

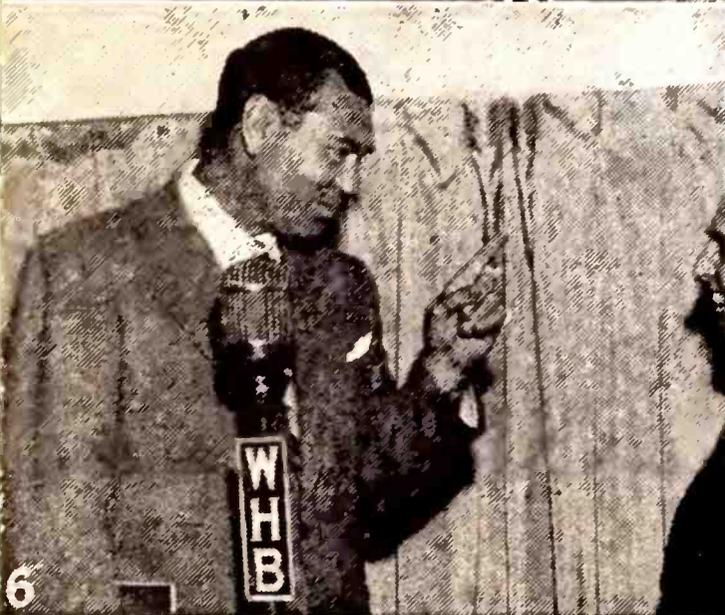
JUNE

1948

25¢

Swing





1. "An actor's life for me," stage and screen headliner Robert Alda tells his WHB audience. 2 Morris Fishbein, editor of the American Medical Association Journal, confronts the microphone a few hints for keeping healthy. 3. Gloria Swanson grants an informal, exclusive WHB inter- w th
4. The 20th Century Gabriel, Erskine Hawkins, says "No" to the proffered licorice stick. 5. S ch
6. Jack Dempsey punches home a p at
7. Book reviewer Rabbi Mayerberg and Maurice Milligan, author of "Missouri Waltz," chat th
John Thornberry, "The Man In the Bookstore."

foreword for June

IT'S a cruel thing that happens in June—treachery most unkind and unpreclusive occurring on the eve of summer in a time of roses. And it happens every year: from the ordered routine of college, the graduates are expelled into the garbled world! Children thrown to the wolves with only a sheepskin between them and the pack!

It isn't that they haven't been warned. The entire term of education has been one vast pattern of warning and counsel. But the very pattern is misleading—because it has order and logic. From the outline, the diagram, the topic sentence, the equation with the dependable answer, they emerge into this—this surrealist painting, where nothing is as it seems and vultures nest in the piano. Here there is no order. Two and two make seven, maybe three; the logical outline is a blueprint for radicalism or hopeless lunacy. Diplomats read from the book of life through a wavy mirror, and The Enemy has become the god, conditioning our behaviour.

Only those who went through war as a prep school know what to expect. And even they may have forgotten. For them and for the others we blow not trumpet fanfares, for that would be hypocrisy, but salutations on a comb, as a symbol of the sad and tawdry values they may expect to find.

Yet there is one thing more. Though the picture is confused and grotesque, somewhere in it as in other ages lies the truth—tricked and hidden, the eyes part of a bush, perhaps, and the mouth, gagged with copies of old political speeches, cleverly concealed in a shell. Though the innocents may not expect to find it, they still have the right to look, and there is still a little time left for the search.



Swing[©]

June, 1948 • Vol. 4 • No. 6

C O N T E N T S

ARTICLES

TWO MEN ON A SWING.....	Mori Greiner	3
BEYOND THE NEW HORIZON.....	Edgar Kobak	7
PRIVATE LIFE OF A PUBLIC GOSSIP	Sheldon Townsend	11
FOOTBALL IN YOUR PARLOR.....	Win Goulden	15
PORTRAIT OF A PIONEER.....	Meredith Lawrence	21
COME IN, PHILADELPHIA!.....	Evelyn Nolt	25
THE CINDERELLA SISTERS.....	Hal Gold	29
IT ALL CAME TRUE.....	Pat Dennihan	33
THIS GUNSHOT FOR HIRE.....	Trudge Warren	37
MEET MISS RADIO.....	Elaine Newlin	41
HANDSPRINGS DOWN MAIN STREET.....	M. H. "Mouse" Straight	59
SO YOU WANNA START A NETWORK?.....	E. M. Johnson	63
MAN BEHIND THE MIKE BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.....	Irene O'Connell	65
GENERATION OF PIPERS.....	Jim O'Bryon	69
THE TROUBLES I'VE SEEN.....	Ben Alexander	73
WATTS WITH MARRIAGE?.....	Dan Schwartz	75
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.....	Dorothy Kemble	77
THE AIM IS MUTUAL.....	John Skinner	81

DEPARTMENTS

HEAVY DATES	2
SWING IN WORLD AFFAIRS.....	84
SWING SESSION	86
CHICAGO LETTER	88
CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL.....	90
NEW YORK LETTER.....	92
NEW YORK PORTS OF CALL.....	93
NEW YORK THEATRE.....	95
KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL.....	98

Editor

MORI GREINER

Business Manager

JOHNNY FRASER, JR.

Art Editor

DON FITZGERALD

Publisher

DONALD DWIGHT DAVIS

Contributing Editor: Jetta Carleton. *Assistant Editor:* Patrick Dennihan. *Associate Editors:* Rosemary Haward, Evelyn Nolt, Verna Dean Ferril, June Thompson. *Chicago Editor:* Norton Hughes Jonathan. *New York Editor:* Lucie Brion. *Humor Editor:* Tom Collins. *Music Editor:* Bob Kennedy. *Circulation Manager:* John T. Schilling.

Photography: Hahn-Millard, Sol Studna, Johnny Fraser, Jr, Ray Farnan.

Art: Don Fitzgerald, Hugh Broadley, Rachael Weber, Frank Hensley, Rannie Miller, John Whalen, Marvin Townsend, F. E. Warren.

Front Cover: Harold Hahn.

Back Cover: Courtesy Union Pacific.

JUNE'S HEAVY DATES IN KANAS CITY

Art . . .

(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)

Loan Exhibitions: The Upjohn Collection of Contemporary American Paintings, including paintings by Gladys Rockmore Davis, Alexander Brook, Waldo Pierce, Fletcher Martin and John Koch. Also, photographs of Swedish Museum Installations, 20 panels; and American Coverlets from the Annie R. Bird Collection.

Masterpiece of the Month: "Head of a Lion," Persian, 12th Century A. D., bronze.

Concerts: Evenings, at 8:15 p.m. in Atkins Auditorium. June 8, 10, 15, 17, Mack Harrell, baritone. (Lieder recitals.)

June 13, Carl Friedberg, in a Beethoven recital.

Summer Exhibitions in the Little Museum:

June 6-19, *The Artist in Social Communication.*

June 19-July 3, *Audubon Art Tour.*

Drama . . .

June 16-18, *The Winslow Boy.* Music Hall.

Dancing . . .

(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.) Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday.

June 3, 4, 6, Jules Heimen.

June 5, Randy Brooks.

June 10, 11, 13, Mal Dunn.

June 12, Shep Fields.

June 17-20, Eddy Haddad.

June 22, 24, 25, 27, Jack Cole.

Baseball . . .

Kansas City Blues, American Association. All games played at Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn.

June 2, 3, Minneapolis.

June 5, 6 (2), St. Paul.

June 8, 9, 10, Toledo.

June 11, 12, 13 (2), Columbus.

June 14, 15, Louisville.

June 16, 17, Indianapolis.

Music . . .

June 6, Lionel Hampton and orchestra, dance, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

June 8, St. Stephens Baptist church choir, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

June 11, Musical program by Highland Baptist church choir, including Golden Gate Quartette, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

June 13, St. Stephens Baptist church choir, Music Hall.

June 25, Army Ground Forces Band, free concert, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Swimming . . .

Boulevard Manor Hotel, 1115 East Armour, indoor pool, open daily 1 p.m. to 9 p.m.

Fairyland Park Pool, open 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., 75th and Prospect.

Lake Quivira, open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily. Four and one-half miles from Shawnee, Kansas, on Quivira Cut-off road.

Lakewood Park, Bonner Springs, Kansas. Filtered pool, also dancing, rides, and picnic grounds.

Swope Park, outdoor pool, open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., every day except Monday, when hours are 12 noon to 10 p.m.

Special Events . . .

June 6, Flaugh Lewis dance recital, Music Hall.

June 15-18, Ford Dealers Display, Music Hall.

June 15, Mabel Williams dance recital, Music Hall.

June 20, True Vow Keepers, Music Hall.

June 20, Benefit show and dance, Allah temple, Kansas City, Missouri, and Koran temple, Kansas City, Kansas.

June 21-22, Boxing tournament, Olympic teams, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

June 24, Chevrolet banquet and show, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

June 26-27, NAACP meeting, Auditorium Arena.

Amusement Parks . . .

Fairyland Park, 75th and Prospect. Concessions open 2 p.m., Saturday; 1 p.m., Sunday; 6 p.m., week days.

Blue Ridge Roller Rink and Park, 7600 Blue Ridge. Rink open to public Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights, 7:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Sunday, 2:30 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Elliott's Shooting Park, Highway 50 and Raytown Road. Saturday, 12 a.m. to evening; Sunday, 10 a.m. to evening; Wednesday, 4:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.

Conventions . . .

June 4-5, 4th Marine Division Association.

June 7-9, Security Benefit Association, Hotel President.

June 9-10, Missouri Automobile Dealers Association, Hotel President.

June 11-13, 46th Fighter Squadron Reunion, Hotel Phillips.

June 12-13, Catholic Order of Foresters (Mo.), Hotel Continental.

June 16-17, Missouri and Kansas Music Teachers Associations, Hotel Continental.

June 16-18, National Conference Schools of Design, Hotel Bellevue.

June 18-20, Beta Sigma Phi, Regional, Municipal Auditorium Arena and Little Theatre.

June 21-24, Rural Electrification Administration, Hotel President.

June 22-27, Central Conference of American Rabbis, Hotels Muehlebach and Phillips.

June 22-27, National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, St. Stephen Baptist Church and Municipal Auditorium Arena.

June 26-28, 7th Battalion U. S. Naval Reserve, Hotel Phillips.

June 29-July 1, Kansas-Missouri Veterinary Medical Conference, Municipal Auditorium Arena and Hotel President.

Swing is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1102 Scarritt Building, Kansas City 6, Missouri. 'Phone Harrison 1161. 333 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Illinois. 'Phone Central 7980. Price 25c in United States and Canada. Annual subscriptions, United States, \$3 a year; everywhere else, \$4. Copyright 1948 by WHB Broadcasting Co.

All rights of pictorial or text content reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, Chile, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention. Reproduction for use without express permission of any matter herein is forbidden. Swing is not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings or photographs. Printed in U. S. A.

Two Men on a Swing

by MORI GREINER

All bets are off, boys. Don and John have night time!

“WE’LL do the best we can,” Don Davis likes to say, “with the pants we have on.”

Adherence to that colorful bit of philosophy has paid off for Davis; for his running-mate, John Schilling; and for WHB, the radio station the two of them boss in Kansas City.

Right now, attired in brand-new breeches, they’re swinging high, wide and happy with 10,000 watts power, a better frequency, and full-time operation. But it has not always been so.

For more years than they care to remember, they fought for an even

break with competitors, slugging away doggedly with one hand tied behind them. They broadcast with 500 watts, then 1,000, but only on a sunup to sundown basis. Because of a restricted license, WHB was silent at night for nearly two decades.

It was a terrific handicap, and it was overcome only because Davis and Schilling hoped for increased facilities, but didn’t wait for them. They wasted no time feeling sorry for themselves. Instead, they threw everything they had — their imagination and showmanship and guts, their vast combined experience in advertising and broadcasting—into the operation of the station. They copped two *Variety* Showmanship awards, one honorable mention, and in 1936 WHB was cited as the “best part-time radio station in the country.”

Achieving these things, they won recognition as one of the industry’s greatest “front-office” teams.

“But don’t give us too much credit,” John says. “It’s a little like setting a new long-distance swimming record because you happen to fall overboard in mid-Atlantic and have an aversion to drowning.”

Schilling and Davis are successful as a combination because of their dissimilarity. Between them, they move mountains, yet they are unlike in



taste, temperament and working habits.

PRESIDENT DAVIS is quick and mercurial. In repose, he is like a lighted Roman candle with a short fuse. He works a fantastically irregular schedule, taking two hours for lunch, or two days, or not bothering to eat at all. He usually dictates the bulk of his correspondence at home before seven in the morning, but often pops into his office at midnight. There are so many demands on his time that he has long since given up trying to live by the clock. Two o'clock appointments find him arriving at four-thirty, more or less, but meantime he has dealt with a dozen problems not on the day's agenda. Because of his incredible ability to do many things simultaneously, he is on everybody's board of directors, and is ordinarily engaged in at least three or four concurrent civic or charity campaigns in addition to his business activities.

Schilling, who is vice-president and general manager of the station, is deliberate and unruffled. His schedule is as fixed as that of any executive can be. He deals swiftly and smoothly with the myriad crises of broadcasting, and keeps routine humming. He is eminently good-natured, completely unshakable. His steadiness has earned him the nickname of "Calm John," a sobriquet he was discussing recently with a friend.

"I don't know where they get this 'Calm John' stuff," Schilling was saying. "That doesn't sound like me."

"Of course it does," the visitor told him. "You're the least excitable guy I know."

Schilling made a deprecatory gesture, and the visitor's eyes bulged. Loose paper in Schilling's wastebasket was on fire, and flames were leaping up toward the draperies. He let out a strangled shout. "John! Beside you! The whole damned place is on fire!"

Schilling put his cigar in his mouth, glanced over his shoulder at the blaze, which was at eye-level by this time, only a few inches away. "So it is," he observed. "Hot ashes, probably."

Without rising, he swivelled around so that he could stamp at the burning refuse, and twisted his head to continue the conversation. "That nickname," he said, stamping, "is a bunch of hooey. I'm no more calm than anybody else. Why, as a matter of fact . . ."

He continued talking and kicking at the fire, completely extinguishing it by the time he finished explaining why he had no claim to the adjective "calm."

John's methodical approach is the perfect balance for Don's inventive-ness. They work together in perfect harmony, and if anything has ever marred their placid relationship, they won't admit it. They have only one community superstition: if they agree on an idea immediately and simultaneously, it's sure to be a stinker.

John is a true pioneer of American broadcasting. He became interested in radio when he was 12 years old, a student at Manual Training High School in Kansas City. Within a short time he had built a wireless set, and was in communication with other "hams" around the country.

During World War I, he served in the Navy as a chief radio electri-

cian, conducting a number of tests on early day anti-submarine equipment. Later he worked with Dr. Lee De-Forrest, "the father of radio," at Highbridge, New York, participating in some of the world's first voice communication experiments. As a ship-board radio operator, he worked his way half around the world, returning to North America to install a radio station in Mexico.

WHB was the third station Schilling built, and the last. He became its general manager when it went on the air in 1922, and has been at its helm ever since. This means he has managed a single radio station longer than any other person in the world.

Don, one of the first account executives to employ radio as an advertising medium, is a pioneer, too. Somewhere in the middle 20's, when he had his own ad agency, he became convinced that broadcasting was the ideal means for projecting a message to a mass audience, and he lost no time in capitalizing on his convictions. He talked a client into a spot radio campaign, *with singing commercials*, and went to Hollywood to produce the series—thought to be the earliest of its kind.

Back in Kansas City, he hooked up with Goodman Ace, cinema critic of the *Journal-Post* who had been WHB's "Movie Man" for a couple of years, and secured a sponsor on KMBC for *Easy Aces*, the comedy series Ace had worked out with his wife, Jane.

ACE and Jane, who have been top-flight stars for many years now, still refer to Don Davis as "the

guy who had faith in us." He is remembered as a special sort of early-day angel by a surprising number of luminaries in the entertainment world. Last year, when Don was in a New York night club with several friends, Count Basie left the bandstand to rush across to his table.

"Waiter!" Basie called, "Send that check to me. This gentleman kept me eating for two years."

Basie, whose "Harlem Harmonies" were a daily WHB feature during the 30's, was one of a long procession of entertainers who turned to Don and John for help. Most of them got started toward larger opportunities, but they lived from day to day then.

There wasn't much lettuce in the till, so Don and John were forced to become booking agents in order to maintain their large talent stable. They negotiated due bills with hotels and restaurants — where WHB performers could entertain in return for coffee and cakes — and booked whatever conventional, cash-on-the-barrel-head jobs became available. Sometimes, when the kids needed money, Don and John would use the due bills themselves, shelling the amount out of their own pockets to the performers.

When it came to live talent, WHB had it—in quality and quantity that the larger stations envied. They could operate only part time, but Schilling and Davis made sure that while WHB was on the air, it offered the best listening entertainment in the area. Before long they were able to claim the title, "Kansas City's dominant daytime station."

They had to keep a peeled eye on the budget every minute, so they learned to play the angles, developing original, low-cost shows that would build listener-interest while maintaining the treasurer's blood pressure at a reasonable level. With *Wedding Bells* (later developed on a coast-to-coast network as *Bride and Groom*) applicants for marriage licenses were interviewed on the air, and given prizes which local merchants swapped for free advertising. With *The Weatherman In Person*, a pattern for forecasts by the local forecaster was set which has since been adopted in every major city, as has the Don and John "first" of time and temperature reports at every station break.

They tapped an abundant source of wonderfully entertaining and occasionally salty material when they set up a mike in Kansas City's Northside Municipal Court, and in 1935 they scooped the industry by reporting news every hour on the hour.

They did things other broadcasters didn't dare or didn't care to attempt. At first, they did them of necessity; but later they did them because it had become a habit to move fast, think on their feet, and take a few chances. They're still operating that way.

Some eggs were laid, sure. But when the history of broadcasting comes to be written, it will be a sadly incomplete volume which fails to include at least a chapter on the accomplishments of WHB's front-office boys.

WHB joined the Mutual network in 1935, and found that the MBS

night time schedule was a musical gold mine. Every top dance band was being carried by Mutual, but the programs came through after sundown, when WHB was off the air!

The thought of all that marvelous, free entertainment going to waste was more than Davis and Schilling could bear. They called a strategy huddle and decided to install the first recording laboratory in Kansas City, so that they could transcribe network evening shows for rebroadcast the following day, selling announcements between programs to local sponsors. This gave Kansas City merchants who advertised on WHB the benefit of such prestige names as Hal Kemp, Guy Lombardo and Benny Goodman.

It worked so well that within a year Davis and Schilling were willing to admit—under practically no pressure—that WHB had the finest daytime program schedule in America.

In matters of promotion, as well as programming, the pair has always set a stiff pace. Their ability to keep a 1,000-watt, daytime station an evergreen conversational subject with advertising account executives and radio time buyers in New York, Chicago and San Francisco is as newsworthy as a dog-biting man.

But all that has gone before, Don and John insist, was only a light warmup. They've got "night time," and they're happier than two kids with a Shetland pony.

With their new frequency, vastly increased power and full-time operation, they are more sure than ever that "the Swing is to WHB in Kansas City."

Mr. K. points to the record, and to the future.

BEYOND THE NEW HORIZON!

by EDGAR KOBAK
President, Mutual Broadcasting System

WE of Mutual like to think of ourselves as the network with its sleeves rolled up—working, expanding, developing new ideas, new techniques—so as to give our listeners better programs and our advertisers a better advertising medium.

In living up to this concept, we've often taken the lead in our industry. But actions speak louder than anything, so let's look at some examples of this leadership, and at a few things we have up our rolled-up sleeves.

We developed "listenability," in which the physical capabilities of the our nationwide networks were measured. I feel that "listenability" is a symbol of the progress which broadcasting is making in its search for bedrock measurements and standards to help advertisers buy time more efficiently and economically. Our daytime "listenability" figures created something of a stir last fall; our nighttime figures will be released in the near future. Interest in "listenability" is gaining because it is practical and ways up-to-date.

Another Mutual idea, rooted in our conviction and proved accurate by countless surveys, is that a station which is the only one in the market dominates that market by securing

anywhere from 50 per cent to 90 per cent of the listening audience. Mutual has nearly 275 such stations, serving about 20 per cent of the United States radio homes.

And Mutual's strides in station additions in top American markets have been impressive, too. We now have full coverage in 98 of the top 100 metropolitan markets in the country. By 1949, Mutual will be represented, full time, in virtually all the principal markets of the nation. This means that very few listeners will have to reach out beyond their local stations to pull in Mutual programs; that most, particularly in small communities, will tune their MBS station rather than other network outlets.

Facilities mean little without a strength of programming to put them to work. We think our program people, under the direction of Phillips Carlin, have imagination; it shows up in the programs they develop and discover. For instance, Variety said of our new *Mutual Newsreel*, "It's about time one of the networks got around to a show like this." *Twenty Questions* took a parlor game and made it national entertainment, while *Juvenile Jury* gives the moppets the

mike—and what a job they do at it!

Our departures in programming are possibly most apparent during the daytime hours, where it has been our feeling that programs other than the standard type of "dramatic serial" were distinctly needed to offer the home-maker a well-rounded schedule of program fare. Accordingly, we developed *Queen For A Day* and *Heart's Desire*, each an in-

timate air production where the studio audience becomes part and parcel of the show itself, effecting a helpful amalgamation of the listener with the medium that is so much a part of her day.

Other program innovations of which we are particularly proud include *Meet The Press*, and the award-winning *Family Theatre*. And Mutual was the first to permit and to use transcriptions for network broadcasts.

In the field of public service programming, wherein a network is best able to fulfill its responsibilities to its public, Mutual has a tale to unfold about the impact of such recent series as *Your Children Today*, *The Influence Of Radio*, *Movies And Comics On Children*, and the new documentary based on the Civil Rights report, which has received many bou-

ANYONE who knows Edgar Kobak will tell you that the man's two most prominent characteristics are his devotion to his job and his outspokenness.

There are many evidences of the first: for example, when he goes on business trips and on vacations, his mail follows him and is taken care of with as much dispatch as though he were at his desk. He carries a gold watch and always refers to it. As a result he gets into work before breakfast and stays up with his papers until the tiny hours of almost every night.

As for his candor: he once signed an advertisement suggesting the "marriage" of Hooper and Nielsen, those competitive gentlemen of the listener surveys—because he believes the move would be good for the industry. He once called certain men in the industry "young fogies" when their thinking, or lack of it, merited the brickbat. He will go against the tide—and often the tide will turn and go along with Kobak.

When a man is like that, he goes far. Edgar Kobak has gone far—and in the past three and a half years he has helped Mutual to go along with him. Just how much progress has been made is indicated in the accompanying article.

quets while giving listeners a subject for earnest discussion and consideration long after it was off the air waves.

Mutual started the whole idea of cooperative programs a dozen years ago with the Fulton Lewis, Jr. show: this program is still one of the top co-ops among the many in this field today. Mutual was first to introduce "big name" co-ops, with such

outstanding radio personalities and programs available for sponsorship by local business concerns in Mutual stations cities. Today Mutual leads all of the other networks in the number of cooperative programs carried, with twice as many program sales as the next network. A basic reason why we have paid so much attention to co-ops is that they enable local stations to enter a successful and profitable type of activity and Mutual has always been a network with the welfare and the strength of its local stations in mind.

From speaking of programming for AM, or standard radio, a natural transition is to the subject of television. Pioneering work in this new and exciting field has been under way for some time in our Hollywood affiliate, where TV has been an actuality for 16 years.

Our affiliated transmitter in Chicago is also on the air, and as a network we expect to be active in New York, Washington and Boston within a relatively short time. Altogether 33 Mutual television stations, mostly in major markets, are now under construction or hold permits. As a national network we are still in the blueprint stage, but we'll be in the network TV picture actively, with facilities unsurpassed by any other network when national TV network operation is ready to become a reality.

The progress we've made in the past three years can be expected to continue—because, as we said once before, our sleeves are rolled up. In all of the important future developments of the industry, Mutual expects to be among the leaders.

This is a brief and rather general review of progress, but the keynote is this: we of Mutual are apostles of the open door and the open mind, striking out boldly towards twin goals—better advertising for our clients, better entertainment for everyone.



To deflect the minds of their patients, many dentists talk constantly while performing the necessary dental work. One such dentist, chatting to a woman patient, was interrupted when she sat up suddenly and said, "Won't you please stop talking so I can concentrate on my pain."



Lots of times in telephoning you get the right number but the wrong answer.



The CBS Bulletin predicts a great banking future for the lad who, having found a purse containing a ten dollar bill, returned the money and purse to the owner, but first had the bill changed into ten ones.



Frankie wanted a watch for his birthday, but he teased for it so much that his parents finally ordered him not to mention the word again. He obeyed with difficulty. The next morning at the family prayers there was a round of Bible verse, and when Frankie's turn came he piped up with, "What I say unto you, I say unto all. Watch."



During her early Parliamentary days, Lady Astor was canvassing for signatures to a petition concerning Lord Millner, Viceroy to India. She stopped at the store of a grocer who read the petition carefully and slowly, then asked, "And who might this fellow be?"

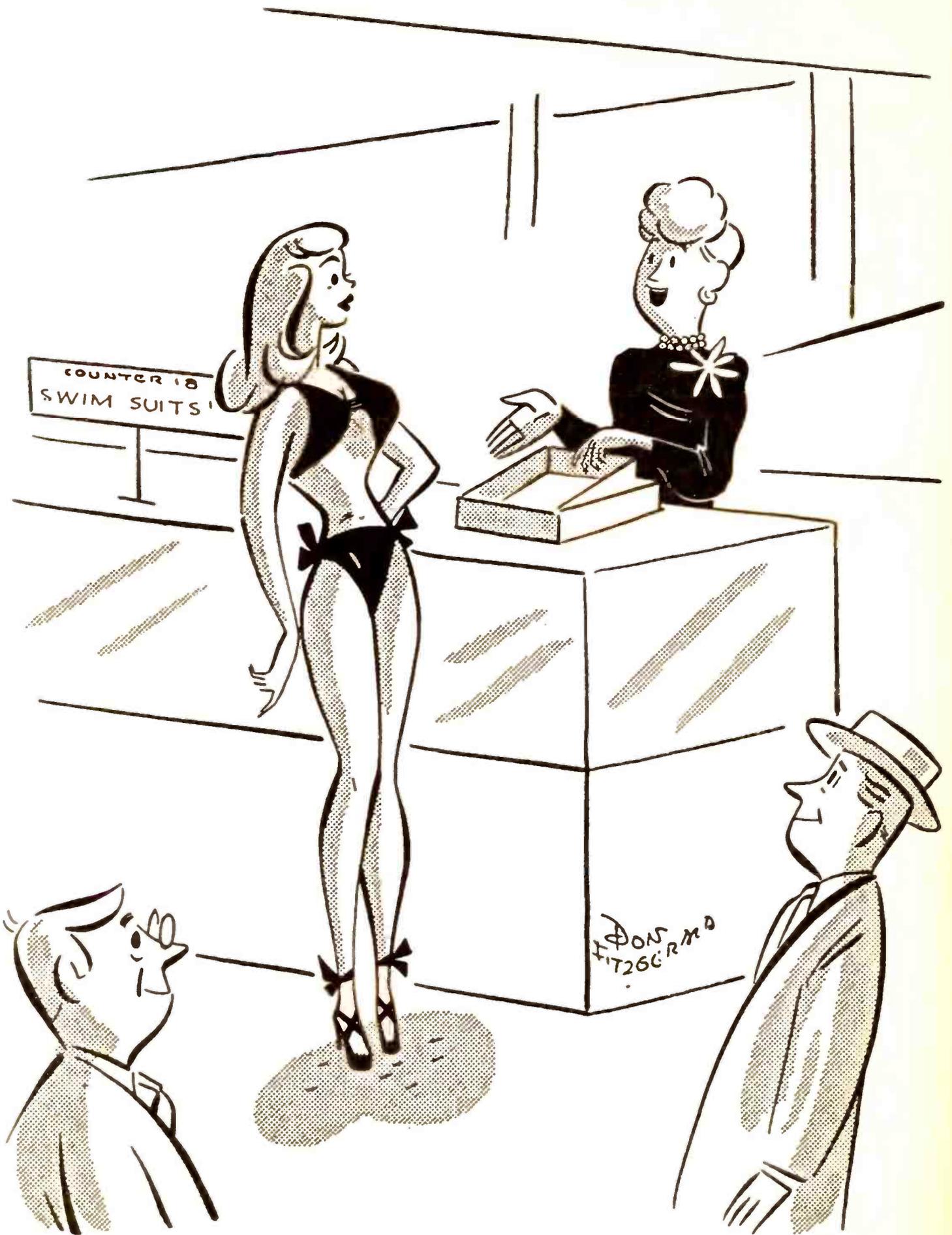
When told he was the Indian Viceroy, the man wanted to know, "What's a Viceroy?"

"A proconsul," replied her ladyship. Then she explained the office in detail.

The old fellow nodded comprehensively, but he suddenly got cautious. "You're not lettin' the women sign this paper?" he asked.

"Oh, of course not."

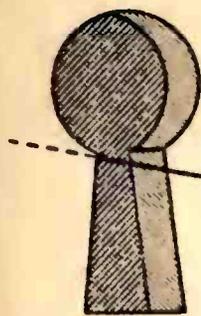
"That's good!" he said with satisfaction as he painstakingly scrawled his signature. "Women don't know nothin' about such things."



"It's guaranteed not to shrink!"

Fast-talking Fidler:

An open letter to Americans.



Private Life of a

Public Gossip!

by SHELDON TOWNSEND

YOU'D think, if you had a column in 175 newspapers and a 15-minute radio show that went out over 400-odd stations of the Mutual network, a home at Toluca Lake complete with swimming pool, and a much-better-than-speaking acquaintance with Hollywood's stars, that you'd have about all you could ask out of life.

Jimmie Fidler has all these things, but he hasn't yet achieved what he really wants. The goal he's driving for is still outside his reach.

For Jimmie Fidler is an American, and being an American means a lot more to him than going to the polls the first Tuesday in November and griping about the results the following Wednesday. Jimmie thinks it's one of the biggest things that ever happened to him, and his life's ambition is to help Mr. Average Citizen along to the same realization. Most Americans take their civic and international responsibilities much too lightly, he feels. They either don't realize what a wonderful country they live in, or if they do, they take a "let George do it" attitude about keeping it so. Without waving flags, without being spec-

tacular or bombastic, Jimmie would like to do what he can in his own quiet way toward promoting America.

He'd be the happiest man in the world if he had 15 minutes of radio time to do with as he likes. He'd devote that 15 minutes to telling the story of America, to interpreting its flavor, not via news or news commentary, but by way of human interest stories, anecdotes—the whimsies and the tragedies that make this race of people and this country different from all other races and all other countries.

