whom the plot revolves. *Gary* is a former Lieutenant, honorably discharged from the Army as the result of wounds received in Europe. He's 37, handsome, witty and debonair, would find his return to civilian life both pleasant and uncomplicated were it not for the accident of fate which places him in full charge of 20-year-old *Evelyn*. (Her father, who has been killed in action, was so impressed with the noble character of the Lieutenant that he named *Bennet* his daughter's guardian.)

Any reader of romances could guess the inevitable outcome of this situation. *Evelyn* and *Gary* fall in love practically at once, but *Gary* is almost afraid to admit the fact to himself, particularly since *Colonel Winters* specifically instructed him to pass upon any man *Evelyn* chooses to marry. The conscience struggles of the enamored guardian are also intensi-

fied by the fact that *Evelyn* is wealthy, and that one of his duties is to protect her inheritance.

"The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters" is something of a novelty in daytime dramas in that it depends on emotional problems alone to lure its listeners. Fast-action scenes are conspicuous by their absence, and there's nary a gruesome accident, kidnapping or amnesia victim to stir up excitement. Financial struggles do not enter the picture, for all the characters are pleasantly secure, well able to indulge in an occasional fur coat or jeweled bauble. Even the discharged veteran angle is distinctly played down, as *Gary* seldom refers to his war experiences, is free of psychoses, has slipped back into the life of a Broadway producer as simply as he left it.

Perhaps it is just this everyday-life quality which lends the serial its greatest charm for followers. There are no dyed-in-the-wool villains. *Lt. Ted Blades* (played by Stacey Harris) is *Gary's* rival—but he's also a gentleman and dependable friend. Glamour-girl *Janice King* (Flora Campbell), though doing her best to ensnare *Gary*, uses only amateurish and ladylike tactics when compared with other aggressive females heard on the air. Like a twentieth-century Jane Austen novel, the drama presents a picture of how ordinary people behave when they have "nothing to do but behave."

The Man Called X

HERBERT MARSHALL SNARES SPIES AS AN INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE

TUNE IN 10 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

SPIES and saboteurs are in for a round shellacking on the airwaves this summer. With Herbert Marshall stalking their trails as "The Man Called X," these international scoundrels might just as well throw in their invisible inks and cry quits. For *Ken Thurston* (alias Herbert), like the Northwest Mounted, invariably gets his man.

For the purpose of this series, the dapper Mr. Marshall pretends to be an American agent engaged in a one-man crusade against those fostering enemy intrigue in the far-flung parts of the world. As the announcer boasts, this devil-may-care character is ever ready to fly the ocean at the drop of a hat, abruptly puts aside sophisticated dalliance with the ladies whenever an accented criminal rears his ugly head. Strong, resourceful and alert, *Ken Thurston* ably matches his wits with the most gifted evil-doers of the times, tracks 'em to their lairs and puts the kibosh on their wicked machinations.

Yes, it's good old-fashioned melodrama, with a fair amount of shooting, gobs of intrigue, and a spicy seasoning of secret passages and mock funerals. But Marshall fans need not fear that the famed suave personality of the screen ladies' man is lost sight of in the scuffle. Herbert is Herbert still—one of the show world's most perfect gentlemen, radio's super-civilized male.

No matter on what exotic soil that impeccably-shod foot may land, *Ken Thurston* never loses his English drawing-room manners, his unshakable poise, his pleasant well-bred voice. From time to time, *Mr. X* may be outsmarted (temporarily, of course), but his mantle of courtesy never slips for a second. Until the very moment when the international trouble-shooter finds it necessary to send his opponents to meet their just deserts in a better world, he chats with them in polished phrases, replete with sardonic charm.

Herbert Marshall has long reconciled himself to the fate of being a gentleman. Now in his fifties, the muscular six-

footer realizes fully that he's typed for life, will probably never have a chance to play the dirty double-crosser in any entertainment medium. Loyal followers just wouldn't believe there wasn't a noble motive behind it all. So, in radio as on the screen, he capitalizes on the glamour of the uncommon and ideal, giving an impression of hidden resources, of inner compulsion to gallant deeds of derring-do.

Marshall never did want to be an actor, by the way. The sparkle of the footlights had no appeal for him. After a childhood in which he observed the struggles of his father—an actor who never quite achieved success—young "Bart" turned to business when he first started earning his own way.

That early venture was as a clerk for a firm of chartered accountants in his home city of London. Dreams of spectacular success were soon shattered, however, for the sad fact was that the firm promptly fired him—for plain inefficiency. His second business flyer was as assistant manager in a road show. But that didn't last long, either.

Acting, apparently, was the metier for him. So Herbert made his earth-shaking debut—playing the front part of a horse! (The record fails to state who shared this glorious moment, and the horse's hide, with Marshall.)

Now, with thirty years as an accomplished theatrical performer behind him, the husky, sombre-faced thespian marvels that he ever tried to avoid the stage. Except for active service with the British Army during the first World War (during which he was severely wounded at the battle of Arras) Marshall has spent all his time shuttling back and forth between London, New York and Hollywood, playing the cultured man-of-the-world for enthralled audiences.

At first, according to his own statements, the magnitude of radio frightened him a little. "I was timid about the *Mr. X* role and about radio, too. But now I love them both and I know what *Mr. X* would say and think in almost any situation." And Marshall fans could probably guess, too.



HERBERT MARSHALL RELAXES AT HOME WITH HIS WIFE, LEE RUSSELL



AUTOGRAPHED PICTURES OF FILM NOTABLES LINE THE ACTOR'S DEN



JOAN DAVIS
Monday

TUNE IN your for the best i



TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT
Sunday



THE ALDRICH FAMILY
Friday



THE FRANK SINATRA SHOW
Wednesday



MAYOR OF THE TOWN
Saturday



ADVENTURES OF THE THIN MAN
Friday



THANKS TO THE YANKS
Monday

These programs can be heard on nearly all of the following CBS stations:

Akron, Ohio WADC
Albany, Ga. WGPC
Albany, N. Y. WOKO
Albuquerque, N. M. KGGM
Anderson, S. C. WAIM
Asheville, N. C. WWNC
Ashland, Ky. WCI
Athens, Ga. WGAU
Atlanta, Ga. WGST
Atlantic City, N. J. WBAB
Augusta, Ga. WRDW
Austin, Texas KTBC
Bakersfield, Calif. KERN
Baltimore, Md. WCAO
Bangor, Me. WABI

Beckley, W. Va. WJLS
Binghamton, N. Y. WBNF
Birmingham, Ala. WAPI
Bisbee, Ariz. KSUN
Boston, Mass. WEEI
Buffalo, N. Y. WKBW
Burlington, Vt. WCAX
Cedar City, Utah KSUB
Cedar Rapids, Iowa WMT
Champaign, Ill. WDWS
Charleston, S. C. WCSC
Charleston, W. Va. WCHS
Chattanooga, Tenn. WDOD
Chicago, Ill. WBBM
Cincinnati, Ohio WKRC

Cleveland, Ohio WGAR
Colorado Springs, Colo. KVOR
Columbia, S. C. WKIX
Columbus, Ga. WRBL
Columbus, Ohio WBNS
Cookeville, Tenn. WHUB
Corpus Christi, Texas KEYS
Dallas, Texas KRLD
Danville, Ill. W DAN
Dayton, Ohio WHIO
Decatur, Ill. WSOY
Denver, Colo. KLZ
Des Moines, Iowa KSO
Detroit, Mich. WJR
Du Bois, Pa. WCED

Duluth, Minn. KDAL
Durham, N. C. WDNC
El Paso, Texas KROD
Evansville, Ind. WEOA
Fairmont, W. Va. WMMN
Fort Myers, Fla. WINK
Frederick, Md. WFMD
Fresno, Cal. KARM
Gloversville, N. Y. WENT
Grand Forks, N. D. KILO
Grand Rapids, Mich. WJEF
Great Falls, Mont. KFBB
Green Bay, Wis. WTAQ
Greensboro, N. C. WBIG
Harlingen, Texas KGBS

Harrisburg, Pa. WHP
Hartford, Conn. WDRC
Hopkinsville, Ky. WHOP
Houston, Texas KTRH
Indianapolis, Ind. WFBN
Ithaca, N. Y. WHCU
Jacksonville, Fla. WMBR
Jamestown, N. D. KSJB
Kalamazoo, Mich. WKZO
Kansas City, Mo. KMBC
Keene, N. H. WKNE
Knoxville, Tenn. WNOX
Kokomo, Ind. WKMO
Lincoln, Neb. KFAB
Little Rock, Ark. KLRA

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Nash

CBS station in laughs ★ ★ ★



DANNY KAYE
Friday



DURANTE AND MOORE
Friday



TOASTIES TIME
Sunday



IT PAYS TO BE IGNORANT
Friday



OZZIE AND HARRIET
Sunday



GINNY SIMMS
Friday



VOX POP
Monday

Angeles, Cal. KNX
 ville, Ky. WHAS
 n, Ga. WMAZ
 chester, N. H. WFEA
 n City, Iowa. KGLO
 phis, Tenn. WREC
 dian, Miss. WCOC
 ti, Fla. WQAM
 aukee, Wis. WISN
 eapolis.
 Paul, Minn. WCCO
 ulla, Mont. KGVO
 gomery, Ala. WCOV
 e, Ind. WLBC
 ville, Tenn. WLAC

New Orleans, La. WWL
 New York, N. Y. WABC
 Oklahoma City, Okla. KOMA
 Omaha, Neb. KOIL
 Orlando, Fla. WDBO
 Paducah, Ky. WPAD
 Parkersburg, W. Va. WPAR
 Peoria, Ill. WMBD
 Philadelphia, Pa. WCAU
 Phoenix, Ariz. KOY
 Pittsburgh, Pa. WJAS
 Portland, Me. WGAN
 Portland, Ore. KOIN
 Providence, R. I. WPRO
 Quincy, Ill. WTAD

Rapid City, S. D. KOTA
 Richmond, Va. WRVA
 Roanoke, Va. WDBJ
 Rochester, N. Y. WHEC
 St. Augustine, Fla. WFOY
 St. Louis, Mo. KMOX
 Sacramento, Cal. KROY
 Salt Lake City, Utah KSL
 San Antonio, Texas. KTSÁ
 San Francisco, Cal. KQW
 Santa Fe, N. M. KVSF
 Sarasota, Fla. WSPB
 Savannah, Ga. WTOG
 Scottsbluff, Neb. KGKY
 Scranton, Pa. WGBI

Seattle, Wash. KIRO
 Shreveport, La. KWKH
 Sioux City, Iowa. KSCJ
 South Bend, Ind. WSBT
 Spartanburg, S. C. WSPA
 Spakane, Wash. KFPY
 Springfield, Ill. WTAX
 Springfield, Mass. WMAS
 Springfield, Mo. KTTS
 Stockton, Cal. KGDM
 Syracuse, N. Y. WFBL
 Tampa, Fla. WDAE
 Topeka, Kans. WIBW
 Tucson, Ariz. KTUC

Tulsa, Okla. KTUL
 Uniontown, Pa. WMBS
 Utica, N. Y. WIBX
 Washington, D. C. WTOP
 Waterbury, Conn. WBRY
 Watertown, N. Y. WWNY
 Wausau, Wis. WSAU
 West Palm Beach, Fla. WJNO
 Wheeling, W. Va. WKWK
 Wichita, Kans. KFH
 Wichita Falls, Texas. KWFT
 Worcester, Mass. WTGW
 Yakima, Wash. WYAG
 Youngstown, Ohio. WKBN

TOPPER

THORNE SMITH'S HAUNTED HERO TAKES AN AIR TRIP

TUNE IN THURS. 8:30 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

THE changing seasons have been responsible for many peculiarities in the atmosphere of this old globe, but seldom has summertime ever charged the air with anything so eerie as "The Adventures of Topper," the radio series based on the long-popular ectoplasmic novels of the late Thorne Smith.

