

will take something away from Sade, the character she's played for years.

The in-show commercials go to town for Crisco in the daytime manner. The hitch-hike for Lava is a typical spot announcement handled from New York (the show originates in Chicago).

Durward Kirby is okay on the news, but less okay on the feed to and from Miss Flynn. The show may work its way into a successful format. It won't be too hard when it finds good material. The show heard (23) had human interest spots that were in the papers two weeks previous. That's poor selection.

They're continuing to plug *Vic and Sade* "heard on another network."

J. K.

Rubinoff

Reviewed Sunday, 4-4:30 p.m. Style—Music. Sustaining on WJZ (New York) and Blue.

With a program that moves between strictly loughair and strictly rhythm, Rubinoff made his return to the air after a long country-wide tour with a band, a vocalist and himself as soloist-conductor.

When speli-man Ernest Chappell gets over the sheer wonder of having Rubinoff back on the air—something that highlights his every intro to the point of overdoing it badly—the program is a pleasant if unexciting hodge-podge of classics, semi-classics and the familiar Rubinoff seggy-schmaltz.

Opening with *Oriental Sketches*, a medley of Rimsky-Korsakoff, Cesar Cui, Ketelby and Ippolitov-Ivanov, the show introduces a baritone who is a baritone, Edward Roecker, who has pipes and knows how to use them, even if he has a tendency to overdramatize pop numbers in the Met manner. His *Night and Day*, with a good ork background, develops into a vocal production number, but reveals him as a singer worth watching. He's a little light on the top register, but otherwise has power and evidences of good training.

Rubinoff's main solo is his *Danse Russe*, a collection of Gypsy and Slav airs in which he puts on all the familiar pyrotechnics, with some cloudy moments. It's the Rubinoff of his heyday and his tone is still good.

In the *Blue of Evening*, while a pleasant arrangement, doesn't live up to the Chappell hurrah about it being "impressionistic in the mood of Debussy." It's a so-so version that brings out the strings, oboe and muted brass, leading into Roecker's second call for *I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'*, which he socks over.

Rubinoff's *Dinah* arrangement, which gives him another schmaltz session, wings into *This Is the Army*, the finale flag-waver which is delivered with pep.

Program is built around Rubinoff for Rubinoff fans, and as such should pull. To those who don't swoon at the sound of the master's tearing it out soulfully, there is still Roecker and the band for solid sock.

F. G.

"Dunninger"

Reviewed Sunday, 6:30-7 p.m. Style—Mentalist. Sustaining on WJZ (New York)—a transcribed rebroadcast of a Blue Network (except WJZ) live program at 4:30 p.m.

Joseph Dunninger is not merely a skillful "performing" mentalist. Dunninger is also a shrewd showman—one of the best—with a trigger brain and more than a fair sense of publicity values.

A half dozen years ago Dunninger emerged as a performer-stylist-ballyhooist to reckon with when he made the daily headlines and Sunday feature supplements with an almost ceaseless tirade against mediums and clairvoyants. The "fortune-telling" breed couldn't stand up against him with any degree of equality, not so much because Dunninger knew his way around the expose bases more than the average mentalist, but because mediums attempt to sell themselves on their "supernatural" powers.

Presumably Dunninger couldn't take this kind of hogwash. And even if he could, mediums are always fair game for dissenters and disbelievers, particularly when the cynic happens to be a guy who can work their side of the street, namely, Telepathy Lane, but elects to give off virtually the same blah dressed in the more dignified and clearly more acceptable garb of "entertainment." Dunninger's niche thus far has been vaude and niteries, where he works for an admission, which

Chattel Announcers

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 2.—Something new was added to the man-power situation this week when WEMP, local Blue outlet, applied the professional baseball formula to its announcers and engineers. Station has been a breeding ground for network announcers, lost two only last week, and under WLB salary limitations saw no other method for curtailing the draining away of its speliers and gain riders.

Under the new set-up, each employee within the two classifications has signed a contract with the station. Now when someone wants to hire away a staffer they have to negotiate a deal with WEMP. To round out the set-up the purchase price will be split down the middle between WEMP and employee.

As C. J. Lamphier, WEMP manager, put it, "We like to see our boys get ahead but we don't like to hold the bag," and to make certain that the station isn't holding the bag WEMP is signing up newcomers and optioning them to smaller stations within the State. Thus as men go up, WEMP can call up replacements from what are its farms.

Station has no pact with American Federation of Radio Artists, so has run into no opposition.