"I'm not under contract now as to my material," says Fidler. "I can say what I want. If I chose, I could do such a column right now. But my sponsors hire me to sell their product. They know, and I know, that my Hollywood gossip program does it successfully. If I tried another type of program and it didn't sell the product, then that wouldn't be fair to them."

As it is, Jimmie most enjoys his "Americans In The News Award," because it comes closest to interpreting America as he would like to do it. Jimmie's staff culls the news each day for outstanding heroism per-

Jimmie Fidler is heard on WHB, Sunday at 7:30 p.m.

formed without thought of reward and by unknown Americans, gives the collection to a motion picture actor who selects the one he thinks most worthy.

"The star runs over the list," says Jimmie, "and perhaps decides that we should give the award to a little girl who fished her sister out of the cistern. The little girl is sent a beautiful watch which she never expected to get, and a \$50 United States Savings Bond. I'd rather have her letter of thanks than the nomination for President."

In the course of his life, Jimmie has met a number of men and women, some of whom have been pretty big heroes in the eyes of most Americans. But the hero in his own eyes is J. Edgar Hoover.

"Hoover breathes America. In my opinion he's the greatest living American. He's afraid of nothing, and he lives for his country. I would like to see him President of the United States."

Until the day when he can have his program of Americana, Fidler continues to do a more than adequate job on his Hollywood beat. He has his chores down to routine. He gets up at the same time every morning, for instance, including Sundays. On weekdays and Saturdays he works until noon at his office, which is an old Hollywood residence he has taken over for the purpose, with his office downstairs and his staff's headquarters upstairs.

Partly because he's inclined to be nervous and therefore must take things easy, and partly because he's worked hard ever since he joined the

Marines as a 16-year-old kid in the first World War and feels he's entitled to slack off a bit, Jimmie leaves his office at noontime three afternoons a week, plays golf or swims and suns at his Toluca Lake residence.



Trachsel

Hollywood friends of his, such as Bob Hope, Harry von Zell, Wayne Morris or Johnny Weissmuller usually join him.

He writes his newspaper column in the morning, spends Thursday afternoons visiting the studio lots. On Friday afternoon and Saturday, he writes his radio show, spends Sunday afternoon adding final news and airing it.

He gets his news in four ways: his staff brings it in; he picks it up himself around the golf course, the swimming pool or at his athletic club; Hollywood press agents supply him with it; people send it via notes and phone calls, some anonymous. Fidler checks every one of the latter, under the theory that anything can lead to a story.

Oddly enough, anonymous tips are not necessarily on the unpleasant side. Many deal with perfectly legitimate and pleasant events; are anonymous because people, by nature, like to be news broadcasters themselves, but

don't want it known they did the telling.

In the course of covering Hollywood, Jimmie naturally runs across dozens of scandal stories. "I never print them," he explains, "but I do keep them on file for the developments they almost always lead to. For instance, if I hear that a certain married actor is stepping outside the reservation and I find out it's true, I don't publicize it—I simply watch that marriage. Sooner or later it will break up.

"Hollywood reporting is a lot like hunting. A good hunter doesn't just wander around in the woods with his gun in his hand hoping he'll stumble onto something worth shooting. He watches everything—a broken limb, a sound, an odor, a track on the trail—ignoring nothing that can lead him to his quarry."

Naturally soft-spoken, Jimmie's radio delivery is unbelievably different from his usual manner of speech. He developed it particularly for the air, so that he could crowd as much information as possible into his allotted 15 minutes. Each script takes about 3,000 words; if he spoke at his ordinary speed, he could only get in about 2,000 words. In fact, such top radio announcers as Harry von Zell, Truman Bradley, Don Wilson and Bill Goodwin have guestcast his program, but have had to cut the script from 750 to 1,200 words simply because they can't talk as fast as Jimmie.

The rapidity of his reading has solved the problem of more news, but it has created other problems which Jimmie has had to invent special techniques to surmount. He dis-

covered that he was reading so fast that everything jumbled together. To get around that, he does two things. First, he puts each item on a separate piece of paper, even if it's only three lines long. Each script runs around 40 pages instead of the usual 12 or 13, but the time it takes Jimmie to turn the page is enough to put a little hesitation between each story.

Secondly, he never uses commas to punctuate his scripts, only dashes. He discovered he wasn't paying any attention to the commas, because physically they added no separation. But dashes, he discovered, give actual separation. When he wants a brief pause, he uses one dash; for a longer pause, two. The imperceptible shift of his eye past the dashes is enough to take care of punctuation.

Even as a Hollywood columnist, Fidler is militant. He is constantly crusading against communism and juvenile delinquency and for clean pictures. He believes that his fight for clean pictures has given him a remarkably adult audience; he often gets fan letters from senators, congressmen, governors, mayors, judges. He gets requests from the White House, via the FBI, for copies of his open letters addressed to President Truman; and Senator Brewster asked for copies of his editorials on the Howard Hughes-Johnny Meyers investigation.

Because of the calibre of that fan mail, the average person would feel Fidler's fears are needless when he says, "I've often thought of breaking away from Hollywood to do a program on America, but there's a danger that people might not accept

Fidler as an interpreter of America as they accept him as an interpreter of Hollywood. I'm not the showman that Winchell is—I don't have the

voice that Lowell Thomas has—maybe I just wouldn't go."

On the other hand, maybe he would.

That Silver Haired Fan Club of Mine!

THERE'S no age limit on bobby-soxers. For proof, we present the Ben Alexander Fan Club—30 charming mothers and grandmothers jumping with young ideas for the complete organization of the venture as "greyhaired bobby-soxers."

It all started when mikeman Ben was somewhat a newcomer to radio. He was emceeing a pleasant Saturday afternoon variety program called *Little Old Hollywood*. As the weeks went by some of the faces in the audience became very familiar. These people, who came Saturday after Saturday, became aware of each other, their admiration for Ben's work drawing them together. Several of the ladies promised to start a fan club for him some day.

During the war, Ben emceed some radar activities aboard the aircraft carrier U. S. S. Steamer Bay, receiving his honorable discharge on Christmas Day of 1945. He returned to Hollywood radio by way of Mutual's *Heart's Desire* and a show of his own, also heard on Mutual. To his surprise, his first day of broadcasting found the same loyal following occupying the first row. The "following" increased until there were enough prospective "members" to start the long-promised fan club. The Club holds monthly meetings at the homes of various members to discuss forthcoming plans for a newsletter, official badges and expansion.

Ben is delighted with his fan club. "I've never had an official organization," he says, "because most of my adult picture career was spent in portraying meanies. In one film I was so disagreeable that Alice Brady beat me to death with a curling iron."

Ben's lovely Beverly Hills apartment is filled with rare gifts from fans who have followed his career from its beginnings, when young Mr. Alexander played Cupid in a Fannie Ward melodrama, *Each Pearl A Tear*. Following that success, Ben portrayed numerous parts on the silent screen.

At the end of World War I, the flu epidemic closed all the schools in Hollywood with the exception of the Hollywood School for Girls. Joel McCrea, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Ben were the only boy students there, and although the enrollment included such lovely youngsters as Agnes and Katherine De Mille, Ben found it a humiliating experience.

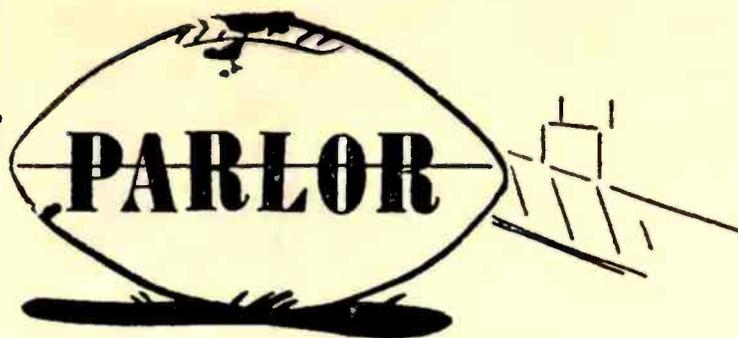
Graduating from high school, Ben entered Stanford University. He just happened to visit his friend Billy Bakewell at Universal Studios one day during the shooting of *All Quiet On The Western Front*. Director Lewis Milestone saw him and signed him for the important role of Kemmerich. Ben's film career was started again. But by a sudden twist of casting, he began playing so many "heavies" that his unhappy demise at the hands of Alice Brady made him decide to call it a day.

Here's where radio and Ben Alexander got together. In 1934, he started his own show, *The Hollywood Boulevardier*. In the past few years, Ben has announced the Edgar Bergen, Herbert Marshall and Carnival shows.

Ben is now one of the busiest people in radio, generally averaging 13 shows a week—but he still finds time to relax, and his Fan Club loves to ply him with home-cooked treats. He's still eating birthday cake. The members couldn't decide on one cake, so they baked him four! Maybe that's the advantage in a fan club of greyhaired bobby-soxers—cakes, pies and hams that melt in your mouth, as well as a first row admiration group. The situation has possibilities by the score!—*Betty Mills*.

The nation's greatest sports events are yours for the listening!

FOOTBALL in your



by WIN GOULDEN

SPORTS fans thrive on action. They strain with the batter as he takes every swing, plead with their favorite players to win the game, and for all practical purposes expend as much energy as any athlete on the field. Wherever these enthusiastic fans exist—and that takes in a pretty extensive area, since there is one or more in every family—the radio is their most prized possession. With the flick of a button, they can pull up a comfortable chair and get a front-row word picture of the nation's sports pageantry from the comfortable confines of their living room—thanks to the extensive sports coverage which radio now employs.

Most avid fans insist, and rightly so, that they know the name and number of the halfback who ran 90 yards for a touchdown, how many cars are battling it out for the lead at Indianapolis, what Ted Williams' batting average is as he steps up to the plate for the third time in the fourth game of the World Series. And they still squirm with frustration because they can't hear what Leo Durocher is telling or calling the umpire during one of his not infrequent rharbarbs on the diamond!

Because we have these facilities at our fingertips, most of us are inclined to take radio sports broadcasts pretty much for granted. However, if you were able to glance through your loudspeaker, across the ether and along the wires to the network origination point, you would find an unimagined furor of behind-the-scenes activity.

Paul Jonas is the busy sports director of the Mutual Broadcasting System, the network which annually airs the Indianapolis 500-mile Speedway Classic, the All-Star baseball game, the World Series, the Cotton Bowl and the East-West grid tilts and many other top sports events.

Short, alert-looking and continually chewing on an unlighted cigar, Jonas is the man who closes the big broadcast negotiations with the top men in sports. He especially likes to sit in his office, the walls adorned with pictures of boxers, wrestlers, baseball players, golf and track stars, and tell how he set up exclusive coverage for the 1949, 1950 and 1951 World Series. Chuckling, he will open his desk and pull out a photo-

static copy of what looks like a Chinese alphabet. That unimportant but exotic looking document is the contract that he and Baseball Commissioner Albert B. Chandler signed granting Mutual sole broadcast rights to the World Series of the next three years.

Jonas explains that last year around February he was breakfasting with Commissioner Chandler in his New York hotel suite. Chandler asked him casually if everything was going all right, and Jonas replied that everything *would* be all right if he could walk out of there with a new contract. It was as informal as that, and when the commissioner said yes, the old scratch pad was produced and the terms written in ink. Total negotiating time, 30 seconds.

After a Series contract is signed, the agency representing the commissioner also signs, and the network sales department enters it in the books. Then Chandler okays press release and Mutual shifts into high.

The Engineering Traffic Department orders telephone lines to be

installed to the two ball parks. Every station is notified and acceptances from all stations airing the series must be received and recorded.

The announcing and technical staffs are then selected and approved by the network, the agency and the commissioner. Arrangements are made to beam the program overseas via the Armed Forces Radio Service, and in Canada through the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Pre-series "build-up" programs, featuring interviews with the rival team managers, important National and American

League officials and star players are also scheduled; and the technical facilities in the broadcasting booth of both ball parks must be set up.

But events never proceed exactly the way they are planned, as in the case of the 1946 World Series. Jonas recalls uneasily the hectic days toward the close of the regular season. The Cards and Dodgers were battling it out right down to the last day and finished in a first-place tie, necessitating a play-off.

One day the Cards would win and Jonas would

1949-50-51
 \$150,000-175,000 15-0-0
 World Series
 Contract
 Broadcast
 J. P. to Kellie
 Mutual
 H. S.
 W. B. C.

This is a reproduction of the "Scratch Pad Contract" granting the Mutual Broadcasting System exclusive broadcast rights for the World Series of 1949, 1950 and 1951. Contract bears the initials of Albert B. "Happy" Chandler, Commissioner of Baseball; and Paul Jonas, Director of Sports for MBS.

phone Sam Breadon, then owner of the St. Louis club. The next day would be the Dodgers' turn to chalk up a victory, and he would be burning up the wires to Branch Rickey's office. Mutual made special arrangements to air the play-off games, which the Cards won, and then had to work with lightning speed to set up coverage of the World Series in Boston and St. Louis. Jonas is always expecting an emergency of this sort, but it still offers him little ease of mind.

Of course, there is the usual demand for Series tickets. Starting at least five months before the big games, a steady stream of letters pours in from people asking help in acquiring their tickets.

MBS is allotted a fixed number of tickets to take care of their working personnel (those actually covering the game), and anything beyond that they have to buy. Yet the number of "old pals" calling in, whom Jonas has never seen, gets larger every year.

But along with the headaches connected with his job, the sports director also gets a few laughs. Horace Stoneham, president of the New York Giants, pulled a fast one on him one year but paid off the next.

Stoneham has a hobby of collecting razors, and so a few seasons back as he and Jonas were returning by train from a Card-Giant series, he decided to take advantage of an opportunity. Jonas was shaving in his compartment when the porter called him outside for a moment. When he returned his razor was gone. He never knew what had happened until the opening of the baseball season the following year when he received a note from

Stoneham: "Even though the old straight razor was no good, I'm enclosing a season pass."

One of the nation's top sportscasters, Bill Slater, does a lot of broadcasting over MBS microphones. Besides his sports broadcasting, he is very much in demand to emcee quiz programs and act as moderator of forums and other types of air entertainment. Slater, a West Point graduate, a former prep school headmaster and a veteran of World War II, has a full and interesting background upon which to draw.

During the 1945 Detroit Tigers-Chicago Cubs World Series, Bill Slater was responsible for Cub pitcher Hank Borowy's wife receiving considerable attention. Hank was warming up during the pre-game practice, and so Slater sauntered over and asked him where his wife was. Hank replied that she was at home expecting a blessed event. Later, Bill mentioned the good news during his broadcast.

The next morning Hank said he wished Slater hadn't mentioned it on the air, because his wife missed the whole game. Friends kept phoning her to extend congratulations—and one newspaper even sent a photographer to take a picture of the new baby which hadn't been born yet!

Bill also has to laugh when he thinks of what happened the same year to Hal Newhouser, the Detroit Tiger's ace hurler. Bill was chatting with Hal as he worked out at Briggs Stadium the day before he was to pitch a Series game. A small boy ran up to Hal and said that Mrs. Newhouser wanted him at home because

the movers were there. Believe it or not, Hal finished up in a hurry and left to supervise moving into his new home.

The next day the Cubs teed off on Newhouser, knocking him out of the box in short order. After the game, Slater stopped by the dugout to offer a few words of consolation and found Newhouser sitting disconsolately beside the water cooler. Hal explained that he had worked all day moving furniture and had slept on a hard, lumpy mattress the night before. He wondered if that was the



reason the Cubs had knocked him out!

When sportscasters are asked to describe their most difficult assignments, Slater has the story of a nerve-racking game to tell.

It was the Minnesota-Iowa football game a few years back. After four days of rain preceding the game, the yard lines were washed away—the yard markers had never been erected. The teams didn't warm up before the kickoff and after the first play no one could distinguish the players' numbers. One of his spotters never appeared; the other finally came, but he was wetter than the weather—internally, that is. His lan-

guage was so bad a blanket had to be thrown over the mike until assistants could get rid of him.

To make matters worse, rain was streaming down the glass panel of the booth and a boy had to be hired to swab it throughout the game. For the rest of the afternoon Slater dodged around him, trying to see the field.

Only one thing saved the day. The game's two touchdowns were made by Minnesota's great fullback, Bronco Nagurski, who was so Neanderthal-looking as to be unmistakable.

Any announcer is in for trouble when he reports the Army-Navy football game, but when he's a West Point graduate, anything can happen. It's always a tough game to handle without a vast amount of criticism; yet when Bill did his first service contest, he received a stack of congratulatory telegrams lauding his impartiality. What listeners didn't know was that a home town lad helped him turn the trick. Navy's one touchdown was scored by Red Baumberger, a kid whom he had taught in school back in Parkersburg, West Virginia. It was pretty easy for Slater to forget alma mater in his enthusiasm for Red.

Whenever Bill Slater handles a broadcast, it goes off smoothly, but it couldn't be done without the work of technicians and executives and publicists who set the stage. Behind any Mutual broadcast you hear is the combined effort of the entire staff, working together to make it sound easy.

So pull up that comfortable chair, flick that button, and forget all this. Just lean back and listen!

MICROPHONE MANNERS FOR SPORTS ANNOUNCING —

Bill Slater, the Mutual network's ace sports reporter, has evolved a rigid set of rules which he offers for the guidance of young announcers who aspire to sportscasting.

1. Don't refer to an out-of-bounds kick near the football goal line as a "coffin-corner" kick. Some listener may have sustained a death in the family and such adjectives may cause him great unpleasantness.
2. Never criticize the athletic performance of a player. Describe only what he does. You are a reporter, not a judge.
3. Don't fail to keep a written account of every play of the game. This is especially important in baseball and football, where a wrong recap of an inning or quarter will bring a howl of protest from score-keeping listeners.
4. Don't second guess the officials.

As Ithers See Us

There's at least one female who disapproves of Walter Pidgeon, and that's his Aunt Nan, an old lady who lives in Canada. She always wanted Walter to become a lawyer, or at least something more respectable than an actor. So when she read in the papers that he had been ranked next to President Conant of Harvard among the "Ten Best Dressed Men in America," she wrote: "Dear Nephew: I am glad to see you finally associated with an intellectual. Kindly thank your tailor for me."



Lois Lee, the actress, went to the airport to meet her boy friend, comedian Joey Adams. As the plane circled about, a spotlight played on it. "Turn the spotlight off," Miss Lee begged the airport people. "Otherwise Joey will never come down."



Two convicts were splitting rocks, one handling the sledge hammer while his helper slipped him new ones to crush. As the bald headed one bent down to place a rock in position, the hammer came down with terrific force, just grazing his skull.

"You fool," he yelled. "You want to kill me? Don't you know the difference between my head and a rock?"

His partner shrugged. "For six cents a day you think I'm gonna rack my brain?"



A famous physician says the use of alcohol doesn't make people better able to do things. "But," he adds, "it does make people less ashamed of doing things badly."

That Venuta Verve!

VITALITY can be the key to success—providing that it is combined with the right personality. Benay Venuta, singer, actress and emcee, has just the right combination. In show business, where talent is at a premium, she has 20 years of experience packed to overflowing.

Her crowded and exciting career had its beginnings when, as a Hollywood high school youngster, she stepped into the ballet line at a local theater. From there she went to radio, musical comedy and film success. To many people, she is the only girl in the world who could follow Ethel Merman in a role on Broadway and give the box-office a shot in the arm.

Though she is better known in the East, where she starred in *Kiss the Boys Goodbye*, *By Jupiter* and *Anything Goes*, Benay actually started her radio career on the West Coast.

After spending a year studying at an exclusive finishing school in Geneva, Switzerland, a reversal in the family fortune called her back to San Francisco, where she became a night club singer and radio personality. Not content with only one job, Benay sang on KPO's *Who Cares* hour; and under another name she sold radio time to sponsors, wrote commercials, emceed and sang on another station. Phonograph records were her accompaniment, which should make her contender for first femme disc jockey honors.

Between her early radio days and her present *Keep Up With The Kids* show, Benay managed to star in numerous Broadway productions and headline such radio shows as Al Jolson's *Shell Chateau*, the *Benay Venuta Variety Hour* and *Duffy's Tavern*. Along with those, she was married to Armand Deutsch, film producer at RKO, is raising a family, and, incidentally, has made some appearances in summer stock, some recordings and several films!

Benay's experience added to her talent has made her an outstanding mistress of ceremonies for her new Mutual show, *Keep Up With The Kids*. This show is a quiz program with a child pitted against a parent in each round. In the star spot each week, some celebrity vies with a child for a prize which is donated to charity. Roddy McDowall and his father, Jimmy Gleason and his little grandson, Pat O'Brien and his boy, and Penny Singleton and her daughter are some of the parent-child combinations who have competed against each other.

Concurrent with her air show, Benay is busy with other jobs and hobbies. She recently completed a dramatic role in the new movie, *I, Jane Doe*, and her first album of records, *Benay Venuta and Her Record Gazette*, is ready for release. She has studied painting for ten years, in New York with Morris Kantor, and in Hollywood with Ernst von Leyden. When cover designs were being submitted for her new record album, Benay included one of her own anonymously. It was chosen as the best, and so the singer now holds the distinction of being the only artist to design and record her own album!

Most people, after realizing so many ambitions, would want a little rest. But accomplishment only spurs Benay on—now she has dreams of several stage revivals. Her friends get worn down watching her. She must be telling the truth when she says she has just too much energy.—Joan Buchanan.



A cautious bank teller in Hartford asked an Army veteran who wanted to cash a \$300 state bonus check for more identification than a driver's license.

Without a word, the vet removed his false teeth and displayed his name and Army serial number inscribed on them. The check was cashed without delay.

PORTRAIT of a PIONEER!

People and equipment and ideas banded to blaze a trail in ether . . .

by MEREDITH LAWRENCE

AFTER a night time broadcast blackout lasting 19 years, radio station WHB in Kansas City has resumed full-time operation, marking a bright new chapter in the fascinating story of this pace-making pioneer.

The station with Kansas City's oldest call letters, WHB, began broadcasting in April, 26 years ago. When Emory J. Sweeney decided to put a radio station on the tenth floor of the Sweeney Automotive and Electrical School, he wasn't looking for a new business enterprise. Radio was different. It was new. He decided to employ this means of communication to promote good will for the Sweeney School.

John T. Schilling, Henry Goldenberg, and Sam Adair were hired to build WHB's original 250-watt composite transmitter, and Schilling and "Goldie" took over as general manager and chief engineer, positions they hold to this day.

Within four months, a 500-watt Western Electric transmitter had replaced the earlier homemade one, and WHB was the finest and best equipped radio station in America!

Continuous broadcasting, as we now know it, was undreamed of, but when the station was on the air, diversity of programs was one of its big features. Morning hours were devoted to market news, which came

directly over private wire from the Bureau of Agricultural Economics in the Live Stock Exchange Building. News about weather and roads came from the Weather Bureau. The Commerce Trust Company supplied financial information, and time signals were obtained from Postal Telegraph.

On August 15, America's first radio staff orchestra did its initial broadcast; and so that everyone could hear the program, Sweeney installed loudspeakers in every public park in the city!

The psychology behind programming has altered considerably since those pioneering days. Today, Sundays and holidays call for a concentration of the best available talent; but in the early 1920's, they occasioned knocking off for the day. Saturday night was always silent.

Contrast this beginning policy with station and network activities in 1945, when President Roosevelt died. For three days, all commercial shows were cleared to make way for commentators. Every detail from the time of his death in Warm Springs, Georgia, to his burial at Hyde Park, New York, was relayed via the airwaves. Even the funeral ceremonies at the White House were broadcast. Yet when Warren G. Harding died in 1923, WHB remained silent the entire day of August 10 in respect to his memory.

In 1923, the station gained nationwide comment with America's first

all-night broadcast. With Ted Lewis and his orchestra on the program, WHB stayed on the air for 12 hours and 20 minutes. The unprecedented accomplishment occasioned several weak prophecies that someday radio stations might even stay on the air indefinitely.

WHB broadcast its second all-night program in 1924 to celebrate its second anniversary. The program started at 7:00 p.m. on Sunday and lasted until 8:35 the following morning, at that time the longest continuous broadcasting ever undertaken by any station—more than 13 hours!

Additional radio history was made on April 30 of the following year, when Kansas City was the source of a program which connected the Pacific Northwest and the Middle West for the first time. During the program, circuits were reversed and Portland, Oregon, served as the origination point. This was probably also the first instance of circuit reversal in American radio.

In the next five years, WHB gained a national reputation as the station where headliners began. It was headed for great things. But then the Sweeney fortunes ran into difficulties!

After a long and trying period, WHB's pioneer air rights and full time license were revoked. For two months it was off the air while its leaders fought to keep the license. In January of 1930, the studios moved to two small rooms in the Baltimore Hotel.

It was at this time that Charles R. Cook, president of the Cook Paint

and Varnish Company, decided to buy WHB and make it a Cook subsidiary corporation. Equipment of greater power was purchased and a 1,000-watt crystal controlled transmitter was installed, although the station was allowed to operate with only 500 watts power.

Entertainment and service features were expanded and improved, and a new program idea was developed, the informal, unplanned *Staff Frolic*. So popular did this prove that it ran for 4,000 consecutive programs.

The staff grew from 12 to 50, and through the years it developed a group of artists and writers now nationally known: Louise Wilcher, CBS organist in New York; Jimmy Atkins, of the Fred Waring show; the "Three Little Words," with Phil Spitalny; Jess Kirkpatrick of WGN; Count Basie, whose "Harlem Harmonies" were a WHB feature for two years; Harl Smith's Sun Valley Lodge orchestra; Goodman Ace, of *Easy Aces* fame; and dozens of others.

In 1931, after having handled the Cook account as account executive for the Loomis, Baxter, Davis & Whalen Advertising Agency, Donald Dwight Davis became president of WHB. Davis added feature after feature to the station's schedule. In the summer of 1931, the *Musical Clock* was launched. In February of 1932, the *Weatherman in Person* broadcasts were begun, the first such service of its kind on the air. The Northside Municipal Court broadcasts were begun in the same year, and later imitated in 26 other cities.

And in the summer of 1932, WHB moved into its Penthouse Studios atop

the Scarritt Building. By April, 1934, WHB had copped the second place *Variety* showmanship award, and by October of the same year, it had moved into first place.

In 1935, its application for 1,000 watts was approved, and WHB doubled its power. In 1936, WHB received the *Variety* Showmanship Award as the best part-time station in the country.

When the Mutual network expanded from coast to coast in December of 1936, WHB became its Kansas City outlet, bringing listeners a wider range of programs.

On its 15th birthday, WHB gave a gigantic party which lasted for a week, during which time downtown streets were decorated. There were balloon ascensions daily, with prizes attached, and a birthday ball attracted a record crowd of 15,000 people to the Municipal Auditorium.

Then came the war years, and WHB entered a new phase, dedicating itself to integrate a vital means of mass communication with the problems of war. Visitors were refused admittance to studios, guards were on constant duty at the transmitter, weather reports and *Man on the Street* interviews were discontinued. They were hectic days indeed! Typical of the whole period's service was the 18 solid hours of War Bond selling which was a one-day service on April 12, 1943.

After the war, all hands at the station pulled for the return of "full time," which was finally granted in June of 1946. Material and labor difficulties held up construction, and

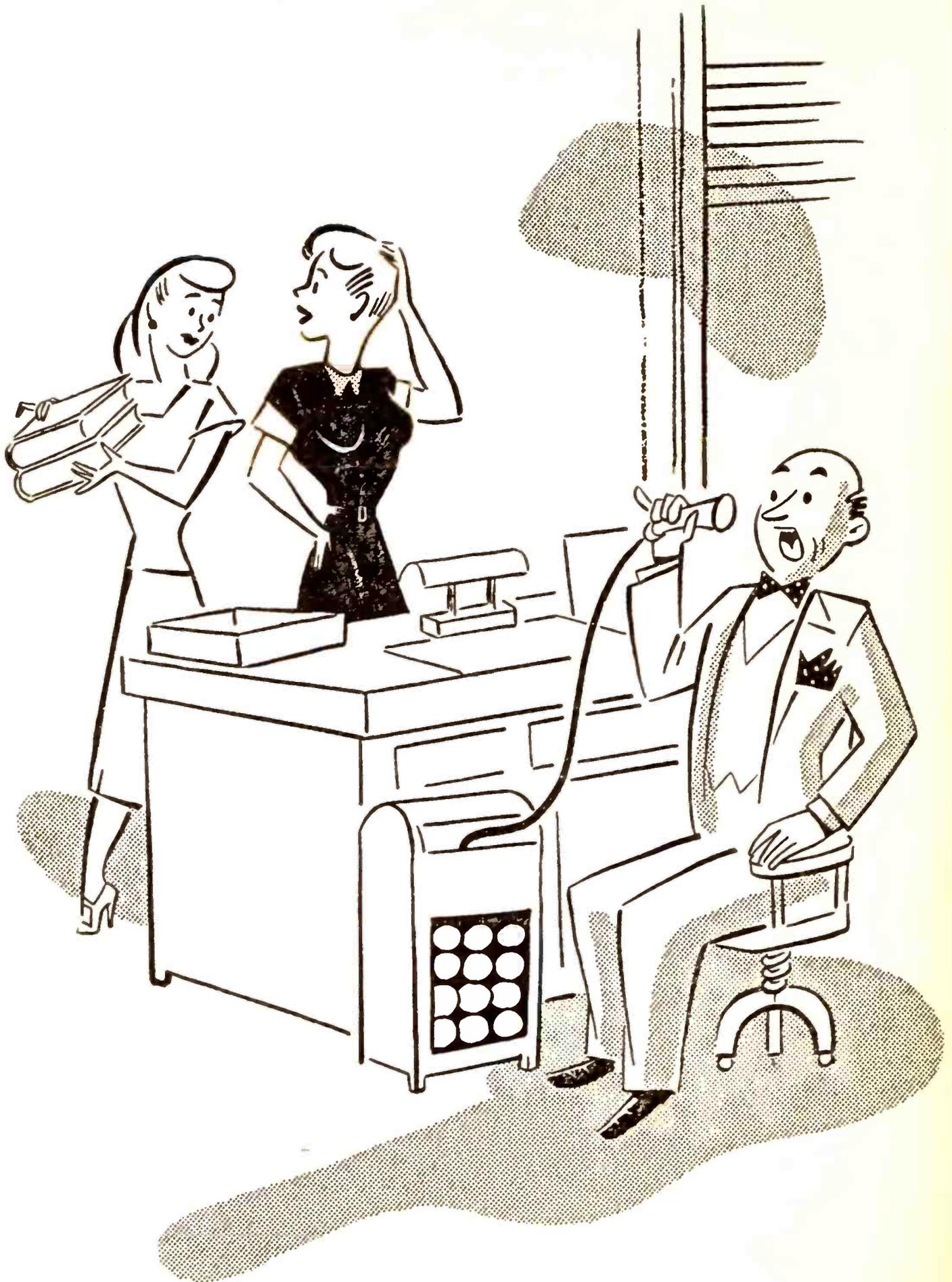
winter weather prevented steady progress.