To the average dialer, this comedy-drama of a respectable banker, whose best friends are a couple of gay ghosts who can materialize and dematerialize at will, is something of an out-of-this-world experience. To Thorne Smith fans, it's the most logical of developments. They only wonder why it didn't reach the airwaves sooner.

To them, this impish fantasy based on disembodied voices seems a natural for heard-but-not-seen presentation. Radio should be a perfect medium for two such blithely uncontrolled spirits as *George* and *Marion Kerby*, whose misspent lives should have ended in an automobile crash but whose low-planed souls still hover merrily around the suburban home of *Cosmo Topper*.

But, until this summer, being broadcast was about the only thing that hadn't happened to "Topper" in almost two decades of existence. Since the original book first came off the presses, early in 1926, it has run through some 25 printings, and its sequel—"Topper Takes a Trip"—has been almost as successful. Together, the tales have been the basis for three motion pictures to date, starring such cinemalites as Roland Young, Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, and Joan Blondell.

It was those movies which almost prevented *Topper* and his spooky pals from ever taking a trip over the ether. Last year, when independent producer Stanley J. Wolf set out to buy the radio rights, he found them almost impossible to obtain—simply because no one would believe that he could really use them. Main argument was that the *poltergeist* antics of the invisible *Kerbys* had been ideal for Hollywood's trick photogra-



TOPPER (ROLAND YOUNG) AND THE KERBY SPIRITS (PAUL MANN AND FRANCES CHANEY)

phy, would be sorely missed in any non-visual production.

Wolf, on the other hand, felt that the camera shenanigans had been a handicap, become an end in themselves, obscuring the real fantasy. And, once he had purchased the radio rights, he set out to prove his point with a big-time audition which cost \$3-4,000 before the materialization of any backers whatsoever. A preview broadcast before 1500 people, plus playbacks for other listeners selected at random, clearly revealed that the show had what the industry calls "audience acceptability." They laughed, the agencies heard them—and the series was sold.

From the start, there was never any question as to who would play the title role. It was Roland Young or no one . . . the man who had played the part in all three movies . . . who had become so closely identified with the character that soldiers greet him with a gleeful cry of "Topper!" . . . who had, in fact, been singled out by Thorne Smith as his own choice for the role, although the stories didn't even reach the screen until some four years after the author's untimely death.

Just how the novelist recognized in Young the perfect *Topper* is a bit puzzling. The first book was written before they met, and Smith's description hardly fits the actor except for the "sandy blond" hair. The original *Cosmo* was meek and mousey, somewhere in his late 30's, of medium height and inclined to paunchiness. Young—even when he first encountered Smith—was already past 40 and, to this day, has never gathered any unnecessary flesh to his brief 5-foot-7-inch frame.

Above all, Young is neither meek nor mousy but witty and urbane, has never known a serious inhibition since, lured by the footlights, he quit studying architecture at the University of London. A skillful writer and sketch-artist, as well as a long-time star of both stage and screen, Roland has authored a slim volume of sophisticated nonsense verse (aptly titled "Not for Children"), been responsible for a larger tome filled with lethal caricatures of theatrical personalities.

It's sheer talent—both as humorist and actor—which has made *Topper* as much Young's creation as that of book, screen and radio writers combined. And *Topper* he'll remain, to the present-day public, whether or not the radio series finds a wintertime sponsor. Because, of course, there's still the stage—and plans are already a-brewing to bring the plot to Broadway some time in the future.



HOISTING A MIKE WITH UNSEEN HANDS IS ONLY GHOST'S PLAY FOR GEORGE AND MARION



BUT WHEN THEY TAKE TOPPER'S SCRIPT—THAT'S CARRYING THINGS TOO FAR, EVEN IN FUN!



MARRIED TO SCREEN STAR ALICE FAYE IN 1941, ORCHESTRA LEADER PHIL HARRIS IS KNOWN IN HOLLYWOOD AS A DEVOTED FAMILY MAN

ACCORDING to Phil Harris, a bandleader has to be more than a musician, conductor, business man and promoter. He must be a psychologist, diplomat and occasionally a bit of a hero, too. And Phil certainly ought to know. For more years than he sometimes cares to remember at present, the singing bandleader has been a steady box-office draw, with a secure niche in the affections of the public.

As a matter of fact, the maestro is even more versatile than his own definition. Currently acting as guest professor on Kay Kyser's "College of Musical Knowledge," Phil apparently has no trouble whatever fitting himself right into the musical-quiz format. And, ever since 1937, the brawny six-footer has been winning accolades for his smooth nuances as Jack Benny's radio pal and comic sidekick. Movie actor, ingratiating emcee, deep-voiced crooner, and flutterer of feminine hearts—there doesn't seem to be any aspect of show business that this musical glamour boy can't take in his stride.

It was as a drummer that the virtuoso first set his sights on noteworthy success. Though born in Indiana, Phil picked up both Southern accent and rhythmic training in Nashville, Tennessee. There his musician-father taught him the fundamentals, and the lad rated the title of chief hide-beater of the Lebanon Military Academy band. After a little polishing up at theaters and carnivals during school vacations, the tall curly-haired Casanova joined some other Nashville youths to form "The Dixie Syncopaters"—a barnstorming outfit that played as far afield as the Princess Hotel in Honolulu.

Commercial drumming's been past history with the maestro for a long time

PHIL HARRIS

VERSATILE SHOWMANSHIP KEEPS BATONEER ON TOP

TUNE IN WED. 10 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

now, but he still retains that old ability to give out with the heat-beat. Every once in a while he proves it, too, by "sitting in" on the drums while visiting night spots with his lovely blonde wife, Alice Faye.

It wasn't till Phil was batoning his own outfit that he found full scope for the showmanship genius that has kept him in the spotlight. Critics and fans alike agree that the 39-year-old musician has a five-star personality, an easy engaging manner that puts over patter and gags with a bang. Occasionally, of course, observers get fed up with the toothy grin, feel that the charm is laid on with a trowel. But on the whole the decision is favorable—most definitely.

Unlike many a comedian who curdles the minute he leaves the footlights, Harris is a "natural," can keep bystanders chuckling with or without a script. And, as far as friends can see, it isn't a bit of effort, either. Wit and repartee seem to come simply as breathing to the sun-tanned laugh-loving crooner.

That singing career came about through sheer chance, by the way. It all started one summer, while Phil was vacationing at Balboa Beach. When the

regular vocalist was taken ill, an optimistic proprietor fastened upon Harris as a good bet, and pushed him up in front of the orchestras to sing a number. With knocking knees and shivers chasing up and down his backbone, the erstwhile drummer launched into his first public warbling with "Old Man River." It clicked—and Balboa Beach wouldn't let the new discovery go for two seasons.

After that, Harris climbed the scale of fame rapidly. A producer convinced the Indiana lad that he could act, cast him in a short musical feature called "So This Is Harris." That venture, as followers know, led to a number of full-length films, and at the same time the maestro was garnering radio laurels. His big personal-appearance break came when Rudy Vallee asked the hard-working batoneer to substitute for him during his vacation. And now Harris manages to combine all three fields with complete nonchalance. One reason why the bandleader can handle so many different and time-consuming assignments with aplomb is his abounding energy. A musician's confining life has not made him soft, and there are 168 pounds of muscle on that six-foot frame. Bridge and such indoor amusements hold no charm for this lad, and he keeps physically fit with hunting, fishing and horseback riding instead. Even rainy-day recreations have to do with the active life, for his favorite "parlour" hobby is collecting camping and athletic equipment, such as skis, tackle and ingenious animal traps.

Happily married, with 3 children (Phil Jr., Phyllis and Alice), a luxurious home and a booming career, Phil says he has everything a man wants in life—except, of course, enough sleep.



HARRIS BOASTS THAT HIS BAND CAN HANDLE ANYTHING IN NOTES

OUTDOOR SPORTS ARE MAESTRO'S FAVORITE FORM OF RECREATION



FIRST STOP FOR CARMEN AND ELOISE—GRAND CENTRAL STATION

DRAGONS IN NEW YORK

THE BANDLEADER AND HIS WIFE TAKE A REAL SIGHTSEEING TOUR

AGES ago—as radio counts ages—there was a motion picture which showed what might happen if a prehistoric monster went on a rampage in New York City. It was called "King Kong," after its fantastic central character, and audiences shuddered gleefully as the giant gorilla—big as a four-story house—thundered through the streets and finally clambered up the outside of the Empire State Building in a vain attempt to escape his human pursuers. Of course, onlookers consoled themselves, it never really happened and never could. But, still, it was fun to wonder just what it would be like if Manhattan were actually visited by some frightening creature from the age of fable!

Alas, truth has since proved itself to be somewhat less strange than fiction. Only recently, New York was invaded by—not one, but *two*—DRAGONS. And what happened? The pair with the awe-inspiring cognomen simply came, saw and were conquered (almost) by the sights of the big city, without benefit of armed planes or posses of alarmed citizens. They didn't live up to their fabulous name at all. In fact, Carmen and Eloise Dragon, on their very first trip to the eastern metropolis, didn't even look like the successful show-business personalities they really are.

