

TUNE IN

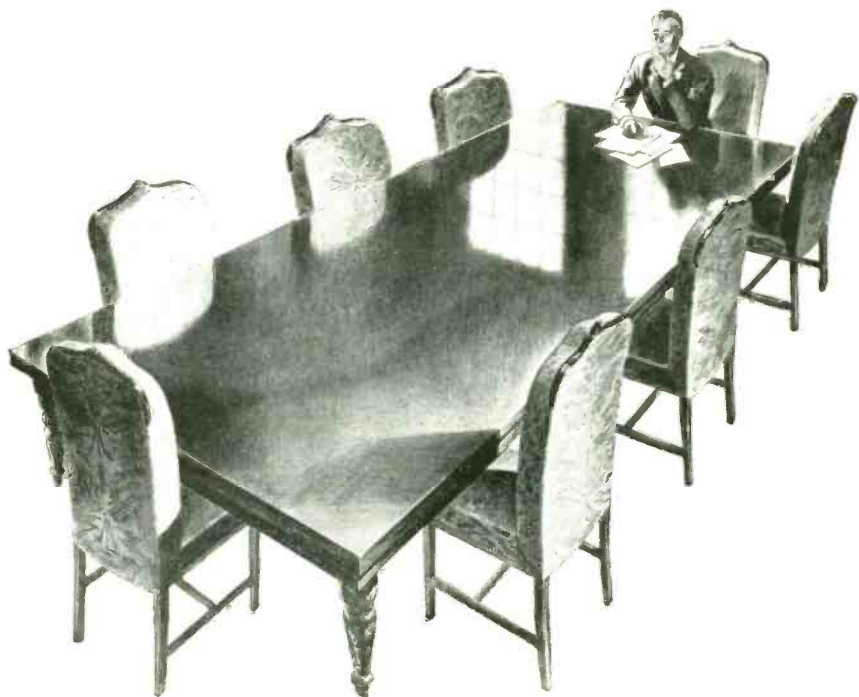
MARCH, 1945 FIFTEEN CENTS



"I TAKE IT—AND CAN'T LEAVE IT"

by

PHIL BAKER



Peace terms every man should make NOW!

The war is still on . . . and will be for some time to come.

But right now—before the war ends—every man in America has an unprecedented opportunity to make terms with himself for his own peace . . . his peace of mind.

For now, as never before, a man should look at his wife and family and say, "What can I offer them for the future?"

Now, as never before, a man should look at his house and worldly goods and say, "How can I improve these so my family may better enjoy life?"

Now, as never before, a man should look at tomorrow and say, "How can I best prepare for some unforeseen emergency which might affect my family?"

And now, as never before, every man in America has a

chance to answer all these questions—an opportunity to provide for the future.

That opportunity is War Bonds. No doubt you are buying War Bonds through the Payroll Saving Plan. Arrange to buy more War Bonds. All you can afford. More than you thought you could afford.

What's even more important—don't cash in those War Bonds before they mature. Stick them away in a safe place—and forget about them till you can reap the full harvest on them.

Now is the time to make your plans for peace of mind. It's something you owe yourself . . . owe your family. Buy War Bonds and hold onto them!

**TUNE IN
NATIONAL RADIO MAGAZINE**

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

THE PASSING PARADE OF RADIO

"TUNE IN" BRINGS TO ITS READERS
AN ENDLESS PROCESSION
OF FOREMOST RADIO PERSONALITIES

You've heard them all. Now meet them personally. Each month, Tune In's pages are your personal introduction to all the outstanding favorites. You'll meet the stars through exclusive pictures and specially-written stories. You'll gain a host of new friends and enjoy their programs twice as much with all the information that is contained in each personality-packed issue.



BECOME
RADIO-WISE
WITH
TUNE IN

12 EXCITING ISSUES
FOR ONLY
\$1.50

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY →

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

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

NAME.....

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A



RADIOQUIZ

GINNY SIMMS

GUEST QUIZARD

RADIOGENIC WARBLES OF NBC'S "JOHNNY PRESENTS"



1 Behind the valentine are real-life sweeties: (A) Harriet & Ozzie (B) Fred & Portland (C) George & Gracie



2 This famous piano team is known as: (A) Piano Rhythmcers (B) Ivory Ticklers (C) The First Piano Quartet



3 Posing with the bunny is well-known songstress: (A) Irene Beasley (B) Minnie Pearl (C) Jeri Sullivan



4 The melancholy Mr. Peavy is drugstore on: (A) The Great Gildersleeve (B) Rudy Vallee Show (C) Goldbergs



5 Having packing difficulties is John Sylvester of: (A) John's Other Wife (B) Bright Horizon (C) Ma Perkins



6 Adding a new note to the harmony of this singing trio is Sharon Lynn: (A) Andrews (B) Murrah (C) Dinning



7 Absorbed in experiments is juvenile artist favorite: (A) Jackie Kelk (B) Michael O'Day (C) Bobby Ellis



8 Georgia Gibbs is favorite soloist of: (A) Bob Burns Show (B) Moore-Durante Show (C) Kay Kyser College

ANSWERS ON PAGE 45

VOICE OF THE LISTENER

RECORDS AT LAST

Gentlemen:
Well, it's just about time we got some new records, both for home use and over the air. The whole Petrillo misap was just as confusing to me as to everybody else—but we music fans were mighty sore about the situation just the same.

Two whole years before settling the squabble seems about a year and a half too long. Surely some sort of arbitration could have been worked out so that the public didn't have to suffer.

SAM H. RONDELL

Minneapolis, Minn.

NAY FAVORITE

Dear Sirs:
I'll have to confess that this is the first time I've written to any magazine. But I just had to write to tell you how much I really enjoy reading your swell book. TUNE IN really is a "must" in the Navy, both on shore bases and on ships at sea!

By the way, did anyone on the staff of TUNE IN take notice of a rising young singer who has a 15 minute program over NBC? His name happens to be Andy Russell. Don't say I didn't tell you that boy is going places. "The Voice" had better watch out for Andy.

JOHN J. SING

Irvine, N. J.

FRANK PARKER

Gentlemen:
I wonder if I'm not right in saying that one of radio's greatest voices isn't being heard often enough these days. I'm speaking of that great tenor, Frank Parker.

Although Mr. Parker has gueststarred on quite a few programs recently, it still isn't enough for his many fans. He certainly deserves his own show.

His personality rates right alongside his magnificent voice, and with both of these, plus looks, Frank Parker can't help becoming the watchword of every radio listener in the nation!

DOROTHY MAYER

Newark, N. J.

A SOAP OPERA WITH PUNCH

Dear Editor:
I would like to congratulate the author of "Two on a Clue," the new afternoon serial. It's soap opera in name only—it's fun, exciting, and, thank goodness, even the chemistry is amusing. Why, dear Editor, aren't there more on the order of this, "Ethel and Albert," and poor dead "Vic and Sade?"

I have enough troubles of my own without hearing those of Joan Davis. If any starchy eyed miss listened to "When a Girl Marries," she never would. And poor Portia—why she is still "facing life!" I can't imagine.

SALLY M. PARKER

New York, N. Y.
P.S. Don't you think the writers of "Backstage Wife" realize that just two weeks have passed in this last year?

DO WE LOVE COMMERCIALS?

Dear Editor:
Is just about makes me sick to see all this stuff about our servicemen missing the commercials on the radio. Of course, they miss them. A lonesome G.I. in the Pacific misses the way he used to get his feet wet at home, thinks of hanging on to a strap in the subway with delight. That doesn't mean he's going to feel the same way about it once he gets back.

I suppose commercials are necessary. Certainly sponsors make good programs available over the air. I'm a practical person, however, and I know that the cost of every program I listen to—and lots of those I don't hear—are added on to my grocery bill each week. That money comes out of the consumer's pocketbook and no body else's.

But even if they're a necessary evil—can't we keep them decent? Whenever I hear a presumably grown-up man drooling about puddings and soups, let me tell you, I feel embarrassed for him—just about the way I'd feel about having my daughter in a burlesque show. They make public spectacles of themselves. An announcer should announce—or comment on—his product, not slobber over it.

ANNETTE DARKLIN

New York, N. Y.

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IN THE COVER

PHIL BAKER, who discloses behind-the-scenes trade secrets of his happy-go-lucky quiz program—page seven.

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1937, however, she had fled Italy and has broadcast in New York as an anti-fascist for five years.

accompany them on stage and screen. Listeners will recognize the patter, contributed by Danny's wife.

Perry Como's winning of the NBC "Supper Club" auditions puts him in a class by himself. Competition was keen for the assignment, with about 15 big-name singers and numerous hand vocalists trying out. Nevertheless, the dark-eyed former barber had no trouble walking off with the honors. This is the more remarkable since Como had never had a commercial program of his own. Last heard regu-



larly on the air as a sustaining feature in 1943, the crooner's time in the past year had been devoted to night club appearances and a screen role in "Something for the Boys." Though various radio polls placed him among the top vocalists of the country, no sponsor appeared to back the lad until a replacement was needed for Johnny Mercer and his "Music Shop." Como rushed from a tour—made the grade.



A \$32,500 competition designed to stimulate Pan-American culture has been announced by the Detroit Symphony Orchestra (heard over Mutual, Saturday nights at 8:30 E.W.T.). Each of this hemisphere's 21 countries is invited to contribute an unpublished symphony. Finalist manuscripts will be presented by conductor Karl Krueger (shown with section of orchestra).



STATUESQUE FIGURE is NBC's Bob Hope, as the only entertainer immortalized among 50 modern notables in "Living Hall of Washington."



IT'S A FOUR-STAR MOMENT for Merrill Mueller when General Eisenhower gives him the latest good word—personally. NBC correspondent assigned to "Ike's" Supreme Headquarters, Merrill gets many exclusive news stories to report back home via radio.

ALL-STAR MOMENT MUSICALE finds band-leader Johnny Long at the violin (a right-handed one, too), actor Michael O'Shea at the drums, singer Petry Como at the trombone, femme-banjoer Billie Rogers at the trumpet—and big Bill Bendix (star of Blue's "Life of Riley") at the helm.



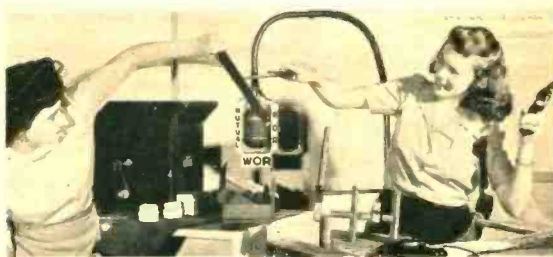
Along Radio Row



ED "ARCHIE" GARDNER of "Duffy's" and Dick Haymes of "Everything for the Boys" have a high time during a very mixed NBC rehearsal.



BEHIND-THE-SCENES GLIMPSE reveals where Edgar Bergen racks his "brains"—or "dummies"—between ventriloquist volleys on his NBC show. Faces to wall, Charlie McCarthy, Mortimer Snerd and Effie Klinker await their cues to come to vocal life.



GUN PLAY AND SWORD PLAY are fun to Sara Jane Troy and Dorothy Langley, wartime sound effects "men" at WOR-Mutual. They learn a lot about lethal weapons, setting the scene for such suspenseful thrillers as Saturday's "The Mysterious Traveler."

"THE LOOKS" AND "THE VOICE" sit one out between rehearsals for the Sinatra show. Most envied girl among bobby-sockers, Brooklyn-born Eileen Barton had already been in radio for almost 12 of her 18 years before she was invited to share vocal chores with Frank on his program.





*He
Proposed
last night!*

**-how lucky that
I wore my
lovely**

Evening in Paris
face powder



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

BOURJOIS
NEW YORK

Tune in "There's a Romance" starring Larry Douglas
with Jim Amos and His Black Orchestra—
Thursday, evenings, Columbia Network.

OF MIKES AND MEN

By

LAURA HAYNES

With cigarettes so much in the news these days, it's amusing to learn what happens to the packs given away through such programs as "Thanks to the Yanks," over CBS. Quipmaster BOB HAWK quotes the latest exchange-rates as shown by a letter from a serviceman overseas—who reports that he traded half of his gift smokes for a picture of BETTY GRABLE, a captured German flag, two cases of soft drinks and six chocolate bars!

★ ★ ★

NBC headliner BOB BURNS claims he's the only comedian in radio who writes his show after—instead of before—his broadcasts. A chronic ad-libber, the drawing Arkansas Traveler never sees a full script of his program until his secretary types it out from recordings, days after it's actually heard on the air.

★ ★ ★

Not only did J. EDGAR HOOVER, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, give his official blessing to ISABEL MANNING HEWSON's "Land of the Lost"—and act as a contest judge for this top Blue Network children's program—but he gets a big kick out of his undersea impersonator, J. EDGAR "BULLFISH," whom he calls "my Neptunian contemporary."