But advances were made, and on May 30, 1948, WHB's new 10,000-watt transmitter was ready. In modern dress, the pioneer began broadcasting full time on a better frequency—710 kilocycles—with a voice 40 times stronger than the one which carried its original message in 1922.

WHB is proud of its accomplishments because they exemplify the true creative spirit—the will to progress, to advance a great medium of entertainment and information. WHB faces the future pledged to a continuance of the trail blazing which has made radio great!



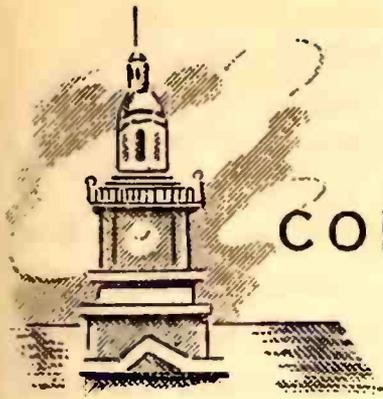
"The statements on this program are those of my sponsor, and do not necessarily reflect my own views."



"This is his week to be Gabriel Heatter!"

*From the land of the Liberty Bell come
the raucous, resonant sounds of freedom.*

by EVELYN NOLT



COME IN, PHILADELPHIA !

MR. AND MRS. AMERICAN VOTER, whether they live in Centerville, Iowa, or Halfway, Oregon, are cordially invited to attend the political conventions in Philadelphia again this year, by way of the Mutual affiliate on their radio dial.

The biggest news of 1948—barring an act of God, or a shift from “cold” to “hot” war—is the outcome of the Republican and Democratic conventions being held this month and next, respectively, in the City of Brotherly Love . . . where the elephants and donkeys gather to behave just like people.

In our ever-shrinking world, American political events take on an increasing importance to other nations, whether they look to us for aid or regard us as an object blocking the road to world conquest. Never before in the history of our democratic system has the outcome of the two party “sessions” been watched with such intense international interest.

All agencies interested in the transmission of news are on the alert to take full advantage of this world headline plum. The Mutual Broadcasting System, because of a more flexible daytime schedule than other major networks, has a primary rep-

ortorial advantage and is pressing to establish more. A special network is being set up within Philadelphia to furnish Mutual's 500 stations with complete and comprehensive coverage of the two conventions. Lines have already been installed, tying together the six hotels where delegates and candidates will be housed, Convention Hall, Mutual affiliate WIP, political headquarters, and Mutual's own control point. These are the most extensive and coordinated political coverage plans ever made by any network, and with these arrangements the entire city will be linked to Mutual's Master Control Unit. Not even the darkest horse will be able to evade the eagle eye of Mutual's mobile equipment—able to move instantly to any point in the city where news is breaking.

Dominating these sheer mechanics are men who know best how to utilize them. Supervising coverage operations in the Convention City for the world's largest network are A. A. Schecter, MBS vice president; Jack Paige, director of special events, and Milton Burgh, news director.

Forty-five of Mutual's top commentators will be on the job, originating their programs from Convention

Hall during these important weeks. Included are such radio personalities as Gabriel Heatter, Fulton Lewis, Jr., William L. Shirer, Henry J. Taylor, Bill Cunningham, Cedric Foster, Alvin Helfer, Cecil Brown, Henry La Cossitt, William Hillman, Albert L. Warner, Martha Deane and Robert F. Hurleigh.

Workroom operations will be divided between the network booth, located above the speaker's platform, its news-room at Convention Hall and its temporary regional headquarters at the Hotel Bellevue-Stratford. Round-the-clock news desks will be in operation, assembling, editing, collating the individual reports and operations of the network's reporters and commentators.

Organized for efficiency, Mutual's coverage is divided into five component parts, each of which has been designed to bring MBS listeners a vivid account of every moment and every activity within the great Hall. First, special microphones will be installed at delegates' headquarters and on the speakers' platform. Also, "traveling mikes" will be used for interview purposes. Second, a two-way "walkie-talkie" system will keep the corps of MBS correspondents on the convention floor in constant touch with master control. This means broadcasting plans can be altered instantly to keep pace with rapidly changing convention developments. Third, the telephone-teletype connections between convention headquarters, Mutual affiliate WIP and the network's New York headquarters, which has its own direct line contacts with the 500 affiliates, will permit in-

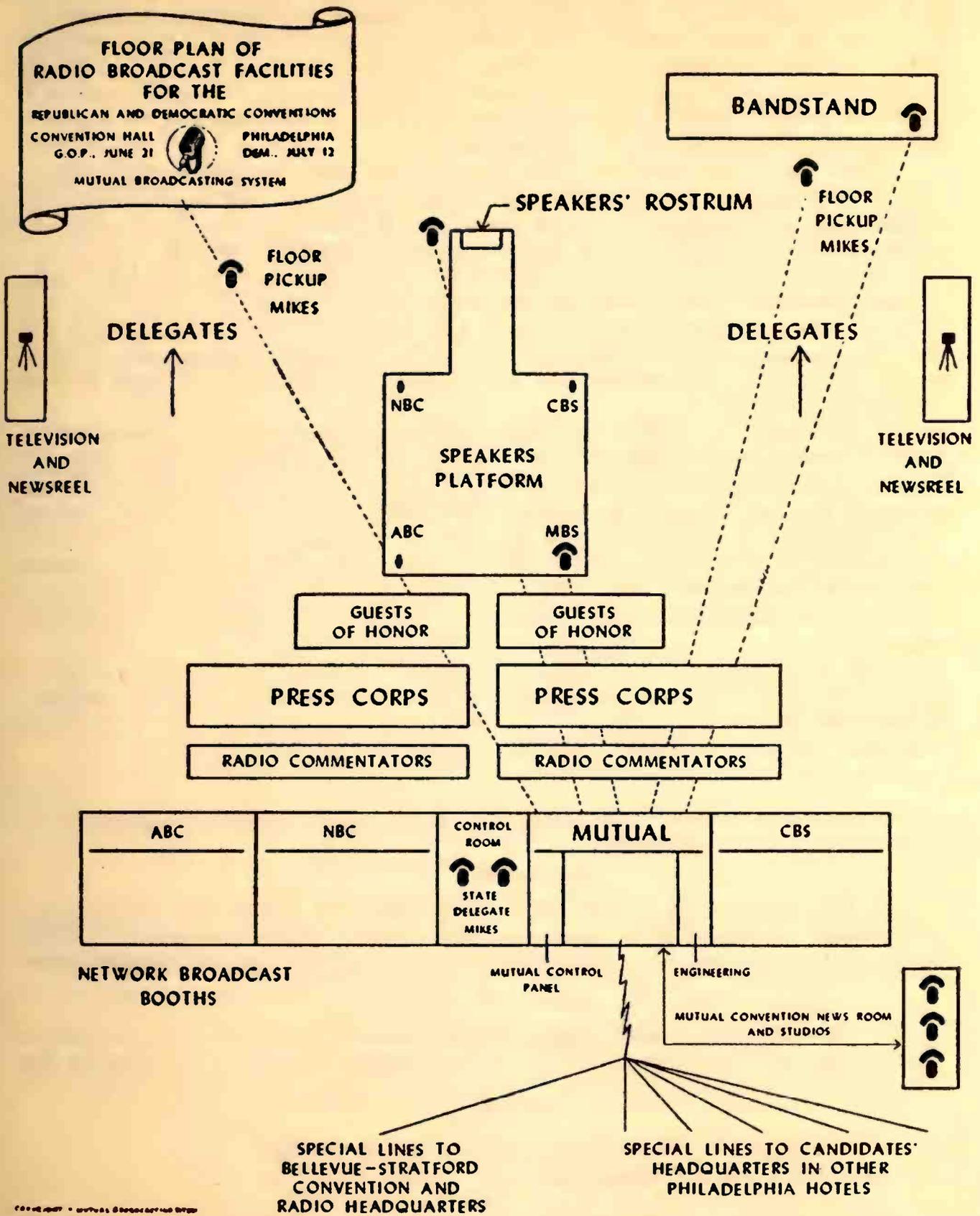
stantaneous service relays of messages to and from the convention site. In this manner, world, national or regional events which may have a bearing on convention meetings can be directed immediately to MBS officials to aid them in setting up their broadcasting format and plans.

Fourth, the network's regular staff of reporters and commentators will be augmented by newsmen from the network affiliates. These able men and women will cover the convention from the local angle, basing reports on their knowledge of local conditions and how these conditions influence delegate action.

And fifth, during these important weeks, all news and commentary program features on the network will originate from Convention Hall, right where much of the news will be made.

Every phase of Mutual's convention coverage, from engineering skill to top news reporting and analyzing, has been carefully planned and coordinated with one aim in mind—to bring as much of the color, protocol, excitement and news of the conventions as possible to every MBS listener. The Mutual Broadcasting System, the world's largest network, is ready to present the best political convention coverage in history to an audience stretching around the world.

Never before have the political conventions aroused so much interest here at home. The Republican Convention with its anticipated deadlocks and suspected dark-horses may top the excitement of the 1920 session. As for the Democratic Convention, anything can happen; and according to a few



party members, something had better! Any way you look at it, the Mutual Broadcasting System is all set to give

the arm-chair politicians from Maine to California the June and July of their lives!

Nesbitt Parades Past

ONE of radio's most refreshing personalities got his start through a bit of fast thinking and a slight distortion of facts. John Nesbitt so impressed a San Francisco station manager by flashing a sheaf of letters signed by such literary notables as George Bernard Shaw and Eugene O'Neill that he was hired on the spot as a producer-director. Nesbitt neglected to say the letters were the result of a very casual query on his part—in which he happened to mention fabulous sums for rights to the artists' works.

Since then, the voice of John Nesbitt has won the hearts of millions. His *Passing Parade*, (heard on WHB at 9:30 p.m., Monday through Friday) strikes a note of sympathy in every listener. It is proof that the small, ordinary things in life may be gripping entertainment if properly treated.

The commonplace affords material for powerful drama. To find some seemingly insignificant occurrence and show how its simplicity can warm the heart of every type of person is a rare gift. But John Nesbitt has it, and the tears and smiles which accompany his radio and movie series are shining proof. Hollywood has awarded him four Oscars, and his radio program gathers new listeners daily.

A lifetime is too short for most people to acquire an understanding of human nature, but in Nesbitt's case a good part was born with him. The rest was the result of his early vagabonding, which led him into many different walks of life and through a series of diversified experiences. After attending the University of California and St. Mary's College, his inquisitive nature guided him into canneries, coal yards and paper mills. He worked as a seaman, then became a church janitor. His fluid use of words and careful choice of them was developed during his days as a reporter for Seattle and Spokane papers.

But his most natural medium was radio. Through it he could reach the greatest number of people with what he had to say. Radio and his millions of listeners will never regret it. They will always be grateful for the glimpse that John Nesbitt has given them of the passing parade.



For the first time in history, the high cost of living has caught up with the cost of high living.



A G.I. asking for a loan was asked what his business was and gave the startling answer that he was a psychiatrist in a pottery factory. Further questioning drew out the information that he took care of the cracked pots.



A current gag in Yugoslavia reports that 95 percent of the people of that nation are for Marshall Tito — five percent for Tito and ninety for Marshall.



"A husband like yours must have been hard to find."

"He still is when I want him."



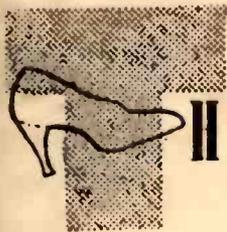
"So now you and your son are carrying on the business together?" asked one man of another.

"Not exactly, I run the business and my son does the carrying on."



"I want an explanation and I want the truth," stated the wife irately.

"Well, make up your mind," he snapped. "You can't have both!"



THE CINDERELLA SISTERS

A word, a creed, and two whopping Hoopers.

RAY MORGAN calls it "lag-niappe." You won't find it in any foreign language dictionary, but he claims it's a French word meaning "a bit of a bonus."

Whatever the origin of the word, Morgan's translation of it describes the two audience participation shows he presents every day over the Mutual network, *Queen for a Day* and *Heart's Desire*.

Ray, who has been called the "king of the box-tops," claims his lagniappe technique has worked wonders for him—first as a Ford agency man, and now as a radio producer. He says, "If you want to get, you should give. To have a friend, you must be a friend. Talk about people, not products." And this technique really has worked wonders for Ray Morgan.

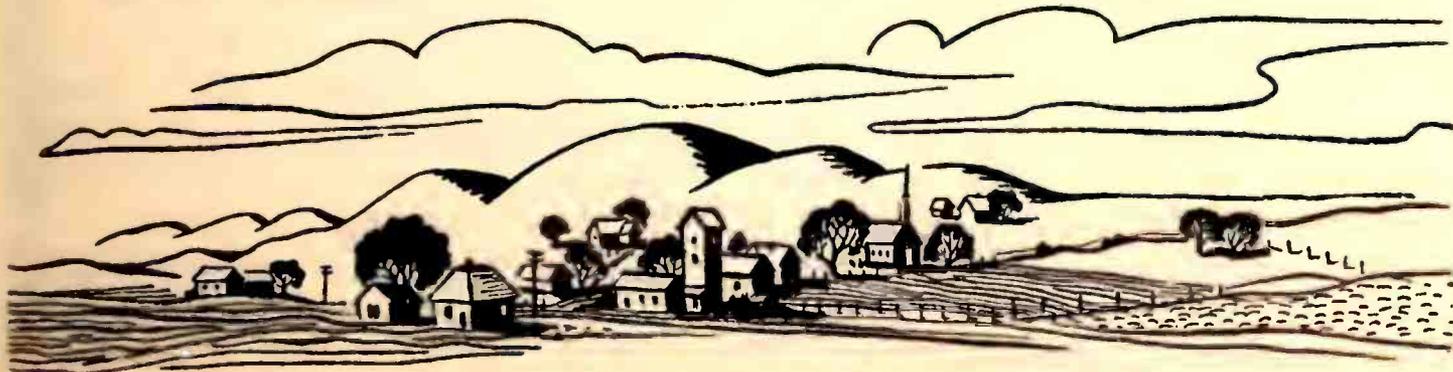
"If you want to get, you should give." That's the basic formula of the Cinderella program *Queen for a Day*. Every weekday for the past three years, the *Queen* program has

rewarded its prize winners handsomely and regally. Last April 30th the program celebrated its third air anniversary. In that time, according to Ray's statisticians, prizes valued at \$1,117,000 had been given away.

The second part of Ray's lagniappe credo is the basis for his *Heart's Desire* program: "To have a friend, you must be a friend." Every weekday this program fulfills the most heartfelt wishes of some person or persons throughout the country. Nine times out of ten, the request is made by a kind neighbor, an interested friend, a relative, someone other than the one who gets the "heart's desire."

And the third part of his lagniappe code, "talk about people, not products," he applies to himself in all his business dealings. When out with Ray Morgan, people notice he never discusses himself nor his radio operations. Those are his "products." Instead, he discusses those who like to see broadcasts, who like to partici-

"Heart's Desire" is heard on WHB, Monday through Friday at 10:30 a.m.
"Queen For A Day" is heard on WHB, Monday through Friday at 1:00 p.m.



pate in them, and be entertained by them.

Over a thousand women have directly benefited, through prizes, from the *Queen for a Day* program. Just to give an idea of the type of gifts these women have received, here's a breakdown by those same statisticians who compiled the figures for the third air anniversary—2,349 bouquets of roses, 287 radio-phonograph combinations, 116 electric ironers, 212 stoves, 178 vacuum cleaners, 374 table-lighter combinations, 162 coffee makers, 203 washing machines, 154 sets of aluminum ware, 901 blouses, 463 bottles of perfume, 489 pearl necklaces, 453 pairs of shoes and 523 cameras.

In addition, the magic Cinderella wand of *Queen for a Day* has made possible such sundry prizes as dancing lessons, night club parties, impressive jewelry, airplanes, a chinchilla coat and even a house with a lot to put it on. The largest single give-away jackpot ever received by any "Queen" was that won by Mrs. Edgar Parrett, of Shiprock, New Mexico, who was named "Mother-in-Law Queen" last March 5th and presented with \$35,000 worth of merchandise, including a new car and completely equipped trailer.

There's a much different approach for *Heart's Desire*, because for this program there are not many definite prizes. Each give-away item depends entirely on requests made by listeners. And therein lies a remarkable tale, for manufacturers have learned to look at *Heart's Desire* mail breakdowns as measures of what the American housewife wishes for most of

all. In the postwar year of 1946, diapers—a hard-to-get item—made the first 12 of the "most desired" list. The following year, 1947, they were off that list because manufacturers had been able to make supply meet demand.

Keeping in mind that *Heart's Desire* gifts are specifically requested, and are not give-aways in the strictest sense of the term as it applies to radio programming today, it is easy to see why manufacturers of household appliances and home items look to such a series to indicate "need" trends. For example, refrigerators were eighth on the list of requests in 1946. The following year they jumped to second place. As radios became more available, they moved from fourth place in 1946 to sixth place the following year. Diamond rings and wedding essentials were in greater demand in 1946 than 1947.

But material gifts are not the only things asked for on *Heart's Desire*. When the program was first broadcast two years ago, one request was for the means to unite a brother and sister separated for 30 years. One lived in Los Angeles, the other in St. Louis. *Heart's Desire* arranged transportation.

Only last March the program transported Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lamear and their household belongings from Bethel, Vermont, to a new home in Claggsville, Arkansas. Mr. Lamear was an invalid. As the only possible help for his condition, the doctor suggested a change of climate. The Lamears obtained a homestead site in the drier climate of Claggsville; and then the problem arose as to how to

move their household belongings, their pet goats, two horses and two dogs. Mrs. Lamear attempted to solve the problem by starting out in a covered wagon. Jack Frost clamped his talons on the Arkansas-bound wagon near Batavia, New York. A telegram was dispatched by the Mutual affiliate there, WBTA, to the *Heart's Desire* program. And before Mrs. Lamear had time to assay her position she found herself, the wagon, her pets and her household belongings packed into a huge truck-trailer which sped them on their way, 20th Century style this time, to Claggsville.

These two programs have also become successful television fare. Mutual-Don Lee in Los Angeles presents the video version in that particular area at the same time the network program is being heard from coast-to-coast.

Like many other successful radio programs, these two particularly reflect the early experiences of their originator. Ray Morgan's father, a flour salesman covering three Sierra Nevada mountain counties, seldom made more than \$150 a month. So, at an early age, Ray ventured into the business world selling magazines. One of the weeklies offered a Shetland pony to the boy who sold the most. Ray didn't win—but in the trying he amassed the tidy sum of \$800.

Finding that he liked business, he wrote the late Henry Ford, advising the motor magnate of his desire to become the Ford sales agent for Tuolumne County, California. A Ford representative advised Ray he could have the agency if he would buy two Fords immediately at a price of \$865 each, or \$1,730. Undaunted, Ray convinced the local bank of the idea's

WHAT ARTICLES have the greatest appeal to the American housewife? Here they are, in the order of her own preference.

These 12 items were most frequently requested from Mutual's *Heart's Desire* program during the past two years.

1946

1. Washing Machines
2. Watches
3. Bicycles
4. Radios
5. Stoves
6. Sewing Machines
7. Clothing (ensembles)
8. Refrigerators
9. Diamond Rings
10. Radio-phonographs
11. Vacation trips
12. Diapers

1947

1. Washing Machines
2. Refrigerators
3. Bicycles
4. Stoves
5. Watches
6. Radios
7. Sewing Machines
8. Clothing (ensembles)
9. Ice Boxes
10. Radio-phonographs
11. Vacation trips
12. Diamond Rings

soundness, received the additional \$900 in capital and went into business as an automobile distributor. He was 17 years old.

That Ford agency put Ray Morgan through a college course, majoring in economics, at the University of California in Berkeley. He was an unusual student, with his own business bringing him \$2,000 monthly. When he graduated, in 1917, his agency was selling 300 Fords a year. Then the Morgan luck experienced a change. He sold his Ford agency and opened

a Packard showroom in the San Joaquin Valley. Packard's switch to war production ended his agency business. When the United States entered World War I, Ray Morgan joined the Navy.

At the end of the war, Ray went to work for a San Francisco advertising agency. When he left the agency in 1926, he was a vice president. He then entered the radio set manufacturing business, but the competition, in those early days of pre-network radio, was too keen. So he returned to the advertising business, this time working for the Macmillan Petroleum Company in Los Angeles. He persuaded Raymond S. Macmillan, president of the concern, to build a 100-watt station to advertise Macmillan products. Thus station KMPC was born, with only one sponsor—Macmillan.

In 1929, the two Rays differed on sales policies, and Ray Morgan went seeking new fields. He found a not-too-vigorous advertising agency in Los Angeles, and interested them in the idea of presenting detective stories on the air. They did—with marked success.

Chandu, The Magician and *The Adventures of Detectives Black and Blue* were the first two program ventures. With *Chandu*, Ray originated the idea of giving away magic tricks to interested listeners. A kit for so many box tops, or in Ray's first particular venture, for five Beech-Nut gum wrappers. Kids of all ages by the tens of thousands learned how to chew—on Beech-Nut, of course. This was the beginning of the Morgan reign as "king of the box-tops."

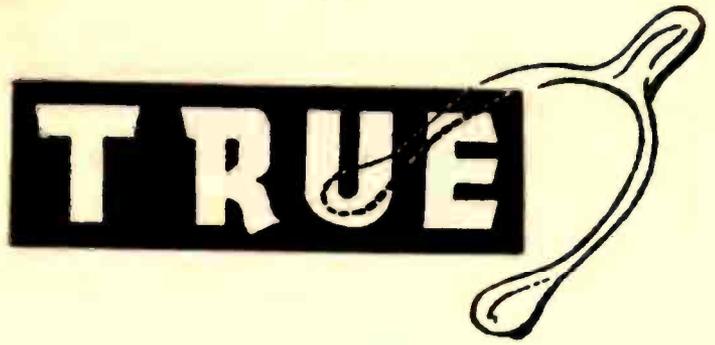
Other radio producers followed the Morgan line. But none could keep pace. For Ray Morgan always had new things to give away, new "gimmicks" to attract listener-interest.

In 1945 he turned his radio-programming thoughts to the housewife. "There are," he points out, "two infallible legends—Santa Claus and Cinderella." He decided to try the Cinderella legend first. "We'll pick one woman and give her anything she desires." It was to be expected that Ray Morgan's creative thinking would find an enthusiastic hearing from Phillips Carlin, Mutual vice president in charge of programs, whose many years in radio programming have never dimmed his appreciation of new ideas nor his willingness to test them. Thus was born, on the Mutual Broadcasting System in April, 1945, the top daytime program of today, *Queen For A Day*. A year later, *Heart's Desire* started, a program variant of the Cinderella theme.

But today, Raymond R. Morgan—who believes there is no handicap in this world that cannot be overcome by hard work and imagination—admits that Mother Nature "has gotten my goat a bit." He's trying to raise dates on his 2,000 acre ranch, Rancho dos Palms, located two and one-half miles from the Salton Sea and 250 feet below sea level. The climate is dry—too dry. During the summer the thermometer has reached 138 degrees, and it is real desert land. But Ray still feels he can raise dates there. And he will, too—if only he can handle Mother Nature as successfully as his other business ventures.

A better frequency, vastly increased power—night and day!

IT ALL CAME



by PAT DENNIHAN

IT'S a reality. Feet down in rich Missouri loam, head in the clouds, it is there to be seen—and heard!

WHB's 10,000-watt transmitter was by turns a dream, an idea, a plan, a hundred headaches. Now it is an actuality, beaming the voice of WHB across the depth and breadth of the Heart of America. It stands in the middle of 80 acres of scenic countryside 20 miles north of Kansas City, but is immeasurably separated by time and progress from that small room in which the first WHB signal was thrown out back in 1922. Those original 250 watts were destined to multiply. And the 20 x 20 foot cubicle containing the first composite transmitter on the tenth floor of the old Sweeney School, could fit into one corner of the basement on the present site.

The new transmitter is housed in a trim, attractive building with the station's call letters standing out boldly across the front. These letters are constructed of stainless steel, three feet high and six inches deep, in a modern design which symbolizes the improved and progressive WHB. The heart and brain of the powerful installation is the control console from which the completely modern RCA equipment is operated. The building also contains offices, a kitchen, engi-

neer's apartment, a spacious basement and garage. And because WHB is a resident of long standing in Kansas City and intends to remain so, the building is entirely fireproof, even to the doors and window sills. The construction is all of concrete, steel and brick.

The responsibility for shaping the original idea into a definite engineering plan lay with Henry Goldenberg, chief engineer of WHB. He helped build the original station and has given 26 years of service to it, except for a two year leave of absence at the University of Illinois.

Well qualified in his field, and of steady, amiable disposition, Goldenberg enjoys recounting problems the different phases of construction presented, recalling the hard work that was entailed, then looking out at the finished product. "It's worth it," he says, "but I've aged a year for every one of the new 10,000 watts!"

Applications for the operating grant had been filed with the Federal Communications Commission by WHB every year since 1932, but approval was long in coming. Choosing a site was difficult because the Civil Aeronautics Authority and the FCC had to be assured that the transmitter would meet their regulations and would not overrun its fixed bounda-

ries. A radio station transmitter cannot be built in the vicinity of an airport or air traffic lanes, which are usually ten miles wide. A site nearer Kansas City than the present one would have been hard to find because of the number of traffic lanes which project in all directions from the city.

In addition, FCC requirements necessitated a position which would protect other stations on the same frequency. Directional antennae had to cover the Kansas City area thoroughly, but could not extend too far east. Now, listeners in 120 counties of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska and Oklahoma can get clear reception from WHB with its ten to one increase in transmitter power.

Because coverage is much more efficient on the lower frequencies, the management worked with that in mind. A greater amount of people over a greater area are being served by WHB because it chose to forego construction until the 710 frequency could be obtained. An audience of 3,287,687 persons can now tune in to WHB over an area of 59,000 square miles.

After the FCC engineering standards had been met and approved in Washington, and the commission had notified all airports concerned, grading was started November 21, 1946. The 80 acres of land had to be levelled to insure equal tower heights. Three or four tractors and several bulldozers moved 80,000 cubic yards of dirt in the process of filling and leveling.

Power had to be obtained from Kansas City, and telephone lines which would carry the programs from the

studio out to the transmitter were set up—the 20 miles from Kansas City seemed longer than ever before. Since no city water was available, five wells were sunk before a sufficient supply was assured.

To make certain that there would be good ground connections, a 45-mile network of wire and copper strip was well distributed underground along the length of the towers.

Soon, the towers began to rise, mounting steadily day by day. Their construction is of triangular cross section, two feet on each side. They are guyed with steel cables, and stretch 350 feet straight up, presenting an impressive picture of power and strength. Neighbors couldn't live in a safer place—in case of a storm, the towers with their protective circuits are perfect lightning rods. The height of the towers, however, is not proportionate to the power of the station; the height is governed by the frequency of the station, and lower frequencies require higher towers.

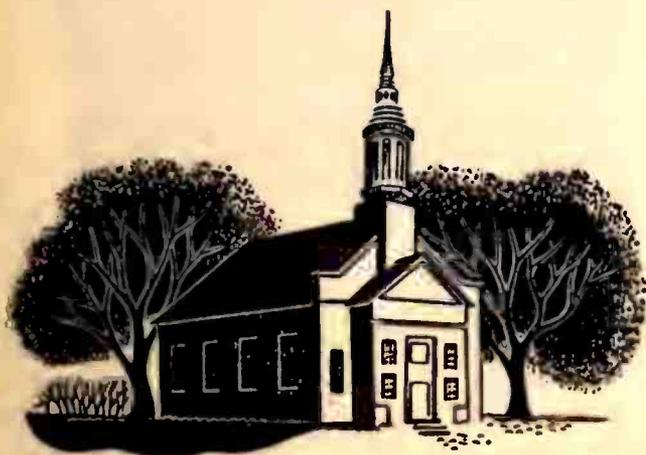
At the base of each tower is a "dog house" eight feet square, containing a conglomeration of copper coils and condensers which adjust the electrical circuits connected with the towers. Due to the fact that several new ideas for this equipment could not be handled by the larger manufacturers, it had to be fabricated locally.

Surrounding each tower base is a circular fence, 70 feet in diameter, over which the ground wires proceed above ground to the tower, thus eliminating variations in conductivity due to moisture conditions of the ground. This means better reception for all WHB listeners.

Power from the building to each of the towers, which are 460 feet apart, is carried through three miles of coaxial conductor, supported on posts six feet above the ground. Because of their position, the engineers are able to locate more easily the source of any trouble which might arise, thereby cutting lost air time to a minimum.

The transmission lines determined the exact position of the building. Since they were to enter the rear of a specific cabinet, the position of which was fixed, the workers who constructed the building had to erect it around that cabinet with a maximum tolerance of six inches.

Reasonably constant progress was made on the transmitter despite the time equipment manufacturers required for the changeover from war-time production. Indefinite delivery dates and scarcity of material made it necessary for the engineers to build many of the small hardware items and substitute equipment themselves. The air-cooled blower system for the transmitter was installed—this makes



available the large amounts of air which are delivered to the various components in such a short time.

Arrangements for auxiliary service were made. WHB's former transmitter is being moved to the new site for emergency use. A gas-driven power plant was installed in the basement to operate in the event that commercial power facilities failed. The entire transmitter can be operated indefinitely by the auxiliary plant, even to the tower lights. In case of trouble, it can be switched on immediately. Every precaution was taken to insure the most efficient kind of operation.

When the installation was complete, real work began, and the WHB engineering jeep came in for an overdose of rough usage. Since the FCC required extensive efficiency measurements, often at points located in mid-cornfield, the jeep was indispensable. In every kind of disagreeable weather, which the engineers facetiously described as inclement, 5,000 measurements were made within a radius of 30 miles, and in selected spots the distance stretched to several hundred miles. During five months, the jeep carried the engineers and measuring equipment a total of 10,000 long, bumpy miles.

Now that the last bolt is in place and the new equipment is bringing WHB to even more listeners, the staff is breathing much more easily. Replacing all the anxiety which was felt during the process of construction, the station looks forward confidently to many years of increasing success. With its new transmitter standing out as a symbol of progress, WHB strikes out again for the new and the better in broadcasting.



"Rest, plenty of liquids, and liberal doses of 'Queen for a Day'."

*It's nutty and noisy, but, as the
decibel-mongers point out, it's a living.*

This for Hire!

by TRUDGE WARREN

TOM MIX and Tony overtake a crack express train at 5:45 Central Standard Time. You believe it. Why? Mostly because an overworked, shirt-sleeved soundman is knocking himself out with coconut shells, recorded train noises, labored breathing and a whistle.