As TUNE IN picked them up at Grand Central Station and camera-escorted them around the town, the tall bandleader (who recently tied for Academy Award honors in musical arranging) and his dark-eyed wife (whose voice can be heard in many a movie) seemed light-years removed from Broadway's honkytonk. In conservative business suit and neatly-tailored gabardine, they weren't even reminiscent of

the Hollywood from which they had come. The young couple from California looked much more like Mr. and Mrs. Main Street transplanted to a cosmopolitan setting. They were as average nice-American as the *Mr. Smith* who went to Washington—and, at times, just as disconcertingly candid.

Although, by the end of their visit, they were more than willing to put three stars after New York shops, restaurants and theatres, they were just as quick to admit frankly that their A-1 priority still goes to California — with Eloise remarking that she "just wants to keep right on living there." Four factors undoubtedly figure in that outspoken preference: Two Dragon lairs—a home in San Fernando Valley and a beach house at Malibu—and two small Dragons—Doug, aged 6, and Darryl, 2.

The youngsters were far from forgotten, as Carmen and Eloise made the circuit of the big Manhattan stores and turned their goggle-eyed window shopping along Fifth Avenue to more practical purposes indoors. They were careful to include the toy departments in their rounds, Eloise buying only one dress and Carmen succumbing to the costume jew-



A PAUSE AT JOCKEY COURT BEFORE DINING AT THE "21" CLUB

elty displays long enough to buy a few gifts for mama herself. However, fashionable shops and smart restaurants didn't deter them from the original purpose of their trip — to really see New York. High on their "must" list were trips to both those tourist favorites, Grant's Tomb and the Statue of Liberty. And, judging from their close scrutiny of the latter lady, it was clear that they were under orders from the older Dragonlet to come home with a detailed description of the historic figure.

Dragons going to the zoo sounds like a slice of Walt Disney fantasia, but Carmen and Eloise made an unspectacular pilgrimage past the animal cages, startled no one, picked up more stories for their offspring. Despite the drama of their name and the glamour usually associated with show business, the two are just like any other happily married couple. The maestro's a typical devoted family man and the former operetta songstress—though she does occasional jobs "dubbing" as singing voice for film stars—also does all her own housework, is an excellent cook.

It is this lack of anything "arty" or pretentious that makes



DRAGONS VISIT THE ZOO, BUT DON'T FRIGHTEN THE ANIMALS



ALL TOURIST TRAILS LEAD EVENTUALLY TO GRANT'S TOMB!

Carmen Dragon's personality unusual in a profession where individualism is apt to go to extremes, both in clothes and mannerisms. Leaning across the table at the "21" Club, where the two sightseers were relaxing over dinner after a busy day, the young musician was quick to discount any talk of talent and personality, attributed whatever success he has obtained to his early home environment.

That family background, as he points out, was both comfortably "average" and highly musical. Every member played one or more instruments—his father, the violin, piano and guitar; his mother, the piano; brothers Pete and Roland, between them, practically every type of string or woodwind. "With this background at my disposal," he says today, "I was able to get, early in life, the range of instruments for my later scoring and band arrangements."

Carmen, incidentally, has never deviated from his chosen field of music except for one detour in his early teens, when he was lured from his ideal by an offer of \$12 a week for a job as grocery clerk. He spent all his first week's salary to buy the loudest blazer the town afforded—then retired precipitately from the business world.

Although this was the first trip to New York for either the bandleader or his wife, Carmen did do a spot of touring while directing college bands, covering not only most of the Pacific Coast but also a year at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu. And Eloise is glad that her husband has seen something of the world—enough to stave off further globe-trotting—now that she herself has seen Manhattan. For, as she says, she'll be perfectly content to remain right in California, share her husband's interest in music and small sons, and "stay as happy as I am."

It was a swell trip, the Dragons insisted, as they hurriedly packed their suitcases to go home. They saw everything any typical American sees on a trip to the Big Town, did all the things they planned when they used to say: "Now, when we go to New York . . ." Yet Carmen's conversation kept drifting back to the house at Malibu, where the deeply-tanned duo do their sunning and swimming.

Quiet, dark-haired Eloise summed up their reactions perfectly, in the timeworn, still often-true phrases, as she looked up innocently and proclaimed demurely: "New York's really a wonderful place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there!"

QUIZZING IS A BUSINESS

BOB HAWK FIGURES ALL THE ANGLES TO GIVE "THANKS TO THE YANKS"

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

It looks easy. It sounds easy. All Bob Hawk does, when "Thanks to the Yanks" takes to the air, is trot up to the mike, chat with the contestants, ask them a few questions—which are already written out for him in a loose-leaf portfolio—then tell them whether they've won some cigarettes to send to their friends in service or whether the cartons will go to a camp or base previously chosen by the program.

To the average onlooker, that's all there is to it. No script—"we write it on the air," says Bob. No rehearsal—except for the musicians. Obviously, it's a snap. It even looks that way to other radio people. "To think," one top comedian was overheard swearing, "I spend \$4,000 a week on material—while that lucky so-and-so gets it for nothing, from his audience!"

Behind the scenes, however, it's another story. "Thanks to the Yanks" is no orphan child which, like *Topsy*, just grew. It was a planned birth, plotted as carefully as the opening of a bank. Quizzing is Bob's business. He works hard at it, leaves nothing to chance, fig-

ures every angle as shrewdly as he plays his favorite game. (Bob's a bridge fiend, has even brought a card-tableful of friends to the broadcast so they could finish an exciting hand as soon as the show was over.)

From the first, when Bob organized the Hawk Radio Company, he knew exactly the type of show he wanted to turn out. The firm is set up to handle "package" ideas for all kinds of programs and personalities, but it needed a major product to get going. Personally Hawk likes audience-participation shows, believes he was the first to realize how much comedy could be got out of quizzing random members of an average studio audience. That was the kind of show he wanted for himself—and he had some other very specific thoughts about programs in general.

The young radio veteran knows that broadcasting is a commercial field, has worked out a method of assaying a program's merits on the basis of three "must's" — entertainment value for tuners-in, suitability of idea and performer to each other, fitness of program

to product of the sponsor footing the bill. He also realizes that broadcasting is a public service, was seeking an idea which wouldn't just benefit the winners but give them a chance to do something for others.

"Thanks to the Yanks" fitted all the specifications. It had comedy and human interest. It was tailor-made for Bob's talents as a hair-trigger ad-libber. Its prizes could definitely be tied in with a potential backer's wares—and, being earmarked for men in service rather than for those who actually competed at the mike, had potentialities as a war morale-builder.

It was a natural, from its inception. Within a week, every wrinkle had been ironed out. Within a month, "T. T. Y." was on the air, complete with sponsor. That was in October, 1942, and the series has been going great guns ever since, with only two minor changes in the original format—the substitution of a girl vocalist instead of a male quartet ("for sex appeal") and a modification in the "bidding," so that each contestant starts automatically with the



WITH SECRETARY ESTELLE CITRON, BOB GOES OVER THE QUESTIONS WHICH HAVE BEEN GATHERED AND SORTED FOR HIS NEXT BROADCAST

easier questions, has a fair chance of winning at least 1,000 cigarettes for his serviceman.

Major changes have been made only where they don't show—in the handling of the questions and answers themselves. That's developed into quite a science over the years. Subjects have been simplified, become less technical. The one thing Hawk wants most to avoid is having his Gallup-poll group of quizzers sound like a hand-picked panel of "Information, Please" experts! In general, questions used are of two types: Practical or informative, dealing with facts most people should or would like to know; useless or provocative, best illustrated by example: "Do birds have knees?" (P. S. They do, in the form of a tarsal joint.)

Bob spends the better part of three days each week going over possible questions, weeding out those he considers dull or too difficult, making a tentative line-up for the next Monday night, approving a final re-grouping to be typed up for his portfolio. Latter bulges with some 100 at each broadcast—though perhaps only a dozen or so will be used—filed loosely under subject headings, some with an added letter M or W to indicate the sex the contestant should be, if it's on something specialized like cosmetics.

Busiest part of this big-business venture is the gathering together of these facts, though it's a toss-up who really has the most fun—Bob kidding with his audience, or star staff researchers Claudia Cantey and Alida Pennie treasure-hunting for delectable data. No memorizing the encyclopedia for these happy sleuths, no pondering of dusty newspapers from 1850. They go direct to living sources, do much of their work "out in the field."

A chance remark overheard, a tantalizing tidbit read, may send them off for a morning in a war plant or session with some noted lawyer, not only to check up but to ferret out more. Typical trophy: "If you want to live in the city and your wife wants to live in the country, who has the legal right to determine where both of you are going to live?" Answer: The man.

Of all the questions they have authenticated, the one which produced the greatest number of protesting letters was simply: "Is the average person apt to take longer or shorter steps in the snow?" Answer: Shorter steps, in order to maintain balance—but people still like to argue about it.

Query which has taken the most time and research is that oldie: "Which are

smarter, men or women?" They still haven't found a conclusive answer, though boss Bob Hawk might be able to help them out there. After years on the job, he swears that, given his choice of having contestants all one sex, he'd take the ladies, every time.

Not that he's thinking in terms of mentality. Characteristically, he has

methodically figured out two reasons: Women are less inhibited in front of a mike, do better when "vying with a male quizmaster" (he thinks it might be reversed if a quizmistress were querying men). But, also characteristically, he carefully dodges the question of whether or not he himself does better as emcee when vying with feminine contestants!



BOB SEES ALL POTENTIAL QUERIES IN CARD FORM, PUNCHMARKS THEM FOR APPROVAL



THOSE SELECTED FOR USE ARE CARRIED TO THE BROADCAST IN A HANDY PORTFOLIO



RESEARCHER ALIDA PENNIE GOES TO A WAR PLANT FOR SOME FIRST-HAND INFORMATION



TERRY ALLEN

BUSY RADIO BARITONE YEARNs FOR A SIMPLE LIFE OF LEISURE

BLOND, six-foot Terry Allen boasts that he's "the world's laziest man." The romantic baritone's easy-going manner seems to bear him out—until you look at the record. Allen personal history has included a recent five-a-week series over CBS, a current hefty program over a large local New York station. Before that, there were two years of convoy duty, until his honorable discharge from the Navy.

Somehow, a taste for adventure has been mingled with a love of music throughout Allen's not-quite-30 years. Born

in Oklahoma, bred in Texas and California, young Terry was always running away from home. Even when he settled down to school work, he combined his studies with a variety of odd jobs, finally formed his own band, later became a busy vocalist with such big-time orchestras as Norvo's, Clinton's Bradley's, Long's, Thornhill's, McIntyre's.

Now, however, he swears that nothing but his delight in singing keeps him from just sitting all day long, listening to records, reading books—and being the laziest of all men!

"THE ANSWER MAN"

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



Albert Mitchell

Does the British "Who's Who" still list Hitler's telephone number?