★ ★ ★

Nice gesture from one established song star on CBS to another young up-and-comer on NBC was the message: "Congratulations on your new sponsor. I have watched your career since you were a little girl, and I am sure your thrilling voice will bring you success." It was addressed to MARION LOVERIDGE—and signed by none other than KATE SMITH.

★ ★ ★

PHIL BAKER's story on the opposite page reminds us that his seems to be a pretty lucky last name to have for radio success. Consider JOHN BAKER, Metropolitan Opera baritone who stars on Mutual's "Steel Horizons," and KENNY BAKER, long featured tenor of "Blue Ribbon Town" on CBS... There's an

other name that seems to be very much okay for sound waves, too. Just think of comedian DANNY KAYE and his new CBS show, singing star BEATRICE KAY of NBC's "Gaslight Gayeties," and maestro SAMMY KAYE, as heard regularly with his orchestra over Blue.

★ ★ ★

From his experience auditioning impersonators for "Which is Which," CBS emcee KEN MURRAY reports that the easiest-to-find good imitations are those of BING CROSBY, LIONEL BARRYMORE and CHARLES BOYER. Hardest to locate is a satisfactory voice double for WALTER WINCHELL, fast-paced Blue Network columnist.

★ ★ ★

DICK HAYMES, singing emcee of NBC's "Everything for the Boys," uses a necktie for a belt—started the habit when he was broke and couldn't afford to buy new suspenders... HENNY YOUNGMAN, "Carton of Cheer" comic on the same net, always wears a gold ring with an empty setting—it used to sport a diamond (now lost) which HENNY often pawned when he was down and out.

★ ★ ★

In real life, ARTHUR LAKE—"Blondie's" icebox-raiding husband on that CBS comedy series—finds something better to do with his spare time at night. He's busy working late shifts at his own plastics manufacturing company, which recently won an important contract to produce plastic parts for airplanes.

★ ★ ★

For all his mastery of foreign dialects—from East Indian to London cockney—MEI BLANC flatly refuses to travel. The little man with the many voices has a phobia against riding in anything on wheels, walks to the studio for such assignments as his characterization of GEORGE and GRACIE's "Happy Postman" on the BURNS and ALLEN show over CBS.

★ ★ ★

Stoo-dents: Not content with being voted most promising singing discovery of 1944, Mutual star DICK BROWN is avidly studying harp, saxophone and dramatics... VICTOR JORY, dramatic hero of the CBS "Matinee Theatre," is learning Judo (ju-jitsu) from AL HOWARD, member of MARK WARNOW's orchestra on that show... HELEN CHOATE, Girl Friday of Mutual's; "Nick Carter," relaxes by practicing Yogi exercises a half hour each day



EMCEE PHIL BAKER DRAWS LOTS FOR "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT" CONTESTANTS WHO AIM AT THAT FAMOUS \$64 QUESTION

"I TAKE IT AND CAN'T LEAVE IT"

By PHIL BAKER

AT LAST it's happened. Someone has come along and asked *me* the \$64 question! Usually, I'm the guy who does the asking and the other fellow does the answering—if he wants that prize money I hand out on "Take It Or Leave It."

But TUNE IN has turned the tables on me, by wanting to know what I consider the most crucial problem of my life.

A month or so ago, I would have answered that it was wondering whether to run for a fourth term, after three years

of "Take It Or Leave It." But now that that's settled, my personal \$64 question is the same as it has been from the start: How long can I *take* it?

When I began this job as quizmaster of ceremonies, I thought I knew a lot



QUIZMASTER BAKER CONGRATULATES A WINNER WHO IS ANYTHING BUT "SAW-REE" THAT HE DECIDED TO TAKE IT INSTEAD OF LEAVE IT!

about give-and-take. In midnight sessions for my previous program, I gave my gag writers all the coffee they could drink, all the cigarettes they could smoke, all the jokes they could steal and sell to other comics later on. All this went on until even my knees gave! And I was a past master at the art of taking it. My stooges, Beetle and Bottle, took care of that.

Beetle, the man in the box, was more or less a pioneer among stooges, since he was one of the first — if not the very first — to apply the slapstick to the seat of the star's trousers, rather than vice versa. The star wearing the trousers happened to be a guy named Baker. Beetle, my butler, did all right, too, when it came to slamming the boss around. However, unlike Beetle (who was impossible to contend with because he was invisible), Bottle could be put in his place from time to time.

My adventures with Beetle and Bottle went on for years, and then I took it again. This time, I took a vacation from radio. I was a little tired of situation comedy and decided to leave radio until I could find something different. Then, the Eversharp people presented another opportunity for me to trot out my "give and take" philosophy; when they offered me "Take It Or Leave It," I gave the offer five seconds' consideration, then I took it.

Back in the situation comedy days, I'd take an entire week putting together a show. Now, I ad-lib my way through most of the half-hour on the air—or, in other words, I do in a single half-hour

all the worrying that I used to do all week. It sounds simple. I'm sure many other radio comedians think it is.

As a matter of fact, I thought so, too — until the first time I appeared as emcee. I learned then that facing a mike with a prepared script in my hand was radically different from facing a stranger (I never see a contestant either before or after a broadcast), with only a few previously selected gags to fill in, if necessary. It took me more than two months before I had enough confidence to realize that I wasn't as nervous as the contestant himself!

Again, it's give and take. On the giving side is the fact that, in my three years on "Take It Or Leave It," I have given away more than \$50,000 in the sponsor's cold cash, not to mention 2,000-odd pens and pencils. And the show gives me more time to myself, but it still takes an awful lot out of me.

The contestants and the audience, both in the studio and at home, see to it that I do my share of taking it. And I, in turn, give them every opportunity to express themselves. Ordinarily, I have to draw out the contestant, to get him to talk freely, but there are times when the quizzee speaks up, with results that are often as funny as they are unpredictable.

For instance, there was that school teacher who ran into trouble on her category of questions. She answered the \$8 question correctly, but it was an effort. Trying to put her more at ease, I started to tell a joke. Then, just as I took that little pause before the tagline, she spoke up. "I'll take my eight

dollars," she said. I never did get around to finishing my story.

That same night, another young lady set me back on my heels, with an answer that was completely logical and simple, yet surprising and funny. She chose a "you takes your choice" category. That is, I was to ask her questions each of which had three possible correct answers, and she was supposed to supply two of the answers. Each time, she supplied all three answers, instead of just the two. Finally, I asked: "How do you know all these answers?"

"I went to school," she said.

I immediately gave her \$64. What's the use of carrying on, in the face of logic like that?

It reminds me very much of the time a contestant turned the tables on me. He asked me how I happened to become a quizmaster. I didn't answer. He asked me how I did at college. I still didn't answer. He asked me how I did in high school. That's when I turned to the audience and said: "When he reaches the sixth grade, boy, do I have an answer for him!" (Incidentally, it's true — I never did finish public school.)

Yes, it pays to give the contestants a chance to express themselves. They come up with hilarious, unpredictable answers, howls that a script writer would never dream of. And it makes them feel better, thereby increasing their chances of winning that \$64.

Speaking of the \$64 question, there have been times when I've even broken that precedent, to give a winner more than the nominal top amount. I did it

for the first time after about two years on the show, when a soldier contestant mentioned that he was in town on an emergency furlough, to be with his wife during her operation.

After he answered the \$64 question, I invited him to keep on trying. I asked him to add 64 and 64 together and give me the answer. He told me 128, of course—so I awarded him \$128.

The odd part was that the soldier had chosen a category of questions dealing with the New York World's Fair. Later, I found out that he had supervised a chain of milk bars at the Fair!

Folks write in, commending me for giving servicemen a break. Frankly, I didn't realize I was doing it, but—when you've been in service yourself, as I was in the last war—I guess you can't help realizing how much that extra \$64 can mean. Fan mail has proven that my listeners are in hearty agreement about that angle.

Audiences are naturally on the side of the contestant in uniform. As a matter of fact, their sympathies are with any contestant in general. It's human nature for people to want to see the "expert" toppled from his pedestal by "the man next door." That sympathy for the contestant, as a representative of the

audience itself, is one of the main problems a quizmaster has to face.

Honestly, I feel that way about it, too, but this human reaction in favor of the apparent underdog is probably the reason why I have to take it so often—after broadcasts as well as during. Just let my information be incorrect, and, brother, do I hear about it!

Take, for instance, the time I asked a contestant whether Big Ben, in London, was a clock or a bell. She opined that it was a clock, and I opined that she was wrong. During the next few days, I received hundreds of letters, telegrams, telephone calls and even a few messages by carrier pigeon.

Technically, I was right. Big Ben is a bell, 9 feet in diameter and weighing 13½ tons, in the clock in the tower of Westminster Palace. But the Columbia Encyclopedia puts its finger on the situation neatly, when it says: "The name formerly was applied to the bell alone, but popular usage has made it applicable to both bell and clock." So we checked our files, found the name of the young lady, and sent her \$64.

Another time, I asked a soldier to identify the sex of the novelist, George Eliot. He said male, and I said he was wrong. Hundreds of listeners immedi-

ately began saying I was wrong. I had overlooked the fact that there was also a well-known military writer, Major George Fielding Eliot, who is male and has been known to write a book or two on occasion. Again, \$64 went through the mails, with an apology.

Yes, if you don't believe that a quizmaster takes it, in addition to handing it out, I wish you'd do something for me. Just stick around until the next time I pull a boner on "Take It Or Leave It." Then you answer the calls!

But seriously, I don't mind taking it, even though the responsibility of handling the show makes me so nervous I have to keep drinking innumerable cups of coffee, right while the broadcast is going on. There are plenty of compensations—especially the contestants, who also give as well as take.

Actually, there is no such thing as a "dull" contestant, if only radio programs weren't limited and you had the time to draw each one out. Human beings are interesting for their own sakes. The result is so much stimulating fun that there isn't anything greater I could wish for my own children, provided they had the interests and aptitudes, than the chance to do just what I have done—giving and taking and reaping rewards of my own!



ACCORDING TO PUBLICITY AGENTS, THIS IS THE WAY PHIL BAKER AND HIS ATTRACTIVE BRIDE SET OUT ON THEIR HONEYMOON TRIP



VIDEO CAMERAS AND MICROPHONES PICK UP A SCENE FROM "CARMEN"—AS SEEN AND HEARD IN A CONDENSED VERSION OVER WNBT

Opera in Television

THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY TELECASTS THE MUSIC-DRAMA



MONA PAULEE AND FELIX KNIGHT, as *Carmen* and *Don Jose*, receive final instructions from Dr. Herbert Graf, stage director of the Metropolitan Opera House and NBC television staff.

DESPITE all those dire prophecies that radio's mass entertainment would debase American culture to the lowest common denominator, broadcasting continues to prove itself one of the most effective media in history for developing public taste to its highest levels.

Education through radio is an established fact. The success of both opera and symphony on the air shows that audiences eagerly listen to "cultural" programs for sheer enjoyment. And now television promises to open up still wider vistas, adding sight as well as sound to the air presentation of opera.

First such experiments at NBC were on a modest scale, testing how well an old, traditional art form could be

adapted to a new, unprecedented medium. Under the direction of Dr. Herbert Graf, staff director of operatic productions, short scenes or arias were televised in full costume and setting—so satisfactorily that plans were laid for presenting a complete opera plot.

Dr. Graf, in particular, was enthusiastic about the possibilities. As stage director for the Metropolitan Opera, the dark-eyed, 41-year-old doctor of music is primarily concerned with making story and characters "come alive" on stage—no easy task, when movements must be geared to specific arias and orchestral accompaniment, and simplest set is as big as a ballroom.

To this energetic Viennese, it seems ridiculous that *Carmen* should seduce *Don Jose* in a public square, that *Figaro*—the barber of Seville—should chatter his gossip far from his shop. But, in opera, changes of sets are limited by their unwieldiness and productions are so expensive that scenery, once purchased, must be used for many years.

Television changes all that. Scenes can be set up all over the studio, as intimate as a movie close-up, as vast as a theatre stage. Dr. Graf foresees larger studios and more cameras in future, but, even under wartime restrictions, he was able to produce a visually more varied and dramatically more vivid "*Carmen*" than is possible on stage.

For this 45-minute condensation, cameras shifted from scene to scene, catching unusual views (including films of an actual bullfight). This not only offered a greater variety and more emotional change of pace, but—incidentally and quite necessarily—allowed time for quick costume changes.

With such techniques, opera should soon find a place in video, as it has in radio. Indeed, Dr. Graf believes television will definitely popularize opera with the American public—and exercise a very healthy influence on an art which has grown tradition-bound.