No doubt you marvel at the authenticity of many sounds which accompany the dialogue of your favorite radio program. Fibber McGee's closet may be emptying into the hall, or the wind may be rustling softly across a lake at midnight. But if the reproduction is true, the sound, action and words blend into a perfectly plausible whole.

The ingenuity and hard work which soundmen put behind a broadcast would be of no avail if the scene they create were not convincing. At the New York Sound Effects Department of the Mutual Broadcasting System, Al Schaffer, who makes noises for *The Shadow*, insists that the aim of all good soundmen is to prevent the listener from being aware of sound effects. If the effects are really good, the listener should ac-

tually see a fist fight, a boat, a train, or what have you.

As in anything else, if not placed within certain limits, sound effects can exceed good taste. Radio's drastic curtailment of brutality, violence and death has put a damper on the reproduction of such gory sounds as stabbing, blows to the head, and other extremes in radio shows. In the early days, sound effects men would drop an overripe melon on the floor to mimic a body landing from a great height, and thrust butcher knives into cabbages to get the effect of stabbings. Now, the technician gently thumps his hand on a sandbag when the script calls for a whack on the noggin, and grunts politely when he sustains a mortal knife wound.

Soundmen are not wild, unearthly creatures, but when emergencies arise—which is pretty often, in their work—some unusual maneuvers are required in order to copy various types of sounds. The odd assortment of wheels, bells, pistols and door buzzers which is their standard equipment might indicate deficiency in brain power to the layman; but actually

each technician undergoes an intensified training period which enables him to cope with almost any situation in the world of manufactured sounds.

Even so, there are times when they are stumped at sound reproduction. When such a predicament arises, they have to pack their wire and tape recorders and go out after the real thing.

On one recent occasion, soundman Ronnie Harper, who does *Behind The Front Page*, and Bill Hoffman, on *Nick Carter* and *Adventures Of Charlie Chan*, were faced with a problem which took them deep into Manhattan's crowded subways. Their file on subway sound effects was becoming dated and new sounds had to be added. Since nothing artificial was found to be suitable, they were forced to ride the rods. While one sat inside with recording equipment, the other had to balance himself between cars, clutching a microphone. The conductor questioned their sobriety; and the engineer, carried away by the prospect of being "on the radio," spoiled several cuts with excessive whistle-tooting.

The pride which sound effects men take in their work spurs them on to accomplish what would ordinarily be impossible. One director needed a continuous bee-buzz, but no matter what the crew offered him in recorded buzzes, he wasn't satisfied. Just as the supervisor was about to issue an ultimatum, six of his boys went into an emergency huddle and came up with a solution. Armed with "razoos" (which emit a full Bronx cheer when blown vigorously), they blew softly at the microphone, al-

ternating so they might catch their breath. When one fellow ran out of wind, he would back away slowly and another would move in. In that way, they succeeded in recording a 30-minute, continuous bee-buzz.

No matter what sound is required, the soundman considers it a challenge. He may have to reproduce the voice of a moon man, as one thoughtful fellow did by synchronizing the sound of a generator and a pop corn popper while shouting into a megaphone. At another time he presented conversation inside a diving bell 30 fathoms down, while spinning a slowed-down recording of teletype machines to get the effect of ship's engines.

In the noisemaking trade, a sense of humor is imperative. With horns tooting, whistles screeching and records buzzing day after day, soundmen would go daffy fast without the ability to laugh at themselves and their antics.

Jack Keane recalls that one of his toughest assignments was to manufacture the sound of the atomic bomb explosion immediately after Hiroshima. Everybody was trying to tell him what it might sound like, and no two versions were alike. Finally he locked himself in the recording library and grabbed all the noise he could lay hand to — cannon shots, earthquakes and tornadoes. In all, he used nine separate records and two turntables!

Hal Reid is the designer of a new electronic labor-saving device for sound effects. It is a great aid to men who are assigned to such many-sound programs as *True Detective Mysteries*, *Sherlock Holmes* and *Official De-*

pective. But Hal looks back with nostalgia on the good old days, remembering a time when the sound of a chariot race was needed for a program. The men went to Madison Square Garden, stopped the circus, set up equipment in the center of the ring and had the charioteers race around and around until they'd recorded exactly what was needed.

Soundmen knock themselves out to get desired effects—sometimes literally, as in the case of one who was a bit overzealous. The script called for the villain to ascend a steep stairway, stumble and fall. The soundman raced up a stepladder, hit his head on the low ceiling and fell to the studio floor—out like a light! Listeners said it was very authentic.

People make mistakes and soundmen are people, which occasionally works to their detriment, despite elaborate equipment and intensive training. During a courtroom scene, a technician was supposed to rap a gavel. When the cue came, he reached for the gavel, accidentally

bumped a recording switch and set off a train whistle. An alert actor won undying fame by shouting, "Who left the window open?"

And once, during a dramatization of Lincoln's assassination, the soundman's pistol jammed. Instantly he bashed a gigantic kettle drum which happened to be nearby, and its reverberating boom echoed from coast-to-coast. As the director sardonically observed when the show was safely off the air, that was the first time Lincoln had ever been assassinated by a cannon.

But those are exceptional incidents. By and large, the sounds coming from your speaker are just what they should be, carefully manufactured imitations of the real thing, blending into scene and action as easily and naturally as if they stemmed from it. In fact, as Al Shaffer points out, if they're particularly good sounds you won't notice them at all, nor be aware of the hours of toil and patience which go into their making.



SOON after assuming the role of *Sherlock Holmes*, John Stanley stopped to pass the time of day with John McDermott, doorman of the MBS broadcast theatre. "Sure, I like *Sherlock Holmes*," said McDermott, "and with reason enough. I had the pleasure of meeting and talking with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle during my days as a touring vaudevillean in Europe."

"That beats me," replied Stanley. "I never even came close to meeting Sir Arthur, much less to talking with him—and I was born in Baker Street, London."



During Mutual's Sunday afternoon *Juvenile Jury*, emcee Jack Barry told his young jurors of a mother whose eight-year-old daughter wanted the hemlines on her dresses lowered so that she, too, might enjoy the New Look.

Observed five-year-old Robin Morgan, "I can't see what's new about lowering hemlines. Isn't it true that mothers often let down their little boy's pants?"

Youth Shall Be Served

MUTUAL executives believe in the mail-boy-to-vice-president formula for success and have started many a lad on his way—although the boys are still a bit short of becoming vice-presidents.

So far, 13 boys who started as mail room clerks in Mutual's New York offices have found greener pastures in and out of the network. One has become a successful announcer. Four have joined advertising agencies in research, time buying and other roles. Another has moved from the mail room to the network's own program department as an assistant producer. Two young men are key statisticians today in the MBS research department. Two are engaged in the network's engineering department, where lie the myriad responsibilities for program traffic (coordination of programs and station linkages) and the scientific techniques involved in network broadcasting. Another has recently been named as an assistant to the network's television coordinator, vice-president E. P. H. James, and is responsible for the basic paper work in connection with the birth of Mutual's television network.

One of the young men chose news as his greener pasture—and is today a junior editor responsible for the coordination of news material from three wire-service facilities at the network's New York newsroom. And the thirteenth young man in the group has exchanged his white office coat for a reporter's desk in the Mutual press department.

Youth merits opportunity—and gets it at Mutual!



Fred Vandeventer and the MBS *Twenty Questions* panel arrived in Trenton, New Jersey, to receive a blue ribbon awarded the show for being the finest of its kind on the air, and to present that Saturday's broadcast from the state fair grounds.

As the red "On The Air" light flashed, the remote engineer said wistfully, "It would be nice if we had some sound effects for an opening." Just then a small herd of lowing cattle began moving through the grounds toward the broadcast enclosure.

"There you are," replied the engineer, "We always strive to please."



Guy Repp, actor on the *True Detective Mystery* dramas, was recently given a role calculated to confuse the most sanguine radio actor. Playing the part of a Frenchman from northern France and the part of a Frenchman from southern France on the same show had actor Repp literally talking to himself!



If John Weigel, announcer on *The Chicago Theatre of The Air*, ever decides to leave radio, he'll have a flourishing vocation to absorb his interest. Weigel owns an unusual cheese store featuring imported brands which are special favorites with all the "big cheeses" in the Windy City.



The auditor looked as only auditors *can*—at the expense account turned in by Bill Berns, Mutual's New York wire recorder reporter for Mutual *Newsreel*. "What's this item—suit cleaned and pressed, \$1.25? Are we covering receptions at the Waldorf?"

"No," explained Berns, "I got messed up 300 feet underground covering the construction of the tunnel between Brooklyn and New York."



"As soon as I realized it was a crooked business, I got out of it."
"How much?"—*Scandal Sheet*.

Meet

Miss Radio



House down, foats up, and enter Miss Rountree—smiling!

by ELAINE NEWLIN

LONG and lovely Martha Rountree, drawl and all, has chalked up a one point three cipher batting average in big league broadcasting. A large-eyed blond still in the glamorous part of her twenties, Martha masterminds two of radio's most sparkling shows, *Meet The Press* and *Leave It To The Girls*.

One of the very few women producers in radio, Martha got to the top fast; but she got there by hard work and lots of it. There was no Good Fairy around to touch her with a wand and christen her an unqualified success.

She did brief stints on several newspapers, began writing radio scripts, got a job soliciting business for an advertising agency, and finally opened an agency of her own. After handling a number of radio accounts, she established a production company in New York. There she cast talent, directed, supervised an engineering and technical staff, and personally "wrote and perpetrated" singing commercials.

It was in April of 1945 that the

first big program idea hit her. Looking it over, she decided it was something really new in radio, and worth a whirl. She would organize a feminine "roundtable of romance" featuring five of the nation's most glamorous and successful career girls. The girls must be witty, she decided; popular, happy and beautifully dressed. Then—as if that weren't enough—she threw in an additional requirement. To insure diversification in their advice on affairs of heart and home, each must represent a different type of thinking!

She foresaw the fact that men would come in for a lot of lambasting from her panel, but she didn't mind a bit. A career girl herself, she was all for the lady-folk having an inning. However, partly as a sop to male listeners, and partly because the masculine element is essential to romance, she made provision for one well-known man to be present on each broadcast in order to defend his sex.

Thus *Leave It To The Girls* was born. It burgeoned and bloomed. For more than two and a half years it originated in New York, and the loveliest career women in Gotham served on its "panel of sexperts."

"Leave It To The Girls" is heard on WHB, Friday at 7:30 p.m.

"Meet The Press" is heard on WHB, Friday at 9:00 p.m.

Maggie McNellis, Paula Stone, Austine Cassini, Madge Evans, Florence Pritchett, Robin Chandler and Eloise McElhone, barb-tongued "baby" of the group, were among the illustrious guest counsellors who raised general riot with their frequently scathing opinions of the male sex and their far from gentle advice to listeners with romantic problems.

In January of this year, *Leave It To The Girls* and Martha left for Hollywood, where some of the most glamorous of the West Coast career girls now sit in on the weekly sessions. Constance Bennett, Sylvia Sydney and Binnie Barnes comprise the permanent members of the show. Each week, a new guest star completes the panel. Actor George Brent has assumed the role of moderator-arbitrator—and don't think that isn't a job when the girls get going!

Although Martha Rountree has steered *Leave It To The Girls* with a light touch, her versatility of pace and interest is evidenced by the successful and widely acclaimed *Meet The Press*. Conducted as a bona fide press conference, each week an expert in government, politics, foreign policy or some currently spotlighted walk of life is literally put on the carpet by four trained newspaper men or women. This is radio's first regular series of press conferences and frequently previews national headlines.

Those who have been interviewed on *Meet The Press* include John L. Lewis, Harold E. Stassen, Senator Pepper, Harry Bridges, Robert Taft, Fiorello La Guardia and Thomas Dewey. If you've been wondering how Martha gets the "big shots" on her show—take the case of the late Senator Bilbo. After the Congressional investigation, the Gentleman from Mississippi was the target of a dozen radio producers. His answer was always a decided "No!" But Martha Rountree, whose soft Southern ways belie her strength of purpose, isn't one to take "no" for an answer. Tagging the Senator, she caught his attention, looked up at him with her bland blue eyes and said, "Now, Senator Bilbo, we Southerners have to stick together, don't we? You will appear on my show, now won't you, suh?" The Senator would and the Senator did!

Which probably explains better than anything how the little lady from Florida (who still talks with a deep Southern drawl, in spite of eight years residence in nervous New York) arrived in one of the top positions in radio. It also should make it clear that *Meet The Press* and *Leave It To The Girls* are just the beginning for lovely Martha Rountree, who not only has ideas, but knows how to put her ideas to work and make them pay off.

▲
 What's In A Name At Mutual: Win Elliot is quizmaster of *Quick As A Flash*; Roger Elliott is featured on *House of Mystery*; Elliott Lewis is an actor on various programs; and Fulton Lewis, Jr., is Mutual's Washington reporter on national affairs.

▲
 A six-year-old coming home from school said she had had a long conversation with the teacher. "Just what did you say," asked her mother. "I said 'uh-huh' twice!"—*Journal of Education*.



**. . . Kansas City's oldest call letters, provide
the brightest and best in radio entertainment!**

THERE is a new, a greater WHB in Kansas City, with increased technical facilities and a New Listen in programming. Pictured here is one corner of the completely modern building which houses the powerful 10,000-watt transmitter, and a section of the 350-foot tower which beams the voice of WHB across 120 counties of Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Iowa and Nebraska.

WHB is at a new position on your radio dial now, 710. This low frequency insures clear, interference-free coverage, and means that the excellent entertainment for which WHB is famous may be enjoyed by 3,287,687 listeners over a five-state area.

But best of all, WHB is on the air at night, as well as during the day, broadcasting bright, locally-produced programs and the finest Mutual network features.

So, for the best in radio fare, *night and day*, look for the New Listen! Swing your dial to 710!

MYSTERY *and* DRAMA



for the **WHOLE FAMILY**

Every Monday night at 7:00, CST, Les Tremayne becomes the con—suave, super-slueth of the airways.

Radio's toughest shamus is "Michael Shayne, Private Detective." The role was created by Brett Halliday and stars Jeff Chandler Monday evening at 9:00.

Wednesday at 7:30 p.m., Harry Norrell is featured in "High Adventure."

Benton Surkas takes his turn at entertaining WHB and Mutual listeners in "Racket Smashers," 8:30 p.m. Wednesday.

Don't let the smile fool you. That's Elliot Cooper of "Quiet Case," the eerie thriller aired Monday at 8:30 p.m.

Staats Cotsworth is the district attorney and Santos Ortega plays the title role in "Roger Kilgore, Public Defender." The authentic dramatizations are heard at 9:00 p.m. Tuesday.

Olga Druce produces "House of Mystery," much-kudoed children's drama, every Sunday afternoon at 3:00. That's "Mystery Man" Roger Elliott beside her.

Producer Jock McGregor gets the best out of Lon Clark and Charlotte Manson, who are heard at 5:30 p.m. Sunday in "Nick Carter, Master Detective."

As soft-voiced Charlie Chan, Santos Ortega solves crimes Monday night at 7:30.

"The Casebook of Gregory Hood," heard at 8:30 p.m. Tuesday, an intrigue and adventure series starring Elliott Lewis.

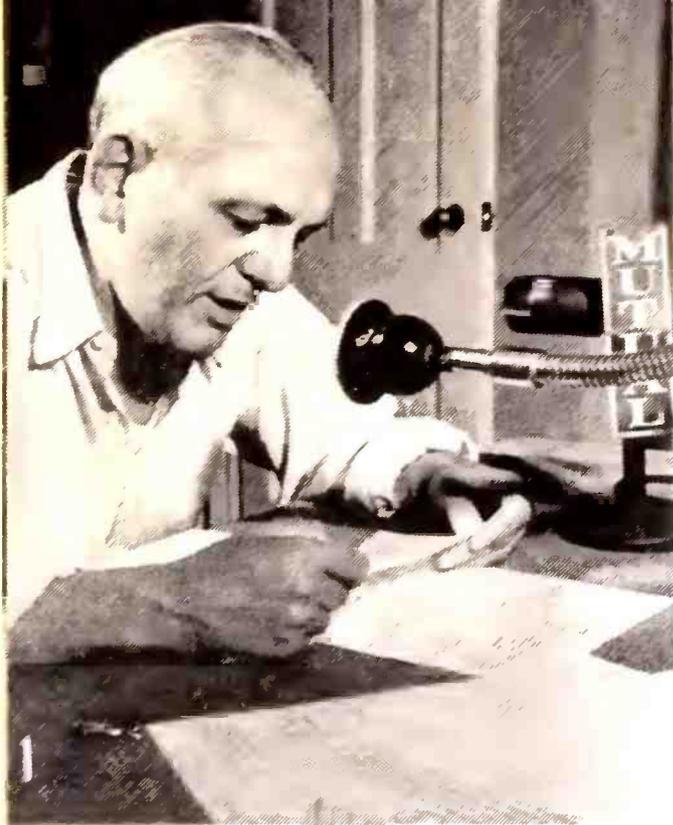
James Meighan plays Alan Drake, insurance company trouble-shooter, in "Special Agent," 10 p.m. Tuesday.

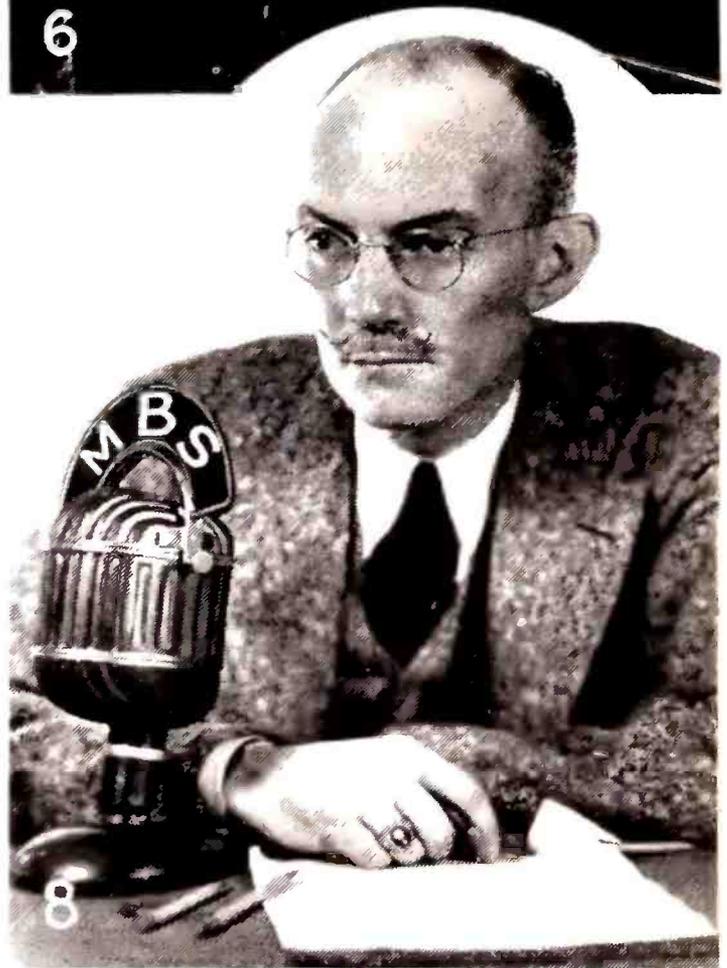


Complete NEWS Coverage

WHB's own capable news staff is augmented by a complete battery of top network analysts and commentators.

1. Six days a week, Sunday at 6:30 p.m., weekdays at 8:00 p.m. (CST), Gabriel Heatter broadcasts his exclusive news commentary direct from his home studio.
2. Mutual's hard-hitting Washington reporter, Fulton Lewis Jr., is heard Monday through Friday at 6:00 p.m.
3. Mrs. Robert A. Taft is being interviewed by the expert newsmen of "Meet The Press," which meets Friday evening at 9:00. Sitting in, producer Martha Rountree.
4. The engineer and producer of Mutual's Radio Newsreel recreate the news as it happens via tape recorder every week evening at 8:15 p.m.
5. Favorite of Sunday noon is William L. Shirer.
6. "The Human Side of the News" is the specialty of Edwi C. Hill, heard Monday through Friday at 6:55 p.m.
7. Henry J. Taylor presents his analysis of the news and answers to questions at 6:30 Monday and Friday evening.
8. Daytime listeners enjoy the deliberate style of Cedric Foster, reporting important happenings at 2:00 p.m. Monday through Friday.
9. Behind the scenes of "Behind the Front Page." All these people are required to present the Mutual show every Sunday evening at 6:00.
10. Bill Cunningham of the Boston "Globe" does a 1:30 p.m. stint at the MBS mike every Sunday, calling the shots as he sees them.





KIDS

have their Inning



1. Chuck Ramsey pulls more than a masquerade bunny (Joyce Ryan) out of the hat on *Captain Midnight*, for WHB and Mutual fans, every weekday at 5:30 p.m., CST.

2. At 5:45 p.m., Monday through Friday, there's a rip-roarin' western adventure with Curley Bradley, the Tom Mix of radio fame.

3. Emcee Jack Barry presents the canine guest to *Juvenile Jury*, in session Sunday afternoon at 2:30. From left to right: Charlie Hankinson, 6½; Robin Morgan, 6; Stevie Wolfgang, 6; Peggy Bruder, 10; and Dickie Orlan, 7.



4. It's a bird, it's a plane, it's Superman with Jackie Kelk cub photographer; Joan Alexander, "Lois Lane"; Jackson Beck, supporting actor, and Clayton Collyer who is "Superman."

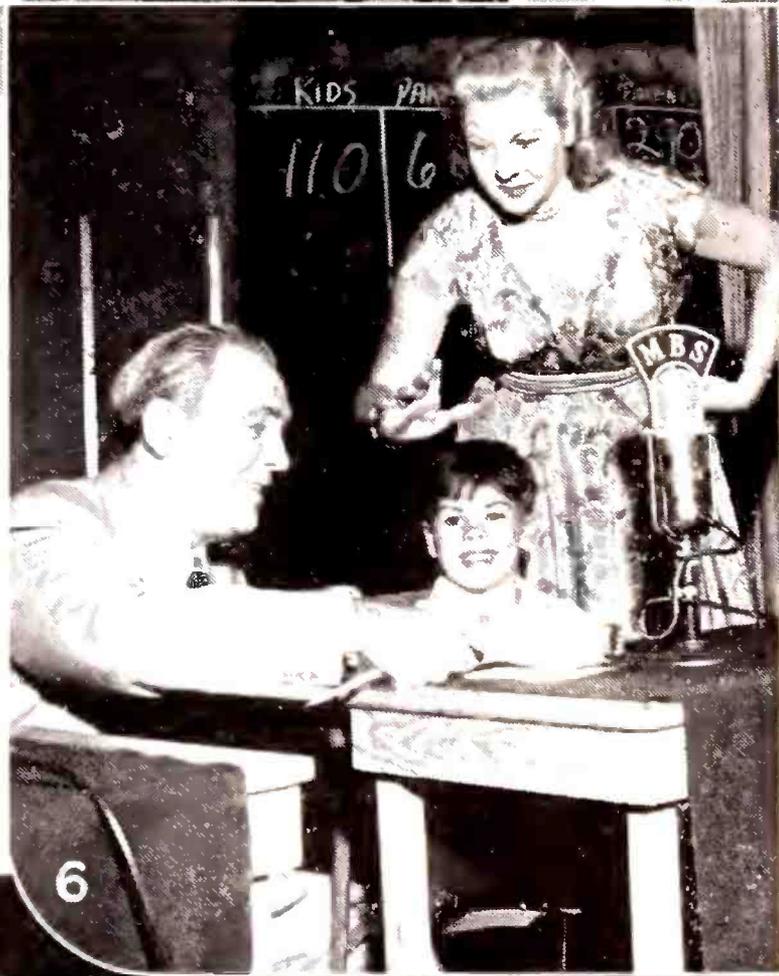
5. In real life, this piece of pulchritude is Marianne Bertrand. At 5:45 p.m., Monday through Friday, she's Jane, the youthful ward of Tom Mix.

6. Benay Venuta, mistress-of-ceremonies, welcomes screen star Pat O'Brien and his son Terry Kevin O'Brien to *Keep Up With the Kids*, heard on Saturday at 8 p.m.

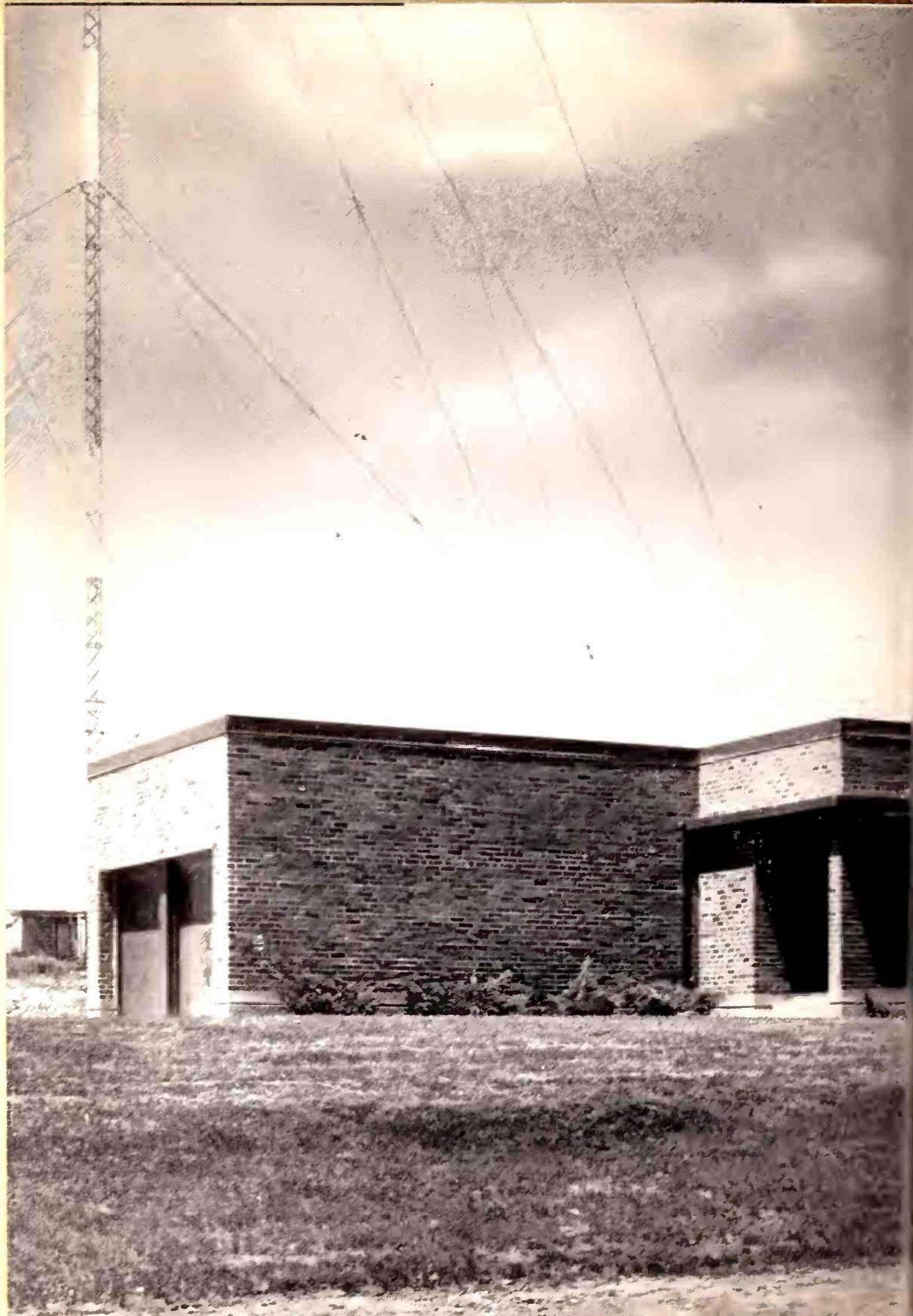
7. Here is a moment of passive meditation in the *Juvenile Jury* life of youthful Stevie Wolfgang.