However, local union circles were prompt to point out two flaws in the set-up:

Radio stations are not licensed to deal in human beings and it's common knowledge that no baseball contract would stand up in court. Thus, while AFRA may say nothing in this case, since it is not involved, there is no doubt they will keep close tabs on the situation and intervene if and when it spreads to other stations.

is as it should be. It's a must that mentalists peddle their "powers" as entertainment.

About six months ago the National Concert and Artists' Corporation trotted out "The Master Mind of Mental Mystery" for a one-shot test on KYW, Philadelphia. Mentalists have trod their airwave boards before in various ways, but in the Philly stunt Dunninger came thru as a minor sensation. The novelty itself figures to wear off unless the performer improves his material and adapts his craft more nearly to the medium (no pun intended).

First few minutes were warm-up. A battery of announcers gave J. D. the old build-up—describing his previous feats, making certain that celebs were mentioned in his "conquests." And they plug the "read-your-mind" actor with trip-hammer "Dunninger . . . Dunninger . . . Dunninger" as if the name were "Garbo . . . Garbo . . . Garbo." Not bad showmanship here. Malarkey, yes, but the effect is there, and the effect counts up.

For hep listeners the tip-off as to entertainment came when Dunninger said, "I make no claims to the supernatural." The fact is, if he did make such a claim he'd be tossed off the air by the network. And if the Blue thought there was any such possibility, Dunninger would never get before the mike. To put it more positively, denial of such powers is in the must category, thus making the program a "show."

Middle portion had the mentalist carbonizing the minds of several members of the studio audience via notes they wrote while he "concentrated." He kept pressing the fact that there had been no verbal communication—another cue that Dunninger was diffusing entertainment; also insisted on establishing that his subjects (all femmes but one) had not seen him before. This part of the show was strictly routine and not much of a change of pace from mentalist exercises in theaters.

In another segment he was less routine. Had a committee of three (local newspapermen, etc.) select a name from the phone book and Dunninger hit the name, address and phone right on the button. As the Philly reviewer remarked aent the March 5 test, "No reason for listeners to doubt the veracity of the folks in the studio audience, considering that they accept commercial announcements at their face value."

Concluding stunt was showmanship at its best. Dunninger had a King Feature exec phone ye ed of *The New York Mirror*, who was to concentrate on one of the heads for the coming-up first edition (dated Septemehr 13). J. D. said it would be on an inside page as follows: "How U. S. Fifth (Army) Landed With Its Guns Blazing." Dunninger hit the jackpot in calling the head, which was spotted on page 4 and was a "delayed" AP story datelined "With U. S. Assault Forces, September 9."

You can say all you want about this being an especially obvious circulation gimmick, right on top of the ball for the bulldog edition of the tabloid, but it had the elements of suspense and thrill. That's what Dunninger was after, and that's what he achieved.

Actual closer had him "concentrating" on a headline name with audience supposed to guess and disclosure by Dun-

ninger on follow-up show. This stunt doesn't belong in the script.

Program is set as an eight-week sustainer. If Dunninger finds his groove—and he is clever enough to discover it—the air is bound to be cluttered with other mentalists, good and bad, and that won't be good. Except, of course, if this new type of show diminishes interest in quizzes. And that won't be bad.

Leonard Traube.

(Dunninger was pushed out of the 6:30 slot on his second shot, making way for Wendell Willkie's *I Pledge America* program. Was transcribed at 5:30 instead.

Dale Carnegie

Reviewed Thursday, 10:15-10:30 p.m. Style—Commentary. Sponsor—Frank H. Lee Company (Lee Hats). Agency—Birmingham, Castleman & Pierce, Inc. Station—WOR (New York) and Mutual.

Dale Carnegie's *Little Known Facts About Well Known People*, tested last season as a five-minute show on CBS, has now grown into a full 15-minute program. Carnegie picks two men and talks about them in an interesting way. On the first broadcast he yarned on Bill Jeffers, Union Pacific prexy and ex-rubber administration chief, and Himmler, head of the Gestapo.

He had some really human and little-known facts about Jeffers but practically nothing that everyone doesn't know about the Hangman. Carnegie talked into his beard frequently during the Himmler section of the airing, as tho he knew that his material wasn't up to snuff.

In the five-minute shots on CBS every word was rushed, and as a result Carnegie lost the color that proper pacing contributes to a one-man show. In this 15-minute presentation he's licked the colorless speed but still hasn't turned protean, which is what word pictures must be to hold against competition. Painting a man with air words is a big job and there are very few men available to do the painting or supply the words. Dale Carnegie is almost it. But almost isn't enough.