"This medium," he says earnestly, "will force opera to be natural—in language, acting, scenery, delivery. It will open again the chances for spoken dialogue, as used in Europe but somehow never considered acceptable over here. And this means opera in English."

Result, he thinks, will be fortunate for performers as well as audience. "It will prove," he predicts, "the golden chance for young American singers, partly because of the necessity for good diction in English, partly because they are more natural in close-ups—they don't tense their faces in singing!"



IN THE FIRST ACT OF "*CARMEN*," *Don Jose* arrests the gypsy girl for disturbing the peace. She persuades him to let her escape, promising to meet him at an old inn outside Seville.



THE SECOND ACT (AS TELEVISED) takes place at the inn, a meeting-place for smugglers. Fascinated by *Carmen*, *Don Jose* deserts the army to join her and her lawless gypsy friends.



IN THE THIRD AND LAST ACT, *Don Jose*—deserted by the fickle *Carmen* for a popular torador—follows her to the arena, kills her when she laughs at his frantic pleas to return.



ON A SIGHTSEEING TOUR OF LONDON, TYPICAL G. I. JOES LEARN ABOUT A LAND AND PEOPLE A LOT—BUT NOT QUITE—LIKE THEIR OWN

AMERICANS IN ENGLAND

by TED MALONE

HERE'S HOW OUR SERVICEMEN SEE GREAT BRITAIN - - AND VICE VERSA

I AM in London tonight, and being here reminds me of one of the questions all American soldiers are always being asked: "Well, now, what do you think of England?" Or: "What do you think of Ireland . . . Scotland . . . Wales? What do you think of Great Britain?"

It's a quarter past four in the morning over here. Everybody is asleep. Let's talk about them. To make it fair, I'll tell you what they think of Americans, too. But, first, here are some of the things I've heard the Yankees say.

The British are nice people, very nice people—even if they do have an accent! They are nice people, but they always drive on the wrong side of the road. They call trucks "lorries," gasoline "petrol," the radio "wireless," and movies "the cinema." You can figure these things out. But driving on the left, when nearly all the rest of the world drives right—well, all you can say is: "That's British."

The passenger trains are divided into first-class and third-class carriages, small

private compartments in which half a dozen or more passengers sit silently staring at each other. The freight cars are curious little affairs about one-third the size of ours, and the train whistle is a painful, high-pitched shriek that sounds as if someone had just pinched the engine. Because of the war, depots are a little dingy, the roofs gaping from bomb hits, the baggage pushed around

by high-heeled girls. And this week I saw an engineer wearing a bowler hat.

The subways—"tubes" or "underground"—are much deeper and much more comfortable than American subways. For a short run, London tubes are cheaper; for a long run, they are dearer. You pay for the distance you travel here, from a penny up to a shilling.

And the money! The British pennies are enormous, larger than our half-dollars. (They deny this is planned in order to make the poor people feel richer than they are!) An English penny is supposed to be equivalent to two American pennies—which would make an English sixpence the same as twelve cents. And there are twenty shillings in the British pound—so you might naturally conclude that a pound is worth \$4.80. But it isn't. It is worth just \$4.00. What happens to the other eighty cents I haven't yet figured out.

English pound notes are pale pink and blue, and twice the size of our dollar

FREQUENTLY, radio scripts heard only once on the air contain information or on-the-spot observations of more than transitory interest to listeners. TUNE IN heretewith presents the major portion of one of War Correspondent Malone's most interesting broadcasts, as heard on his series over Blue (Mon., Tues., Wed., at 8 P.M., E.W.T.)

bills. Their five-pound notes look like a Dartmouth diploma, and you have to write your name on the back in order to spend one. To an American, the money doesn't seem real. It is stage money, or that paper stuff we used to play Monopoly with—and it goes just as fast.

There are lots of uses for the pennies. If you want to weigh yourself on the penny scales—don't do it. The scales are marked in "stones" instead of pounds. People in England weigh so many "stones." If you weigh twenty "stones," you had better go on a diet!

The British measure in liters, kilometers, and kilograms. Their money is infinitely harder to figure out than ours, but their decimal system of weights and measures is infinitely better.

Restaurants are all subject to a ceiling price—5 shillings (\$1)—and they cannot serve you more than three courses. But, of course, if you want a roll and butter and some coffee, then naturally there is the "house charge," or cover charge, as we call it. You never get a glass of water unless you ask for it—and asking is hardly enough. The waiter never asks you if you wish dessert—it is, "Trifle, or sweet?"

The silverware is the biggest in the world. Teaspoons are larger than our soup spoons, and Beowulf must have designed the knives and forks. But the British have a trick of using them that few Americans master—the fork in the left hand, the knife in the right—and there they stay throughout the meal.

American soldiers have given America a terrific build-up among English girls, telling them of all the conveniences we have at home. Apparently the average home in Great Britain does not have a telephone or very much in the line of electric ranges, fans, irons, vacuum sweepers, or electric mixers. And—so help me—I've seen only one electric refrigerator in Great Britain!

The British do not have commercial radio. They have a government monopoly, much like our Post Office. Everything in radio here is pigeonholed, and alphabetized accordingly, and there are no Paul Whitemans and Jack Bennys and Orson Welleses. Nevertheless, British radio is efficient. And, until Britain is sure that automobiles are here to stay, it will continue, for the time being, on the left-hand side of the road. (Now don't misunderstand! This is all in fun. Wait until I tell you what the British think of us!)

The English taxis are as funny as the little trains—and just as hard to catch. The drivers wear wing collars and never

swear at each other. Taxi fares are the only thing which haven't risen since the war started, but you practically have to bribe a cabby to make him stop. And after dark you pay your heart's blood, meter or no meter, if you ride—and after midnight you ride in a taxi or you walk. The subways in London stop running at about 11:30, and nobody I know ever found a bus in the foggy darkness. So, with this wonderful town spread all over Southern England, if you aren't at home by nightfall, you stay all night wherever you are.

Salaries in Great Britain are low, compared with salaries in America. A girl starts to work for as little as thirty shillings a week (\$5) and seldom ever earns more than five or six pounds (\$20 or \$25).

Since the passing of the National Service Act, everybody works. And what is more to the point, you can be compelled to take any job the Ministry of Labor directs. The papers often carry stories of boys and girls obliged to work in towns some distance from their homes, at salaries which—after their income tax and barest living costs are deducted—leave them not only with no money, but actually in debt.

The British don't like these things. It puzzles them that a war for freedom must be waged in a way which involves so many paradoxes. But it is another one of those things like driving on the wrong side of the road—nobody does anything about it.

British newspapers cost a penny, an English penny. These days, they consist of only one or two sheets, and they are virtually impossible to get. The most conservative paper, the London *Times*, has all its classified ads, births, deaths and personals on the front page. You have to open up the paper to find a word of news. And, as in America, where news stories read as if the Americans were fighting the whole war, so here you might think the whole burden is borne exclusively by the British.

The social, business and class distinctions may not be any more sharply drawn than they are in America, but they are more openly drawn, and the people seem more conscious of them. One class is quite as intolerant and disdainful as the others, with the result that they are a little indignant at the suggestion that they are mistreated or underpaid or underprivileged. They have driven on the wrong side of the road so long, it is the right side.

Americans like Great Britain—beautiful country, nice folks, courteous, gen-

erous, brave, good people. But they do not find it very democratic. And, while a lot of them will bring British girls back home with them, they will be perfectly satisfied to go home.

What do the British think of Americans? They like them. We have overrun their island, crowded them off their streets and out of their restaurants and pubs; we have eaten much of their food and competed with them for the attention of their ladies. They find us a problem, because—as part of the saying goes—Americans are overpaid, over-dressed, and over here.

A British friend described Americans to me as a little loud, a little bold, chewing too much gum, smoking too many cigars, and swaggering too much. They feel we are trying too hard to lend them things easily now—things we will be anxious to collect for, later. They envy our WACs over here—not their good looks, but their stockings.

The British assume from our American movies that murder is our favorite game, crime our favorite sport, and that Indians and cowboys are familiar sights everywhere outside of New York. And America must be a tropical country—because we all complain about the lack of cold drinks here.

They enjoy our slang and ask us why Frank Sinatra wasn't nominated for President. They like our cigarettes, deplore our morals, sing our songs, and make it very clear that they fought the war alone until Japan attacked America. They are embarrassed by the fact that the American soldier is breaking down the tradition of British reserve and conservatism.

They are a little shocked to find that they themselves really aren't so reserved as they thought. They have unquestionably been willing to talk for centuries, but, since nobody knew it, nobody ever started a conversation. When the Americans came, all this was changed. People speak to each other right out in public. It is rather exciting and not unpleasant—if the Americans just knew when to hush up.

All joking aside, though, Americans and Britishers are much more alike than different. We have our customs and our habits. We both have our special virtues and our faults. But the great mass of people in both America and Great Britain are basically honest and have much in common. If Britain wants to drive on the left side and we prefer the right, that is fine. We are both going the same way, so that leaves the ditch for the Nazis—and that's better than they deserve.

DICK POWELL

THE EMCEE OF THE "BANDWAGON" KNOWS WHAT HE'S SINGING ABOUT

TUNE IN SUN. 7:30 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

WHEN Dick Powell took over the reins of the "Fitch Bandwagon" last fall, no one could have had a better right to occupy that driver's seat. As a singing emcee of the ether, the Arkansas troubadour has a record stretching back 11 years to "Hollywood Hotel." In fact, it was as singing emcee of Pittsburgh's Stanley Theatre that Dick was first discovered for both motion pictures and networks, in 1933.

Even more than this, Richard Ewing Powell is well equipped to be ringmaster for an ever-changing cavalcade of popular dance orchestras, by virtue of his own experience with bands. He was once a bandleader himself, played many an instrument, still enjoys competing with his guest conductors on their chosen musical weapons. Dick started out modestly, while still a freshman at Little Rock College, by mastering the saxophone, cornet and clarinet.

Time was when the blue-eyed, auburn-haired youngster even tackled the banjo. Stranded in Anderson, Indiana, after his first professional hand outs, Dick was down to his last forty cents, living precariously on a single hamburger a day. It was manna from heaven when he got a wire from Charley Davis offering a job with his band—if he could play the banjo. Fortified by a \$50 advance, Dick spent a couple of weeks practicing on a second-hand instrument, hitch-hiked to Indianapolis, and learned to cat again.

Band-storming was an uncertain business in the mid-twenties, and there were many moments when the homesick kid regretted he had ever left his \$30-a-month job with the telephone company—not to mention the \$60 he got for singing with a Little Rock church choir. Maybe he should have stuck to his original ambition to become leader of that choir and vice-president of the phone company. (He probably could have achieved both—one brother is now vice-president of the Illinois Central Railroad, another is an executive of the International Harvester Company in South America.)

Dick has always had a good head for figures, handles money wisely now that he has it, even made good pay while in his teens—until bitten by the band-bug. He was an ace soda-jerk, a chain-store grocery manager at 18, did all right with his college orchestra, and was a whiz at collecting nickels from the coin-boxes for the phone company.

Little Rock had looked like the golden land of opportunity, when the Powell family moved there from Mountain View, the tiny Arkansas town where Dick was born. The boy had lived nine miles from even the nearest railroad track, traveled long distances to school—perched behind an older brother on mule-back—exclaimed in alarm when he first saw city streetcars: "But, daddy, where are the horses?"

When show business beckoned, the mathematics-minded Powell brain turned thumbs down. As a child, he had first learned the commercial potentialities of his voice when a

veteran railroad engineer gave him a nickel for rendering "Casey Jones." Music still seemed like a comparatively unprofitable sideline to him, when a visiting handleader offered him a singing-playing job with low pay and lots of travel. But, like a sober business man, he talked it over with his boss at the phone company, was startled when that probably stagestruck gentleman advised him to take a chance.

That early gamble has now been paying handsome dividends for years. Once established, Dick was long the Sinatra of the screen—or, to put it more accurately in point of time, Hollywood's answer to Rudy Vallee's swooning success in radio. In his filmusical heyday, Dick's fan mail reached a peak never since topped at that studio. But he hated those kiss-and-sing roles, broke away to free-lance, hoping for straight acting roles. Success in light comedy has led to out-and-out drama, like the recent "Farewell, My Lovely," in which the husky six-footer played a tough guy who got beaten up plenty—without ever once breaking into song.

As a result, about the only place one can be sure of hearing Powell's singing voice is on the "Bandwagon." Dick still gets a kick out of that (as proved by the candid camera, at right). Quiet-voiced and easy-going, he may be the type that plays a shrewd game of bridge, likes to tinker with carpentry and loves sailing a boat more than eating his favorite ham and eggs, but he nevertheless has an impish streak that enjoys a good joke—of the *practical* kind.