8. As sharp as she is winsome 10-year old Peggy Bruder contributes charm and intelligence to *Juvenile Jury*.

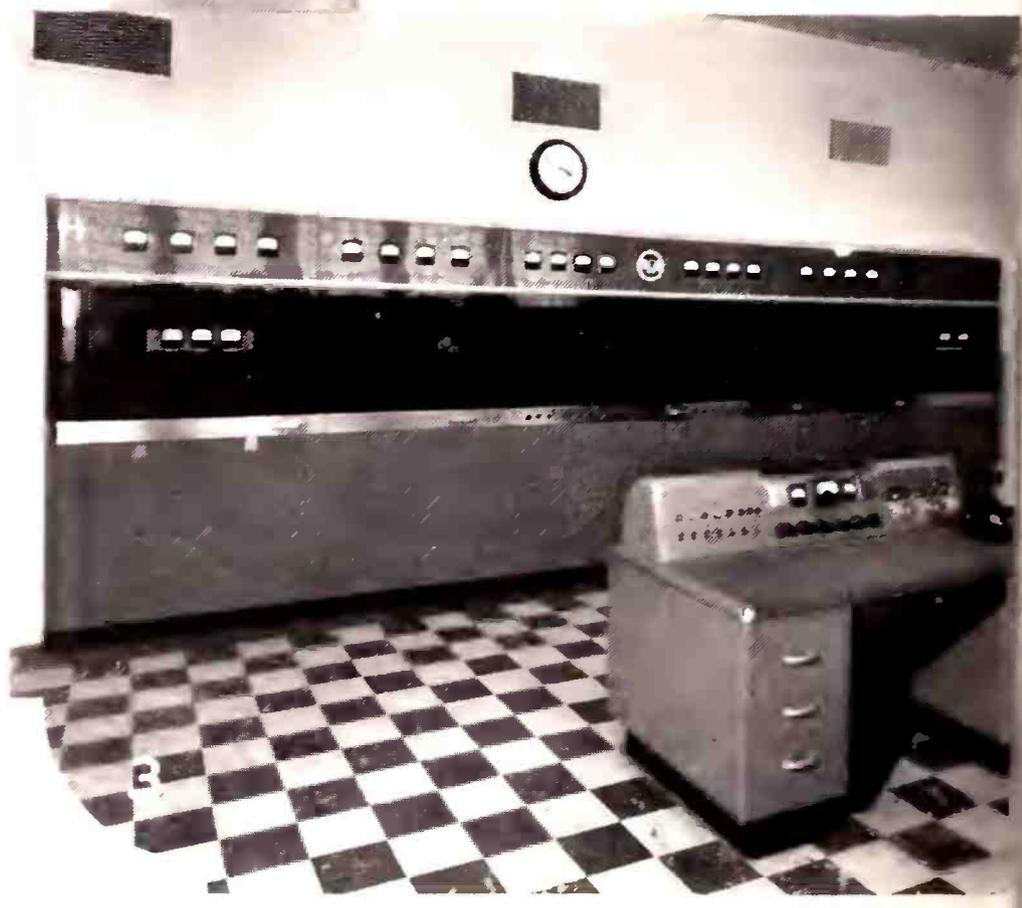
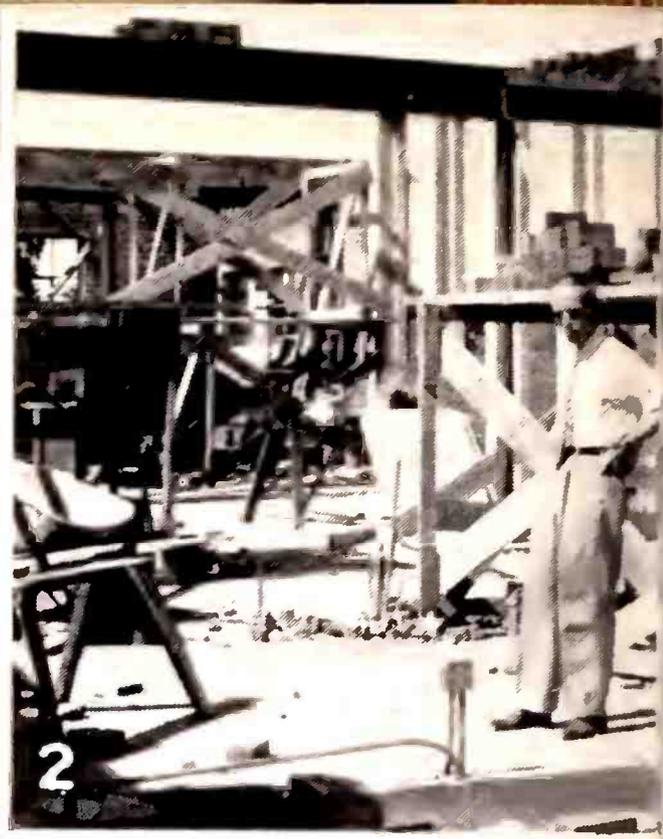
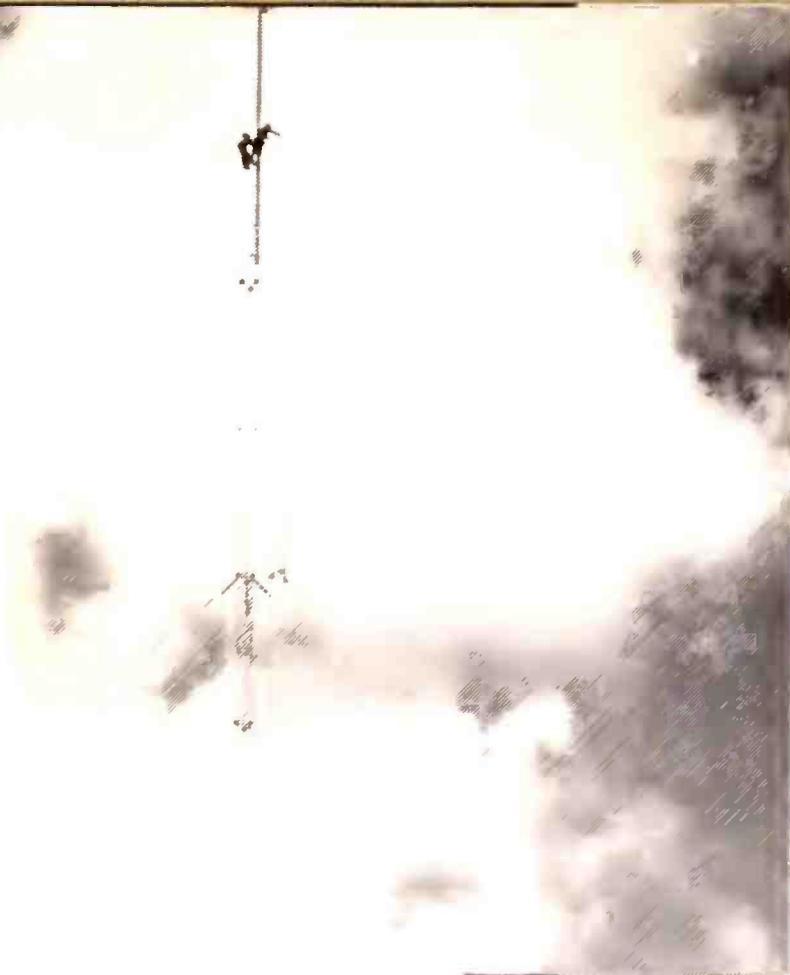




STEVIE 8 PEGGY







1. Riggers work 350 feet above the ground as the last section of tower is hoisted into place.

2. The transmitter building in early stages of construction.

3. Heart and nerve center of WHB's new 10,000-watt transmitter is this control console which operates the completely modern RCA equipment.

4. Electrical circuits are adjusted by condensers and coils contained in the brick "dog house" at the tower base.

5. Shortages of labor and material prevented rapid completion, but progress was reasonably steady. Excavation began November 21, 1946; and WHB took the air with 10,000 watts on its new frequency May 30, 1948.

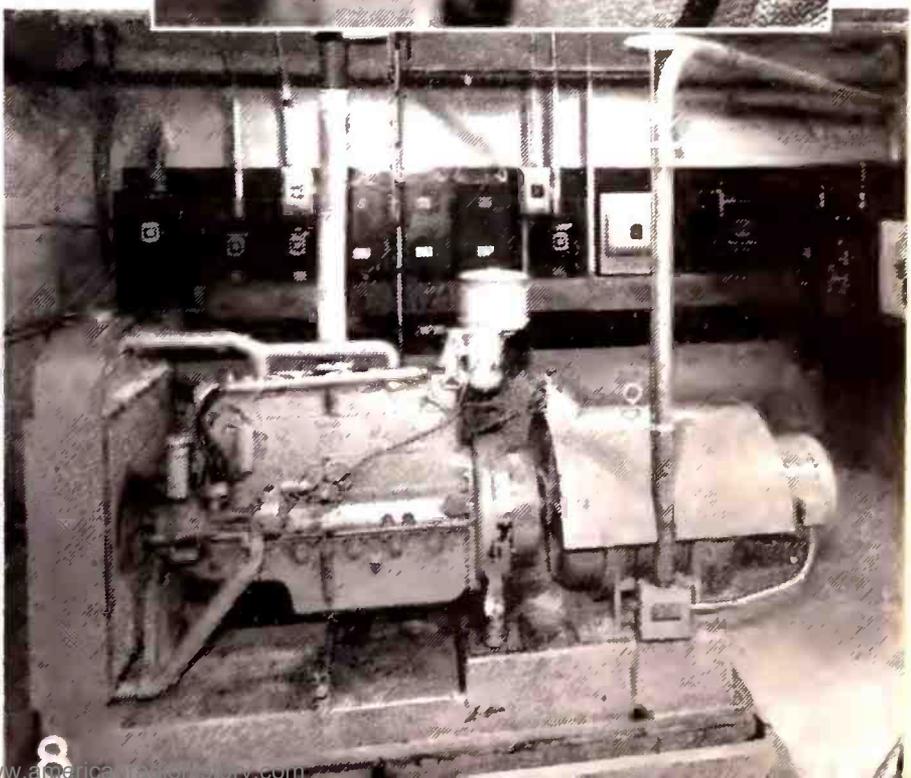
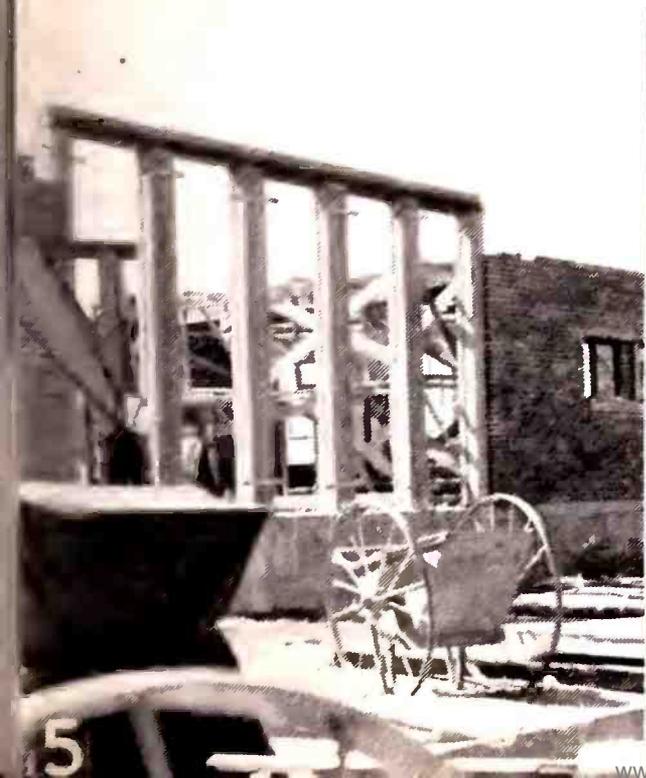
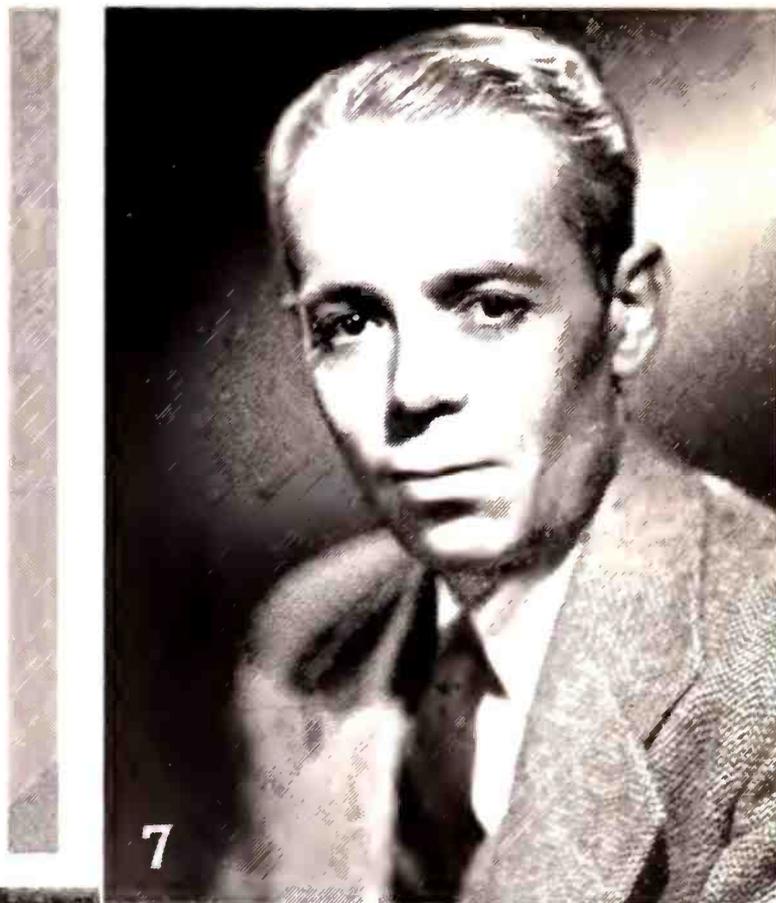
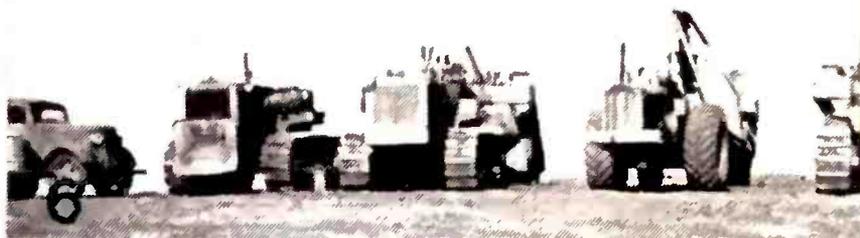
6. These machines and others moved 80,000 cubic yards of dirt before actual construction started.

7. In charge of installation was Henry Goldenberg, who helped build the original WHB transmitter in 1922, and has served as chief engineer of the station ever since.

8. In case of emergency, this gasoline-driven generator can supply power to keep WHB on the air indefinitely.

10,000 WATT

in Kansas City



EVERYBODY JOINS IN . . .



1. Eddie Dunn is quizmaster of the fast-moving "True or False," heard over WHB each Saturday at 5:30 p.m. (CST).

2. Emcee Bill Slater asks "Twenty Questions," Saturday evening at 7:00. Here New Jersey's Governor Driscoll joins the program's regular panel.

3. Autographs and solid singing are dispensed by Johnny Desmond on the Saturday morning "Teentimer Club" at 10:30.

4. "Take A Number" at 5:00 p.m. Saturday, suggests showmaster Bob Shepard.

5. Ralph Barnes and Jim Backus clown through rehearsal for a new summer show, soon to be heard over WHB.

6. During a broadcast of "Leave It To The Girls" at 7:30 p.m., Friday, Nigel Bruce pleads the case of the human male. But Sylvia Sydney, Joan Leslie and Binnie Barnes look unconvinced.

7. Lew Lehr is amazed, and so are the other mad characters whose Saturday evening "Stop Me If You've Heard This" blows tubes and generates smiles at 7:30.

8. Seated around "Alexander's Mediation Board" each Sunday at 7 p.m. are A. L. Alexander (third from left), and a distinguished panel.





5



6



7



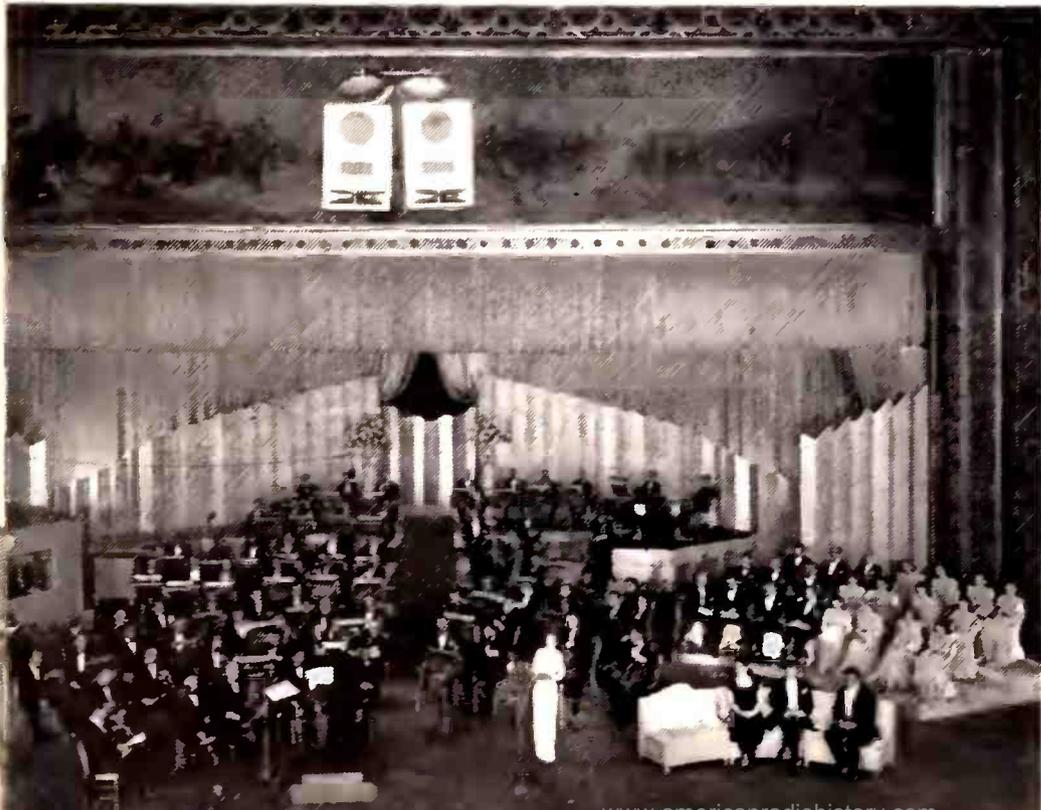
8

... and the fun is **MUTUAL!**

9. Henry La Cossitt sits in judgment as topical issues are tossed back and forth on "Opinion-Aire," at 9:00 p.m. on Wednesday.

10. Ladies fair provide ladies' fare on "Queen For A Day," heard Monday through Friday at 1:00 p.m.





710 for the NEW LISTEN

1. Kate Smith Speaks over WHB every morning at 11:00 (CST), Monday through Friday. With her is manager Ted Collins.
2. The joint jumps when bandleader Lionel Hampton gets loose on the skins. It happens at 8:30 p.m., Saturday.
3. Whistlin' Tex Beneke steps mikeside each Sunday evening at 10:00.
4. From this vast stage the *Chicago Theatre of the Air*, musical favorite of millions, broadcasts on Saturday at 9:00 p.m.
5. At 9:30 p.m., Monday through Friday, the drama of real life moves in review. Here is John Nesbitt, narrator and producer of the famous *Passing Parade*.
6. Goofy? You bet! Korn's A-Krackin' Saturday night at 10:00 with Flash and Whistler.
7. Jimmie Fidler scoops the film colony Sunday evening at 7:30.
8. *All Star Revue* presents crooner Andy Russell at 8:30 p.m., Thursday.
9. Laughs on the blue plate when you *Meet Me At Parky's* Sunday at 8:00 p.m.





1. Billy Rose, newspaperman, showman and entrepreneur, airs his highly entertaining *Pitching Horseshoes* over WHB at 7:55 p.m. (CST), Monday through Friday.

2. Lovely Martha Rountree is the originator of *Meet The Press* and *Leave It To The Girls*. (See page 41.)



3. A pair of Mutual's top daytime programs, *Heart's Desire* and *Quack For A Day*, are produced by Raymond R. Morgan. (See page 29.)

4. The president of the Mutual Broadcasting System, Edgar Kobak, revisits the record and points to the future in *Beyond the New Horizon*, page 7.



Pre-salad programming and promotion was part of the credo that a radio station is "people in action."

HANDSPRINGS DOWN



by M. H. "MOUSE" STRAIGHT

ONCE upon a time, back in WHB's Threadbare Thirties, Donald Dwight Davis dictated a sales letter. "We don't have the largest station in town," Don confessed to the Dictaphone, "and we don't have the greatest coverage, the best facilities or a network affiliation. We aren't even on the air at night. But give us your business and we'll turn handsprings down Main Street to sell merchandise!"

The first New York time-buyer who received this challenge probably grinned tolerantly and pitched the letter at the nearest wastebasket. But WHB had a large stock of letterheads and D. D. D. had a good signing arm. After a while, big time advertisers decided to risk the Kansas City daylighter. Seeking a quick escape if the experiment soured, they plastered their contracts with more riders than a rodeo. And then, to their surprise, they discovered that WHB performance excelled the Davis build-up. Those handsprings down Main Street sold goods!

WHB'ers were brash, brazen and loaded with confidence. Standard procedure was to bite off more than they could chew—and then swallow hard. For instance, when Georgie Porgie breakfast food came to town in 1931, there wasn't a single box of

the product in a Kansas City grocery store. No salesmen called on the trade. But Doc Hopkins and Cranberry Bill (he talked through his nose and panicked the kids) went on WHB's air for half an hour every morning and every afternoon, and within two days the grocers were crying for help and Georgie Porgie. By the score, they phoned Harrison 1161 to find out where they got the item, which was soon a staple on Kansas City store shelves.

There were two types of advertisers in this era. One group wanted to treat their customers to entertainment simply for the good will involved—"institutional," it was called. The other type saw in radio a new, hard-hitting medium which might double or triple the return from their advertising dollars. Only the latter group ever came to WHB. These adventuresome retailers—bless 'em!—were necessarily skeptical, cold-blooded and crafty. Their favorite stunt was to load a minute-and-a-half commercial with from five to ten "specials"—values offered "only if you mention this WHB program."

It put the station squarely on the spot: deliver or else! Happily, folks in droves bought these "test items," and WHB gradually won acceptance as a basic advertising medium.

"Shipwreck" Kelly fathered one WHB commercial success, and unwittingly brought a new program feature to the Kansas

City area. He was hired to sit on a flagpole at 12th and Grand, and WHB was signed to broadcast his progress three times a day by remote control. After Kelly broke his own world's record for en-



durance, he descended from his perch, but the remote control lines were still there—with the first month's rent paid. Since General Manager John Schilling hated to waste this investment, the "Voice of Kansas City" was born—the first sidewalk microphone broadcast in the Midwest, and one of the first in the country. Later moved over to Main Street for a clothing company sponsor, it drew scads of mail, and on a single test day, sold 20 fur coats.

Personal appearance shows of every kind were a part of the "handsprings down Main Street" formula. To Henry Goldenberg, WHB's chief engineer who supervised the remotes, it often seemed there were more shows outside the studios than in.

The *Jones Radio Revue* lured 1,400 people every noontime to the Jones Store auditorium. *The Weatherman*

in Person, first program of its kind in radio, was a daily broadcast direct from the office of A. M. Hamrick, chief government forecaster. The *Kansas City Kiddies' Revue* brought a carefully rehearsed crowd of youngsters to the air each Saturday morning from the Jenkins Music Company auditorium. And the famous Northside Municipal Court broadcasts were, for years, the talk of the town.

Even back in 1933, the radio industry was promotion-minded. Brochures, broadsides, booklets and ballyhoo tumbled off the presses in profusion to tell Business about the new way to sell. As an ex-advertising agency man and avid copywriter, Don Davis longed to get into the act. Only a slight matter of dollars and cents held him back. Then he conceived the idea of getting out a WHB Yearbook and selling it to WHB listeners—with extra copies for advertisers and prospects paid for from the proceeds. The result was a 64-page book, in black and silver, that set a new standard in its field. The listeners had a souvenir, the advertisers won a new look at an ambitious station, and Don had a chance to whet his editorial pen!

As might be expected, not all the ideas that rolled from WHB's mills turned out exactly as planned. Take the 14th anniversary celebration, for example. Dick Smith and Company went on the air one morning to announce that at two o'clock, balloons with dollar bills or theatre tickets tied to them would be dropped from the Scarritt Building roof, home of WHB's Penthouse Studios. By 1:30, the streets around the building were a sea of faces. Everybody had come

and brought his brother along. Then the first balloon was dropped, and there was a wild scramble. With visions of lawsuits and constabulary before their eyes, Messrs. Davis and Schilling called an abrupt halt to the celebration. Thereafter, every hour on the hour, balloons filled with nice, safe helium were released from the roof to carry their treasures to eager, but scattered, recipients.

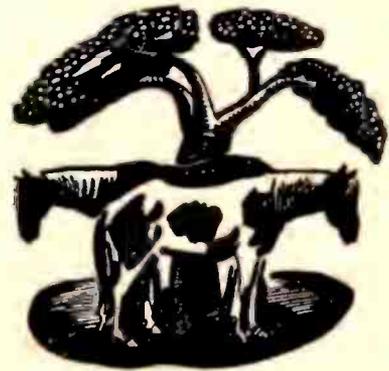
The biggest handspring of all was WHB's 15th Anniversary celebration, in 1937. Blazing an entirely new trail, as usual, the station took eight full-page ads in the old Kansas City Journal-Post during the Anniversary week. The climax was a big party in Municipal Auditorium, including a coast-to-coast, local talent origination for the Mutual Broadcasting System. Though it was advertised only on the air, the party drew a crowd of 15,000 cheering fans to the Auditorium, an all-time attendance record which still stands.

The charm of the old WHB was that listeners never knew what would happen next, so they stayed tuned in to find out. A parade of new and diverting personalities constantly trooped to the mike. Don and John pushed everything else aside to audition a new hillbilly act, just up from Brownsville . . . or a deep-voiced blues singer (sopranos were frowned upon) . . . or a talking mouse. The "finds" were tested on the daily *Staff Frolic*. If they clicked, they went on programs of their own, and later won sponsors.

This system produced Dr. Russell Pratt, the highest paid comedian to work for a local station; Jess Kirk-

patrick, the priceless mimic and ex-All America gridster; Mr. Dooly, who answered questions sent in by listeners after spending a whole day in research to learn the answers himself; Ed Meadows, whose *Meadows Beauty Forum* crusaded for feminine pulchritude, with demonstrations in the studio; and Cece Widdifield, who affected a French accent and brought in hundreds of sample requests for a local shampoo. Neither before nor since has there ever been such a colorful, delightful, mildly insane crew!

The sales staff's greatest handicap in those pioneering years was the fact that advertisers themselves rarely heard WHB programs. By the time they got home from their stores and offices in the evening, "local sunset" had drawn the curtain on the WHB broadcasting day. This was the motive for a long series of luncheon club shows, including the epic on the "Zilch Knee-Action Buttonhook" and



the tabloid musical comedy, *Nundination Is a Cinch*. ("Nundination," it developed, meant marketing.)

Individual commercial shows were promoted just as excitingly as the station as a whole. Air plugs, letters, posters and stunts focused attention on new attractions. One of the best was the astonisher whomped up by

Frank Barhydt for a World Series in the early 40's. It involved ten winsome, curvacious beauties, who separately called on the town's leading businessmen. "I'm Miss Jones," announced doll to receptionist, "and I've brought Mr. Nabob his World Series tickets." This immediately opened the door of the sanctum sanctorum, and the young lady handed over a pair of "armchair tickets" for the big event—via WHB!

But now WHB is a peanut-whistle

no longer. Its frequency and power have the New Look, its programming offers the New Listen, and Alma Mater can at last afford to get smug and complacent, waiting for orders to flood in over the transom.

Could be—but one gets you ten there will be no complacency, because WHB'ers can't live down these cobblestone callouses on their palms. The habit is ingrown. In the future, as in the past, they'll be turning hand-springs down Main Street!



Commendation

DURING a National Safety Campaign, Curley Bradley (the Tom Mix of radio fame), always a leader in nationwide child safety campaigns, devoted two weeks to stressing his favorite subject over the air. The last day of his campaign, as he waited to cross a street on his way to the studio, Bradley noticed a 10-year-old boy crossing against the light. He called the lad back, and the two crossed together when the light changed. Reaching the other side of the street, the boy said, "Give me your name, Mister. I want to send it to Tom Mix on the radio."



On the *Stop Me If You've Heard This* series, comedian Lew Lehr told the following as one of his favorite stories. A vaudevillean approached a booking agent with, "Say, I've got a terrific act! My dog plays the piano and my parrot sings opera."

Said the cynical agent, "Give with the proof."

The dog played. The parrot sang.

"Great! Terrific! Wonderful!" screamed the agent. "I'll get you \$5,000 a week!"

"But I only want \$300," said the actor.

"Why?" asked the agent.

"It's all a fake," replied the actor, bursting into tears. "The parrot doesn't sing at all. The dog's a ventriloquist."

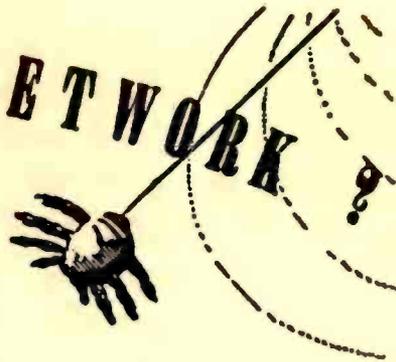


ACYNICAL reporter, new to the radio beat, entered the sanctum marked "MBS Press." "Pretty snappy numbers around here," he remarked, eyeing the chic young woman talking to the photo editor.

Approaching a busy worker, he started his conversation with, "Say, I'm Whooziz and I've heard a lot about some good looking dame named Rountree who's supposed to be producer of *Meet The Press* and *Leave It To The Girls*. I just want to prove to myself that's she's probably an overballyhooed camera-stopper. But before getting to that, tell me, who's the good looking dame talking to the photo editor?"

"That," the young network press agent said quietly, "is Martha Rountree."

SO YOU WANNA START A NETWORK?



There's more to a broadcast web than meets the ear—and all of it costs money!

by **E. M. JOHNSON**
Director of Engineering
Mutual Broadcasting System

[N case you are considering starting a network, you might be interested to know that just one item—wire line facilities—costs the Mutual Broadcasting System more than two million dollars a year!

Just what are wire line facilities? Contrary to popular belief, radio networks do not use radio to transmit programs from station to station—they use telephone wires, by the mile! Many hours of planning go into the methods in which these lines can be arranged to meet Mutual's requirements and at the same time provide the highest broadcast quality. Mutual, at present, uses over 25,000 miles of these lines, or more than enough to circle the globe, and the arrangement of each strand is as intricate and precise in pattern as if it were to make up a cloth of Chantilly lace.

Because there is more than one time zone in the country, it is necessary to provide a set-up of wire lines which is sufficiently flexible to meet any problem. For instance, the children's programs originate in New York between five and six p.m. If we were to feed the entire network simultaneously with these programs, they could be on the air in the West Coast region between two and three p.m.,

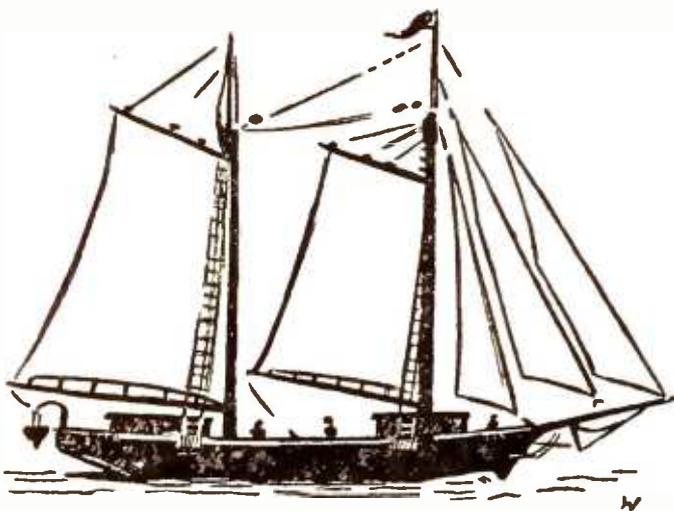
when the children are in school. Similarly, if we were to originate these programs in Los Angeles between five and six p.m. Los Angeles time, they would be broadcast in the East between eight and nine p.m., when the little dears are tucked away in bed.

Thus, we have divided our network of 500 plus stations into the various time zones. Under such an arrangement, it is possible for four separate programs to be fed simultaneously to the different time zones by using one key station in each time zone as an origination point. Begin to see now where those 25,000 miles of telephone wire are going? Not to mention the two million dollars?