Oh, yes. Berlin 11-6191.

Is it true that more people have been killed in accidents in war plants than have been killed in our Armed forces since the beginning of the war?

No. Since the beginning of the war, about 100,000 more have been killed in battle than in war plant accidents. However, the total deaths from all accidents in this country has been 100,000 more than those killed in battle.

Does the hair in a camel's hair brush come from the neck of a camel?

No, from the tail of a squirrel.

Is it true that America was discovered even before Leif Ericson?

Probably. The Phoenicians are said to have discovered this continent 1,000 years before the birth of Christ—and a Buddhist missionary in the year 500.

What can a scientific criminal laboratory determine with regards to a criminal if their only clue is a single strand of hair?

The approximate age of the person, sometimes the race and sex, and also the part of the body the hair was taken from.

What is the cost of a gram of radium?

\$21,500.

Isn't it true that the Nazis' V-2 rockets have gone farther above the earth than man has ever achieved in a balloon?

Indeed it is. Man has gone about 14 miles above the earth in a balloon, but it is believed that the Nazis' V-2's went up 60 miles.

The late President Roosevelt said one-third of our nation was ill-fed, ill-clad and ill-housed. Does that same ratio apply to the rest of the world?

No. Two-thirds of the rest of the world are ill-fed, ill-clad and ill-housed.

When did women start wearing stockings?

During the latter part of the 16th century—when women discovered that their legs gained attractiveness by wearing close-fitting stockings.

How much gold do we have in the United States now?

About 22 billion dollars worth.

Does lightning do any good?

Quite a bit. Lightning changes the inert nitrogen of our air to nitric acid and so produces fertilizer for the soil—100 million tons of it a year.

Why is a place where they bury poor people called a Potter's Field?

Potter's Fields supposedly owe their name to the fact that Judas invested the thirty pieces of silver he received for betraying Jesus in a potter's field, where he intended to make pottery, and was eventually buried in this field himself. However, this explanation is not too well authenticated.

How much paper is used by the people of this country in a year?

An average of 300 pounds per person.

At the funeral of a famous man they have his horse go along because once they buried the man and his horse together. What is the reason for this custom?

In the early days it was felt that the soul of the man needed the soul of the horse to ride on its way to heaven.

What is the deepest hole in the world?

Two oil wells that are now well below 15,000 feet beneath the surface of the earth. At last reports, the wells were being drilled still deeper.

How many parts are there in the average automobile?

About fifteen thousand.

How many American Indians fought in the last World War?

Something over eight thousand.

What body of water contains the most minerals?

The Dead Sea in Palestine contains more solid matter than any other body of water—about 25 percent of solid matter, chiefly common salt.

What was the first country to use rockets to fight a war?

Possibly the Chinese. At least, they used rockets in the year 1213 in their battles against Kublai Khan.

What kind of a smell is it that moths don't like?

None. Moths can't smell.

What's happened to the royalties taken in from the sale of copies of Adolf Hitler's book, "Mein Kampf," here in America?

The \$19,000 in royalties from the American sale of "Mein Kampf" has been turned over to the Alien Property Custodian of the United States. So far, none of Hitler's heirs have made any claim on this money.

How did Oscar Hammerstein and Jerome Kern, the famous team of song writers, first meet?

They both went to the same funeral—that of Victor Herbert.

Is it true that most of our Presidents were elected with a majority of less than 52½ percent?

Yes. Accurate records are available only for the elections since 1836. Of the 28 since then, over half of the elections—15—have seen a President elected with less than 52½ percent of the popular vote.

What is the largest amount of money ever given to a college or university by one man?

\$34,700,000—given by John D. Rockefeller, Senior, to the University of Chicago.

What percent of the mail in this country is sent by air?

In terms of pieces of mail, a little under two percent goes by air. In terms of weight, not quite a third of one percent goes by air.

When did advertising start? What was the first advertising we know of?

The first advertising we know of was a handbill, written on papyrus and discovered at Thebes, which is believed to be some three thousand years old. It was the offer of a reward for the return of a run-away slave.

How much did the capitalists of this country have invested in Germany before the war began?

About one and a half billion dollars.

Tune In to "The Answer Man":

WOR, New York	M, W, F, T, T, S,	7:15 P.M.	E. W. T.
	M, T, W, T, F, S,	7:45 P.M.	E. W. T.
		12:45 P.M.	E. W. T.
WGN, Chicago	W, Sun.,	10:00 P.M.	C. W. T.
Yankee Network	M, T, W, T, F, S,	6:30 P.M.	E. W. T.

ONE MAN DOUBLE-HEADER

MUTUAL'S PHIL BRITO STARS AS BOTH WAR WORKER AND CROONER



LATHE OPERATOR Phil Brito, all set for action in checked shirt and apron, poses with fellow workmen in the New Jersey machine plant where he punches a time clock 5 days a week.



RADIO BARITONE chores call for a swankier costume—especially since ladies make up the greater part of Phil's fans. The girls are surging up for autographs after a broadcast.

FOLKS who think that radio crooners are a class of weak reeds, incapable of earning their livings any other way, had better take a second look at Phil Brito. This Mutual baritone not only handles his own show ("Paula Stone and Phil Brito," heard Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1:30 P.M. E.W.T.), but manages to carry a full-time job in a war plant as well.

And it's no publicity stunt either. Five days a week, the husky brown-eyed singer reluctantly drags himself out of bed with the dawn, dons sturdy overalls and work shirt, and is off to report on the early shift at a machine plant outside of Newark, New Jersey. While he's in front of that lathe, Phil's just another workman, turning out parts for Navy ships.

Brito's pretty proud of his mechanical ability, glad to know he's able to hold his own without any special marks of favor. When he started out, it was as an apprentice machinist, but he's now worked his way through sweat and grime to an A-1 classification as lathe operator. And the other fellows in the factory accept him as a regular guy, with nary a sign of Broadway softness about him.

In fact, being a glamour-boy for twenty-four hours a day never did interest Phil very much. According to the stocky, curly-haired warbler, it's all right to put on the dog and dazzle the ladies during professional engagements — but in free time he wants to forget about appearances and just be himself. Night clubs and gay parties are fine for anyone who enjoys 'em, but as for Brito—he's just an ordinary American who prefers family life.

So, whenever the 29-year-old Virginian has a leisure moment, he's right at home in that Newark "dream cottage" his earnings have built, assuming his favorite role of suburban householder. Wife Edith (whom he met while singing at a benefit some seven years ago), six-year-old Suzanne, and one-year-old Phil, Jr., require a lot of attention. And so does the Victory garden in which Phil raises tomatoes for his favorite spaghetti with tomato sauce.

Asked by a reporter how he rates all these activities, Phil puts war job first, singing second, and his home-and-family life in a special classification all its own.

TELEVISION MOVES AHEAD

DISAPPEARING SCREEN MAKES SETS MORE COMPACT AND PRACTICAL

WILL the television receiver ever become standard equipment in the average U.S. home? The expert says, "Yes"—and Mr. and Mrs. America, accustomed to having the best that science can devise, hope he's right. But before that happy day arrives, engineers have many a problem to solve.

Take the question of space, for example. A television receiver in the laboratory can be as large as is necessary for best reception. And some models have been mammoth indeed. But when you attempt to place such a creation in the average-sized living room, it becomes a white elephant, dwarfing and crowding all the other furniture.

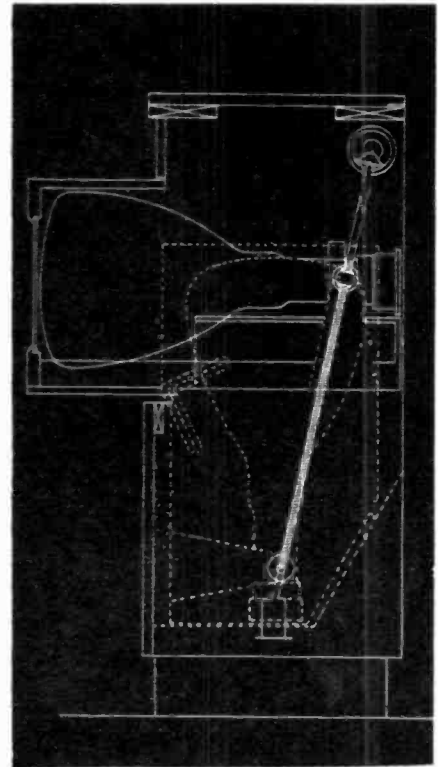
That's why the DuMont Laboratories feel they've made a notable contribution to the aim of post-war television for everybody in their newest sets. By means of ingenious planning—and some tricky arrangements—they've compressed the "works" into a comparatively small unit which they believe will fit into most homes. It's not exactly tiny, standing about four feet high and five feet long, but the fact that it measures only two feet in depth (when not in use) conserves a lot of floor space.

To those who feel that the size is still unwieldy, DuMont points out that this unit makes obsolete and unneces-

sary various other pieces of furniture in the living room. Within this one cabinet are housed, along with the television receiver, both FM and standard broadcast radios, a phonograph, and even a substantial filing compartment for records.

The compactness of this post-war teletel is made possible chiefly through the use of a device called the "disappearing screen" (see illustration on the right). When the set is not in use, the video screen, and tube are drawn back and "folded up" inside the cabinet in the position shown by the dotted lines. Then, when Father wants to see the ball game, he presses a push button—and the whole mechanism moves up into place, the doors open, and the set is ready for use. The process takes only about ten seconds, is based on the same technical principles as the Army Air Forces' bomb-bay doors.