Tiny Ruffner, gradually returning to the national scene as an announcer, handled the commercials smoothly.

J. K.

"The Black Castle"

Reviewed Saturday, 3-3:15 p.m. Style—Mystery. Sustaining on WOR (New York) and Mutual.

This comparative newcomer to the designed-for-thrill lists differs from competitors in that all spine-icing is soloed by Don Douglas. Douglas makes the announcements; builds the horror pattern as the wizard of *Black Castle*, and finally switches to each part called for in the latter's ensuing, chiller-diller yarn.

One-man dramas obviously offer presentation difficulties not experienced in shows using a cast of actors. Speed of *Castle* is checked here and there by over-lengthy interpolations to explain scene changes. This may have been particularly

acute in show caught (Sept. 11). The yarn about an invisible murderer, based on an idea much better developed by a fellow named Wells, was as tenuous as its menace. Probably a hard nut for the producer-director, W. Keys Perrin, to crack.

Except for the fact that he is inclined to ham the wizard, making the role often seem more silly than awesome, Douglas puts on a good 15 minutes. His vocal changes are sharp and clear, and his characterizations come over effectively. With better material and tempo the stretch can throw as good a punch as any of the current hair-raisers.

Bob Francis.

Bob Hope

Reviewed Tuesday, 10-10:30 p.m. Style—Variety. Sponsor—Pepsodent Company. Agency—Foote, Cone & Belding. Station—WEAF (New York) and NBC.

With one day of rest under his belt after five months of day and night USO-Camp Shows, Bob Hope came back to his regular air stint Tuesday (21). Comic showed no slow-up after the grueling trek that took him as far as Africa and battlefronts of Sicily. He batted out the comedy at a pitch that makes the half-hour show run like 15 minutes.

Bing Crosby, who had volunteered to sub for Hope in event that latter was not ready for Tuesday start, was guest on opening program. Bing did *Sunday, Monday or Always*, took a Sinatra-needling from his host and wound up with a sketch ribbing Hollywood's vet actors. Clowning combo came over in fine shape to clock plenty of laughs.

Except for substitution of Stan Kenton and his ork for Skinnay Ennis and his band boys, new edition's personnel set-up remains about as of last year. Frances Langford, who had also been overseas, services the vocal chore and, as usual, laid a song on the line in fine style. Comics Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna are back to dally insults with the maestro in the familiar pattern, and Wendell Niles is again at the mike for the commercials.

Opener was well turned, and inclusion of quartetted commercial chant about *Irium Miriam* is smart. Stan Kenton's music is from the top drawer. However, the old Hope-Ennis verbal clouts are missed. These will develop later when sessions get into full swing.

In sum, it would seem that Pepsodent has prepared another well-balanced ether blue-plate. If scripts and production hold to opening stanza, show is set for another top-bracket season.

Incidentally, Hope played straight for program's concluding minutes with as magnificent and stirring a War Bond appeal as has ever been heard over the air. He's been over there. He's seen it and he can tell it with a bang. No theatrics, just fact. It's a job to make kickers dig and pull the dirt in after them. If the whole program had laid an egg, that speech alone would leave 'em reaching for next week's tune-in.

B. F.

"I Sustain the Wings"

Reviewed Saturday, 6-6:30 p.m. Style—Music. Sustaining over WEAF (New York) and NBC.

NBC grabbed this Army Air Force builder-upper, with Capt. Glenn Miller's 38-piece orchestra, when CBS couldn't supply a Coast-to-Coast network with football games coming up. Show makes it tough for any other program taking to the air at its time.

In a fashion, it's Glenn Miller's old Chesterfield show all over again, a short dramatic piece promoting the army airmen instead of cigarettes. The musical format remains the same, including the something-old-new-borrowed-blue medley.

The service band Miller is fronting sounds better than any he led in civilian life, and it is not merely due to the additional 19 strings he now carries. There is a precision and blend directly attributable to an esprit de corps never found among civilian musicians to whom a place in a rigorously rehearsed organization is a hardship. And while the old Miller sidemen names are missing, sparkling new ones are present in Corp. Ray McKinley, Corp. Mel Powell and Sgt. Trigger Alpert. Others, particularly an unidentified tenor sax man, are certain to remain with their superior officer when uniforms are no longer required.

A short, down to earth sketch tells what happens when "Johnny, the kid next