Still interested in starting your network? Well, let's take up the three principal segments of Mutual's Engineering Department. You, too, must have one, you know. They are the Traffic Division, the Facilities Division, and the Plans and Allocations Division. We have already mentioned, in part, the permanent line facilities of the network, which is the operational function of the Traffic Division. Another important problem of the engineers is to see that the proper program goes to the right stations at the right time. To get *Queen For A*

Day with his coffee instead of Fulton Lewis, Jr., can be disconcerting to the most generous-minded listener. This routing of programs is accomplished not only by ordering facilities from the telephone company, but by supervising installation to assure smooth production. Sometimes, however, things don't work out for one reason or another.

Ted Husing, famous sports authority, was, for example, scheduled to do a series of football broadcasts over Mutual, his first "free-lance" assignment after he resigned from CBS. Another sports announcer, Red Barber, took over Husing's CBS post, and that network, too, was scheduled to air the football games. Everything went along fine on this particular Saturday, until late in the first quarter when a supervisor for A. T. and T. walked into their control room, and on discovering Husing on MBS and Barber on CBS, decided someone had mixed things up, and promptly



switched them! A few minutes and hundreds of telephone calls later, the broadcasters were back on the right networks, thanks to the Traffic Division.

Also part of the Traffic Division is the Wire Communications Section, which handles the voluminous teletype, telegraph and cable traffic to and from Mutual. This section transmits nearly a million words a month, quite a figure when you consider that a good sized novel contains about 80,000 words.

The Facilities Division handles the supervision of Mutual's studios and theatres, ticket distribution, and maintenance of these facilities — a herculean task in itself. Each week, an average of 32,000 tickets to broadcasts are issued. Control of audiences must be maintained while the program is on the air, and upon completion of a program, the theatre must be emptied and preparation made for the next show, which may be on the air in less than an hour. Iodine and its application would seem to be far removed from the labor of the knights of the sextant, but not from those of radio engineers in the Facilities Division. Turned ankles are their specialty, accidents peculiar to radio broadcast goers, derived from dashes for seats closer to Win Elliot at *Quick As A Flash* or any other "audience" show.

Another more pleasant assignment under the supervision of the Facilities Division is that (for a better definition) of keeping the client happy. This is done by providing the proper technical equipment and stage props required for the presentation of his programs, with mirrors and a pinch of Hindu magic. After a little of that theatre repair is a problem taken in easy stride.

(Continued on page 79)

by IRENE O'CONNELL

Man Behind
the Mike



Behind the
Footlights

Whether the audience be vast or intimate, Dud Williamson's show is sock entertainment.

VAUDEVILLE is vaudeville—radio is radio, and never the twain shall meet, except in a showman named Dud Williamson, who is equally at home behind the footlights or a mike. He has brought the two together but successfully by way of a Mutual-Don Lee radio show called *What's The Name Of That Song?*

Two years ago, *Radio Life* voted the then new program most likely to remain—in radio, that is. The astute judges had no way of knowing *What's The Name Of That Song?* would become not only a coast-to-coast radio feature, with a West Coast repeat broadcast, but also one of the few radio shows capable of holding its own in the theatre. The reason for this versatility is Dud Williamson.

Born in the Klondike, Williamson was handling his own sluice box and pans by the age of five. When Dud's family moved from Alaska to Seattle, he moved into show business by way of hating apple picking. Needing some pocket money, he joined the neighborhood apple picking gang for about 40 cents worth, just enough to

convince him there were easier ways to earn money. Some fast talk persuaded a theatre manager he could sing—and this constituted Dud's first show booking. After several starts and stops, including a stint in San Francisco when he exchanged work at a gas station for meals, he finally caught on in the entertainment business and made the complete Coast circuit for Fanchon and Marco in a song-and-dance act.

Back in Frisco, Dud started his radio career as an announcer, took a fling at the advertising agency business, and returned to Seattle to manage a station there. In Seattle he came up with the idea of *What's The Name Of That Song?* known around the studio, and hereafter in this article, as *Song*. Within a year after its network debut, *Song* became one of Mutual's strongest entries in the "Hooper Derby" and as the mail-swamped clerks at KHJ can testify, the program has one of the strongest mail pulls in radio.

In case you haven't heard *Song*, here's how it works. Five or six par-

"What's the Name of That Song?" is heard on WHB, Saturday at 6:30 p.m.

ticipants are chosen at random from the audience. Dud Williamson briefly asks each contestant his name, home address and occupation in such a way as to soothe the nervous individual and put him at ease. Then the piano duo, Lou Maury and Frank Leihntner, plays three numbers . . . one after the other. The contestant is asked to name all three—one song title correct receives \$5; two, \$15; three, \$30. If the contestant succeeds, he is requested to sing one of the songs he identified. A jackpot question is made available to the rest of the audience.

When radio shows take to the stage, they too often fall flat on their gag-lines, with the possible exception of what broadcasters refer to as the "Big Ten." But when *Song* hesitantly accepted a week's engagement in San Francisco's Golden Gate Theatre, the show was held over two weeks, which in itself is an almost unheard of procedure, and the theatre manager reported to New York: "It's a wonderful stage feature. The laughs are terrific and as a featured show it could play anywhere in the world." Which from a theatre manager is praise a la mode.

Thanks to his early vaudeville experience, Dud finds playing his programs behind the footlights easier than before the mike, even though a week's engagement means four shows a day for five days and five shows for two days—a total of 30 shows. For one thing, Dud says, the pressure's off. A vaudeville act is allotted so much stage time, that's true, but if you're a couple of minutes over or under, nobody cares. In radio, it's 29:30 on the nose, or else. For another,

you can "work the show." Dead spots, an anathema to broadcasters, don't bother the stage artist a bit. Since radio appeals to the ear only, silence is the quickest interest-killer. But on stage, if a contestant doesn't answer right away, the emcee can wait. For laughs, he can pull a dozen sight gags that would be completely lost over the air.



And perhaps most important, according to Dud, on stage you can see immediately how the audience reacts. Then, if the show's not moving the way it should, tactics can be changed then and there. On the air, all you can do is pray and wait for the mail response, which means a week goes by before you know whether or not, as far as your listeners are concerned, you did a good show.

Oddly enough, the very things which make the stage show easier for Dud, as an emcee, make it tougher on his contestants. Those who go on stage with him are always far more nervous than those who appear with him at the mike. There are 3,500 people in a vaudeville house, the contestants are panicked by the sea of faces. At a broadcast the 300-seat

house appears a cozy little group by comparison. Participants forget the millions listening to them, and along with the millions—their panic.

At one stage show, for instance, a contestant became so frightened she started to faint. Luckily, she made an off-stage recovery, came back before the act was over and finished her routine. For her courage, the audience gave her a tremendous ovation. Dud has never had anything like this happen on the air.

As far as audience reaction itself goes, Dud finds people are pretty much the same whether they come gratis or pay \$1.50 for an evening's entertainment at a theatre. Both audiences want to see the contestants win, with one important exception. The minute a contestant starts acting the comedian, the audience freezes on him, won't applaud and wants him to lose.

As every actor who has appeared before a mike or behind the footlights knows, it takes a completely different technique to satisfy a stage audience. It can't be done by voice alone. The audience is small in a studio, close enough to the performer to see every little detail. In a theatre, the audience is large, most of the people sit much farther away from the stage. The actor has to compensate for this distance. If he doesn't, the show goes dead no matter how brilliant it is to the first six rows. Theatre managers believe this is the reason radio shows with terrific air appeal often lay eggs when they're put on the vaudeville circuit.

For his stage shows, Dud makes up three different sets of songs, rehearses

them once with the theatre orchestra, then rotates the sets among his daily shows. On the air, of course, there's a different set of songs each week. Once, in an effort to make the question easy, Dud selected three carols for a Christmas broadcast and the jackpot contestant not only didn't recognize *Adeste Fidelis*, but insisted he'd never heard it.

According to Dud, there's nothing to the talk among radio critics of studio audiences that "nothing can be *that* funny," that radio shows get laughs only because the audience pays nothing for its tickets. Dud finds both audiences equally receptive and equally willing to give with the "ha, ha" if the lines warrant it, whether the onlookers get their tickets for the asking, or pay top theatre prices for them.

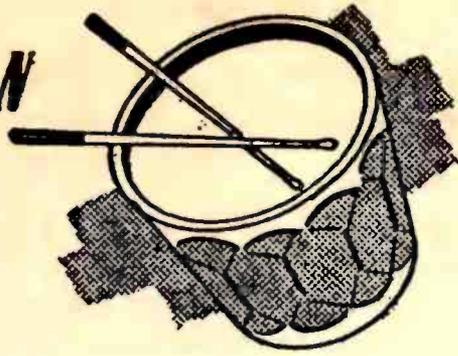
But the biggest enjoyment Dud Williamson gets from his vaudeville shows is from the people who come to see him backstage after he's finished his act. From their reactions, he's convinced there's no prototype for any given voice. Each one expresses a different opinion of how he imagined Dud looked from listening to *What's The Name Of That Song?* And to Dud's relief, not one of them has been disappointed. "Outwardly, anyway," he says. "That is, I'd hate to think they *all* played poker."

What's Dud's wish upon a star? You've guessed it—to keep his combine of radio-vaudeville going successfully. From the Hooperating of Song and the theatre reception wherever the show appears—it looks like Dud Williamson's wish is a "natural."



"But, darling, must you put Mrs. Skidmore's appendix ahead of Cedric Foster?"

GENERATION



of PIPERS

*The story of Mr. P. A., typewriter toreador
whose favorite kin are press relations.*

by JIM O'BRYON

Director of Press
Mutual Broadcasting System

THE sky was blue, the sun shone, and the seats in the Coliseum were empty. The emperor Caligula felt a deep sense of betrayal—after all, the show *was* good. The performers who ate and the performers who were eaten attended to their acts with astonishing reality. But—a problem, those empty seats!

Caligula tugged at his toga, tickled his left tibia and came up with an idea worthy of the imperial purple; he would throw not one, but entire mobs of Christians to the Nubian lions. Up would go the flagging Hooper of the Circus Maximus and Rome would again hail him as her greatest showman!

There you have the father of modern press agency, although some insist the honors belong to Moses, of the Red Sea incident, who had more than one gag up his venerable sleeve and is still making space.

Less gory than Caligula's brain-torm but just as effective on modern day Hooperatings are the drum beating efforts behind almost every radio

show. Even glamorous personalities are apt to be pretty ordinary in their copy-making potentialities. The same thing goes for radio programs. Their natural headline qualities are soon exhausted. This is where the over-worked press agent steps in with a "terrific" idea for that limited space in a newspaper or magazine.

The press-agent, after communing with his muse (usually found at Joe's Place down the street), labors and brings forth amazing "ideas" designed to beguile the editor into giving away headline space, and the public into liking the headlines.

Broadway press agency still guards a beat in its tinselled heart for one Faith Bacon, whose ostrich fan waving had fatigued the New York press. Faith, attired mainly in hope, love, fans and goose pimples, set forth from her Park Avenue apartment one fine April day to give her pet fawn an airing. New York apartments can become very close in April.

Needless to say, Faith had much company on her stroll. It was when the gendarmes descended, by preconceived design, to bundle Miss Bacon into their official jalopy that a two-

column possible picture was turned into a four column "must" with streamer.

And if you don't believe a press agent will go to the ends of the earth to make page three, four, five or six, read on. Without divulging names, because those involved may be desirous of swinging around the circuit a second time when the need is great, let us tell you of the P. A. and the lady columnist who loved Holland Beer. Unable to find any in her neighborhood, her spirits were naturally depressed. Mr. Press Agent got the word. Immediately he persuaded his airline client to fly some Holland Beer to the lady in distress. Thereafter he had little trouble getting mentions in her copy.

Another airline sent to South America for special orchids to hand out at a press cocktail party.

Mutual decided to be the first network to cover fashions and resorts abroad. So the Mutual crew, fashion editor, photographers, and models like Mike Mauree and Louise Snider who are regularly featured on MBS commercial shows, packed bag and baggage and flew to Bermuda. All hands worked and enjoyed a vacation at the same time. It may be entirely incidental that the black-and-white and color layouts made the roto sections of newspapers and magazines all over the country—and that the publicity department chalked up another first.

Then, there's the problem of politics and politicians. Don't give them an inch, and they won't take a mile. Sometimes they get perturbed, and that's when Mr. P. A. obtains his space-breaking "stuff." In Washing-

ton not long ago, network special events men placed a microphone in front of Henry Wallace. Wallace kicked it off the table, stepped on it, went on talking. The recording machines kept grinding, the photo bulbs flashing. Net result, great broadcast, page one story and pictures.

Lacking color copy on William L. Shirer, a bright young lady in the MBS press room put on a new face, dusted her typewriter and stuck out her neck with a story about how the news commentator entertained himself during his spare time by playing topical tunes on musical bottles. These, it seems, he had collected for their harmonic qualities during his extended foreign assignments. Moving blithely into print by way of network press releases, the story of Mr. Shirer's unusual pastime filtered into the offices of a national picture magazine. They called the network's press chief and asked: "How's about our getting a picture spread of Shirer playing *Loch Lomond* on those musical bottles?"

"Sure, sure, of course. Count on us," was the unblushing reply. Only it was a little hard to understand, because the chief's heart was in his mouth and it blurred the edges of his words as they squeezed around it.

To find an assortment of bottles was no task at all. To teach William L. Shirer to tap out *Loch Lomond* wasn't so easy. But after a little stalling the magazine got its pictures, the Shirer radio program a shot in the arm, and the bright young lady in the MBS press room a few well chosen remarks on imagination and how to keep it reined in.

The best laid plans of mice and publicity men gang aft a-gley. Take the "Change the name of Berlin to Centerville" exploitation plan. It was an effort to boost the listener-interest on *The Aldrich Family* during the war. Centerville, a town of highest American standards, microphone-deep in the American way of life, is the name of the mythical town on Clifford Goldsmith's radio program. To change the name of Berlin to Centerville was a press agent's dream, especially in a period of furious flag-waving. To go to work on Berlin, Germany, was, of course, out of the question, even for a press agent. But there was a Berlin, New Jersey! The city fathers agreed to vote on the subject. By this time, the radio program's press agent was hoping the President himself would appear at the new Centerville and be welcomed by the original members of *The Aldrich Family* cast. Newsreels cameras would whirl. What a dream! Then the P. A. woke up. A straw vote in the little New Jersey hamlet indicated a deplorable lassitude in citizen-interest on the name-change. Berlin, Germany, had been Berlin, Germany, years before Hitler, and would continue to be years after. The same went for Berlin, New Jersey, and that was that!

Jim Backus, the MBS comic who has been doing yeoman service both on his own *Jim Backus Show* and the *Great Talent Hunt*, is a former stooge arbitrarily elevated, as of last fall, to

star standing. It's one thing to hand a performer top billing and another to have him recognized as a star by the listeners, regardless of the qualifications he may possess.



The network's press agency, when faced with the problem, decided the solution was to get Backus accepted as a top flight comic by those whose star standings were unquestioned. What could be simpler than for the Fred Allens, Jack Bennys, Ed Gardiners et al, to present Mr. Backus with brotherly gifts on his first starring broadcast—welcoming him to Olympus, so to speak? The stellar joke-makers, always glad to cooperate in the cause of plus publicity, gleefully went along with the gag, and Jim Backus, by thinly veiled implication, achieved a toe-hold with the mighty.

Publicity isn't all stunts. There's the daily flow of copy: president's speeches, meetings of the board of directors, and pictures of leggy gals breaking bottles of grape juice over new radio studios—enough to keep a multitude of publicity departments in food and lodging.

However, it is the stunt that makes the headlines. It also gives those of the guild something warming to talk about on long winter evenings when they would be much better off at home in the bosoms of their respective families.

To break in a new MBS radio mystery show, *The Falcon*, a hurried and unproductive quest for actual falcons

led its press agent force to consider pigeons as possible substitutes. "Let us," someone thought aloud, "get a pigeon, see. We'll put it in a cage all gimmicked up like it was in a circus, see, and take it around to the radio editors, and—"

"Yeah," interrupted another, "We'll print up a nice little card to go with it, 'This is the PHONY PHALCON. Release me so I can fly back to the studios where the real Falcon will broadcast starting this Sunday over 400 Mutual stations'."

To the apartment of a certain dainty and erudite editor of a New York evening paper went the Phony Falcon. Neither the P. P. nor the P. A., its caretaker, were greeted warmly by the lovely lady whose acquaintance with pigeons up to this time had been extremely detached. There was nothing detached about the pigeon. He formed an immediate and

soul warming affection for the young lady. This he expressed in soft cluckings and cooings and an utter disinterest in departure; meanwhile making himself at home in a manner best known to pigeons.

Whether or not this established the desired press relations no one will ever know—since no one to date has found courage enough to discuss the topic with the lady editor.

It is a funny game, but an earnest one, in which the press agent is engaged. He not only reports news, he makes it. He isn't economically productive, but he's here to stay, buoyed up—probably—by roseate visions of that nebulous day when the angel Gabriel will blow his horn. He can use a genuine mute once owned by Bix Biederbeck, see, and be togged out in one of those—Say! Whatta story *that* will make. Whatta story!



DURING Gabriel Heatter's regular nightly broadcast, the house lights in his home studio went out. For nine minutes, one of radio's finest ad libbers continued to air his news from memory while Mrs. Heatter and the maid organized and completed Operation Candles!



Jack Bailey, of Mutual's *Queen For A Day*, arrived in Chicago expecting to find only a fair-sized crowd assembled on State Street, to see and hear the *Queen* show. After the broadcast he tried to work his way through a crowd of some quarter-million milling, pawing people. One over-stimulated creature shrieked, "Oooh, isn't he just great!" and with that she tore Bailey's shirt clean off his back!



A. L. ALEXANDER'S *Mediation Board*, famous from coast to coast, has stopped more arguments than an average judge and caused the delivery of more presents than the average department store Santa Claus. In fact, after Alexander presented a case called "Let's Keep A Family Together" (without asking for any help from the audience), the listeners took it from there. It began with a single package addressed "Keep A Family Together." From then on letters came in by the thousands, packages arrived by the truckload. Not only was the family kept together, but an education was made possible for the youngster, a job was found for the husband, and "smiling tears" were brought to the eyes of the wife.

THE TROUBLES I'VE SEEN!

by **BEN ALEXANDER**
Master of Ceremonies, *Heart's Desire*

He deals in sobs and sunshine.

PICKING participants on any audience show is a tough job, but it's tougher on *Heart's Desire*, because this is one program where the candidate isn't responsible for herself alone. She has to sell the letter she's reading or the writer won't get his wish.

On any other show, if the audience takes a dislike to a participant she goes back to her chair, sits down and no harm done. But on *Heart's Desire*, it means someone who may have written a very deserving letter isn't going to get a break.

The woman who gets up in front of the mike only so the folks at home can hear her almost never wins. It's a funny thing, but as soon as a participant busies herself being cute, the visual audience senses it and won't go for the letter regardless how good it is.

Once we had a letter from a woman, down South, who had five kids and wanted a refrigerator. Competing was a letter asking for a refrigerator for a small Los Angeles organization, practically without funds, which was taking care of 34 spastic children. It was by far the most deserving letter, but the woman reading it kept grabbing the mike and saying, "Hello, Minnie." All of which

made the audience so mad there wasn't a bit of applause.

The same thing happened the other day on a stove letter. A Methodist woman's club wanted a stove so it could provide lunches and dinners for all service clubs and other community organizations in its city, since the local restaurants lacked facilities to handle this intermittent overflow smoothly. It was a good letter and a worthwhile cause, but the woman reading it was so flip that the audience gave the stove to a woman who lived in a mine and probably hadn't the utilities to make it work.

It's a tough job, too, to pick a woman who isn't going to drown the microphone in tears when she reads a dramatic letter. Because *Heart's Desire* has a soap-opera-with-jokes approach, it's all right to make the audience cry; but if the letter-reader cries, she's a dead duck. Lots of women are genuinely carried away by the letters, others pretend they are, but neither approach gets a good reaction. Letters telling a simple, straightforward story and read the same way hit most solidly with the audience.

One of the best we ever had was from a ten-year-old boy in New Eng-

"Heart's Desire" is heard on WHB, Monday through Friday at 10:30 a.m.

land. He'd lost a leg, so he couldn't play baseball or football, but he was "the best darned fisherman in Maine" and he wanted some tackle. The kid didn't stress the loss of his leg and the woman who read the letter didn't give it the heavy dramatic interpretation—as a result, the audience loved it.

Every single letter addressed to *Heart's Desire* is read by someone. And speaking of reading letters—that means trouble again! A letter turns up from a man who wants tires for his grandfather's 1918 Dodge. It seems grandpa can't run his car without tires, can't find tires, and he's been dragging grandma to town every Saturday on a mule-drawn sled, which is an awful inconvenience for everybody, including the mules. This is a wonderful letter, so we put it on the air. Within the next week we get a sudden rush of letters from people who want tires for grandfather's car so grandpa won't have to drag grandma to town on a mule-drawn sled.

These letters are read by members of our new audience who didn't happen to hear the previous program and thought, of course, to be wonder-

ful. They are . . . except we did the identical letter last week and we can't do it again. But this the audience doesn't always understand. Both letter-writers and letter-readers should realize it's the *different* letter that has appeal, the letter with the straightforward, interesting story.

The most wonderful part about *Heart's Desire* is the terrific audience-interest in the letter-writers. We have people who come day after day just to read letters. When they find a good one, they look for someone who hasn't been on the the broadcast before and give it to her to read over the air. And when a letter doesn't win, if they can they often take care of the request themselves. You'd be surprised how many people go home with their pockets stuffed full of non-winning letters asking for clothes, baby layettes, toys, blankets and many, many other items.

Heart's Desire brings you close to people's troubles, but it also brings you close to a surprising amount of kindness, goodness and generosity. You know, maybe it isn't such a bad old world after all!



He was one of those psuedo-artists who talk much and paint little. One day he invited a friend to see the unveiling of his pride and joy, beautiful splotches of color—red, green, and yellow—thrown on the canvas.

The visitor was puzzled.

"But can't you see," said the artist, "it represents fruit."

The visitor protested. It didn't look like fruit to him.

The artist gave him a pitying look, "You see," he explained, "anyone can paint the skins and outline of the fruit—but I've painted the juice."
—*Capper's Weekly*.



A glib-tongued disc jockey, never at a loss for words, at last found himself little better than speechless. As he stood at the altar repeating the marriage vows, his self-confidence deserted him, and when he came to the part touching on his material possessions, he stammered, "With all my goodly words I thee endow."

*Famous radio couples prove
that careers and marriage mix!*

WATTS WITH MARRIAGE?

by DAN SCHWARTZ

A GROWING number of radio's top male performers are changing "a woman's place is in the home" to, "Come out of the kitchen, Maudie." The reason? They've found the little woman makes an excellent business partner—and who says the joys of marriage are diminished?

Take Jim and Henny Backus, for example. Jim has his own MBS Sunday night comedy show, and it was Henny who first suggested his facility for mimicry might well be the basis for a program of his own; this, while he continued doing comic roles on the Allan Young, Eddie Cantor and Jack Benny shows. Jim and Henny work out the comedy routines together, seldom getting to bed before three a. m., at which time the phone is carefully placed in the oven so sleep won't be disturbed by Alexander Graham Bell, at least.

Comedy is the long suit of the Backus duo on the air—where, incidentally, Henny always appears as herself—and it carries over into their daily living. They celebrate not one but two wedding anniversaries. A formal wedding had been planned for January 16, 1943, but Jim was ordered to report for induction that day. So the two of them were mar-

ried in a civil ceremony on the 14th. As it was, the Army rejected Jim, something about a vertical stomach requiring him to eat five or six meals a day, and they went through the formal ritual two days later, as planned. Henny, writer, actress, sculptress and former *Vogue* and *Harper's* model, was given the stomach x-ray photographs as a wedding present, and plans to make them into lamp shades one of these days.

Her favorite pastime is carving caricature figures, which she prefers to have called "emotional portraits." She's done "portraits" in ceramics of Garbo, Crawford, Hepburn, Katherine Cornell, Clifton Webb and many other members of the entertainment world. An exhibition of her work was featured recently at an art gallery in Hollywood.

Henny is also the cook in the family and claims that without her Jim would starve to death. Once, when ill enough to be sporting a temperature of 105 degrees, she gave Jim directions-a-la-delirium for soft-boiling eggs.

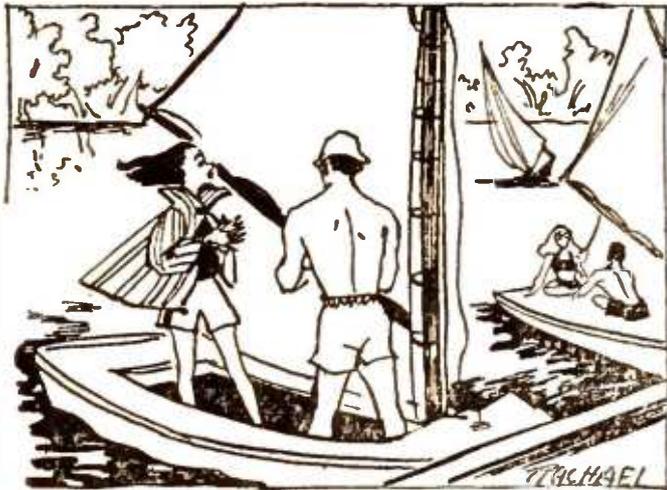
"Just stay right there, dear," he said (as if she could do anything else), "and I'll have them ready in a jiffy."

Minutes went by, then there was

an explosion. Jim had put the eggs over the fire in a saucepan all right, but he'd forgotten one thing—water. The eggs exploded, giving the kitchen walls some unplanned decoration.

But Jim shrugs it off with, "Eggs (a trade name for fluffed jokes) have no place in a comedian's life anyway." And whether or not Jim can cook, he and Henny have found a successful formula in their radio careers for combining business and marriage.

Marion and Bill Slater are another successful radio couple. Bill, emcee



of *Twenty Questions*, always has the correct answer for any question put to him by the panel. He gives the credit to wife Marion, who spends her spare hours in the New York Public Library doing an enormous amount of research on all the forthcoming *Twenty Questions* topics. She then tutors Bill, and just in case he might forget, transcribes the facts neatly on tiny cards to be held in the palm of his hand.

Also on the *Twenty Questions* panel are Fred VanDeventer and Florence Rinard, known in private life as Mr. and Mrs. VanDeventer. Florence, a well-known musician and teacher, found the one way she could

be sure of spending an evening with her newscaster husband was to be featured on the same program with him. For many years, Fred has been heard by Mutual's New York listeners on two nightly newscasts, at 6:30 and 11 p. m. After one of the family's rare get-togethers at dinner, they played their favorite parlor game with the children, "Twenty Questions." Someone suggested the popular pastime might be used as the basis for a radio program. Florence liked the idea immediately and helped her husband devise the format which has since become a highly successful evening program.

When the question came up as to who would form the panel for the broadcast, Florence saw her chance. "We've been playing it all these years together at home," she pleaded, "why can't we play it on the radio, too?" So, a third VanDeventer, 15-year-old Bobby, known on the air as Bobby McGuire, joined the panel, along with a family friend, Herb Polesie.

Mystery fans should be thoroughly familiar with the voices of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Lewis. Elliott and his wife, Cathy, have appeared together on practically every network mystery program, at one time or another, as well as having written and produced several of their own.

Elliott, currently featured on Mutual's *Casebook Of Gregory Hood* series, has found exceptional success in radio with his wife, although when discussing broadcasting the two agree they disagree; but they enjoy arguing things out until they reach a decision satisfactory to both of them. If Cathy

(Continued on page 83)

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Little ears are big responsibilities!

by DOROTHY KEMBLE

Director of Continuity Acceptance
Mutual Broadcasting System

ONE of the privileges of radio is to serve, whenever possible, in presenting the basic concepts of democratic living. Radio can play a vital part in making the children of today better citizens of tomorrow—for the values and standards we accept as children influence our thought and action as adults.

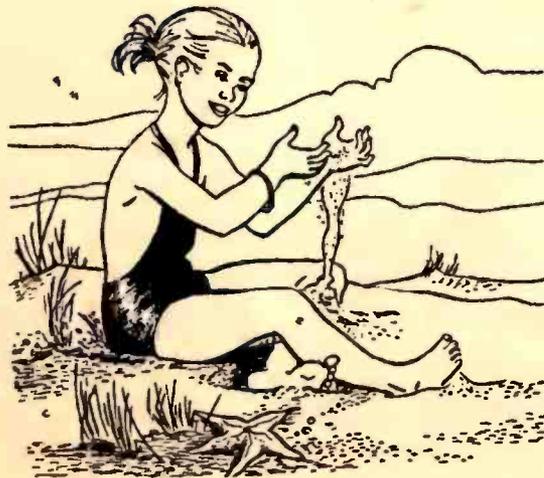
Network programming, at best, is a proposition beset by the difficulties of pleasing an immense audience of dissimilar tastes and backgrounds. But when it comes to preparing listening fare for the small fry of the nation, the problems facing networks, producers and sponsors would make even Marconi think twice.

Adults can take their daily quota of mayhem and murder and go away feeling purged and better for it, whereas a careless juvenile "dramer" of the unrestrained blood-and-thunder type may send Junior to bed with hysterics and give Sally nightmares about hideous monsters who've come to live in her toy box. With purple eyes, and claws seven feet long.

On the other hand, the growing

child needs an emotional and psychological outlet, and good radio programs can fill this need by providing vicarious adventure and excitement. For this reason, children's programs must be carefully screened and planned toward the development of stable values. Not only must undesirable elements be deleted, but there are several constructive "musts" for the make-up of every good juvenile program. These include: (1) good taste, (2) sound social concepts, (3) a constructive attitude, (4) carefully plotted scripts, and (5) a subtle educational approach.

To an adult, good taste may be a personal intangible. To a child, it is rather the establishment of a pattern based on certain accepted standards of behavior. The social concepts should bear out the child's belief in the security of law, order and just authority. It is up to the actor to aid the constructive attitude by portraying the hero in such a way that he is believable and a human being worthy of admiration and emulation. The scripts are carefully plotted so the "good" characters



outweigh the "bad." Actual techniques of crime are never graphically explained, nor should there be an excess of gun-play, sirens or other shrill, exciting sound-effects. Properly handled, educational developments in many important fields can be interpolated into the program pattern, both increasing the child's listening interest and stimulating his awareness of the fascinating world in which he lives.

Difficulties in planning and programming juvenile fare are increased by the fact that experts themselves disagree as to what is good or bad for youngsters. However, all seem to agree—teachers and psychiatrists alike—that the constructive "musts" are vital to every program. The Mutual network has kept this in mind when preparing and scheduling its radio entertainment for junior citizens.

Actually, three sets of standards must be met: those of the producer or creator of the program; those of the sponsor or advertising agency responsible for the show; and last, but by no means least, the network Continuity Acceptance Department, which carefully screens each script to eliminate undesirable speeches, sound effects or incidents detrimental to young listeners.