Another advantage of the teletel is that it produces a large picture (18 by 13½ inches) which can be clearly seen by a number of people at the same time. Moreover the image has improved considerably in brilliance since the early days of television. Blacks are so sharp and highlights so bright that video entertainment can be enjoyed even in a lighted living room. This



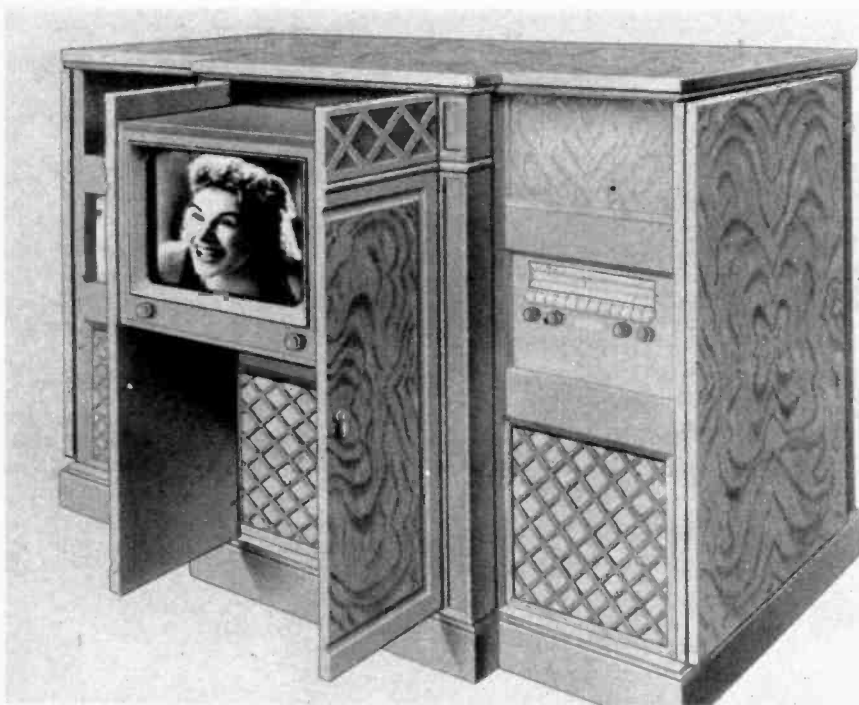
DISAPPEARING SCREEN: in viewing position (lines) and concealed position (dots).

means that Grandma could conceivably read with a lamp in one corner, if she's not interested in watching the ball game. Or if the phone rings, it's not necessary to stop everything and turn on the lights before answering it.

Of course, perfection has not yet arrived, and this direct-view video has its disadvantages. Chief among these is the fact that distortion of the picture is noticeable, particularly around the edges. The lucky occupant of the seat right in front of the screen will hardly notice this flaw, but for those who sit on the sidelines the effect is much like that of a side-aisle seat in the movies. But, as in the movies, "side-aislers" soon become accustomed to the distortion, tend to notice it most at the beginning of a program.

Foremost among the questions Mr. and Mrs. America want answered about the new teletel is: "How much will it cost?" Prices will start at about \$450 for the simpler models, will probably range to \$1250 for elaborate units.

And whether or not this particular set proves the solution to mass-scale demand, it certainly represents a long step forward in the march of television.



DUMONT TELETET AS IT APPEARS IN USE, WITH LARGE SCREEN PROJECTING INTO THE ROOM

YOU CAN'T HEAR EVERYTHING!

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

A CHEAP JEEP

OUR soldiers around the world must be walking hock shops. We've received everything at the Port from the five-foot tusk of a whale to the slippers of a harem beauty. Not to mention, of course, a stuffed seal and the false teeth of a late soldier of Japan.

It would take me about fifteen years to catalog them. We've received paintings, tapestries, jewelry, musical instruments, stuffed lizards and even opium pipes. It wasn't long ago that we received four huge crates from a sergeant. We investigated and found the crates contained a knocked down American jeep the sergeant was sending to his family. But the sergeant had affidavits for all the parts. He had bought discarded parts, the motor in Trinidad, the tires some place else, and the carburetor in France. We had to admire such Yankee ingenuity so we forwarded the jeep.

—Capt. Harry Krieger (Army Officer in charge of Baggage and Effects Section, New York Port of Embarkation) on "We The People" (CBS)

SUFFRAGE



All through history we find men have exploited their position and power more than women who accepted responsibility, and I've always maintained it would be a good idea, if they'd only work at it, to let women run the world for a change—they'd manage better than men if only because they couldn't possibly do worse. When you feel like growling at the sometimes not-so-fair-sex, remember Lillian Russell's nimble ditty:

Don't grumble at woman any more
There's something so nice about her
You never could live without her
And whether she's dressed
In her Sunday best
Or like Eve before the fall
If it wasn't for woman
The lot of we men
Would never be here at all.

—John B. Kennedy (Blue)

WHEN IN ROME

When Katherine Cornell was in Italy, she gave soldier audiences one of the biggest laughs of the season. She was appearing in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." The GI's snorted all through Brian Aherne's stirring description of the beauties of Italy, and when Miss Cornell interrupted, in a rapt voice, to say: "Just imagine, to be in Rome!" . . . the house went wild.

—Winston Bardett on "Feature Story" (CBS)

A JOB FOR ALL

THE blind of France played a proud part in the resistance movement. As the director of one association of the blind said to me, "I have never heard of any blind one who was a collaborationist, but there were many in the resistance." They used to carry messages, going quietly and calmly down the streets under the noses of the German sentries. Who would ever think of stopping a blind man?

—Charles Collingwood on "Feature Story" (CBS)

LONELY—AT HOME

THAT day you hit the States—it's Fourth of July and Christmas morning. It's the lucky number, the jackpot, the winning ticket. Break out the flags, boys, strike up the band. I'm home!

Two years in China. It says on the travel posters—excitement, romance, adventure in the Far East. Yeah? Two years of rain and dirt and endless back-breaking missions. You get time off but there's nowhere to go. Maybe you go into Kunming and pick up an ivory chess set, and that helps pass a couple of hours. Or you pick up a broadcast from Chunking, and if you're lucky it's liable to be a record sent over from the States. It's liable to be a swing tune or an opera—anything that takes you out of the desolate loneliness of China for a while. It's liable to be a Metropolitan Opera star, and a voice that brings home to the quiet Chinese night.

Back to the States and you thought that would settle it all. No more worries, everything's perfect now. But it doesn't quite turn out that way. The only men you've known for two years

are back there in China, and somehow you don't replace the easy talk and the friendship. You learn about loneliness fighting five thousand miles from home. You learn a lot more about loneliness when you finally come home and nobody is back yet, nobody else is there.

—"Wings For Tomorrow" (Mutual)

BRINGING HOME THE BACON



This story begins with a determined group of 159 men, all armed to the teeth with a variety of lethal weapons, including a bow and arrow.

Lined up in front of a loud-speaker, they listened quietly while the officer in charge briefed them, described their quarry and told them of the dangers involved in their mission . . . and ended by saying, "All right, men. You're on your own now. Go to it!" Where did this scene take place? Were these men Marines somewhere in the Pacific about to attack a jungle outpost? Were they Rangers, about to clean up an enemy stronghold on the far side of the Rhine? No. They were a group of Sunday Nimrods who had gathered at Armonk Village, New York, to hunt for two wild pigs under the supervision of the Police Chief.

Actually, the story started when two sows, each weighing about 300 pounds, got away from their owner and made off into the woods. Since then they had been seen several times. And as they had become quite wild and bad tempered, and there had been numerous complaints about them, the owner waived all claim. It was at this juncture that the Police Chief came up with his idea of a wild pig hunt with some 600 pounds of point-free pork as the prize. Everyone had to show his hunting license and sign a waiver absolving the township of liability for injuries received during the hunt. Then the police chief described their quarry to them. "Remember, if it's got horns or a long flowing tail, it's not a pig."

Then, their briefing completed, the eager hunters scattered over the woods and fields. The police returned to their booth, and all the rest of the community stayed carefully indoors, not being anxious to encounter either a harried and short tempered pig or a load of buckshot. And what was the end of this epic expedition? Well, I'm sorry to say that though the hunters considerably outnumbered the two pigs, nobody brought home the bacon. In fact, nobody even saw the pigs!

—Jane Cowl, woman commentator (Mutual)

SEVEN ANGELS

WE ARE at a bomber base in England. From here, many American airmen have flown missions over Germany. Some have returned—others have not. But seven of the crew of the ship named the "Heavenly Body" will return today, because it's foretold in the Bible.

They're almost ready to take off. Sergeant Gilbert Woerner opens his pocket and places a pound note between the leaves of his pocket Bible. He looks at other members of the "Heavenly Body" crew and says: "I'm putting this here for safe keeping, boys. When we get back we'll use it to celebrate." Navigator-Lieutenant Herbert Greider smiles and says: "Good enough with me, Sarge. I'm going to get me a steak . . . this thick," and he measures the thickness between his thumb and forefinger.

But now the pilot cuts in with: "Come on, men. Break it. We gotta shove off!" The big bomber roars down the runway. The target is a tank factory at Bremen.

The bomber is over Bremen, and it's on the bomb run. Hunched over his instruments is Lieutenant Roy Buck. His fingers work and he straightens up and announces: "Bombs away!" And a moment later—"That does it. Right on the nose!" The big ship swerves in a great circle, headed for home.

But German anti-aircraft gunners are sending up a skyfull of hot lead and before the "Heavenly Body" can get away she is mortally hit. Number three engine is knocked out and she's losing speed. She falls behind the formation and presently she is all alone over Germany, in an unfriendly sky, limping along like a great wounded bird. As the French coast is sighted two more engines fail and only *one* remains. There's no altitude now. At least not enough to allow the crew to make a jump for it. So it looks like a dip in the waters of the English channel.

Sergeant Woerner, the radio operator, sees there is not time enough to send an S. O. S. He presses the pocket Bible, the one holding the money, as the pilot speaks over the intercom: "This is it, men. Brace yourselves!"

The big bomber smashes into the waves of the channel and breaks into three sections as she hits! In one of the sections the pilot and co-pilot are trapped. Twenty-foot waves juggle the section as if it were a toy—and after a while it disappears from sight, into the bosom of the channel. But the other seven numbers of the crew have escaped the wreckage. They huddle in a rubber boat in the rough waters of the English Channel.

Sergeant Woerner's fingers grope at

his shirt front. He finds his Bible and takes it out of his pocket. It opens to the page marked by the pound note, the one which was to be used for a celebration. It is Revelations, Chapter Eight—"And I saw seven Angels which stood before God. And another Angel came . . . There was silence in Heaven . . . about the space of half an hour. And smoke of incense, which came with the prayers of Saints, ascended up before God out of the Angel's hand."

The seven U. S. airmen hold on for dear life in the rubber boat. "And I saw seven Angels which stood before God."

Their faces are turned Heavenward and in the sky they see a British plane which is radioing their position to rescue craft. . . . And another Angel came . . .

The men are glued to their raft and for thirty long and anxious minutes they wait. "There was silence in Heaven. About the space of half an hour."

The plane has returned and is dropping *smoke bombs* to direct the rescue launch. . . . and smoke of incense, which came with the prayers of Saints, ascended up before God out of the Angel's hand."

Thus it was, as foretold in the Bible, that seven American airmen were rescued and returned to their base. They make no attempt to explain this miracle of Bible prophecy. But when they were assigned to another bomber to continue their part in the fight for freedom, they named their new ship the "Seven Angels."