And the serious side of him revels in his new role as a radio reporter for the 5-minute "war score" at the program's close. One of his great treasures today is the opening-night telegram he got from commentator H. V. Kaltenborn, "Welcome to the first singing newscaster. You were excellent!"



DICK HAS GOOD REASON THESE DAYS FOR HIGH-KICKING HILARITY



WITH THE KEN DARBY CHORUS OF GIRLS' VOICES AS BACKGROUND, DICK REHEARSES A SONG NUMBER FOR THE "BANDWAGON" PROGRAM



THE SLIGHTLY-READ BOOKSHOP IS THE SCENE OF A FAMILY CONFERENCE, AS PAPA DAVID PEERS OVER HIS GLASSES AT STEPHEN AND CHICHI

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

SERIAL CHARACTERS ARE HELPFUL NEIGHBORS TO ALL THE WORLD

TUNE IN MON. THRU FRI. 1:00 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

THE story of "Life Can Be Beautiful" might have been titled, "Just Neighbors." As listeners to the serial know, there's nothing extraordinary about any of the characters whose lives revolve

around the Slightly-Read Bookshop on New York's lower East Side. What sets them apart from others is an attitude toward life—a willingness to share the happiness and sorrows of everyone with

whom they come in contact, a desire to know and understand people.

Spiritual leader of the little community is *Papa David Solomon*, an old-fashioned Jewish scholar who reads his

Talmud daily and endeavors to follow its principles. Several years ago, the elderly bookshop-owner adopted two homeless young people (*Stephen Hamilton* and *Chichi Conrad*)—and his present happiness in the “family” points the story’s moral that kindness is repaid.

Ever since “Life Can Be Beautiful” was first heard on the air, some six years ago, the same group of actors have carried the leading roles. They now admit that their own personalities have become completely intertwined with the characters—but whether the real people have grown like their parts or the parts like them, it’s hard to say.

Venerable *Papa David* is played by a veteran actor and dialect expert, Ralph Locke. Destined from childhood for the stage, he early learned the fascination of the theatre from his mother’s best friend, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske. It was Mrs. Fiske, too, with whom he made his first professional appearance. That debut was followed by numerous hits in which he trod the boards with luminaries of the footlights—Maude Adams, Henry Miller, Otis Skinner, George M. Cohan.

Ralph Locke is an expert linguist, able to talk fluently in many languages, but it is his command of dialects of which he is most proud. The effects achieved are so realistic that even radio directors are sometimes surprised to find they are not natural, that Locke’s English is letter-perfect in non-accented parts.

Perhaps the reason for this extraordinary skill is that Locke takes dialects very seriously, studies them as he would an art. When in search of a new accent (and the character who goes with it), Ralph sets out, camera in hand, for one of the foreign districts in New York. He gets acquainted with his subject, talks with him, notes his gestures, his posture and mannerisms as well as his intonations and word-twistings. Then he snaps a picture, so he’ll have a visual record of the man just as he appeared.

The pictures have now mounted into a collection, with 35 separate classifications such as Swedish, Irish, German, Italian, Chinese—and from time to time one of these amazingly true-to-life people makes an appearance on the air.

Equally important with *Papa David* in the script is *Chichi Conrad*, the “stray waif” who wandered into his shop some time ago. Actress Alice Reinheart admits that no one calls her Alice any more—even non-professional friends think of her as *Chichi*—or *Cheech*, for short.

The tiny, green-eyed lass was far from being a stray waif, however, and enjoyed the benefits of a rather luxurious childhood. Something of a prodigy, as a little girl Alice learned to speak French and German, studied the ballet, became an expert fencer and was hailed as a musical genius.

Nevertheless, there are similarities between Miss Reinheart and *Chichi* of the Slightly-Read Bookshop. For one thing, the chatty virtuoso loves books and has collected them for years. She also has a gift for friendliness, likes to pass the time of day with everyone

from the cop on the corner to the newest elevator boy. Civic projects take up a lot of her time—knitting socks for soldiers, Red Cross first aid work, hostessing at the Stage Door Canteen.

John Holbrook (*Stephen Hamilton*), on the other hand, is quite a contrast to his serial character. Unlike the physically-handicapped *Stephen*, he’s a licensed pilot, polo enthusiast, skier, and racing car driver. But, as with other members of the cast, he has become so absorbed in his role during the years, that he hardly knows whether to call himself *Steve* or John in real life.



PLAYING CHESS WITH FAITHFUL CROMIES IS ONE OF PAPA DAVID'S GREATEST PLEASURES



A FRIEND STOPS IN TO HELP CHICHI



ANOTHER PAL SUGGESTS AN IMPROVEMENT



LOCALE OF THE PLOT IS KC-VILLE'S HOSTELRY, WITH BELL-HOP CURLEY BRADLEY AND PROPRIETORS SPRIGG AND CROW IN CHARGE

K. C. JAMBOREE

NIGHTCLUB REVELRIES LIVEN THE AIRWAVES FOR DAYLIGHT DIALERS

TUNE IN SAT. 11:00 A.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

EVER hear of a nightclub show before lunch? Well, that's what "KC Jamboree" aims to be. That mythical Western town, KCville, is inhabited by folks who like to hit the hay with the chickens—so they have to do all their dissipating in the daylight hours, if ever.

KCville House itself (the town's hotel and showplace) comes straight out of "never-never land." It's got a staff of—count 'em, folks—just one, Curley Bradley. Curley's supposed to be the chief bell boy (also doubling as star vocalist), but actually he runs the entire enterprise. On occasion, he has assistance in gumming up the works from the co-owners of the place, *Gideon Sprigg* and *Sebastian Crow* (played by Clarence Hartzell and Cliff Soubier).

Though KCville House may be a bit short on service to guests, it's long on entertainment value—and that's where the night club angle comes in. Listeners have a choice of many favorites—marimbist Jose Bethancourt, singing "bus driver" Barbara Marshall, pianist June Lyon, organist Romeite Fay, and the colorful vocal-instrumentalists, the *Prairie Ramblers*. For those who prefer comedy, there's Elmira Roessler,

a wilted coquette of uncertain years but a very certain aim in mind—matrimony. Elmira's been on the trail of romance for many a long moon, and her approach has all the subtlety of an anti-tank gun. She's musical, too, though critics have been heard to comment that the best thing about Elmira's renditions is her accompanist.

Favorite of favorites, of course, is cowboy-star emcee Curley Bradley. Curley—all brown-eyed six-feet-plus of him—is a genuine cowpoke who was born on a ranch near Coal-gate, Oklahoma. At an age when most boys are just beginning to think about scooters, this lad was already the proud owner of a horse with all the trimmings—handmade boots, silver belt buckle, spurs and chaps. By the time he was seven, an older brother had tried him out on an unbroken pony; at 15, he'd soloed on a bronc.

It's no wonder, then, that he's acknowledged past master of the Western ballad and guitar-strumming technique. Old-timers may remember Curley in the movies, where he acted as stunt man and singing double for John Gilbert. It was in Hollywood, too, that he met two other cowboy extras and

formed the Ranch Boys Trio, a group that appeared in numerous Western pictures before Bradley became a star.

Curley's never become a city slicker, though—he still lounges around in a cowboy belt, is shy with strangers, speaks soft and slow. In odd moments, he swims, spins ropes, rides, boxes and wrestles—and when he's just too tired settles down with a Zane Grey novel. Possum and sweet potatoes make his idea of a good meal, and sagebrush is his favorite perfume. Only complaint Curley has about life is that nothing ever happens to him, but friends remember a few incidents they'd call adventure. The modest Westerner once roped two pals from a quicksand trap, has rescued three men from drowning, and had his horse fall on him when he was trying to outride a stampede. Otherwise, he's had a dull career.

Other characters on the show have no such startling tales to tell, have spent most of their years behind the footlights. Clarence Hartzell (*Gideon Sprigg*) is the same fellow who made famous the role of *Uncle Fletcher* in "Vic and Sade," started his acting career on a bet. A friend was so sure Hartzell couldn't land a stock company part that he bet a new hat on it. Clarence got that hat—and a lifelong profession in the bargain. Cliff Soubier (*Sebastian Crow*), on the other hand, is a born trouper, was cradled by his actor-parents in the traditional trunk. Cliff's debut was made at fout, singing "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon" with his mother supporting him from behind the curtains by holding on to his dress. Next came an act as "Little Eva" in which he was nightly hauled up to "heaven" via rope and pulley. Cliff's subsequent career has covered everything from showboats to Broadway, with such varied assignments as boy soprano, tightrope walker and comedian. Radio came into the picture by accident, when the sandy-haired actor was pushed into service while waiting for his wife in a Chicago studio. And listeners have never given him a chance to leave the airwaves.

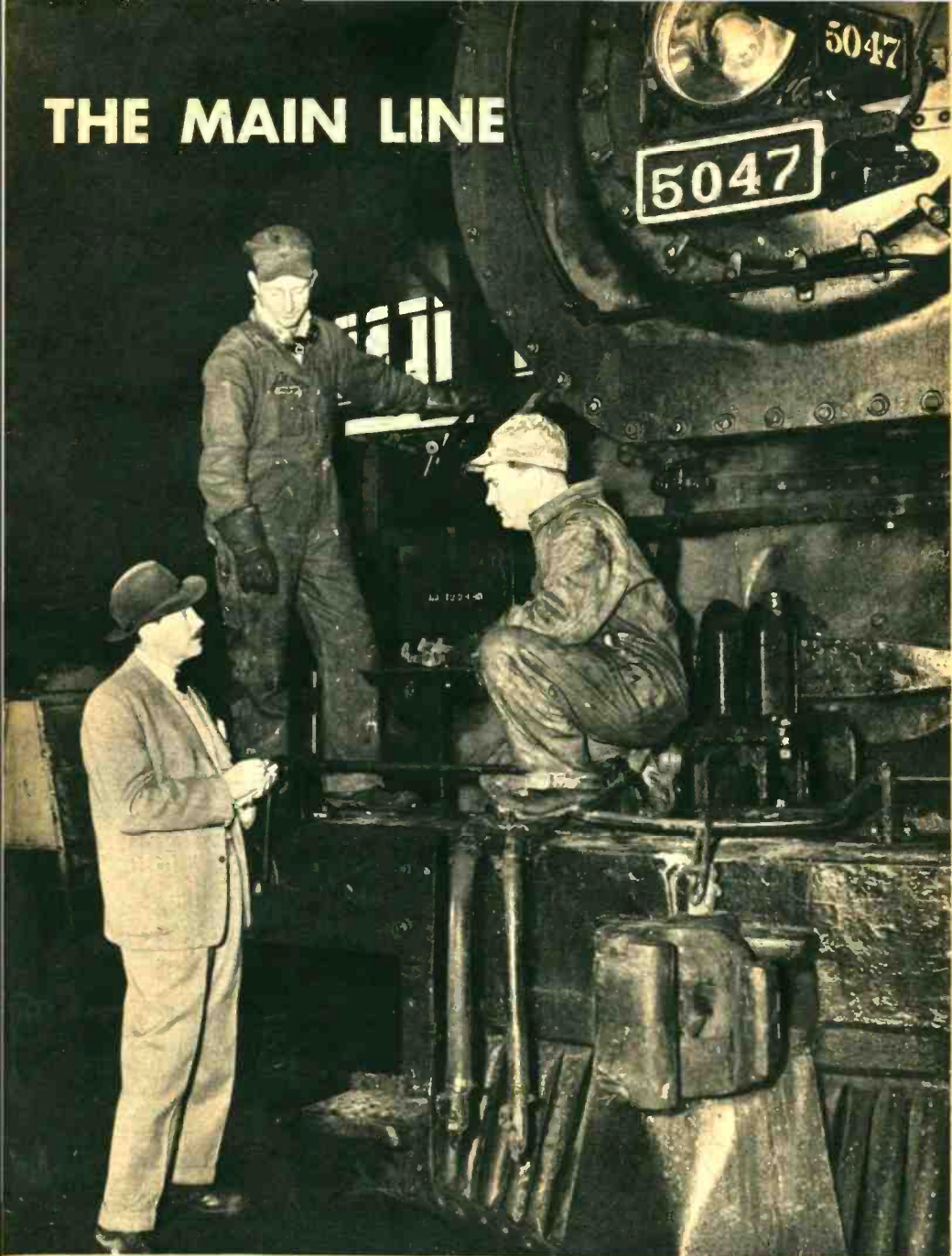


ELMIRA ROESSLER'S WARBLING STARTLES EVEN PIANIST JUNE LYON



THE "PRAIRIE RAMBLERS" ARE MUCH MORE TUNEFUL, AS JACK TAYLOR, CHICK HURT, ALAN CROCKETT AND SMOKEY LOHMAN DEMONSTRATE

THE MAIN LINE



COLLECTING THE TECHNICAL DETAILS FOR EACH STORY REQUIRES WEEKS OF RESEARCH, INTERVIEWING THE EXPERTS—THE TRAIN CREWMEN

REALISTIC DRAMAS BRING TO LIFE THE ROMANCE OF RAILROADING

TUNE IN WED. 8:00 P.M. P.W.T. (Don Lee Network)

EVERYONE has felt the lure of a train whistle. It means romance, adventure, the call of distant places. And in wartime, it means the carrying of men, supplies and ammunition for our farflung battle fronts.