Based on dramatizations of the most famous children's classics (*Treasure Island*, *Little Women*), the first of the programs on Mutual's *Adventure Parade* children's strip serves a two-fold purpose. It provides exciting entertainment as well as an introduction to books to be encountered later in the classroom.

Superman, one of Mutual's most popular programs, with its share of

adult as well as juvenile listeners, last year conducted one of the most successful campaigns for racial toler-



ance in the history of radio. The program received a total of 23 awards for its good work. During the tolerance campaign, *Superman* became the most highly rated of all children's programs, which is ample

proof that the precepts of good living and good government can be successfully combined with entertainment. Since then, *Superman* has taken up the fight against other nefarious practices—phony punch boards, gambling—with equal success.

Tom Mix, another idol of American youth, recently emphasized safety for school children by devoting his programs to the Child Safety Campaign conducted under the auspices of the National Safety Council, for which he received the commendation of governors, mayors and other civic leaders throughout the United States.

To find which of the juvenile programs children prefer, Mutual's *House of Mystery* made a survey among public and private school students in the New York area. Eighty-eight and a half per cent of those checked listened to radio programs, with 56.8 per cent of that group tuning in at least every second broadcast. They preferred suspense, adventure, blood-and-thunder and factual information in that sequence. Romance, humor and narration were rated far below.

The surprise information of the survey was that the youthful listeners cared little how their programs ended. A nearly equal percentage wished the criminal to reform, be punished, to die—or let the listener draw his own conclusions.

The survey further indicated that *House of Mystery* successfully combined three of the four most popular elements — suspense, adventure and

factual information.

Radio entertainment for young listeners has its problems but also its rewards. Constructive precepts, undesirable elements to be deleted, the standards set by every agency connected with the production of a juvenile program—all these are subordinate to the over-all aims: good radio for the network—good entertainment for the small fry!

So You Wanna Start A Network? (Continued from page 64)

Last, but far from least important, is the Plans and Allocations Division. Its members are the seers, the peerers into the future, whose considerations are the long range problems of the network. A continuing study of each Mutual affiliate's day and night coverage is made to ascertain those areas not covered by the affiliate and also to try to prevent unnecessary duplication of service. Another of this division's duties is the maintenance of current files and technical data on existing radio stations, stations under construction and stations with applications on file at the FCC for AM, FM, or television permits. This section is always available for consultation with the various affiliated stations on any technical matter which may arise, whether it involves operational information, facilities improvements such as obtaining greater operating power, entering into the FM or television field, or where to buy two-by-fours at a price.

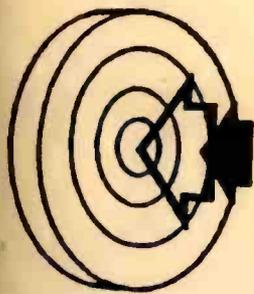
One of the most important func-

tions of the department in the past year was the unfolding of Mutual's "listenability," a unique application of radio engineering methods for gauging reception of broadcasts in homes throughout the country. This method of measurement—as distinct from listener surveys which have certain inherent weaknesses as to coverage and which, of necessity, have time lags before results can be shown—revealed capabilities of stations and networks from the standpoint of electrical output of the radio transmitter. Mutual's "listenability" measurements show that as a result of the many improvements and station additions, the physical facilities of all four networks are approximately equal as to the number of listeners they can reach with good reliable broadcasting service in the daytime. The Plans and Allocations Division is currently working on night time "listenability," and figures for all networks are being rushed toward completion for distribution.

Still wanna start a network?



"We now present a brief interlude of transcribed music."



The Aim is MUTUAL!

Four stations with a single goal teamed up. The results are almost unbelievable!

by JOHN SKINNER

BACK in 1934, when most people had shelved their dreams until times were better, a few men of remarkable vision decided to convert their own pet dream for a new kind of radio network into reality. This in spite of the fact that three coast-to-coast broadcasting nets were already firmly entrenched. They called their project the Mutual Broadcasting System.

It was started as a four-station cooperative venture, with stations WOR, New York; WGN, Chicago; WLW, Cincinnati; and WXYZ, Detroit, comprising the total network. But they were giants all, almost making up in tremendous wattage what they lacked in numbers.

One of the primary objectives of the infant MBS was to cover not only the cities where the stations were located, and the populous areas around them, but to service smaller communities with more local signal coverage. In 18 years this objective has been realized perhaps beyond the original goal. The four outlets have increased to five hundred plus—making Mutual truly “the world’s largest network.”

Mutual was created at a time when competition was most keen—when it seemed no one, not even experienced

radio executives, could invest a new enterprise with sufficient spark and power to parallel the solidly established CBS and NBC. In 1936, the affiliation with Mutual of the West Coast Don Lee Network established a record for the swiftest transcontinental expansion for any network in any one year. By the late 1930’s MBS was a network to be noticed. And 1948 finds the young, still growing Mutual Broadcasting System playing a major role in United States radio history.

Experienced leadership, and the realization that only new ideas and a general radio face-lifting could help its cause, are probably most responsible for the Mutual success story. This record of phenomenal growth is also the result of Mutual’s complete recognition of the highly competitive field in which it operates, and the outstanding record the network has achieved in news and special events broadcasting. Gabriel Heatter’s 57-minute ad lib news “beat” from Trenton, New Jersey, at the time of the execution of Bruno Hauptmann, the Lindbergh kidnapper, is one of radio’s immortal “firsts.”

In its first two years, MBS offered such diversified programming as *Lum*

and Abner; Kay Kyser's *Musical Klass*, later to become his *Kollege of Musical Knowledge*; the Chicago Symphony directed by Frederick Stock, and Alfred Wallenstein's *Sinfonietta*. Typical examples of Mutual's awareness of public taste and demand were the excellent coverage of the George VI coronation; an on-the-scene description of the Hindenburg crash, and, in 1937, direct reports of the disastrous Mississippi floods.

The upward curve of program expansion has kept pace with physical network development. Mutual presented direct broadcasts from Howard Hughes' globe-girdling plane in 1938; and a year later Hitler's Reichstag speech, ordered cut from our short-wave circuit by Goebbels, was presented to Americans when Mutual picked it up five minutes later via South Africa, to score a tremendous broadcasting coup.

Due to the efforts of Fulton Lewis, Jr., Mutual's Washington reporter, the press galleries of Congress were opened to radio newsmen in 1939. Since then Congressional actions have been recognized broadcasting features.

The beginning of World War II demanded faster and better network news operations. In 1940, a year which saw the number of Mutual affiliates rise to 155, there were 1,041 broadcasts from overseas, including history-making addresses by Chamberlain, Churchill, Hitler, George VI and Pope Pius XI. That same year, MBS devoted 65 hours of air time to a comprehensive coverage of the political conventions. Other important programming highlights included raising the curtain on the *Chicago The-*

atre of the Air and the second consecutive exclusive broadcast of the World Series.

MBS stations totaled 181 in December of 1941. Significant also was the increase of power and improvement in equipment for 74 per cent of these stations, their ever-growing strength being paralleled by an advertiser investment of \$5,301,000—53 per cent ahead of 1940.

Nineteen forty-two marked the beginning of an outstanding coverage of World War II by the network's special events and news departments. The voice of General Douglas MacArthur in his memorable message from Australia to the Philippines was first aired over Mutual stations. During a 10-month survey in 1943 the Mutual network brought its listeners 1,488 programs totalling 641 hours of broadcast time covering the war effort. These compilations are exclusive of the special public service programming scheduled in cooperation with the War Department.

Mutual elected its first president Miller McClintock, in 1943. Edga Kobak became president in November of 1944, and some of the biggest names in radio were added to the network's program roster.

Expansion provides the keynote of Mutual's progress in the past few years, with increasing emphasis on better programming. From four stations in 1934 to five hundred plus in 1948—from the dream of a few men to "the world's largest network"—that's Mutual!

Watts With Marriage

(Continued from page 76)

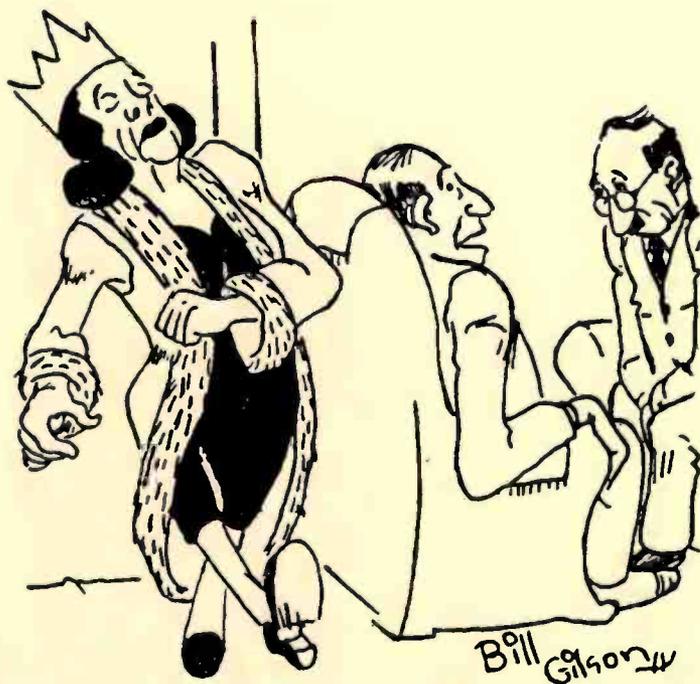
ooks skeptical, Elliott says, "Wait until I put it on paper." To which Cathy replies, "Okay, darling, you write it down; I'll erase it."

Hours of brow-furrowing concentration follow this good-natured bantering, but the end result is always interesting listening. Radio fare with the Lewises as a team would become a weekly treat for dialers if the couple's radio dream came true. They aspire to their own weekly half-hour of air time with which they could do whatever they wanted.

There are also numerous marriages on radio between the many people whose work is more or less behind-the-scenes. Jean Harrison, attractive program producer, and husband, Henry Sylvern, composer and conductor of the musical scores heard on countless radio dramas, are an example. Henry and Jean met quite by accident. She was a lovely lady in distress. The organist on a program he was producing had been taken ill shortly before the broadcast and an immediate replacement was needed. Not having another musician to call on such short notice, an actor on the show advised her that Sylvern was finishing a program in another studio somewhere in the building and was just the man for the job. Henry, since he had a previous appointment that evening, was reluctant to take over, but he couldn't resist the appeal of slender, attractive Jean.

Although they've been married now for many years, Jean and Henry have yet to spend an entire week end to themselves. At present, Jean produces Mutual's *True Or False* program on Saturdays, while Henry takes care of the musical chores on the *Nick Carter, Master Detective* program on Sunday, not to mention broadcasting assignments elsewhere which serve to keep their record unsullied.

Jim and Henny Backus, Marion and Bill Slater, the VanDeventers, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Lewis, Jean Harrison and Henry Sylvern are just a few of the couples who've proved marriage is fun—and it's good business—in radio.



"... and then Jack Bailey came along."

▲
A father in Florida doesn't know it yet, but he's going to receive a fascinating phone bill at the end of the month. His son, an enthusiastic Tom Mix listener, reacted immediately to the program's offer of an identification bracelet for every listener. The lad picked up the phone, called Curley Bradley in Chicago, and said, "I just phoned to ask you to send me a Tom Mix bracelet."

The Swing IN WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

The international situation has never been so complicated as now. The vortex of a gigantic whirlpool of confusion centers at Washington. There, government employees are being added at a tremendous rate. The tempo of the times is such that it takes a hardened bureaucrat indeed to stand up under it.

The present trend in our capital is toward economic controls. These will come, but how severe they will be is not now apparent. One faction in Washington which has some influence with the President is requesting all-out controls, the same as in wartime. This group works on the theory that peacetime industrial and military mobilization would be a strain on the domestic economy and that we ought to start tightening the reins now instead of waiting until later when it might be too late to control the economy effectively.

Another group, predominately cabinet members and military men, want less stringent controls. They prefer something akin to priorities and allocation, including control of the distribution of all important metals and other vital products.

Which side will get its way is anybody's guess. For that matter, Congress is undesirous of voting any controls at all in an election year. However, the general opinion is that something will happen before fall. To be safe, manufacturers should start laying plans now. Hoarding is not in order, however, because inventories will be checked.

• • •

John L. Lewis, by his actions, has just about convinced some Congressmen that a new labor law is needed, one to be aimed directly at Lewis. This legislation, more stringent than anything to date, is in the embryo stage at the present time but promises to become full scale law within nine months. Although the exact

nature of the legislation is not known, it is presumed in most quarters that Lewis will find himself hamstrung.

Obviously, Mr. Lewis will make every effort to get all that he can from the coal mine operators in the current negotiations. There is no doubt that he sees the straws in the wind and will modify his actions accordingly. Already the United Mine Workers have suffered much for "cause" at the hands of a Federal judge.

It may be that Lewis will flaunt his power before the United States government again—but woe be unto him if he does! Not only will the freedom of all labor unions be greatly curtailed as a result, but the American people will have to suffer.

Steel is short right now because of the lack of coal caused by the strike. The shortage cannot be made up. As a result, numerous other businesses will have to curtail their operations. The end result of every strike by John L. Lewis and the United Mine Workers is to bring trouble right to the doorstep of the consumer.

• • •

Runaway inflation danger now seem remote for this country. Fall should tell the story for sure. Food prices are expected to be lower by then. Prices in other line will probably drop noticeably by the time also.

Several factors have contributed to the prevention of an economic slump which theoretically should have started by now. The war scare has given the people a sort of "buy it while I can" spirit. Appliances are still in heavy demand for that reason. Home building is booming more than ever, with around 900,000 private residences to be started during 1948. This figure coupled to the 854,000 houses begun last year paints an amazing picture.

of how the economy is actually standing up. The boom is still here in housing.

During the last year the cost of living for the consumer has risen about seven per cent. The average national income has risen about the same amount. Unfortunately, this does not mean that everyone is well taken care of in this respect. This rise of approximately seven per cent in national income has not been equally distributed. The figure, as a matter of fact, reflects that some incomes are over-inflated. So many middle-class families have rigid or semi-rigid incomes that the rise of the general price level is really hurting a great many Americans.

Food prices will be noticeably lower later in the year, but public services and utilities will rise perceptibly and thus balance the general price level, causing it to remain the same in the next few months. Year's end will see the national economy in about the same condition insofar as the consumer is concerned. It is possible that there will be a three-point rise in the general structure by that time.



ECA—Economic Cooperation Administration—is a name to which businessmen will become accustomed in the months to come, for it will mean new business for many lines. It's the Marshall Plan in action.

The program is a good shot in the arm for business here in the United States and in the entire western hemisphere. Latin

American nations will benefit, too, for their products will be needed to make the plan work as intended. This is one of the important reasons why the national economy will remain on the same high plane that it has been on for the past few years. Although it will tend to aggravate the inflationary condition of the country, high prices are certainly better than an economic slump or a complete collapse.



In the Presidential race, Stassen is still strong and is fighting hard for the Republican nomination. The politicians do not like him. Neither does organized labor. But most of the people of the United States are favorably impressed with Stassen.

Eisenhower's position, although plainly stated in the past, is still not as clear as politicians could wish. There is the possibility that he can be drafted to the job. The question is: by which party? This has both the Democrats and the Republicans jittery. The party that does not get Eisenhower might as well fold its tents and quietly steal away. This, of course, if he runs at all.

Some Democrats are looking around for a strong running mate for Mr. Truman. Others are just looking around for anything they can find in the way of Presidential timber. Most Democrats are aware of the fact that the cards are stacked against them. A Republican administration in 1949 is almost inevitable.



One Saturday night, the phone in Mutual's publicity department rang. Alfred Zolesky, on the night shift, answered.

"This," said the caller, "is the Hooper rating service. What radio program are you listening to?"

The startled press agent explained that since he was at Mutual, he was naturally listening to the MBS program on the air at the time. He held the phone up to the loudspeaker to prove it. Then he added, "Does this count in the ratings?"

"Of course," said the caller, "this is one of the regular numbers on my list."



A prospective buyer was being given a demonstration in a used car. "Well, it looks good," he said, "but what makes it jerk so when you first put it in gear?"

"Ah," the salesman replied, "that proves it's a real car—it's anxious to start."

Platter Chatter

MARGARET WHITING, Capitol star, will soon start on a nationwide "get acquainted" tour of the country's disc jockeys. (I can hardly wait.) . . . Frank Sinatra would like a quarter-hour singing air strip. . . . Columbia recording star, Raymond Scott, has recently reorganized his famous quintette. . . . Diz Gillespie, King of the Bebops, is debuting his *Swedish Suite* across the country these days. . . . The Three Suns, Victor recording artists, have their 30 fingers insured for \$500,000 by Lloyds of London—that's \$16,666.66 $\frac{2}{3}$ for each digit! . . . One of the biggest promotions ever planned for a song is the recent *The Girl Who Came From Peru* song contest. The winner gets all expenses paid to Peru and an evening in New York as Lombardo's guest. . . . Kate Smith's noontime Mutual show starts its eleventh consecutive year of broadcasting this month—Kate's latest M-G-M platter is *Long After Tonight*, a tune that bears watching. . . . Count Basie reports that ex-band leader Gerald Wilson will play trumpet for him, replacing Snookie Young. . . . Vaughan Monroe has been picked as the best "sweet band" in America by the nation's colleges. . . . Frankie Laine is currently at the Harem Club in New York. . . . T. Dorsey is finishing an engagement at Virginia Beach this month. . . . Erskine Hawkins, whose records if laid end to end would reach one and one-half times around the earth, is off on another record-breaking tour of one nighters through Texas and on to the East Coast. (Catch his latest Victor recording, *Gabriel's Heater*.) . . . Nellie Lutcher is now at the Red Feather Club in Los Angeles, after a successful Eastern tour. . . . The biggest test of Stan Kenton's career comes this month with a concert at Hollywood's mammoth Bowl, which is capable of seating 19,000 people. Incidentally, Irvin Kluger, that fine new face in Kenton's band, has replaced Shelly Manne on drums. . . . Julia Lee will leave



with **BOB KENNEDY**

her home stomping grounds when she starts on an Eastern theater tour early this month. . . . Eddy Howard, swor crooner, may do a legit play, so his pres agent says. . . . Ziggy Elman has qui the road and will settle down in California where his work will consist of studio jobs.

Betcha Didn't Know

. . . That band-leader Joe Reichma passed his bar exams to become a lawyer. . . . That Art Lund is 6 feet 4 inches tall? . . . That Benny Goodman toote for Ben Pollack when he was only 1 years old? . . . That the rhumba was introduced in this country 30 years ago by Emil Coleman? . . . That Edward Kennedy Ellington (the Duke) once turned down a commercial art scholarship?

Highly Recommended

CAPITOL 15054—Nat King Cole with full orchestra under the direction of Frank DeVol. *Nature Boy* and *Love Me or Leave Me*. This is truly a masterpiece of vocal treatment and orchestration. On the first side Nat softly sings the enchanting story of *Nature Boy*, which is destined for hit sales. It's a haunting piece of wax and the more you hear the better you like it. The reverse side is equally worthy of note—a pleasing sentimental ballad sung as only Nat can sing it. It's a must for any record library.

M-G-M 10184—Art Lund with orchestra conducted by Johnny Thompson. *It Only Happens When I Dance With You* plus *May I Still Hold You*. The first is one of the fine new tunes from Irving Berlin's *Easter Parade*. A beautiful ballad and superbly sung by Art Lund. The flipover is done in the easy style that's made Lund so famous. Both sides are perfect for listening or for dancing.

MERCURY 5114—Frankie Laine and Carl Fischer's orchestra. *Baby That Ain't Right* and *May I Never Love Again*. That Laine fellow seems to gain in popularity every day, and this recent release will not hinder in the least. Frankie exploits the blues with much success on the first side, which also contains a little ad lib patter from Frankie to the band. The other number is one of those old ballads that seems to mellow with the years, and Frankie does a swell job of bringing it back into public favor with this waxing. Entertainment plus!

DECCA 24381—Louis Jordan and his Tympany Five. *Reet, Petite and Gone* and *Inflation Blues*. Here's the biggest little band in the land with two amusing tunes. The first is what you might suspect—a jive-talking lament on love. This is, incidentally, a composition by Louie himself. The underside is in the blues pattern and is a sad tale concerning the high cost of living. After the first vocal chorus you'll find a knocked-out sax solo. It's all for fun and mighty entertaining.

*Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza, JA 5200.

COLUMBIA SET C-160 (album)—Ray Noble and his orchestra with Cathy and Elliot Lewis . . . *Happy Anniversary*, featuring such songs as *Goodnight Sweetheart*, *Perfidia*, *Easy To Love*, *'Way Down Yonder In New Orleans* and many others. Here is one of the most imaginative albums put out to date, with MBS stars Cathy and Elliot Lewis per-

forming the dialogue. The eight sides are each separate episodes, but are chronologically arranged. They convey the story of a young married couple on their sixth wedding anniversary, recalling the events of each previous year's celebration. Married couples will appreciate its romantic quality and the skill with which it is presented.

VICTOR 20-2784—Perry Como with Russ Case and his orchestra. *You Can Do No Wrong* plus *Love Of My Life*. Here are two fine Cole Porter songs, and that fact in itself should get them in any library. Como fans will welcome this new release, and they won't be disappointed, either. Perry does a wonderful job with his fine baritone interpretation and has good backing by Russ Case and the boys. Smooth listening!

CAPITOL 15068—Jo Stafford with Paul Weston's Mountain Boys . . . *Suspicion* plus *Clabberin' Up For A Rain* . . . If you got a kick out of Jo's *Temptashun*, you'll enjoy this latest take-off. The first side finds Jo in a suspicious mood, and she has an idea her spouse is stepping out. She admits a fellow should go out with the boys and have his enjoys—but! The flip is an amusing mountain story concerning the folks in the hill country getting all riled up. Socko novelty!

COLUMBIA 38174—Doris Day and Buddy Clark with orchestra under the direction of George Siravo. *Confess and Love Somebody* . . . This is one of the outstanding duos Columbia has put out to date. Buddy and Doris trade the vocal lead throughout the number, with Buddy singing echoing responses to Doris' phrases, and Doris returning the compliment in the second chorus. We'll have to *Confess* we like it. The reverse is a juke-box natural with a bounce from beginning to end. A slick double feature with two top singers, Buddy Clark and Doris Day.

*Jenkins Music Company, 1212 Walnut, VI 9430.

Chicago LETTER

by NORT JONATHAN

THERE are plenty of empty seats at the movie houses in and around Chicago these spring days. Also the night spots, from the plushier joints down to the dives, have noticed a sad slackening in the supply of suckers lately. The size of the checks is down somewhat, but the overhead is still up. Several of the tonier palaces have closed down altogether, with a little help from Elmer Michael Walsh, the Sheriff of Cook County. The spots that have survived have wisely converted to a beer business.

Let's take up the half-filled to near-empty movie houses first. During the war, any picture would pack any theatre. It didn't have to be good. Bad pictures played the same Loop theatre for weeks; good pictures could stay at one place forever. For example, Bing Crosby's great *Going My Way* played the huge Chicago Theater, flagship of the potent Balaban and Katz chain of film houses, for 14 solid weeks, with customers turned away at almost every performance. Hundreds of thousands of people saw the picture at the Chicago at top prices—anywhere from 75 cents for the morning matinees to about \$1.35, plus tax, for the evening shows. Of course a stage show was thrown in extra, but people came to see *Going My Way*.

Lately there have been fewer good pictures and fewer customers with more than a buck to spend on the movies. Smaller theatres have felt the pinch because the larger theatres, aided and abetted by the film companies, milked most of the profits early in the release schedule. However, it must be stated that this inequality no longer exists—thanks to a court decision that rocked the distributors and big movie chains to their last reel of Lana Turner. Engagements are now limited and any theatre, no matter how small, may play a picture on the heels of its premier engagement.

However, the main trouble hasn't been corrected—too high prices and too few



good pictures. With the easy money era pretty much over, entertainment dollars are being carefully counted in the Windy City. The Joes and Janes who make up the movie audiences hereabouts long for the return of the day when two-bits would buy both a movie ticket and a bag of popcorn.

The night clubs face somewhat the same problem, only on a different scale. There have been few floor show acts around town during the last few years worth the high tariff charged by the after-dark operators. Weak acts that got by at high prices during the war just because they were acts—flesh and blood entertainment—helped the debacle along. Even convention business took a nosedive—but the high prices remained, to pay the stratospheric sums guaranteed to the remaining few “names” that could be counted upon to drag the customers away from less expensive entertainment.

It's interesting to note that the two night clubs in Chicago that had the worst reputation as “clip joints” were among the first to fold. No one on the Randolph street beat felt very sorry when the spots operated by Ralph Berger and Sam Rinella were forced into bankruptcy. Rinella was in trouble with the Army and Navy during the war for clipping servicemen. His Copacabana was the first Loop spot to go broke. Berger cleaned up during the war

with a policy that made certain that the suckers never got an even break. There are no tears in Chicago for Ralph and Sam.

Lest you fear that only clip artists operate the local night spots, we hasten to point out that Mike Fritzel and Joe Jacobson have operated their Chez Paree profitably for 15 years without taking advantage of the customers. And Mike and Joe will probably be around long after the next crop of Randolph street highwaymen have gone into bankruptcy.

To go on to more pleasant things, we would like to report here that one of the most significant works ever to be presented by an American artist of our time is on exhibition at the Chicago Historical Society in the form of a visual education project consisting of 38 pastel portrait studies by the Chicago artist Shirley Friend.

Miss Friend's collection represents children of all nationalities and is simply titled "America's Children." Her subjects are first generation Americans of parents from other nations. They illustrate what is fused together to make up the American nationality. An artist of long standing, Shirley Friend has specialized in child pastel portraiture, and has devoted her time during the last 10 years to building this remarkable collection with the hope of fostering better racial and religious understanding. The exhibit will be shown in Chicago into mid-June, so if you're planning to be in town soon make it a "must" on your list of things to see.

Another "must" is the new Cloud Room restaurant at the Municipal Airport. Operated by Marshall Field and Company, it is on the second floor of the terminal building and a really fabulous addition to Chicago's list of "different" eating places.

You can enjoy the best in food, incidentally, and at the same time watch planes arrive and depart from all over the world.

Cooperation is the watchword these days with our better merchants, saloonkeepers and fancy eating house owners. For instance, the shop owners and restaurant managers on Walton street on the near-north side have gotten together in a manner usually seen only briefly at Chamber of Commerce banquets. They are collectively promoting the street as "Walton Walk" and converting it into an exclusive shopping center. The street houses such exclusive shops as Mary Lamm, Elizabeth Arden and Boyd-Britton, and such well-known beaneries as the Imperial House, Don the Beachcomber's and the Cameo. It's a cooperative effort worthy of note, especially because most of our town's better shopkeepers have usually regarded each other with an extremely suspicious eye.

Patty Millbank is back in town with a Florida tan and even more enthusiasm than of yore, if that's possible. She whipped right into the exclusive home of the Martini Set, the Buttery, and plunged into her usual 18-hour-a-day schedule. While waiting to have her photograph taken in a Loop studio the other day, she watched a charwoman expertly waxing the floors.

"You make them really shine," Pat complimented her.

"Yessem," the charwoman replied proudly, "but you should have seen 'em when I first started here. They was something fierce—but since I been waxin', three customers have fallen on 'em."

▲

We've always thought of banking as a precise and dignified industry, but apparently it has its mad moments. The Bank of America reports that recently three separate businessmen applied for loans and offered the following as collateral: (1) a carload of dry flies; (2) a shipment of horses' tails; (3) a load of old false teeth. The flies were intended for bird food and the horses' tails for the hair line in gunsights. Nobody was able to figure out a possible use for the secondhand false teeth.

The collateral was turned down on the ground: "Marketability too limited."—*This Week*.

Chicago PORTS OF CALL



by JOAN FORTUNE

Very High Life

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th at Michigan (WAB 4400). They call this show "An Iceland Fantasy." The lovely dancing girls are now on ice, with Chuck Foster looking like Buddy Rogers did 15 years ago, and doing all right, too.

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (SUP 7200). The shows have been changing so fast here lately that it's foolhardy to predict who'll be on tap when this reaches print. However, you can always count on a good small band, fine food and a specialty singer. Pat Millbank was still around the last we heard.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (SUP 2200). One of the best places in town to take a date. Ron Perry's music continues through the spring months in a charmingly intimate setting. The food is incidental but good.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (RAN 7500). Green and gold with real gold on frieze and ceiling. Ralph Ginsberg and his ensemble have played luncheon music in this room for years. Skinnay Ennis takes over at night, playing for dancing and about the tenth edition of Meriel Abbott's "Springtime Revue."

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (HAR 3800). Modern-

istic glass decor in gray, blue and yellow. It's the current favorite hang-out of the rhumba enthusiasts. Jerry Glidden and Lou Brownie take turns putting out that South of the Border beat.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, 7th at Michigan (HAR 4300). Ballad singer Burl Ives is back for another successful engagement. How long he'll stay is anybody's guess—but you can always count on star entertainment in this beautiful room. Ray Morton's orchestra plays for dancing.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (SUP 7200). At ordinary spots you get television; in the Pump Room they televise the guests. Every dinner hour the celebrities gather to try to hog the television camera—a show in itself. The food is good but of secondary importance.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at Wells (CEN 0213). We still think that Joseph Sudy has one of the smoothest dance bands in town. The public seems to think so too, because this ex-Henry King vocalist is starting his third month on the bandstand. Lovely Lenore shares the vocal honors.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (DEL 9300). The atmosphere is worth the price you'll pay for one of the most expensive meals in town. The food is Russian. Likewise the service. A fine place to get into a mood or get out of one. Music is by George Scherban and his Local 10 Gypsies.

★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (LON 6000). The prom-trotting set takes over this famous room about June first. Orrin Tucker is just the fellow to play for it, too. The big show is now called "Revels in Rhythm" with a large cast recruited from what's left of vaudeville.

★ **LOTUS ROOM**, LaSalle Hotel, LaSalle at Madison (FRA 0700). Not too well known, so you'll usually find plenty of room for dancing. Chuck Cavallo remains on the stand to play most of the tunes on the hit parade, "society style."

SHERATON LOUNGE, Sheraton Hotel, 505 N. Michigan (WHI 4100). Worth a visit just to see the beautiful waitresses—or are they calling them hostesses now? In the popular Celtic Room upstairs, beautiful and sultry Gloria Vandenberg and her Vanguarders are attracting a lot of business.

The Show's The Thing

CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (DEL 3434). Willie Shore headlines the new show, with lots of help from Edna and Jayne Digitano, whose dancing is the best seen around these parts for a long time.

RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (DEL 700). Girls! Girls! Girls!