—Elden Westley
on "Your America" (Mutual)

MAYBE THEY'RE LUCKY



We build a whole Army radio broadcasting network overseas with thousands of receiving sets in American Army camps, only to find that much of the most popular music cannot be used. We are not allowed to play many of our new American hit songs to our American troops. Why? Well it seems that a private music publisher in Britain controls the European rights to many of the new American show tunes and hit songs. Unable to publish them yet over here due to wartime conditions, we are not permitted to broadcast the songs even to Army camps. The unfortunate part is that the soldiers hear about the new hits in letters from home, write to their Army network asking to hear them, and the Army radio can do nothing about it.

—Ted Malone (Blue)

GHOST SHIP

THE story of Frenchie's Folly is one of the hardest of all to tell. It isn't exciting or dramatic or tragic and yet it's one of the sagas of the 8th Air Force and deserves to be told. It is the story of a ghost ship, deceased, buried and forgotten in the official record books, yet still flying and dropping its bombs day after night after day.

"No. 997" it was listed on the books, and "Big Mike" the fellows called it. It flew its place in the squadron's thirty-one missions before it died. Then one night after heavy flak attacks and attacks by fighters, Big Mike came careening in with its brakes shot out; unable to stop at the end of the runway, it bounded over the wall, across the road and skidded crazily into a ditch. Miraculously, no one was injured, but Big Mike was through. The air inspectors came out and looked it over—four engines smashed, fuselage twisted, both outer wings mangled, one inner wing broken, all fuel tanks punctured, stabilizers bent, landing gear crumpled, nose snubbed. The ship was clearly beyond repair, good only for salvage parts, and No. 997 was written off the books, marked off the records. No. 997 was through, that is, officially. Then something happened. Maybe it was Sergeant Charles A. Barbier who suggested it first, and Major Ray Jolicoeur, sub-depot commander, who listened to Frenchie (as the fellows called Barbier). Then, again, maybe a half dozen fellows from the repair depot climbed in a jeep and went over together. Whoever went saw Big Mike was banged up—banged up bad. Old 997 was through, unless—

"Who said unless? Was that you, Frenchie?"

"Unless what?"

"How could you get Big Mike out of the ditch, in the first place, forty thousand pounds—that ain't hay, Frenchie."

"A quarter of a million bucks—that ain't hay, either. Maybe with cranes and balloon jacks and a dozen tractors and winches and wheels and that truck at the base—maybe."

The fellows volunteered to use their spare time, if it was O.K. with the Major. It was O.K. with Jolicoeur, so they went to work. It wouldn't do me any good if I could tell what they did, but the fact that it had been written off for salvage gives the picture of what 997 looked like when the fellows began working to rebuild it. They had to put on a new nose, landing gear and rudder, horizontal stabilizers, fuel tanks, four new engines; but their biggest job was rebuilding the inner left wing. 997 was a new fort—Model G, they called it. The only wings available were old style, Model F. They salvaged one from

YOU CAN'T HEAR EVERYTHING! (continued)

another ship that was really smashed up, but it wasn't so simple as it sounds. In Model F, everything was hydraulic; in Model G, electronic.

What's the difference? Well, Frenchie told me, but I still don't know. It seems it involved about a hundred miles of wire and a half million connections and nothing at all that fits in one fits in the other. That is all. The misfit wing almost proved their undoing. What if it wouldn't fly when they finished? Whose idea was this, anyway? If it wouldn't fly, Frenchie better.

By the time it was finished, it had been named, by mutual consent, Frenchie's Folly. 997 was gone, Big Mike forgotten. Maybe it wouldn't fly good enough for combat, anyway. After all, they practically built it out of spare parts, and that wing, Model F wing on a Model G ship—F wing, Frenchie's Folly.

Three thousand and thirty-seven man-hours, or about eight weeks after Big Mike died in the ditch at the end of the runway, and 997 was erased from the books, an unnumbered ghost ship called Frenchie's Folly was rolled out onto the field and a half dozen Sergeants stood a little self-consciously looking on. Frenchie Barbier had his bicycle; he might have to leave in a hurry.

The Air Executive of the Field shook hands with the boys, looked over the ship, and then smiling a broad smile, climbed up through the bomb bay to take his place in the pilot's seat. There were eight all together in the big flying fort as it taxied down for its takeoff—eight—and they all wore their parachutes.

Frenchie spun the pedal on his bike as they tested each motor, warming them up before wheeling onto the runway. After all, a half dozen kids don't build flying fortresses out of scrap metal every day and the experts had agreed 997 was through, and everybody else did when they saw it in the ditch. Big Mike was through—unless. Of course, that was over two months ago. If this thing flew, it was something new. But it couldn't be something new in the Army; there would be no record of it. Everything has to be done in channels in the Army. This wasn't standard operational procedure. Frankly, the whole situation was a military impossibility. This was really Frenchie's Folly.

Then down the field four deep-throated motors roared in unison. A slim, silver bird began skimming along the runway faster and faster, the motors louder, the tail lifting gracefully as it thundered by the boys, and seconds later Frenchie's Folly was airborne.

Eight ground crew boys had built a fortress. Frenchie's Folly flew a perfect test flight, in fact its performance was much better than they had even hoped

for. According to Colonel Hall, it's one of the best trim ships on the field, flies faster and handles better than most fortresses he has flown. Proof of its performance is best shown in its record. To date, Frenchie's Folly has flown fifty-one consecutive combat missions without turning back once because of mechanical troubles.

There's just one thing that bothers the boys. Since old 997 has officially been turned into salvage, Frenchie's Folly technically, of course, doesn't exist, and while the Air Corps is perfectly willing for this ghost ship to haunt Germany, when the war is over, what will they do? It will surely take too much red tape for the Air Corps to recover it. It will certainly take too much petrol for them to fly it far themselves.

Sergeants, you named your Fortress well—Frenchie's Folly.

—Ted Malone (Blue)

HOMES AND BABIES

MOST U. S. fighting men, the poll of the Twelfth Corps showed, anticipate no difficult adjustments to normal living, overwhelmingly agree their wives should give up their jobs, go back to the kitchen. And, as overwhelmingly, they are sure their wives will be quite happy in such restrictions on their independence. They are definitely not fighting for that kind of freedom. So, by and large, wives and husbands are looking forward to exactly the same things—homes and babies. One wistful G.I. promised: "Just let my wife be the same as the day I left her. She won't even have to pick up after me!"

—*"The March of Time"* (Blue)

M.C. AND THE C.O.



Station WRVA, Richmond, Virginia was cited for its bang-up service show, "Smokes for The Wounded"—but at least one man in service thinks it deserves a gold medal. During a broadcast of the show, he was confronted with a microphone and asked if he was well enough to go home for Christmas. When he answered that the only thing that kept him from going home was a furlough, the M.C. walked through the audience to his commanding officer and said "How about it, Colonel?" In front of 8,000 witnesses, the Colonel gulped and admitted it could be arranged. Two days later—it was.

—Ted Husing on "Behind The Scenes" (CBS)

INFORMATION, PLEASE



Why is grass green?

You don't know? Well, neither does Charles F. Kettering, directing head of General

Motors' research laboratories and President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Mr. Kettering is so interested in finding out why grass is green that prior to the war he was giving Antioch College thirty thousand dollars a year out of his own pocket to try to find the answer. Mr. Kettering, the most famous research man in the world, says that finding out why grass is green is "the fundamental problem of man's existence on earth." He declares that if we could find out how the green in grass captures energy from the sun's rays, we might build a machine that would capture enough energy from the sun to run all the machines in the world.

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

FED UP

ONE young private first class by the name of Bert Swanson of Arlington, Mass., has had about enough of the Air Force to which he is attached and he has already worked out a post-war plan. The plan, as quoted by him, is: "I'm going to fill my car with gasoline, stick airplane pictures all over it, and when I get some place where people point at the pictures in open eyed wonderment and say, 'What are those things with wings?'—that's where I'm going to settle."

—Bernardine Flynn's Radio Newspaper (CBS)

A WARNING

GEORGE WASHINGTON warned us not to love or hate foreign nations too much. Years later, Thomas Jefferson used the phrase "entangling alliances." For our popular speech we have merged the two warnings and remember only Washington's "Farewell Address." But neither of those statements tried to warn us against living in the world as we find it. Washington said in words often referred to but seldom quoted, "The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible."

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

H. R. BAUKHAGE COMMENTATOR HAS COVERED EVERY ADMINISTRATION SINCE WILSON'S



IT's a lucky thing for Baukhage that he broadcasts from a studio just one flight up. If the mike weren't placed so conveniently close to street level, "Baukhage Talking" might fail to hit the airwaves every now and then. Absentminded as the proverbial professor he physically resembles, the heavy-set grizzle-headed commentator is innocent of a time sense, habitually skins into the studio just before the clock strikes one. (His programs are heard Mondays through Fridays at 1 P.M. E.W.T. over the American Broadcasting Company.)

Thus far, however, Hilary Robert Baukhage (just plain "Buck" in Washington) has always made it — though sometimes at a breathtaking gallop. On one occasion the leggy six-footer was so late that he heard his own broadcast

introduced as he drove up to the studio, even caught the tremor of anxiety in the hopeful announcer's voice.

Absentmindedness hasn't seemed to interfere with the veteran correspondent's success, at any rate. For thirty years now, Baukhage has been a familiar figure in the streets of Washington, lopping his way to Capital officials in search of news. He remembers the days when Woodrow Wilson was President, can recall leaning over the desk of a certain young assistant secretary of the Navy named Franklin Roosevelt.

Just as he never quite misses a broadcast, he's managed to be on the scene for most of the big national and international headlines of our times. In 1916, members of the Austrian Embassy tipped him off in advance that the

Germans were going to sink the *Lusitania*. In 1918, he found himself in France, reporting the Peace Conference for the A.E.F. newspaper, "the Stars and Stripes" — along with Alexander Woolcott and Steve Early. During the present war, he reported the march of events from Berlin and Paris, Switzerland, Spain and Portugal, was the first to broadcast the news of Pearl Harbor direct from the White House. And, in recent months, he set up his mike on the West coast to cover the San Francisco Conference. (Baukhage's greatest regret, in connection with his 30 years of reporting, is that he couldn't seize the opportunity presented in 1939, when he attended the Reichstag meeting at which Hitler announced the invasion of Poland. "I was close enough to poke him with a bayonet, but I didn't have one handy.")

Seen at close view, it's hard to realize that there's anything vague about Baukhage, that he has a habit of "mislaying" the names even of personal friends. The pince-nez are flipped off a la Roosevelt during conversation, and alert blue eyes manage to convey an impression of absorbed interest most flattering to the analyst's companion. There's no doubt but that the 56-year-old reporter's gift for contacts, for establishing friendly relations with people of all types has been one of the greatest assets in his career.