"The Main Line" concerns itself with the story behind that whistle. Sponsored by Southern Pacific Railroad, the program takes listeners into the yards, the roundhouses, along the tracks—wherever there are engines, cars, cabooses. More than that, through dramatization of real-life incidents, the weekly broadcast attempts to show that a railroad is not just trains and tracks—it is also the people whose daily work keeps things moving along this vital artery.

Now in its second year on the air, "The Main Line" was started with one purpose in mind—to give public credit to loyal employees, and also to recruit new workers to take the place of the 14,000 railroaders at present in the armed services. This purpose has been successful, for not only have employee rolls risen, but resignations have been cut down considerably. In addition, thousands of West Coast listeners have found a new source of enjoyment through these fascinating tales.

Typical of the sagas of human interest re-enacted is the story of Mrs. Charles Moore, mother of a marine private, who received notice that her wounded son had landed in San Francisco while she was aboard a crack transcontinental express headed in the other direction. A frantic plea to the conductor (a railroad man of many years' standing) resulted in the unscheduled flagging of a westbound train at the next siding—and Mrs. Moore was en route home to her son almost before the telegram had stopped fluttering in her hand.

Other sketches relate how the citizens of a small town got together a rush order of magazines, fruit and candy when they learned a hospital train would be passing through; how a veteran railroader discovered a couple of freight-riding youngsters and took them home with him till their parents could be located; how an engineer's resourcefulness roused and saved a sleeping family when their home caught fire late one night.

Some broadcasts are of a documentary type, explaining how a locomotive acquires personality and comes alive in the eyes of the roundhouse crew who keep it in shape; how split-second timing along 1500 miles of track is necessary to make sure that passenger trains and freights get to their destinations safely and on time.

In all of these shows, realism is outstanding—and with good cause. Nothing is left to chance or the wild imaginations of non-railroading writers. Names, for example, are almost never fictitious, but really belong to those people who took part in the happenings described. Before an incident goes on the air, research workers are out riding the rails in search of technical details, identifying the men concerned, double-checking every episode. Sometimes they live with the crews for weeks, absorbing railroading into their very bones. Even narrator Willy Maher is an "insider," working in the freight office of the Los Angeles headquarters in between radio assignments.

There's nothing "ersatz" about the sound effects, either. Behind the "Main Line" is the biggest sound library ever gathered on railroading, a library that took 12 straight hours

to record, and dozens more hours to plan. A whole group of technicians caught every squeak and grind right on the spot. As the producer explains, employee-listeners would have hooted at regular studio effects. "You can't put just any train whistle on a show like this and tell a railroad man it's from his line—he knows his trains like a jockey knows his stable—and he's not to be fooled.

"Railroad men signal with their locomotive whistles, you know. One long and three short blasts is a signal for the flagman to protect the rear of the train. Two long, one short, one longer, means nearing a public crossing such as a road or highway. One long means nearing stations, junctions, drawbridges. So we took recordings of all the different train whistles."

And when that wailing sound comes over the air, an employee can turn to his wife and say: "Yep, that's one of ours, all right. Might even be 4256, just like the feller says. Member working on her drivers only last month." And he swells with pride to think that it's his program and his railroad.



"RAILROADETTES" HAVE FILLED IN WARTIME GAPS IN MANPOWER



LET YOURSELF GO

THE SHOW'S TITLE FITS COMEDIAN MILTON BERLE'S PERSONALITY—AS WELL AS THE PROGRAM HE EMCEES

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

THAT radio has its own ways of making the punishment fit the crime is fully proved by "Let Yourself Go," that zany, exhibitionistic program which couldn't fit comedian-emcee Milton Berle more perfectly if it were tailored for him. Designed to release the inhibitions and satisfy the secret ambitions of its otherwise dignified guest stars, the show has as its pace-setter an ebullient entertainer who never had an inhibition in his life, had only one vociferously-expressed ambition from infancy—to make people laugh.

The handwriting on the Berle looking-glass was visible from the moment baby Milton was able to climb on a chair and leer at his own reflection, seeing how far he could distort his normally pleasant features. "Get that kid away from the mirror," predicted an uncle, "or he'll be a silly fool when he grows up." But, nothing daunted, mamma Berle—a store detective who knew a born scene-stealer when she saw one—proceeded to devote the rest of her life, as well as her offspring's, to developing Milton's talents. First public appearance was his informal parade through the Bronx, dressed as Charlie Chaplin, with the neighborhood boys one Hal-

loleen—followed by a trip to Mount Vernon, New York, where the youthful impersonator won a real theatre contest. Outlay for this initial venture was \$2.50 in train fares. Reward was an alleged silver cup which couldn't have been pawned in any respectable shop for more than a dollar.

But Milton was launched, champagne or no champagne, soon had more professional roles in the old silent movies than almost any other child actor of the day. He's been in the public eye ever since. At 36, he's achieved top billing in nearly every branch of show business—vaudeville, comedy-drama, night clubs, revues, movies, radio. Typical was his success in the recent "Ziegfeld Follies," which ran 82 weeks in New York (some three times as long as any original edition produced by the late, great Ziegfeld himself) because of Berle's own pull as an audience spell-binder.

Milton's justifiably proud of the fact that he's sold bonds and entertained the boys in both World Wars. Highlight of his earlier patriotic efforts was when he shared an act with Irving Berlin, at the latter's request. The year was 1918. the place was the old Mount Morris theatre in uptown



ABETTED BY BERLE, George Jessel satiates a secret ambition to turn the cameras on famed feminine photographer Margaret Bourke-White.



MILTON'S PROGRAM enables Sophie Tucker to fulfill a 23-year-long yearning to spank a certain brash boy—who grew up to be our hero himself.

Manhattan. The composer was singing his then-new hit, "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning." Suddenly, at a given signal, the spotlight switched from stage to theatre box, where young Milton—decked out in a khaki Boy Scout uniform—stood at salute and warbled the second chorus.

Today, he takes active part in every War Loan drive, has made almost a half-thousand appearances before servicemen. Not only does he take "Let Yourself Go" to camp whenever possible, but he entertains on his own at nearby hospitals and bases every Monday night. In addition to his performances, he writes songs and produces shows. His songs, most recent of which is "You're Not Foolin' Anyone But Yourself," are often hits. His shows are usually flops, though he has the highest of hopes for "Spring in Brazil," a forthcoming \$200,000 musical in which he himself will star.

It's no wonder that—with so many chestnuts on the fire—Berle hops around like a man who has just burnt his fingers. It's no wonder that—handsome and highly successful—he's had more than his share of criticism. A broad-shouldered, blue-eyed six-footer, Berle is probably the best-looking clown in the business, has only let himself go around the waistline. But what he's gained in the torso is offset by what he's lost in the face. Recently, he had his nose "bobbed," makes many a crack about his neo-classic features.

Ill-wishers claim that he's an exuberant extrovert who must have the center of the floor, even in private life, will go to any extreme to get it. Sout-grapers have long accused him of plagiarizing other people's gags, reluctantly admit he can do more with any material than most comics. In fact, his technique and timing are so nearly perfect that none other than veteran jokester Harry Hershfield has called him "the young comedian I would most like to be."

That's praise from the experts. Uncle may have been right in his prophecy, but—with "silly foolery" paying off at top prices—it looks as though mother really knew best all along!



DIVA GRACE MOORE gets in the spirit by singing upside-down, aided by scripster Hal Block, supported by Berle and announcer Ken Roberts.



MORE PUNISHMENT comes his way, as Conover Cover Girls threaten to let themselves go by slapping the sheepish face of "Big Wolf" Berle.



SHIRLEY TEMPLE turns the tables on author-lecturer Dale Carnegie by showing him how to win friends and influence people like Milton.

For the Best Listening in America TUNE IN every Night to CBS

What will it be tonight? Laughter? A few moments of imperishable music? A simple story of courage and sacrifice? Here are fourteen more magic keys on the CBS chain which opens America's front doors every night in the week to the richest feast of entertainment

in the world. Just tune in your local CBS station, and it will come pouring into your living room. Below are sketches of some of the performers and programs. If you want postcards of any of these pictures, write CBS, 485 Madison Avenue, New York 22, and say which.

SUNDAYS at 4:30 p.m. EWT



NELSON EDDY. The readers of *Musical America* who take their music seriously and with discrimination voted Nelson Eddy the "best male vocalist on the air". Listen to a program filled with his brilliant lyric voice every week on THE ELECTRIC HOUR.

MONDAYS at 7:30 p.m. EWT



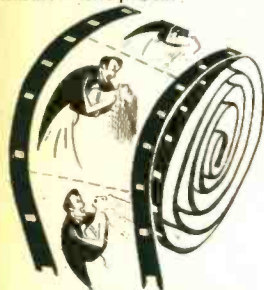
BOB HAWK insists on being called a quipmaster and for good reason. He works on the theory that if you can get a person laughing hard enough he won't be able to answer the question. If you win you have to turn your prize over to some service man. THANKS TO THE YANKS.

MONDAYS at 8:00 p.m. EWT



PARKS JOHNSON AND WARREN HULL will do anything for an interview. They've travelled more than 225,000 miles, entertained over 700,000 service men and war workers. You're apt to find them asking questions in diving bells, coal mines, subway tunnels. VOX POP.

MONDAYS at 10:00 p.m. EWT



SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS. Known as the "Film Stars' own show", this program presents leading Hollywood performers in a series of dramatizations of the latest hit films. All proceeds received by the stars are turned over to the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

TUESDAYS at 7:30 p.m. EWT



EILEEN FARRELL. Columbia's great singing discovery who rose from a choir singer in a small Rhode Island town to one of the top American sopranos with BOB HANNON who sings your favorite ballads and arias every TUESDAY night on the AMERICAN MELODY HOUR.

TUESDAYS at 9:30 p.m. EWT



THIS IS MY BEST. America's best-known authors choose the story they consider their best and you see it come to life each week, portrayed by America's star performers—Edward Arnold, Rosalind Russell, Paulette Goddard and a host of others.

WEDNESDAYS at 7:30 p.m. EWT



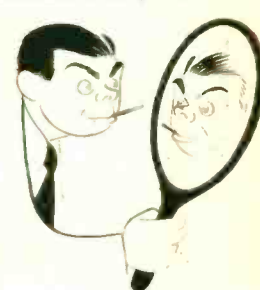
ELLERY QUEEN, the noted amateur detective presents his weekly whodunit, introduces each week a prominent guest detective, flabbergasts everybody. It may seem hard to you but the master sleuth always comes through with a neat answer in the ADVENTURES OF ELLERY QUEEN.

WEDNESDAYS at 8:00 p.m. EWT



JACK CARSON. The perfect example of a man who means well but does very badly. Practically the only thing which saves Carson from Agnes Moorhead every Wednesday night is Arthur Treacher, "his gentleman's gentleman". THE JACK CARSON SHOW.

WEDNESDAYS at 9:30 p.m. EWT



KEN MURRAY. Your problem in this perplexing, laugh provoking, quiz program is to guess whether you're listening to the famous actor or merely a reasonable facsimile of his voice. It's a lot harder than you think. Try it some Wednesday night. WHICH IS WHICH?

WEDNESDAYS at 10:00 p.m. EWT



JEAN TENNYSON. Miss Tennyson presents a delightful half hour of selections from the most famous serious and light operas. If there is a favorite aria which keeps running through your mind you're apt to hear it sung on Wednesday night in GREAT MOMENTS IN MUSIC.

THURSDAYS at 8:00 p.m. EWT



SUSPENSE. When you've heard Bela Lugosi, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre and Boris Karloff playing the leading roles in this series of weird, supernatural and spine-chilling stories you've had an experience which you better not tell your grandchildren.

FRIDAYS at 9:30 p.m. EWT



DICK YORK, the third of Columbia's great triumvirate of typical young Americans which includes Henry Aldrich and Carlisle Archer. If you think you have teen age problems you don't know the half of it until you've heard the hair-raising onlies which involve THAT BREWSTER BOY.