VINE GARDENS, 616 W. North Avenue (MIC 5106). If you've been wondering where to find Harry Cool, the long-time Jurgens star, look no farther. He's heading a bright and breezy show at this near-loop night spot.

Strictly For Swing

JAZZ, LTD., 11 E. Grand Avenue. Worthwhile if your ears can stand the rain. This place is becoming a mecca for the Knights of the Hot Platter. Crowded. Smoky. Interesting. Hot.

COLLEGE INN, Sherman Hotel. Herb Fields and Kay Starr, with a large assist from Meade Lux Lewis, headline a loud and jazzy show. Carl Marx, the clown, always there. So is the Coke Set.

GLASS HOUSE, Graemere Hotel, 113 E. Homan. Don Fielding and the Townsends carry on with what is best described as sweet swing. If you don't want to dance, Ralph Gourley will mix you a martini second to none. He can also be counted upon to mix you an Old Fashioned, Manhattan or Whiskey Sour second to none. Just name your poison.

Strictly For Stripping

If you want to discover what the girls aren't wearing this spring season, these north and west side spots give forth with what they smilingly call "exotic entertainment." This invariably consists of a parade of beauties—young, old and in-between—who take off everything that the municipal authorities will currently allow. The girls are continually on parade

at EL MOCAMBO, 1519 West Madison Street . . . the FRENCH CASINO, 641 N. Clark Street . . . the L and L CAFE, 1315 W. Madison Street . . . THE PLAYHOUSE, 550 N. Clark Street . . . the 606 CLUB at 606 S. Wabash Avenue . . . the TROCADERO CLUB, 525 S. State Street.

Gourmet's Delight

★ BARNEY'S MARKET CLUB, 741 W. Randolph Street. Friendliness and informality prevail and Barney's constant braying of his trade-mark, "Hi, Senator!" always goes over well with the regular customers and hundreds more from out of town. It's that kind of place. The steaks, chops and fish would rate high anywhere.

★ CAMEO RESTAURANT, 116 E. Walton. As different from Barney's as the circus from the opera, this sleek restaurant is well-named. It's a jewel of a place, famous for fine food. The prices are unsurpassed, too.

★ FRITZEL'S, State at Lake. Mike Fritzel's new restaurant has caught on as one of the better and more reasonably priced places to have luncheon, dinner or an after-the-show snack.

★ CLOUD ROOM, Municipal Airport. Fine food and a view not duplicated anywhere else in the world, as far as we know. You'll have a hard time getting in, but the probable wait will be well worthwhile.

★ LE PETIT GOURMET, 619 N. Michigan. There'll be tables out in the garden this summer. Good food and a genuine French sidewalk cafe atmosphere.

★ ST. HUBERT OLD ENGLISH GRILL, 316 S. Federal Street. You'll be right at home here in tweeds, but you don't have to ride to the hounds to enjoy the British bill of fare.

Cocktails And Conversation

The WRIGLEY BUILDING BAR, if you can make yourself heard above the din . . . the cozy BOUL MICH BAR across from the Tribune Tower . . . RICCARDO'S artists' and writers' bar tucked away in his ever-growing restaurant . . . the masculinity of the MEN'S GRILL in the LaSalle Hotel.

NEW YORK *Letter*

by LUCIE BRION



SUMMER is just around the garden wall. Manhattan and its environs are loaded with flowers and greenery. Traffic to the country and sea shores is at a new peak. Fishing boats are doing a thriving business, as are roadside restaurants. Rentals for summer cottages have been snapped up so fast that there is practically no more business to be done in that line. Dogs are pointing up to the wind out of car windows, and Good Humor men are stationed all along the highways. It all looks good and feels good and is good.

• • •

Foreign excursions are keeping travel agencies here in a chaotic state. Waiting lists are as long as the Triboro Bridge. While there's no ill will towards persons with confirmed reservations, there is errant hope that some mild catastrophe will produce cancellations. It is hard to say which is the more difficult to obtain, reservations to South America or to Europe, both are in such demand. Political conditions in either direction will have a lot to do with cancellations, but as far as travel is concerned, American tourists are ready to go.

• • •

Manhattan taxicabs, with all their chit-chat and hair-breadth escapes from collisions, are the best in the country. They can spot a customer a block away and curl around to pick him up in about five sec-

onds. A lift of the finger is all that is needed. And a simple remark is sufficient to loose a flow of philosophy on the problems of Manhattan, America, the world.

There is no share-a-ride inconvenience here at either Grand Central or Penn Stations and that's a blessing. Recently, on a hot day down in Washington, we were most uncomfortable when sandwiched into a small cab with four other full-sized customers, all with bag and baggage. This, of course, meant cruising around the city until each reached his destination. Late in the afternoon, observing the hundreds of cabs circulating in the Capital, we asked about this situation. It seems that one cab company has an option on—and taxi signs over—the station exit most handy for visitors. At another signless door there are plenty of cabs to be had solo. All of which makes Manhattanites appreciate their own un-complicated taxi service the more.

• • •

Political discussions are on the rampage here. On the radio the other morning, via W. O. R.'s delightful Dorothy and Dick, we heard a bit of debate on political affairs between a Manhattan debutante and a reporter from *The Daily Worker*. The reporter was for Henry Wallace straight through, while the debutante was for a Republican ticket. During the course of the conversation the debutante remarked that she thought Mr. Truman had done a wonderful job. To this Dick asked, "How can you say that you think Mr. Truman has done a wonderful job and yet you intend to vote Republican?"

The debutante answered, "All of my life I have been a Democrat as President and I just like to see what it would be like to have a Republican." Maybe she has something there.

The reporter was almost belligerent in her attitude towards the debutante, and certainly belligerent towards anyone and Henry Wallace. A proclaimed Communist, she lost no chance to attack the American structure of government. By the end of the program, very sharp words were flying

about and we learned from a later program that Dick had a considerable job in calming things down. It may be some time before he attempts to moderate another political debate.

• • •

Francis Maddux and her capable partner, Lew Spence, are just finishing a tremendously successful engagement at the Maisonette of the St. Regis. Kansas Citians will remember Miss Maddux, who played and sang her gay songs in the Bellerive's Zephyr Room not long ago. Now, with two grand pianos, a marvelous presentation of her songs and a superb partner, she has completely captured Manhattan's smart set . . . and patrons are already asking the dates of her return engagement.

Kay Thompson, at Le Directoire, which

is the old Cafe Society Uptown done over, is getting rave notices. The four Williams Brothers—who support her in more ways than one—come in for their share, too. The act is one of song, patter and simple dance routines. Lots of vigor but not much art. We felt that the show received more credit than it deserved, but then . . . have a look for yourself.

• • •

High Button Shoes are more than a musical comedy here. They're actually being worn—and with increasing popularity! The new shoes are as revolutionary as were our long skirts last fall. Heels are more exaggerated in curve and the body must have laces or straps or buttons somewhere. Two-tone shoes have come back with the fad, too. They're all kinda fun and smile-provoking.

New York PORTS OF CALL

Eating—Indoors And Out

★ **CHARLES A LA POMME SOUFFLEE.** If you are early for lunch Charles may have a table by the window on the sidewalk level. The garden is open, too, for luncheon and dinner. French fried shrimp and chilled wine are the only things you'd need to find contentment, but you'll not be sorry there's more. 157 E. 55. EL 5-8280.

★ **COPAIN.** Lately people seem to be flocking here, and for a perfectly sound reason, 'tis true. One of the really interesting cuisines in town. Some may call it French cookery, but it has so much more variety and flair than is found in most of our "little French restaurants." 891 1st Ave. PL 8-0554.

★ **COPENHAGEN.** One of the best—this differing in that the Smorgasbord is Danish. A meal of hors d'oeuvres here isn't a preliminary, it's a feast—and you'll find why the advertising has been left to



"word of mouth" instead of the usual media. 200 W. 70. TR 7-7600.

★ **JUMBLE.** Time for strolling in the Village, leisure and simplicity of living are all the delights we're entitled to. When there's a chance to enjoy them, the Jumble always comes to mind. Brick paved floors, low beamed ceilings and sturdy wooden tables set off walls lined with the work of Village artists. A meeting, eating and drinking restaurant with

many years of tradition behind it. 28 W. 8. SP 7-2540.

Dancing—Indoors And Out

★ MONTE CARLO. The cool, mirrored spaciousness in this ever newly-decorated spot is one of its charms. The long bar in the foyer and the tables to the side make it easy to wait for your lunch or dinner reservation, while missing none of the music inside. The music is largely Latin American, topnotch, as is the food and service. Madison at 54. PL 5-3400.

★ ST. REGIS. Following the Manhattan custom of roof climbing in summer, dancing and eating has been adjourned downstairs. On the Roof you'll find the same wonderful, impeccable St. Regis—music, entertainment, food, debutantes et al. 5th Ave. at 55. PL 3-4500.

★ TAVERN ON THE GREEN. Now there's dancing-on-the-green, too. Manhattan's most romantic setting affords not only sweet green lawns and fresh clean air but lots of room for everyone to enjoy it in. The outdoor terrace is delightful for a twilight cocktail or good and inexpensive dinner. Central Park West at 67. RH 4-4700.

Entertainment

★ DIRECTOIRE. Far be it from *Swing* not to mention this twice in a row. Don't be surprised to find it next month, too. Tops in entertainment, the first show is at 10 p. m. Money grows on those trees, so be prepared to sit in close quarters for considerably more than wooden nickels. 128 E. 58. MU 8-2150.

★ LA MARTINIQUE. Where do Latins go in Manhattan? Both the local and imported are found here, where rhumba prevails in music, entertainment and dancing. If time runs short in the evening, drop in Saturday or Sunday afternoon. 57 W. 57. PL 5-4754.

★ NICK'S. Sunday afternoon jam session is right lively now with school days over. Late in the evening, the Dixieland beat keeps tables full. For the younger set primarily, and food and drink are priced accordingly. If Junior hasn't recommended it already, drop in for a visit. 7th Ave. at 10th St. CH 2-6683.

★ ST. MORITZ. The best show in town requires no reservation. Cafe de la Paix, at a sidewalk seat under the awnings. Around the clock the cast changes, and it includes some of the more vivid types in town. You'll see the "New Look," the "Old Look," and yet no one will look your way. This is the corner for international accents and foreign tongues, and maybe a hurdy-gurdy will play across the street in the park. That comprises the show, and nothing can touch it. 50 Central Park South. WI 2-5800.

Away From Manhattan

★ BIRD AND BOTTLE. There are few inns in the East to compare with this. Unusually small, with emphasis on making each guest seem the only visitor present. The setting is lovely, the interior an antique collector's dream. For a perfect overnight stop, a vacation or for only one superlative meal, phone to find when you may get a reservation. Garrison, N. Y. (342).

★ CLAM BROTH HOUSE. Known to sailors from ports over the world—to the good burghers and their families of Hoboken, and luckily not to many visitors. Such clams as never lived in sand are these, served in every possible way, with nary a particle of grit. For clam shells on floor, free lunch and colorful characters, try the men's bar side. Adjoining rooms with tile topped tables have regular service. A dollar will go almost as far as you can eat here. For the ride—take Barclay St. Ferry to Lackawanna Station, Hoboken. Hoboken, N. J.

★ FRENCH CHALET. If you're going to tennis matches, or just driving to Long Island, this couldn't be a more convenient pause for lunch or dinner. Delicious food, including the very ducklings for which the Island is known. Forest Hills, L. I., Fleet St. and Yellowstone Blvd. HA 3-9878.

★ ROARING BROOK RESTAURANT. Pleasant, woodsy surroundings here just off the Taconic Parkway. Unlike so many attractive restaurants in the country, three meals are served daily. Service is good and waiting time is short. Putnam Valley, N. Y. Peekskill 4070.

NEW YORK Theatre



Current Plays . . .

★ **THE CUP OF TREMBLING.** (Apr. 20, 1948). This study of a woman who has succumbed to the influences of alcohol proves once more that Elizabeth Bergner is a very capable actress. That's all it proves. Some of the other roles are taken by Millard Mitchell, Anthony Ross, John Carradine and Arlene Francis. Music Box, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **HOPE'S THE THING.** (May 11, 1948). Eddie Dowling with Will Greer, E. G. Marshall, Ray Dooley and Dan Reed appear in a group of three short plays, *Hope Is the Thing with Feathers*, *Home Life of a Buffalo*, and *Gone Tomorrow*, written by Richard Harrity and produced by Mr. Dowling. Playhouse, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **JOY TO THE WORLD.** (Mar. 18, 1948). Hollywood is the setting for this attempt to portray our life and times. Marsha Hunt and Alfred Drake fit in well with the lively staging, but do not manage to get overly profound. Plymouth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **ME AND MOLLY.** (Feb. 26, 1948). *The Goldbergs* of radio fame would have to look down a little to see their stage counterparts, but no doubt they would get a few laughs. With Gertrude Berg, the author, and Phillip Loeb. Belasco,

evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ **MISTER ROBERTS.** (Feb. 18, 1948). In a class by itself, this powerful adaptation of one of the best of the war books touches something deep in its audience. Henry Fonda is splendid in the lead. Others in the excellent cast are David Wayne, Robert Keith and William Harrigan. Alvin, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **NEW YORK CITY THEATRE COMPANY.** (May 20, 1948). S. S. Glencairn includes four of Eugene O'Neill's one-act plays, *Moon of the Carribees*, *In the Zone*, *Bound East for Cardiff*, and *Long Voyage Home*. New York City Center, evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★ **THE PLAY'S THE THING.** (Apr. 28, 1948). Louis Calhern heads the impressive cast in this revival of Molnar's comedy. Supporting roles are filled nicely by Arthur Margetson and Faye Emerson. Booth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE.** (Mar. 16, 1948). Meg Mundy's fine performance highlights this Jean-Paul Sartre view of the race problem. Thornton Wilder's *The Happy Journey* serves as a curtain-raiser. Cort, evenings, except Monday, at 8:45. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:45.

★ **STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.** (Jan. 14, 1948). The 90's and the suffragettes are still good for a few chuckles, widely spaced. With Joan Tetzl, John Archer and Carl Benton Reid. Morosco, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday at 2:40 and Sunday at 3:00.

★ **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.** (Dec. 3, 1947). Winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize and Drama Critics Circle Award, this stirring drama by Tennessee Williams is of top calibre. Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden and Kim Hunter star in the superb cast. Barrymore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **THE VIGIL.** (May 21, 1948). Written by Ladislav Fodor, this play includes in its cast Henry Wilcoxon, Marie Palmer and Ian MacDonald. Produced by Alexander Markey. Royale, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

Established Hits . . .

BORN YESTERDAY. (Feb 4, 1946). Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas as an ex-chorine and crooked junk dealer, respectively, in this still wonderfully funny Garson Kanin comedy. Lyceum, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . .

COMMAND DECISION. (Oct. 1, 1947). An expertly written drama concerning our Air Force in England. The all-male cast includes Paul Kelly, Jay Fasset and Edmon Ryan. Fulton, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday at 2:40 and Sunday at 3 . . .

FOR LOVE OR MONEY. (Nov. 4, 1947). Young June Lockhart is the most charming part of this comedy, and turns in a superb performance. Assisting her with the very weak plot are John Loder and Vicki Cummings. At the Henry Miller, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40 . . .

HARVEY. (Nov. 1, 1944). Jack Buchanan, Josephine Hull and some rabbit. 48th Street, evenings except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . .

MAN AND SUPERMAN. (Oct. 8, 1947). A 1903 version of Shaw's ideas on women and marriage. Maurice Evans stars in his own production, supported by Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcom Keen and Chester Stratton. Hudson, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . .

THE HEIRESS. (Sept. 27, 1947). Wendy Hiller supported by Basil Rathbone in the Goetz adaptation of Henry James' *Washington Square*. Biltmore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . .

THE WINSLOW BOY. (Oct. 29, 1947). A worthwhile play centered around a famous lawsuit against the crown. The cast, which is from England, includes Alan Webb, Frank Allenby and Valerie White. Empire, evenings, except Sunday

at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

Current Musicals . . .

★ **ANGEL IN THE WINGS.** (Dec. 11, 1947). Paul and Grace Hartman continue to be the whole show. Their six numbers in the revue make up for the rest. Other sketches are by Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae and Peter Hamilton. Coronet, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

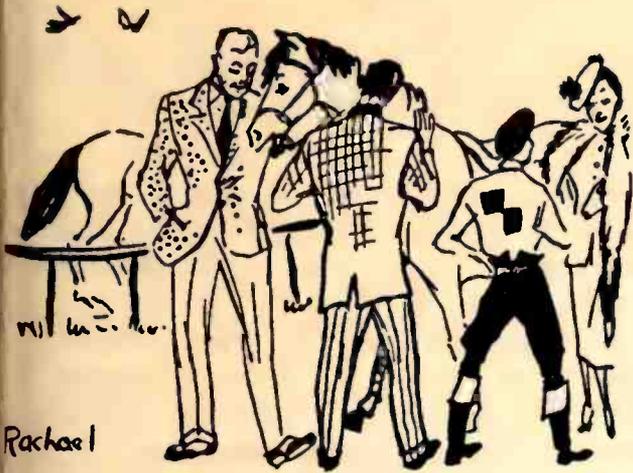
★ **HOLD IT.** (Apr. 28, 1948). Johnny Downs and Red Buttons are featured in this musical comedy produced by Sammy Lambert. Gerald Marks and Sam Lerner wrote the words and music. National, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **INSIDE U. S. A.** (May 3, 1948). Beatrice Lillie is back again in a gala revue. She is assisted by Jack Haley and dancer Valerie Bettis. The producer is Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz wrote the lyrics. New Century, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **LOOK, MA, I'M DANCIN'.** (Jan. 29, 1948). Nancy Walker demonstrates hilariously what ballet should not be. Jerome Robbins arranged the dances and the songs are by Hugh Martin. In the cast are Harold Lang, Janet Reed and Katharine Sergava. Adelphi, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **MAKE MINE MANHATTAN.** (Jan. 15, 1948). A better than average choice for light entertainment. The funny numbers are handled well by comics David Burns and Sid Caesar. The songs are by Richard Lewine, the book by Arnold B. Horwitt. Broadhurst, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **SALLY.** (May 6, 1948). This revival is sparked chiefly by Willie Howard's comedy and several of Jerome Kern's songs, some from the original Sally score. Martin Beck, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.



Established Hits . . .

ALLEGRO. (Oct 10, 1947). Richard Rodgers's music carries the burden as Oscar Hammerstein and Agnes deMille ride along. The book and the ballets add little to the production. In major roles are Annamary Dickey, John Conte, Robert Gray and John Battles. Majestic, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees

Thursday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (May 10, 1946). Loud and irresistible Ethel Merman still going strong. Imperial, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . **BRIGADOON.** (Mar. 13, 1947). A musical fantasy with dancing and singing and David Brooks and Marion Bell. Ziegfeld, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3 . . . **FINIAN'S RAINBOW.** (Jan. 10, 1947). A leprechaun comes to Missitucky and an accomplished cast takes it from there. 46th Street, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . **HIGH BUTTON SHOES.** (Oct. 9, 1947). Delightful nonsense with Nanette Fabray at her best. Also, Jerome Robbins' Mack Sennett ballet and Joey Faye. Shubert, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

NEW YORK THEATRES

("W" or "E" denotes West or East of Broadway)

Delphi, 152 W. 54th.....CI 6-5097	E	International,	
Edwin, 250 W. 52nd.....CI 5-6868	W	5 Columbus Circle.....CI 5-4884	
Frymore, 243 E. 47th.....CI 6-0390	W	Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.....CH 4-4256	E
Lasco, 115 W. 44th.....BR 9-2067	E	Majestic, 245 W. 44th.....CI 6-0730	W
Madame, 261 W. 47th.....CI 6-9353	W	Mansfield, 256 W. 47th.....CI 6-9056	W
Madison, 222 W. 45th.....CI 6-5969	W	Martin Beck, 402 W. 45th..CI 6-6363	W
Madhurst, 253 W. 44th....CI 6-6699	E	Henry Miller,	
Century, 932 7th Ave.....CI 7-3121		124 W. 43rd.....BR 9-3970	E
Crown, 203 W. 49th.....CI 6-8870	W	Morosco, 217 W. 45th.....CI 6-6230	W
Fort, 138 W. 48th.....CI 5-4289	E	Music Box, 239 W. 45th....CI 6-4636	W
Empire, Broadway at 40th..PE 6-9540		National, 208 W. 41st.....PE 6-8220	W
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th....CI 6-6075	W	Playhouse, 137 W. 48th....CI 5-6060	E
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th..BR 9-4566	E	Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....CI 6-9156	W
Hamilton, 210 W. 46th.....CI 6-6380	W	Royale, 242 W. 45th.....CI 5-5760	W
Hudson, 141 W. 44th.....BR 9-5641	E	Shubert, 225 W. 44th.....CI 6-9500	W
Imperial, 209 W. 45th.....CO 5-2412	W	Zeigfeld, 6th Ave & 54th..CI 5-5200	



"How far you got in your Sunday School?" asked the first little girl of the second.

"I'm past original sin," replied the second little girl.

"Humph," shrugged the first, "I'm past redemption."

KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

Magnificent Meal . . .

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.

Luncheon, dinner, drinks and those inimitable Pusateri steaks and salad with garlic sauce! If you're looking for your business buddies, this is always the first place to look. The music's by Muzak and the steaks and wonderful roast beef are by Fanny Anderson. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.



★ SAVOY GRILL. Very historic and dignified, starring buttery, broiled lobster. People who like good food served in a quiet and friendly atmosphere are partial to the Savoy. Red snapper and other seafood specialties are luncheon suggestions and there's a fine assortment of imported and domestic liquors. 9th and Central. VI 3890.

★ WEISS CAFE. Menus here range from live Maine lobster, choice steaks and roast duckling to excellent chicken. Mmmh! Always crowded; so be sure to come early, especially at lunch time. Incidentally, the Weiss salad bowl is a grand luncheon suggestion. An ornate fireplace at the north end of this cafe dates back to 1867 when the Coates House was in its hey-day. Be sure to look it over. We like to go to Weiss' for cocktails. You'll like it too! Coates House. VI 6904.

Class With A Glass . . .



★ BLUE DAHLIA ROOM. This excellent cocktail lounge is adjacent to the wholesale and downtown shopping districts and is just one block from the Municipal Auditorium—

centrally located is the phrase for it. Charles Phil Provost combines the Solovox with his piano and the result is slightly terrific! Prominent sports figures are always among the well-dressed clients, and the conversation sparkles like a new

penny. Good, strong drinks, too! Hotel Commonwealth, 1216 Broadway. HA 4410.

★ PUTSCH'S. This beautiful restaurant features popular Freddie Heikel, his violin and trio, direct from the "Ram," Challenger Inn, Sun Valley, Idaho. He has been a featured attraction at New York's Roxy Theater many times. Putsch's serves truly distinguished food—excellent dinners as low as \$1.65. Choice steaks, air-expressed Colorado mountain trout and roast prime ribs of beef are dinner suggestions. The "In a Hurry" businessman's luncheon is a treat and is priced at a dollar. A typical luncheon includes short ribs of beef, a nice salad, rolls and coffee. If you're taking visitors on a tour of the city, Putsch's "210" is a "must!" There's a beautiful cafeteria on the Wyandotte side serving a variety of dishes at reasonable prices. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

★ RENDEZVOUS. A paneled retreat in the Muehlebach Hotel for those who like tubular ice with a hole in the center instead of the conventional cube found in most "store bought" drinks. The bartender, of course, prefaces his explanation of the phenomenon with "we got our own ice machine." Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. Down the hall from El Casbah at the Bellerive. Inside you'll find the delightful piano music of Chris Cross and Betty Rogers. Miss Rogers, by the way, is a very pretty young lady. There's soft seating and a circular bar built around two suave barmen who mix them just right. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

In A Class by Itself . . .

★ PLAZA BOWL. A clean, attractive restaurant, a beautiful cocktail lounge and 32 super-smooth bowling alleys are a combination hard to beat! Restaurant features include a tender, juicy filet mignon with potatoes, hot rolls and butter for \$1.2 (imagine!); huge, green salad bowls with a variety of tasty ingredients, and a list of "super-sandwiches" as long as your arm. The kitchen is immaculate! Upstairs, the

vely Green Room is the very ticket for private meetings, luncheons and dinner parties. The cocktail lounge has soft eating and a beautiful pioneer mural edged with mirrors makes a background for the bar and lounge which is cleverly illuminated with indirect lighting. The liquor is the best in town and the prices are very reasonable in both restaurant and bar. The cocktail lounge and restaurant are soundproofed against noise from the bowling alleys, and music is furnished by Muzak. And gosh, what beautiful bowling alleys! Remember, bowling is a game designed for the whole family, so come on over for some grand exercise! Good food, good drinks and fine exercise—all under the same roof—what could be nicer? 430 Alameda Road. LO 6656.

To See and Be Seen . . .



★ **DRUM ROOM.** Enter the Drumbar at the sign of the big red drum on the corner, or go in via the lobby entrance of the President. Luncheon, dinner and supper available in the Drum Room proper, a flight below the bar.

Music for June is the inimitable Larry Bennett and his recording orchestra. Larry formed a unit while serving in the ETO and was a great hit at the Riviera recreation center. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR 5440.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Ray Pearl and his "makes you want to dance" music will be featured at the Grill during the balmy month of June. Hotel Muehlebach (Truman slept here), 12th and Baltimore. GR 400.

★ **EL CASBAH.** Casbah patrons have a wonderful surprise in store for them in June. It's the return of none other than Bill Snyder and his orchestra to this tranquil, polished setting. Flaming Sword dinners and Flaming desserts should be ordered for your special party! Culinary masterpieces! No cover or minimum—even for the delightful Saturday afternoonasant. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Eatin' and Drinkin' . . .



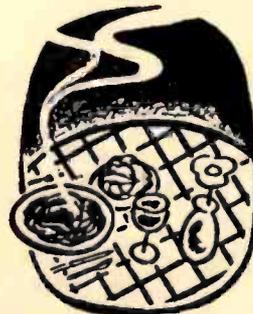
★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** Good ole Joshua Johnson—still the fastest man with a boogie woogie beat—yowsah! But that's not all you'll find in the way of attractions at the Broadway Inter-

lude. The chicken is golden fried and very tender, as is the roast beef. Inexpensive businessmen's luncheons at noon with swell salads. Your drink contains the finest whiskey and Riley Thompson always gives you a full measure. Come on over Sunday night at the stroke of twelve and Dale Overfelt will be on hand to wish you a happy Monday morning. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

★ **CABANA.** A well-bred bar with the welcome mat out. Practically always jammed because people like it. An institution here is WHB's Alberta Bird, who does a superlative job of playing the Hammond organ. She's probably the best-dressed entertainer in town. Luncheon snacks and good drinks, served by handsome Latins. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **LA CANTINA.** The perfect place for a quiet drink. Smartly and colorfully decorated, this cozy place is really soothing after a warm day. Delightful snacks may be ordered from a special La Cantina menu. The "jb" music is tuned sweet and low. Just down a flight of carpeted stairs from the glamorous Casbah and Zephyr Room. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Something Different . . .



★ **BIRCHWOOD GRILL.** Dining is a pleasure in this attractive restaurant which is conveniently located in downtown Kansas City. Sixteen ounce steaks are the chef's treat here and

that beef is straight from the Heart of America! Long branch potatoes, Birchwood Chef's Salad, bread and butter are all welcome additions to your steak—and the complete dinner can be had for \$2.50.

House specialties include prime ribs of beef, Southern fried chicken, fresh fish and filet mignon. The service is always quick and courteous! Hotel Commonwealth, 1216 Broadway. HA 4410.

★ **KING JOY LO.** In San Francisco the crowd goes to the Lamps of China; in Honolulu it's P. Y. Chong's; in Kansas City everyone goes to King Joy Lo's and has the most delightful Chinese food you can imagine! Succulent chow mein and chop suey combinations, hot, dry rice, excellent tea and specialties like egg foo young are enough to make anyone's mouth water. American food is also served, and

you can find lobster, chicken and steak on the menu. There are booths for privacy or you can sit by a huge picture window and watch humanity bustle along on the street below. It's a grand restaurant. 8 West 12th St. (2nd Floor), HA 8113.

★ **UNITY INN.** Meatless meals in this cool, green cafeteria are done up in an believable style with accent on big salad and rich desserts. It's very neat and spotless and many Kansas City business men can be seen headed toward Unity Inn at noontime these days. The cafeteria is managed by the Unity School of Christianity. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

IN A CERTAIN Midwestern court a man was suing the local traction company for injuries allegedly received in a streetcar accident. The truth of the matter was that he had actually received his bruises when his car collided with a telegraph post. And this had happened a full mile from the streetcar line.

The plaintiff's witnesses swore to the facts of the accident, and things were going nicely for him, when one of their number was suddenly stricken with an attack of conscience, and during a recess repaired to the judge's chambers and confessed the frame-up.

The judge rushed back into the court room with fire in his eyes, determined to make an immediate revelation of the perjurers. But he was brought up short in his resolution when the traction company's attorney suddenly produced three witnesses prepared to swear that the plaintiff was drunk when he boarded the streetcar!—*Wall Street Journal*.

A tired doctor got his wife to answer the phone by the bed, say he was out, and give advice which he whispered to her.

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Simpson," said the voice, "but I should like to ask you one thing. Is that gentleman who seems to be in bed with you fully qualified?"—*Critic and Guide*.

A grandfather gave his two grandsons some stock of a well-known bank. The bank's president wrote the usual: "It has come to my attention that you recently became owners of our stock. May we suggest you recommend our bank and its services to your friends and business associates?"

The father replied to the letter: "My older son's business associates at the moment consist of a number of other eight-year-olds with whom he has been actively trading playing cards. He says that he will be delighted to recommend to them the services of your bank but adds a friendly but timely warning that you should not expect more than a minimum of business from this source immediately.

"My other son, who has reached the age of 22 months, has no business associates at all, and I would say that his only friend is a black spaniel. Unfortunately, it was only yesterday in the course of an argument, he bit the dog, and I am afraid that at the moment he has neither friends nor business associates. However, he graciously extends his cordial greetings and says he is looking forward with great interest to receiving your next financial report."—*Wall Street Journal*.

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

NOW!

...ving your sales to a new
...h in the rich Kansas City
...ketland with those dynam-
...ustomer-getting extras *now*
...ailable! Yes, sir, WHB is
...ng pretty in the very heart
...he Midwestern trade terri-
...y, swinging out — *now* —



10,000 WATTS

710 KILOCYCLES

FULL TIME

See your John Blair man today and join other smart advertisers in the Swing to WHB!

W H B

10,000 WATTS IN KANSAS CITY

**DON DAVIS
PRESIDENT**

**JOHN T. SCHILLING
GENERAL MANAGER**

Represented by
JOHN BLAIR & CO.

MUTUAL NETWORK • 710 KILOCYCLES • 5,000 WATTS NIGHT