Easy to approach himself, he is equally free with others. "Presidents, senators, generals are people, just like mayors, aldermen and police chiefs. It isn't hard to get close to them. You don't have to agree with a man's politics to obtain his confidence. Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn knows that when I leave his office, I'll probably go to the other side and have a talk with Republican Joe Martin; I'm always running to Senator Vandenburg, for instance, for Republican views but that doesn't mean Senator Tom Connally doesn't invite me in to those Sunday breakfasts he's always giving."

Gifted as a storyteller, Baukhage has a mild, genial sense of humor which is both ingratiating and disarming, is able to make his anecdotes sound a lot funnier than they are. His broadcasts are lively and "human," because for "Buck" the story of events is the story of personalities, and he succeeds in making "big shots" and their eccentricities just as understandable as "small fry."



The 21 pianos on active duty in NBC's Chicago's studios are tuned daily by George Sassetti. Music director Shield holds tuning fork.

TUNE-UP

KEEPING INSTRUMENTS FROM GOING FLAT IS A CONSTANT BATTLE AT THE STUDIOS

RADIO dialers have become accustomed to taking their music for granted. With a mere flip of the wrist, any man in America can relax to the melodic strains of his favorite orchestra or swing band. And, unless he's something of an instrumentalist himself, he seldom gives even a passing thought to the trouble taken by performers to make sure that their efforts will sooth rather than assault the ear.

Actually, as every musician knows—be he boogie-woogie virtuoso, rhumba rhythmmer, or concert artiste—pleasing numbers can be heard only as the result of an unceasing crusade against the sour note. Players might well paraphrase the famous U. S. watchword: "Eternal vigilance is the price of melody." For musicians deal with instruments that are far more temperamental than their masters, which often seem to show a perverse delight in getting out of tune at the slightest provocation.

Take the simple element of weather, for example. Delicate instruments are as sensitive to climate and humidity as human beings are, will often express their resentment of sudden changes by going into "fits of sulks." Cold weather makes the brass flat and the strings go sharp. A high percentage of humidity makes timpani and strings as soggy as wet cord—and about as responsive. Even air conditioning has its



Staff violinists, like Joseph Gorner, take care of their own instruments. Strings are tuned after receiving "A" tone from the piano.



The marimba poses a real problem, must usually be sent back to the factory. Expert Jose Bethancourt shows how wooden keys are filed.

effect on tone. And the soft, warm breezes of spring bring with them a veritable epidemic of discord and cacophony in the orchestra. For a couple of months, there's likely to be constant warfare between the brass and the strings, with a sprinkling of snide remarks on both sides. (Each skirmish usually winds up with both violins and trumpets agreeing that the piano needs tuning.)

Broadcasting stations take every precaution, as a matter of fact, to see that the piano is right in the groove. Where there are a number of pianos to be kept in trim, a full-time tuner is usually employed to go over them each day. And as George Sassetti, who has been nursing pianos for fourteen years at NBC's Central Division, says: "They need it. Maybe you think those instruments don't take a beating." Big-name soloists are often not content with this regular care, but have their own favorite tuners accompany them to concerts—and the piano gets a "super" final once-over just before the program goes on the air.

Pipe organ tuners are regularly employed, too, though their visits are usually limited to once a week. But these sessions make up in volume what they lack in frequency. As music director Roy Shield explains, the noise is something appalling and most musicians flee in horror when the organ tuner gets busy. "It's not a rare thing for organ tuners to lose their hearing eventually. Or even," says the conductor moodily, "to go' completely nuts. And I can see why."

Most other instruments are tuned by the musicians themselves, and it's a never-ending job. One violin off-key may affect the entire section, so the player tunes up before numbers, during intermissions and also at odd moments if necessary. Life must sometimes seem a constant sounding of "A."



Pipe organs need the "doctor" only once a week. Art Nelson is shown using a steel rod to adjust small vents of the woodwinds.



A fine ear and expert handling is required to keep harp strings on the beam. Ada Beth Peaker is learning technique from Alberto Salvi.



Timpani have to be tuned at least once with every number. Kettle drummer Bobby Christian indicates how drum skins are tightened.

RADIO HUMOR

● When a recently married sailor was guest of Bob Hawk, Bob asked if he knew why people cry at weddings. "I suppose they've been married themselves and haven't the heart to laugh," replied the sailor.

—*Thanks to the Yanks (CBS)*

● Woody Herman is still laughing over a letter he received from his next-door neighbor's daughter. She wrote: "... Mother makes me eat so much that I've gained an awful lot of weight. I weigh 117 pounds stripped, but I'm not sure that those scales in front of the drug store are right or not ..."

● Gracie Allen was unpacking her suitcase in the hotel room. "Let's see—cold cream—night cream—vanishing cream—cleansing cream—chin strap—girdle . . . George! Where did you put my things?" —*Burns and Allen (CBS)*

● A Hollywood delicatessen advertised an "unlimited" selection of sandwiches. A sailor in a joking mood walked by, saw the sign and went inside. "Gimme an ostrich sandwich on rye toast," he ordered.

The counterman blandly wrote down the order and headed for the kitchen. In a moment he was back, shaking his head sadly. "Sorry, Mack, but the boss says no. He can't start an ostrich for just one sandwich."

—*Helen Forrest (NBC)*

● DAFFY DEFINITIONS

Vodka—that's Russian for chemical warfare.

—*Phil Baker (CBS)*

Marriage is a serious word. But it's more than a word—it's a sentence.

—*It Pays To Be Ignorant (CBS)*

A bathing beauty is a girl with a wonderful profile—all the way down.

—*Everything For The Boys (NBC)*

● WORDS FROM THE WISE

Milton Bacon once asked a 106 year old Negro woman in the Kentucky mountains what her secret of longevity was.

She replied, "Ah always sits loose and ah sleeps when ah worries."

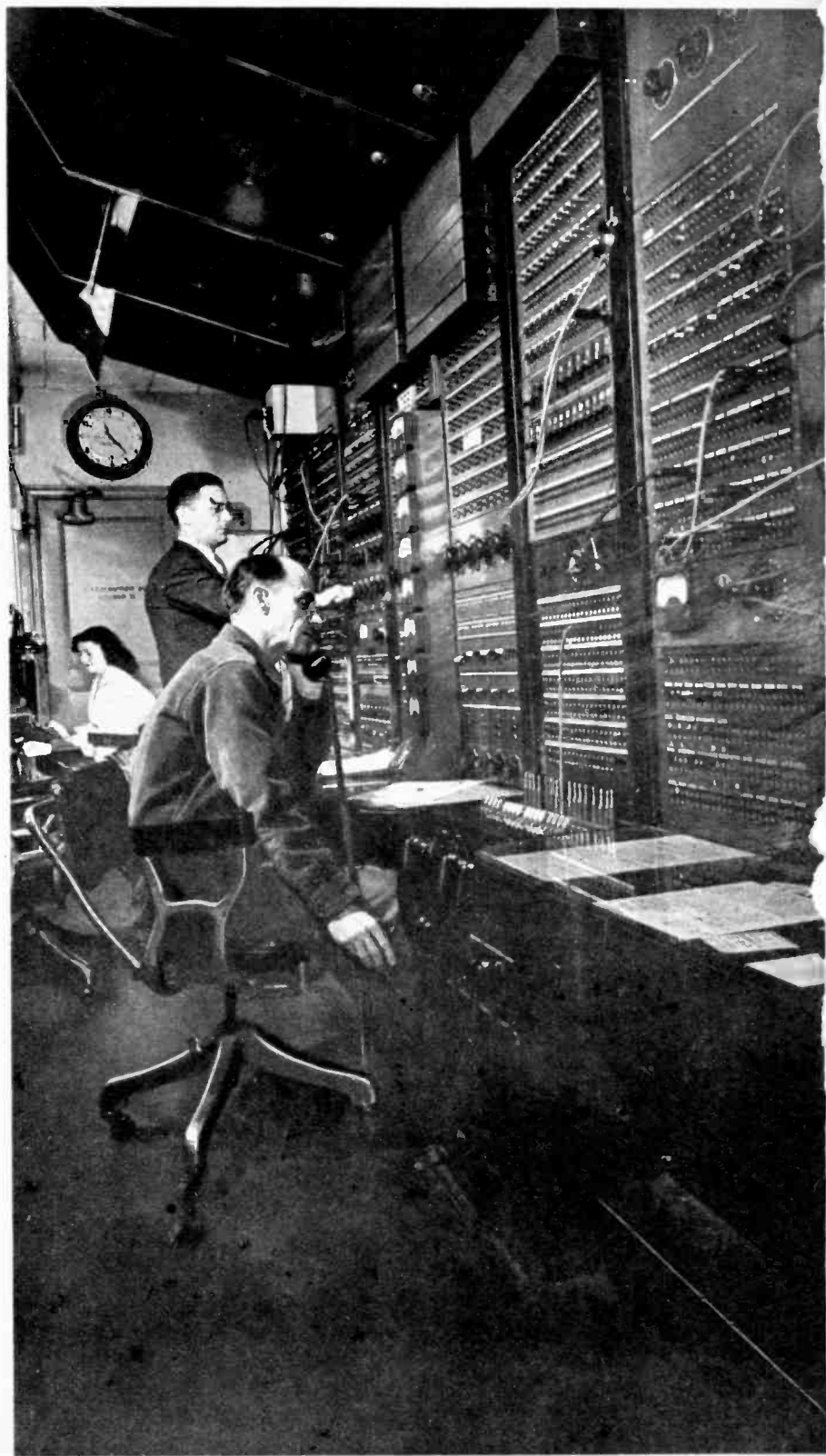
—*Time To Remember (CBS)*

● Nothing annoys a woman more than having friends drop in unexpectedly to find the house looking as it usually does.

—*Radio Reader's Digest (CBS)*

NERVE CENTER OF THE NETWORKS

BROADCASTING OPERATIONS ARE CO-ORDINATED IN THE MASTER CONTROL ROOM, HEART OF COLUMBIA'S SYSTEM



THE MASTER CONTROL BOARD OR "DESK" KEEPS A CLOSE WATCH ON ALL CBS PROGRAMS

HIGH up in the New York offices of CBS is a long, narrow room which would delight a Frankenstein with its wonder-working equipment, chill the blood of the average non-technical layman with its unfamiliar apparatus.

Here is the co-ordinating center of an entire broadcasting chain, the CBS master control room, with its gigantic control board—or operating “desk”—which stretches a full fourteen feet in length, reaches to the ceiling.