FRIDAYS at 10:30 p.m. EWT



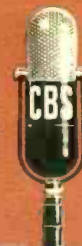
BERT LYTELL. Master of Ceremonies and "Officer of the Day" takes you "inside" the real Stage Door Canteen by bringing before the mike and a large studio audience of service men and women leading stars of the stage, screen and radio. STAGE DOOR CANTEEN.

SATURDAYS at 10:15 p.m. EWT



AL PEARCE, is the creator of Elmer Furl, frequently called America's No. 1 low-pressure sales man. Elmer has been ringing doorbells, crossing his fingers, and saying "I hope, I hope, I hope" on 15 years. He hasn't made a sale yet. HERE COMES FLMER.

This is CBS...
the Columbia
Broadcasting
System



BILL HENRY

PRESENTING CONCENTRATED FACTS
IS VETERAN REPORTER'S BUSINESS

TUNE IN MON. THRU FRI.
8:55 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

Five minutes on the air. Not much time, is it? But Bill Henry manages to make those capsule newscasts from Washington so important that millions of followers wait for them nightly.

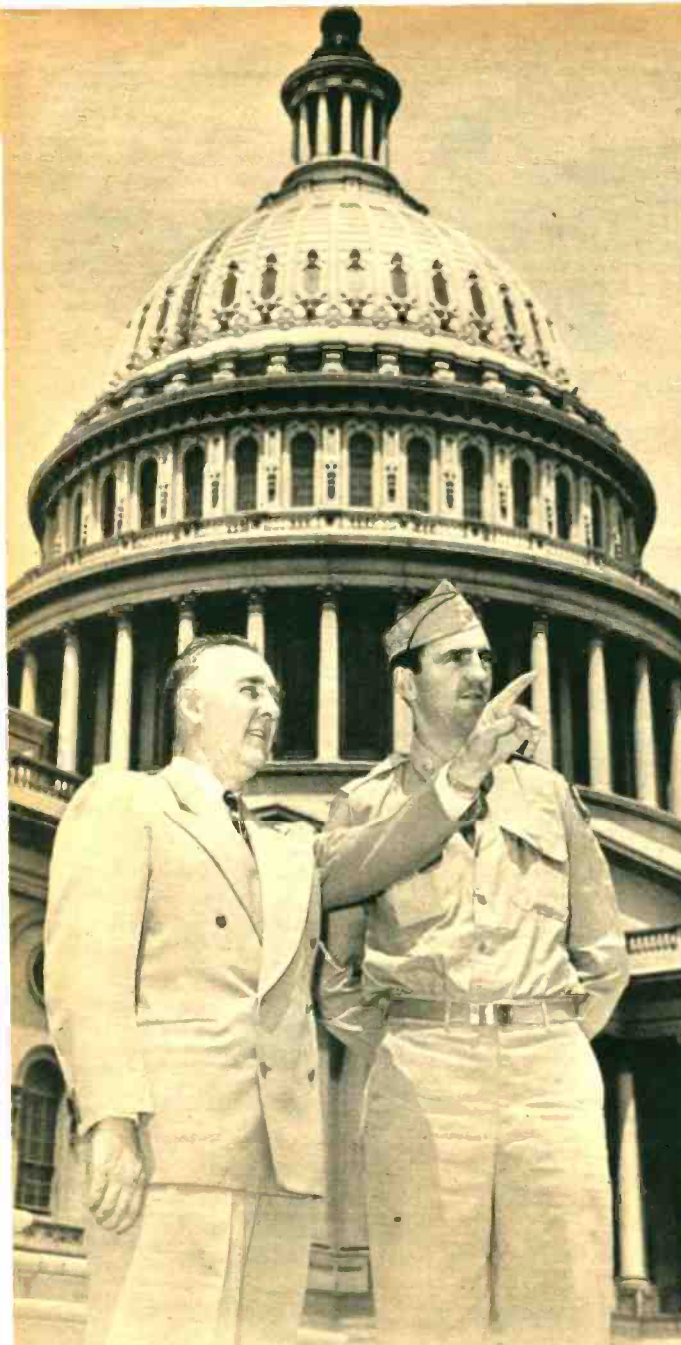
The answer to that consistent appeal is simple. Facts—facts presented clearly and truthfully, boiled down to their essence so that the listener knows what the day's world events mean to him and his country. Bill doesn't believe in a lot of fancy trimmings, in elaborate statistics which make him sound very knowing—but leave hearers bewildered and confused. He just tells the folks what's going on—and they like it.

Grey-haired "laughing Bill" is the first to admit that he didn't always have such reverence for the plain, unvarnished truth. Like most reporters, he once fell into the "greenie's" error of dramatizing a story, making it a bit more colorful. But in his case it had such disastrous effects that he's stuck to the straight and narrow ever since.

It was about 30 years ago, when the now-famous Eddie Rickenbacker was just a kid mechanic from Ohio, and Henry an eager automobile editor. When one of the regular drivers in a Los Angeles racing event was injured, mechanic Rickenbacker took his place. Bill went to town on the lad, publicized him as the Great Baron Von Rickenbacker, a German nobleman who found his country unhealthy after he had beaten a general in one of the most heated auto races ever witnessed on the continent.

That story made "the Baron" a huge success—until he went to England in 1917, and was almost jailed as a German spy. By the time the hoax was cleared up (Rickenbacker later became chauffeur to General Pershing, then leading air ace of World War I), Bill was completely cured for life.

Nowadays the veteran newshound spends his time checking facts. Instead of gilding the lily. And if any listener thinks that's not much of a job, let him try following indefatigable Bill through a typical day. As Chief Washington



ANALYST BILL HENRY ENJOYS POINTING OUT LANDMARKS OF CAPITOL HILL TO VISITORS

Correspondent for CBS, the California-born reporter has to keep informed on every subject.

That means reading the prolific output of three press tickers, digesting the contents of 7 newspapers a day. Bill's present at all the major press conferences from the White House on down, arranges many interviews of his own through personal contacts with the officialdom of the nation's capital.

Lunchtime is no relaxation period for a Washington correspondent. Many a good lead is picked up at the National Press Club or at the Capitol, eating and chatting with government figures or fellow reporters covering the same beat. Nor does Henry confine himself to the vast number of people he knows whose names make news. Very often, background information is gleaned from the "man on the street"—the all-knowing cab drivers, the page boys at the Senate, the casual acquaintances of Washington's busline queues.

Chief asset in this never-ending quest for information is an ingratiating personality, a grin that wins friends, a fund of good stories that Bill tells with boyish glee. One of his favorites stems from the time that Henry was radio's first war correspondent, officially assigned to the Royal Air Force in France in 1939. Never too busy for a joke, Bill schemed up a way to get himself a personal "hello" from the American Ambassador in London, Joseph Kennedy. Method was to organize the "American Society of the Maginot Line" (of which he was the one and only member), send formal greetings to Ambassador Kennedy—and calmly wait for a reply. He got it—and the Ambassador never knew he was just writing to Bill.

The stocky, genial reporter has more than a fund of stories to recommend him as a correspondent, however. From his earliest years, Bill Henry was a citizen of the world as well as of the United States, attended schools in England, Switzerland and Australia.

Well-grounded in many subjects, Henry was a four-star athlete in his youth, later acted as Technical Director of the Olympic Games in Los Angeles. He was an authority on aviation in its infant days, helped organize the Western Air Express and Douglas companies. Radio first attracted him in the crystal-set era, when he did sportscasts and interviewed celebrities. But broadcasting news is now his specialty, and to it he brings the knowledge garnered in a lifetime of observation and analysis.



BILL TELLS HIS DAUGHTER, VIRGINIA, THAT THIS 1918 HEADLINE WILL SOON BE REPEATED



TIME OFF TO ADMIRE JOE W. MARTIN, JR.'S LARGE COLLECTION OF REPUBLICAN ELEPHANTS

JOSEPHINE ANTOINE

VOCAL STAR OF BOTH AIR AND
OPERA IS TRULY "CONTENTED"

TUNE IN MON. 10 P.M. E.W.T. INBCI

ALTHOUGH, unlike most opera stars, Josephine Antoine has never been overseas, she's certainly traveled widely in her own United States. The comely coloratura soprano maintains no less than three homes around the nation (a New York apartment for her performances at the Metropolitan, a Chicago hotel room for her broadcasts on the "Carnation Contented" program, a legal residence in her hometown of Boulder, Colorado, for voting purposes), makes innumerable trips—not only for concert tours—but to entertain servicemen.

Most frequent guest artist, by request, at the Great Lakes Training Station, the vivacious blonde is a great favorite with boys in uniform everywhere—partly because of her brilliant voice, mainly because of her friendly, enthusiastic spirit. An orphan who never knew her own parents, Josie never tires of expressing her gratitude to the grocer and his wife who adopted her as a baby, later gave her every encouragement within their limited means in developing her talents. She's proud, too, that she got all her training in this country, sincerely feels that her success story is another factual tribute to the American way of life.





MARION CLAIRE

**CHICAGO PRIMA DONNA FOUND
FAME ABROAD — AND AT HOME**

TUNE IN SAT. 10 P.M. E.W.T. (Mutual)

THAT art knows no limitations of birth or family fortune is proved by the saga of Marion Claire. Daughter of a prominent Chicago lawyer and a gifted musician-mother, the slim, blue-eyed soprano had every advantage that money could provide, couldn't have had a childhood and early career more unlike those of Josephine Antoine, yet won success through the same "magic" formula—talent and hard work. The musical talent was obvious from the moment she began studying violin at six. The capacity for hard work was equally evident when she played a difficult concerto with the Chicago Symphony at ten.

The same sterling qualities stood her in good stead when, at 21, Marion turned to vocal study, went to Europe to continue her training. Seven years abroad—during which she made her operatic debut in Italy, sang for four seasons at the Berlin Staatsoper, gave command performances for royalty—were followed by equal success at home, where prima donna roles in both grand opera and operetta paved the way for her duplication of the same or similar roles, via radio, in condensed versions each week on "The Chicago Theatre of the Air."

ANN THOMAS COLLECTS UNIQUE DOLLS

AFTER HEARING gravel-voiced Ann Thomas on the air, you'd imagine she spends her spare time slinging out the slang in a bowling alley or tossing off a few beers with the boys. But radio characters have a way of disappearing with the chime of the hour—and hard-boiled *Sharon O'Shaughnessy* of the *Bob Burns Show* (Thursday nights at 7:30 E.W.T. over NBC) is no exception.

The titian-haired real-life actress devotes her leisure hours to an occupation inelegant *Miss O'Shaughnessy* would sneer at—collecting dolls. "Eemagine woikin' like a hawss playin' noisemaid to a bunch of dummies!" But grey-eyed, husky-throated Ann finds it completely entrancing.

She's no amateur, either, has already gathered together a group of 400 varied, and interesting "specimens," including a number of rare, one-of-a-kind models. Started as a hobby back in 1931, the collection is now valued at \$10,000, has won a blue ribbon at New York's annual doll show. Largest of the figures is four feet tall; smallest, a set of 8 Guatemalan miniatures, perfect in every detail, yet so tiny that they are all stored in an inch-and-a-half oval box. Other novelties include dolls made of nut heads, banana leaves, pine cones—even a "stuffed" lobster all decked out in a grass skirt.

Miss Thomas divides her collection into three categories—"dolls most interesting," "dolls most valuable," and "war dolls." Most of the last have been contributed by friends, and include figures from Portugal, Iceland, Sicily, and a particularly fine St. Joseph crèche doll from Italy. Valuable because of their rarity are a Greiner (the first doll patented in the U. S.) and some early American wax images. Ann is particularly fond of the historical miniatures, such as those of Eleanor Roosevelt and Mary Todd Lincoln, for which she creates costumes based on contemporary records and paintings.

Each doll is different, says Ann, both in appearance and story—and that's why her hobby is so eternally fascinating.



A ROOM IN ANN'S HOME HAS BEEN TURNED OVER TO HER COLLECTION OF 400 DOLLS



MONICA LEWIS

THE 19-YEAR-OLD STARLET LOVES
WARBLING "MUSIC THAT SATISFIES"

TUNE IN TUES., WED. & THURS. 7:15 P.M.
E.W.T. (CBS)

MONICA LEWIS may be a newcomer to the airwaves, but she's an aged-in-the-notes troupier as far as music is concerned. As far back as the tiny, brown-eyed chanteuse can remember, melody was just as much a part of her life as eating or sleeping. Opera-singer Mother and orchestra-leader Father saw to that. So it's no surprise to Monica to find herself, at 19, sharing top honors with Johnnie Johnston on the "Music That Satisfies" show.

Born in Chicago, the lass arrived in New York at 13, studied at Hunter College for a while till Broadway signed her as singing cigarette-girl in "Johnny Two by Four." Life's been pretty hectic since—engagements at the Stork Club, the Astor Roof (with Benny Goodman) and radio guest shots have kept the dimpled blonde on the go. With all the excitement, though, Monica still finds time to improve her mind—even paints and reads a bit of Einstein on the side.