The “desk” itself looks not unlike a telephone switchboard, with a bewildering maze of keys, plugs, and lines. But the duties of the men who operate this board are much more complex than those of even the most skillful long-distance operator. Each member of the staff is an expert technician who is capable of overcoming any technical operational difficulties at—quite literally—a moment’s notice.

IT IS here, at this desk, that Columbia insures that the right programs, to the right cities, are put on the air at the right time. Lines run to this board from each of the thirty studios. Through the countless meters, amplifiers and switches pass all programs that leave or enter CBS-New York.

Before any program goes on the air, each originating studio checks with “master control,” usually fifteen minutes ahead of air time, thus giving maximum insurance that mechanical failures will not cause interruptions. A cue is also given a few seconds before the program goes on, to enable the staff here to effect switching synchronization of programs throughout the networks.

NETWORKS—plural—is the right word, too, for the name “Columbia Broadcasting System” means just what it implies. CBS is a *system* comprised of several networks, each with its own distinctive classification and area. They include, for instance, “NE” (which stands for New England), “RR” (Round Robin—New York to Chicago and return), “DX” (Dixie), “SC” (South Central), “NW” (North West), “SW” (South West), and an unlabeled trans-continental wire direct to Los Angeles.

The master control board is “nerve center” for the New York end of the regional networks and for its own local studios. At any moment, any given program can be re-routed, cut out, or switched by the staff at the master con-



CBS TECHNICIANS ARE CONSTANTLY ALERT

trols in New York. That’s mainly for protection, in case of unforeseeable failure of equipment, to prevent that headache of all radio technicians—“dead air” (utter silence).

STAFF members are reluctant to say just which were the most exciting times they have experienced at the desk. However, they all agree that one of them was certainly last autumn, during the unexpectedly violent hurricane along the Eastern seaboard. That had the technicians worried because of the exposed position of the CBS transmitter on a tiny island in New Rochelle Bay, miles above Manhattan.

But, even under such circumstances, the unheard-and-unseen experts came through with proudly flying colors, true to all the best tramping traditions of the entertainment world. Though lines along the seaboard were washed away and equipment was put out of use, the “show went on,” despite the worst that Mother Nature could do.

Then, as always, the control room performed miracles in the switching involved, in carrying play-by-play accounts of the storm itself, proved once again why it is the steady nerve center of its networks and the ever-to-be-relied-upon source of the operational smoothness which is so characteristic of CBS.

RADIO ODDITIES

◆ Dual roles on the same broadcast have brought painful experiences to many a performer, but few can match the strange assignment of character actor Ed Latimer, who murdered himself in a “Nick Carter” sequence then—according to the script—went to the electric chair for his crime.

◆ Music on the “Fibber McGee and Molly” program is as varied as the contents of the *McGee* family closet. In six years on the program, maestro Billy Mills hasn’t repeated a band number yet.

◆ To date, no less than five marriages have taken place between hitherto-unintroduced couples who met for a “blind date” on the show of that name.

◆ Since 1941, hard-working comedian Eddie Cantor has travelled more than 240,000 miles to entertain servicemen in hospitals and camps throughout the United States. That distance is roughly the equivalent of a trip to the moon.

◆ Commentator Fulton Lewis, Jr., who once planned to make the concert stage his career, is the composer of the “Cavalier Song,” famous marching tune of the University of Virginia—his own alma mater.

◆ Lugubrious-voiced Raymond Edward Johnson, long-time bloodthirsty host of “Inner Sanctum,” made his acting debut in the role of—none other than *Santa Claus*. He was six years old at the time.

◆ Champion script-writer Irna Phillips has turned out 30,000,000 words in the past 15 years—the equivalent of 27 large books—in the process of authoring such popular serials as “The Guiding Light,” “Today’s Children,” and “Woman in White.”

RADIOQUIZ ANSWERS

(Quiz on page 4)

- 1—(B) Nebraska Navy Admiral. 2—(A) Purple Heart Sweetheart. 3—(A), (B) and (C). The team has used three different sets of names.
- 4—(A) Frank Sinatra. 5—(C) Arch Oboler. 6—(A) dynamic mike.



**SELLS STORY
AFTER 5 WEEKS OF
TRAINING**

"After the fifth story-writing assignment, one of my feature stories was published in the Ft. Worth Press. Then Soda Fountain Magazine accepted a feature. By the twelfth assignment I had a short story in the mail."—Cloyce Carter, 4140 Seventh St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

**"How do I get my
Start as a writer?"**

... HERE'S THE ANSWER ...

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.

O. Henry, Mark Twain, Kipling, Ring Lardner, just to mention a few, all first learned to use words at a newspaper copy desk. And the Newspaper Institute Copy Desk Method is today helping men and women of all ages to develop their writing talent... helping them gain their first little checks of \$25, \$50 and \$100.

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WITH THE NATION'S STATIONS



CINCINNATI, OHIO—Station WLW—Janie, Cincinnati zoo chimpanzee, has been swoon crooned into a trance by WLW tenor Max Condon. Not so with Janie's boy friend, Billy, who looks rather depressed. Toby, the chimp on the left, is apparently just plain bored to death.



CHICAGO, ILLINOIS—WMAQ—They come in all sizes, playing cards for wounded veterans requested by WMAQ's Early Bird, Ed Allen.



TULSA, OKLAHOMA—KV00—Lulu Belle, NBC Barn Dancer, visits a real barn at Tulsa's famous Magic Empire Livestock show.

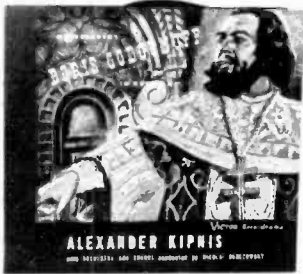


DAYTON, OHIO—WHIO—It's an angel speaking into the mike of program director Les Spencer. She is Lt. Ruth Stoliz, Army Nurse Corps, whose recent address has been Santo Tomas prison camp, Manila. Her mother, Mrs. Laura Wickett, is attending the broadcast with her.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

(LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORDS)

CLASSICAL



MOUSSORGSKY: BORIS GODOUNOFF—ALEXANDER KIPNIS, Basso, ILYA TAMARIN, Tenor, VICTOR CHORALE and SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA conducted by NICOLAI BEREZOWSKY (Victor Recordrama Album DM 1000): An imposing milestone in the 21-year history of record albums is marked with the release of Victor's 1000th Red Seal set. While this version is abridged, skillful cutting has retained the vast scope of the original. As *Boris*, the Russian-born Kipnis turns in a superlative performance. One of the greatest of recorded opera productions.

NORMAN CORWIN: ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH—MARTIN GABEL, Narrator, SUPPORTING CAST, ORCHESTRA under direction of LUD GLUSKIN (Columbia Set M-575): This hour-long V-E Day broadcast commemorated a great victory in terms of the GIs who won it. Corwin's writing is warm and close to his subject, and all the stirring sound effects which made this program so outstanding have been captured on the six 12-inch records.

MENDELSSOHN: FINGAL'S CAVE OVERTURE—BOSTON "POPS" ORCHESTRA with ARTHUR FIEDLER conducting (Victor 11-8745): The Boston "Pops" gives an imaginative and sonorous performance of the famous tone-painting—also known as the "Hebrides Overture"—describing a visit to the Scottish shore.

BRAHMS: SYMPHONY NO. 4 IN E-MINOR, OP. 98—PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA with EUGENE ORMANDY conducting (Columbia Set M-MM 567): Ormandy has a particular affinity for the music of this master, gives this great work a warmly sympathetic interpretation. The broad, sweeping tones of the symphony seem almost to have been conceived expressly for the rich-voiced Philadelphia Orchestra, in this zestful recording.



POPULAR

IF I LOVED YOU—HARRY JAMES (Columbia 36806): One of the hit tunes from "Carousel," the new musical by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein. We'll have to use an old cliché and say "terrific" about this discing by the man-with-the-horn. "Oh, Brother" is the plattermate.

I SURRENDER, DEAR—BENNY CARTER and ORCHESTRA (Capitol 200): Here are ten solid inches of powerhouse trumpet and band, with Carter taking the spotlight all the way. It's a lyricless melody, beginning and ending with Benny's trumpet. What goes between is rhythm run riot.

THEY CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME—BETTY JANE BONNEY with RUSSELL CASE ORCHESTRA (Victor 20-1678): With a sweet and distinctive style of singing, Betty Jane Bonney makes her Victor debut in an ever-popular Gershwin tune. The ditty gets fresh and provocative treatment by the new vocal star. On the flipover, Betty Jane goes to town on "While You're Away."

FLOWER DANCE—THE THREE SUNS (Majestic 7142): We will go on record as saying that this—and "Busy Holiday" on the opposite side—are among the best instrumental recordings made by the Three Suns to date. This threesome is rapidly becoming one of the most popular present-day trios both on the air and on wax.

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the week... don't miss it!

Presented by

**EVENING IN PARIS
FACE POWDER**

TELEVISION

WHEN radio first showed signs of growing up and wooing the public, motion picture producers sat shivering in their plush-lined offices, wondering if anyone would ever come to the box offices again. When movies found their voice and began talking back, big-time broadcasters got feverish in their air-cooled studios, fearing that no one would stay home any more to tune in their programs. Neither dire prediction came true. Competition proved wholesome for both media—and the American public proved capable of absorbing any given amount of entertainment.

Today, both radio and movies are speculating about television, but finding reassurance in past history. This time, it's the newcomer that's doing some worrying of his own. A number of television executives admit frankly that video may have trouble holding its audience, once the novelty has worn off. Biggest drawing card of the new medium may then turn out to be what current programs are already proving—that television can offer a wider variety of programs in a single evening than either double-feature movies or broadcasts intended merely for the ear.



Visual presentation makes possible a series like WABD's one-woman shows starring Sydel Robbins. The singer-dancer-actress helped prove that video could be as versatile as the performer.



Audience-Participation programs do well in television. Many viewers, for instance, find the video version of "Ladies Be Seated" (as televised by WRGB) even funnier than its regular radio counterpart.



Science and drama combine to offer entertainment and instruction, as General Electric's Schenectady station telecasts a series dramatizing the progress of electricity and the lives of its noted inventors.



An unusual sportscast finds Fred Fitzsimmons, Bill Stern, George Stirnweiss and Nap Reyes lined up for NBC's cameras at WNBT, discussing the outlook in athletics. Big feature of video's sports and newscasts in future will, of course, be picturing of events as they take place.

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Now suppose *everybody* in the Payroll Plan—everybody who's earning more than he or she needs to live on—does what John Smith is doing. In other words, suppose you multiply John Smith by 26 million.

What do you get?

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