SPIKE JONES

MAKING RECORDS OF RACKETS HAS WON HIM AN HONORARY TITLE—THE “KING OF CORN”



SPIKE JONES blames the whole thing on that bread board. It seems that the washboiler maestro was quite an ordinary lad until a Negro chef whittled him a pair of chair-rung drumsticks and invited him to practice on the bread board. That sealed his doom—and the lowly kitchen utensil was the forerunner of today's gruesome set-up, which includes a horsepistol, cowbells, automobile horns, and a violinist sneezing in rhythm.

That orchestra without parallel has brought Spike a lot of things. Cash is one, the title of "King of Corn" is another, but the best acquisition of all is general acknowledgment as the bravest man in the entertainment world. Composers turn green and start investigating safe ways to murder when they hear that the Jones aggregation is about to attack their works. And "attack" is really the word for it. Then there's always the chance that an outraged citizenry may take clubs in hand to settle with the guy who blows out the tubes on their sets. But Spike goes calmly—if somewhat less than melodically—on his way, proud to boast that his group of hand-picked lunatics can play louder than any symphony in the land.

Then, too, leading an "orchestra" like the City Slickers is an occupational hazard in itself. You never can be sure quite what will happen when you go to work on a pyramid of cowbells with a sledgehammer. But Spike's got that situation well in hand. While working in pictures, he found the studio nurse so comforting to have around when little minor accidents occurred, that he's begun auditioning for a staff nurse of his own. It's a bit difficult, of course, because of the present shortage. And then the "King of Corn's" particular—he wants one who can make zany noises on the side as well.

Lindley Armstrong Jones wasn't always in a position to hire himself a professional adhesive-plasterer. There was a time when he had to content himself with first-aid kits. Until a certain earth-shaking day in 1942, the Slickers were just banging along, raising a certain amount of commotion locally through sheer volume—but there was nothing nationally spectacular about it. Then, just the last day before union leader Petrillo shut the door on record-making, the boys disc'd "Der Fuehrer's Face." With his usual originality, Spike decided to give the Fuehrer's "the bird," otherwise known as the Bronx cheer. That such an effect had never before been created over the air or on phonograph records didn't bother him a bit. Only thing he worried about was that the record company might not take it kindly. A man of action, he drew \$1000 out of the bank and zoomed right into New York, determined to put up a good fight for his bird. To his great deflation, Victor agreed with him that it was a special case, and Spike had nothing to do with his time in Gotham but float to record stores, demanding little known numbers of the Slickers—just to build up popular demand.

Now that the recording ban's been lifted, Spike's got all kinds of nefarious plans in mind. There's a tricky number called "Hot Chacornya" in which a lady goat Naaaaaaah's in the key of C;

one "Sloppy Lagoon" which interpolates cantaloupe halves splashing in the water; and a really interesting version of "The Sheik of Araby" utilizing the services of a live horse. There's one selection, though, that may never be grooved, a hot patootie entitled: "I'll Give You Everything but My Wife, and I'll Make You a Present of Her." The boys thought this one up just in fun, and it includes such humdinger effects as the ripping of a phone book, the cracking of walnuts with the teeth, and the tearing of mustard plasters off the players' chests. Much as the Slickers love their art, their chests can stand "I'll Give You Everything..." only about once in three months, and you do have to practice a song for days before it's perfect enough to record—especially a difficult orchestration like this.

Yep, Spike's come a long way since that bread board episode. His folks didn't really like jazz much, but thought that drums would sound better than wood—and that's how the maestro-to-be made his first connection with a band. By the time the California lad reached high school at Long Beach, he'd organized "The Five Tacks" to play for local dances. The inimitable style, however, came much later, when Spike and a bunch of musicians got bored with playing hit numbers over the air—no freedom of expression, no oomph, no bam, bam! Private jam sessions resulted—till a record scout heard them and decided that this type of music was entirely new—as indeed it was.

Now Spike has won the accolade of overseas troops—and even a request for his autograph from a German prisoner of war, who had heard "The Fuehrer's Face" and loved it. "The King of Corn" has really been crowned with a most appropriate bang!



THE SINGING NILSSON TWINS CAN MAKE A RACKET, TOO



THE CITY SLICKERS ARE ALL DRESSED UP IN THEIR GLAD RAGS FOR THIS NUMBER, WITH SPIKE JONES (SEATED IN CENTER) CARRYING THE TUNE

BARBARA LUDDY

THE STAR OF "GRAND HOTEL"
IS A MUCH-MARRIED HEROINE

TUNE IN SAT. 5:00 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

BARBARA LUDDY complains occasionally that she's never permitted to be a bad woman. Among all the roles that have raised the tiny brunette (4 feet 10 in. stocking feet, much more in spike heels and pompadour hats) way up high on the popularity polls, there's just one she can remember in which she was truly wicked. That was a real splurge, though—she actually killed a man.

There have been compensations, however. No other actress in radio has been married so many times. As romantic heroine of the "First Nighter" series for eight years, Barbara estimates that she snagged approximately 400 script spouses—to say nothing of the assorted mates she's picked up in serials from time to time. And now, as leading lady in "Grand Hotel," it looks as if she's going to expand the ex-married-to-Luddy list even further.

In real life, the gay and friendly Irish lass has proved more conservative, contenting herself with just one husband—Chief Petty Officer Nick LeFevre. Though the couple have been married for two years, the war has separated them during most of that time.

The hazel-eyed actress is amused to remember that after all that experience with matrimony on the air, she hadn't any domestic talents to speak of when she was really wed. Cookery was a complete mystery, and she burned herself so often during honeymoon days that Nick bought a pair of 21-button-gloves for her to wear around the stove. They're just keepsakes now, though, and in the past two years Barbara has not only conquered the kitchen but can even whip up curtains and slip-covers.

Perhaps the reason for the domestic hiatus is that Miss Luddy has been busy behind the footlights since the age of 13. It was the depression that turned her to radio—the theatre was hard-hit and broadcasting was expanding. Barbara's glad she had to change—because in radio there are new lines every day.



BARBARA LUDDY'S LESS THAN 5 FEET TALL, ALWAYS WEARS FROU-FROU HATS FOR HEIGHT

THE SINGING AIRES

NEGRO GROUPS SPECIALIZE IN AUTHENTIC AMERICAN FOLK MUSIC

TO MANY Americans, Negro music means "Ol' Black Joe" or "Swanee River," while Negro musicians are thought of primarily as hot jazz technicians. But with the revival of interest in folk music all over the world, many U. S. radio listeners and concert-goers are beginning to take pride in the

simple and beautiful melodies developed on the plantations of the South. Like the songs of the American Indian, and the mountaineer and cowboy tunes, these traditional harmonies represent a genuine, original contribution to world music, and Negro artists have learned to interpret them with dignity

The Southernaires

NO GROUP has done more to re-create the half-forgotten Negro rhythms of slave days than the Southernaires. Since 1929, when they were first organized, this group has toured the country, lending their rich voices to the plaintive melodies of the South. Their repertoire of nearly 2000 songs covers three centuries, ranging from primitive African chants, spirituals and slave laments, to popular Negro numbers of contemporary times.

These colored singers have a double task—not only to present the unwritten classics of their race, but to search them out. "Most of the well known tunes (such as 'Swanee River') are merely popular conceptions of Negro songs," they say. "They are no more the real thing than chop suey is a dish for the Chinese. If you want to hear authentic Negro music, you've got to find the people who worked in the cotton fields and the levee. We hunt up a white-haired oldtimer, get a scrap of music, a single line of lyric. From another source, perhaps an ancient Mammy, we get a little more. And eventually we piece together another song."

The haunting strains developed by the Southernaires have become familiar to listeners through programs over NBC and the Blue networks—and churches have found them so inspiring as to incorporate the broadcasts in their services.



WELL-EDUCATED MUSICIANS, William Edmonson, Ray Yeates, Lowell Peters, Jay Toney and accompanist Spencer Odum take tunes seriously

The Jubalaires

SINGING folk songs comes naturally to the Jubalaires. Like the untutored Negroes who first created rhythmic work-tunes and uplifting hymns, they too have their roots in the soil of the South. Hailing from Jacksonville, Florida, this group had its beginnings when the lads were working as farmhands, and frequently got together after hours to vocalize for their own enjoyment.

That was eleven years ago, and the Jubalaires have come a long way. Now they're heard regularly on the CBS network, Sunday mornings at 8:30 A.M. E.W.T.

The talented farmhands soon attracted notice at church and school affairs, got their first professional job as tuncful waiters in a local club. Through the assistance of the mayor of Jacksonville, they raised enough money to reach Philadelphia, where they went on the air. Decca records, of both Negro and popular numbers, brought real fame, with night club, concert and radio engagements following. But, as their name indicates, they've never lost the infectious spirit in which they started—a refreshing delight in rhythmic song.



FORMER FARM LABORERS, Caleb Ginyard, George McEddan, guitarists Greene, Theodore Brooks, John Jennings have rhythm in their blood



SPECIAL AMPHITHEATRES ARE OFTEN CONSTRUCTED TO ACCOMMODATE THE PROGRAM'S HUGE AUDIENCES—PARTICULARLY IN ISOLATED AREAS

KEEPING THE "SPOTLIGHT" IN FOCUS

"VICTORY PARADE" OF DANCE BANDS WORKS HARD BEFORE IT MARCHES

TUNE IN MON. THRU SAT. 9:30 P.M. E.W.T. (Blue)

TO MILLIONS of listeners, tuning in on a topflight dance orchestra any night from Monday through Saturday is merely a matter of twisting the dial to the nearest station carrying "The Victory Parade of Spotlight Bands." To thousands of people who are present at each broadcast, it is simply a question of sitting back and being entertained, taking active part only in the dancing which often follows.

Behind all this, however, is a story of hard, exacting work, performed under the most difficult conditions. The more than a million people who have witnessed the broadcasts so far—many of them seeing radio in operation for the first time—may have wondered what the man-with-the-headphones and his production staff were doing. Coast-to-coast listeners may have speculated idly about the planning necessary to bring them such programs from—say—New Jersey one evening, Arizona the next, and Michigan the next.

But few indeed, outside the industry itself, have any realization of just how much 24-hour-a-day activity each 25-minute broadcast requires. On the planning side alone, these

apparently simple music programs call for the cooperation of officials of the Army, Navy and War Production Board, representatives of the sponsor, band-bookings agencies and network (not to mention the local Coca-Cola bottlers who help out when broadcasts originate from their areas). On the technical side, there are the telephone-and-telegraph experts, construction crews and production staffs. The result is a maze of activity and travel which can be coordinated in wartime only because of Government approval.

The "Victory Parade" is the only show which originates exclusively from Army, Navy and war-plant locations. As such, its work has been acclaimed by Colonel Ed Kirby, head of all radio activities for the U. S. Army, as "a definite contribution to the war effort." It is also—without even considering the booking of the bands themselves and their travel problems—the most complex undertaking ever engineered for a single series, utilizing every branch of radio science. As such, it is unique. But—in its handling of individual assignments—it is highly typical of all such operations

in the field, and its story gives "outsiders" an interesting insight into broadcasting techniques.

Production plans begin when Max Jacobson, field supervisor for the Blue, is notified a week or two in advance as to the site selected for a specific broadcast. He in turn notifies the network's traffic department, which arranges for installation of a telephone, radio line and "feed-back" at that location. The phone is an ordinary business line (replacing the direct wire which would be installed in peacetime) and is needed for a single long-distance call—to keep in touch with master controls at the head office for final instructions during the last ten minutes before airtime.

The radio line (which is like any telephone line except that it's highly perfected so tone and pitch can be controlled and extraneous noise eliminated) connects with the key New York, Hollywood or Chicago station whose high-powered transmitters actually broadcast the program. The feed-back (a direct connection from the point of origin to the network's nearest local station) gives the engineer his cues from the preceding program so that—exactly 30 seconds after that sign-off—he can give the starting signal.

Meanwhile, the transportation department is making reservations for the production crew. Travel and irreplaceability of valuable equipment in wartime are the biggest problems. Space is needed, not only for the men, but for the amplifiers, battery supply sets, microphones, cables and other gear they must carry with them. Usually, these are stowed away in any available upper or lower berths, but there have been times when the men sat up all night in coaches, with their technical treasures piled high around them.

They carry their own because, as one of them puts it, "we're used to limousine—not tractor—equipment." They keep it with them because they can't run the risk of damage or loss. No program has ever been missed because of engineering failure, though one broadcast had to be canceled because a baggage car containing the musicians' instruments was re-routed to another city by Government orders. All together, there's more than half a ton of broadcasting gear, with the heaviest pieces dismantled so that no item weighs more than 50 pounds. Smallest is the 3-ounce microphone plug, which is so delicate that it must be carried suspended in a felt-lined case re-inforced with both oak and metal.

Three or four days before the broadcast, an advance man goes out to look over the ground, see what local facilities are and whether special construction is needed. A peculiarity of "Spotlight Band" arrangements is the number of outdoor amphitheatres—complete with stage, dressing rooms, rest rooms and seats for thousands of spectators—which have been built where regular auditoriums are non-existent or unsuitable for radio. Such projects require 700 man hours for construction alone, entail such exacting decisions as just how high the stage should be, where curtains and backdrops should be placed for best acoustical results.

Then, a day before the broadcast, the production crew (consisting of announcer, producer and engineer) goes out with its precious equipment. There are three of these crews on the go all the time—from Hollywood, Chicago and New York—and sometimes two sets from the same city when programs from one of these areas follow too closely upon each other's heels. Some idea of the magnitude of it all can be gauged by the fact that, at the end of 1944, these crews had traveled the equivalent of more than 35 times around the world—and the mileage is steadily mounting. There, in a nutshell, is the story behind the "glamour" orchestras and "simple" programs heard on this six-night-a-week series!



CREWS EVEN SET UP—AND USE—THEIR OWN DRINKING FOUNTAINS



MILES OF WIRES MUST BE STRUNG FOR LIGHTS AND AMPLIFIERS.



HUNDREDS OF HOURS MAY BE SPENT ON CONSTRUCTION ALONE



TELEPHONE MEN INSTALL LINES FOR THE PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM



A MARINE BATTLE BROADCASTER IN ACTION

MARINE COMBAT RECORDER

HISTORY-IN-THE-MAKING IS TRANSCRIBED AT THE FRONT

A QUIET command: "All right, men, let's go." But it brings chills to the spines of America's radio listeners as they realize that the Nips have arrived—and the fighting Marines are in action once more.

The drama of those simple words lies in the fact that they come, not from some practiced actor's lips, but are the actual battle-cry of a Marine commander somewhere in the Pacific. Nor are the sounds that follow created in the safe shelter of a businesslike studio.

They're real. There are bullets behind that spurt of gunfire, pain behind that gasp or scream.

The story back of the Marine combat recorder is worth telling. It really began at Wake Island, during that desperate struggle when news was limited to curt communiques, and all the public knew was that "the garrison continues to resist the enemy."

Marine Corps Headquarters in Washington, D. C., decided that never again should such a tale remain untold because there was no one to write it. From that time on, where Marines were fighting, there would be Marines to write and record the action.

Result was a group of hardy sergeants, former newspaper and radio men, who laid aside their civilian duties to become combat correspondents and battle broadcasters. No high-paid veteran analysts were wanted, but young and vigorous huskies who could meet the exacting physical requirements of America's oldest branch of the service.

They received no special privileges—intensive basic training at "Boot Camp" was the same as usual. Then, rated as sergeants, they received special indoctrination lectures at Washington. Finally all was ready—they were issued rifle and ammunition, typewriter and paper, portable radio equipment (a magnetic wire recorder) and sent to the fighting fronts.

The rifles were just as necessary as the recording equipment. To give radio audiences a stirring and truthful picture of the blood and thunder of war, Marine battle broadcasters have taken their magnetic wire devices in hand and have joined the Leatherneck assault waves that stormed the beaches at Kwajalein, Saipan, Guam and Pelilieu. And the Japs don't care if a man is there to fire a gun, or to make records.

For example, take the case of Sergeant Alvin Flanagan, ex-New York announcer. With a walkie-talkie on his back, and a microphone in his hand, Flanagan went ashore at Pelilieu with the 1st Marine Division. His job was to keep his eyes open, describe the battle as it was actually taking place.

Flushing out a pillbox was part of the "show"—and Flanagan determined to "catch it." He did—but not until after a break and the sound of firing



A WOUNDED SERGEANT STOPS TO SAY A WORD BEFORE BOARDING EVACUATION PLANE

had interrupted his account. Cause was a Jap who had rushed Flanagan, and who had to be shot before the commentator could continue. But it's all in the day's work to a battle broadcaster.

Another thrilling saga is the story of Capt. Larry Hays and Tech. Sgt. Kceae Hepburn, who made over 15 hours of recordings during 13 days of combat on Saipan, Marianas Islands. The blow-by-blow commentary and front-line interviewing during bitter fighting was carried by the Captain, while the Sergeant handled the complicated technical end.

Complete coverage, released to the networks later, includes an eye-witness account recorded under fire from a control boat off-shore at H-hour, D-day. The weight of the recorder (never intended for field operation in this case) prevented its being landed, so the Captain had to make personal excursions ashore for his material, returning to the boat to record what he'd seen.

Sgt. Hepburn, in the meantime, had his own problems. Short of equipment, and with no spare parts, he fought humidity and dust, performing almost miraculous repairs with wire, string and adhesive tape—and this under the worst possible conditions.

Later it was feasible to transfer to a landing craft and jeep trailer, making possible direct interviews—such as the striking one with a Division Surgeon who spoke from his field hospital, describing his use of blood plasma in the 200-bed ward converted from a Jap radio station. Recorded for home-front listeners, too, were the words of a big Texan—both before the fight for Garapan, and afterwards, as he lay wounded in a field dressing station.

Not all the reporting pertains to actual battle, however. Sometimes it is possible to set up a miniature "Radio City" in some tumble-down abandoned Jap hut, where "guest stars"—the big-name civilian correspondents—can give their impressions.

Perhaps most interesting of the interviews for the public at home are the informal ones, in which Marines—from private to general—tell what they feel and think. These recordings have been made at Guadalcanal, Bougainville, Tarawa, Kwajalein, Eniwetok—wherever there are Marine outposts. American communities want to know through their own newspapers and radio stations how their men live, what they eat, how they amuse themselves—and the combat correspondents help supply this demand.

Holiday messages are sent, too. Last year, for example, on a remote island

in the Pacific, a group of boys from New York City were taken to a sandy-floored make-shift studio and interviewed by the sergeant broadcaster. They were told that they could send Christmas greetings to their families, and that the record would be played over a local N. Y. station. Moreover, their families would be notified to listen. Needless to say, it was a great thrill to hear from lad's thousands of miles away.

The material gathered by these combat correspondents reaches millions of people in this country. It is released by the great networks as well as local stations, used by the news services and reprinted in papers throughout the U. S. Many well-known commentators, such as Lowell Thomas and H. V. Kaltenborn,

realize the emotional impact of these on-the-spot records and incorporate them in their talks.

The life of these Marine correspondents is not an easy one. Aside from the hazards of bombs and bullets, they have acute problems of their own to solve. Sergeant reporters cannot criticize policy or evaluate military situations as civilian analysts do. Generals cannot be made to talk, and if a colonel refuses to spill a story, the sergeant's only recourse is to salute and about face smartly. Tact must be part of his equipment.

Nevertheless, in spite of limitations, battle broadcasters are proud of their job, believing that keeping the public informed about the man who fights is a definite contribution toward victory.



ENTERTAINMENT FEATURE—NATIVES OF A SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND SERENADE LISTENERS



COMBAT CORRESPONDENTS SHARE RISKS OF WAR TO INTERVIEW THE FRONT-LINE FIGHTERS



FERN PERSONS

ACTRESS IS A BUSY PARENT
BOTH ON AND OFF THE AIR

TUNE IN SAT. 1:30 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

TO FERN PERSONS, her present assignment in "The Baxters Carry On" is a perfect example of type-casting. On the air, Mrs. Persons plays *Marge Baxter*, busy mother and mistress of a wartime household. In real life, the attractive actress—whose husband is now somewhere on the high seas with the Navy—has her hands full, doubling as both father and mother to small daughter Nancy Janice.

Honor graduate of Carnegie Tech, former dramatics director at Ferry Hall, housewife by native talent, Fern finds it easy to help Nancy with her schoolwork and make a happy home for her. It's only when it comes to outside physical activities, in playground and victory garden, that she winces just a little.

"I knew we all had muscles, naturally," she explains with a good-humored grin, "but I've never been athletic enough to know that such accoutrements could act like sore teeth after a few bouts of volleyball and sessions of hoeing and weeding. Add these activities to the ordinary aches you develop riding herd on an active six-year-old and you really have a liberal education for yourself!"

PERRY COMO

**"SUPPER CLUB'S" STAR IS A
REAL BARBER-SHOP BARITONE**

THE operatic title-roler of "The Barber of Seville" has nothing on Perry Como. The black-haired baritone of "Supper Club" (as heard Monday through Friday over NBC, at 7 P.M. E.W.T.) can also clip a mean haircut while vocalizing, proves it by trimming the Buster Brown locks of 5-year-old son Ronald. What's more, he really knows both trades—professionally. Time was when Perry ran his own barber shop, while going to high school back in Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania. Life has taken quite a different turn since then—to stellar success in both Hollywood and Radio City—but there's one thing he still treasures from those days (aside from his tonsorial talents). That's his wife, Roselle, a childhood sweetheart from that same home town.



THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR



BEHIND THE BANDSTAND



by BOB EARLE

RUMOR says Horace Heidt will disband his famous orchestra, devoting his time to outside ventures. Heidt owns a ballroom, has many other interests—including those in bands of leaders who first found fame under his banner.

Score a neat coup for Perry Como, in landing that five-across-the-board spot on NBC. He's been all too absent from the air since his CBS series ended. . . . Watch for Frank DeVita, a fresh-voiced lad who is being set for a singing build-up via radio and discs.

In Manhattan, genial composer-arranger-bandleader Phil Moore is being groomed to follow in the footsteps of the late Fats Waller. Phil is a pianist and singer

in his small combination at Cafe Society Downtown, has much of the same per-



SINGER-PIANIST-LEADER PHIL MOORE

sonality which made Waller such a success, draws as many as five and six encores before the customers will let him

off the floor, and his first records are overwhelmingly successful. Phil's another of this column's discoveries, and we feel entitled to our pride!

Vaughn Monroe—whose band has been too successful to break up—turned down a major radio program because the sponsor wanted him only as a singer. . . . In order to join Tommy Dorsey's band, pianist Jess Stacy gave up plans to form his own orchestra. Singer Freddie Stewart gave up a promising solo career.

Martha Stewart, who did bit work in films prior to her New York nitery-radio-and-disc debut, is being tested for featured roles—another case of leaving Hollywood to get a break in Hollywood!

Latest Popular Recordings...

I'M GONNA SEE MY BABY—The Phil Moore Four (Victor): Maestro Moore, who wrote this sure-hit tune, has assembled five men and—for some obscure reason—called them the Phil Moore Four. His arithmetical may be shaggy, but the group is excellent, ideally suited to rhythmical ditties. "Together" (on the record's other side) features Billy Daniels' tenor voice and is of top-drawer quality.



CHARLIE SPIVAK AND SON JOEL

IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE—Carmen Cavallero and His Orchestra (Decca): His honey-styled band makes a fine showcase for Cavallero's subtle keyboard work—and a perfect frame for a sentimental ballad. Vocal by Charlotte Paige is in good taste.

RIGHT AS THE RAIN—Charlie Spivak and His Orchestra (Victor): Spivak's golden horn makes the melody of this song from "Bloomer Girl" almost fluid, and Jimmy Saunders' vocal adds to the effect. This is a show ballad in danceable style, as set by one of the most competent of bandleaders.

IF YOU ARE BUT A DREAM—Frank Sinatra (Columbia): This is just what it should be—a good Sinatra record. Accompanied by Axel Stordahl's orchestra, Frank performs as he does on his own air show, with exactly the same radio musical set-up.

I'M IN A JAM WITH BABY—Hal McIntyre and His Orchestra (Bluebird): Precisionist McIntyre made sure that his arranger completely captured the song's mood, that his band performed to the best of their unusual ability, and that vocal shores were assigned to refreshing Ruth Gaylor. Result of it all—a swell disc!

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

(in alphabetical order)

- AN HOUR NEVER PASSES
- CAN'T HELP SINGING
- COME WITH ME MY HONEY
- EV'RY TIME WE SAY GOODBYE
- GUESS I'LL HANG MY TEARS
OUT TO DRY
- I DREAM OF YOU
- I'M MAKING BELIEVE
- LET ME LOVE YOU TONIGHT
- STRANGE MUSIC
- WHAT MAKES THE SUNSET

ON THE SERIOUS SIDE

RECORD RELEASES

MUSICAL COMEDY FAVORITES, conducted by **ANDRE KOSTELANETZ** (Columbia album M-430): Andre Kostelanetz, the Leopold Stokowski of light classics and popular works, has dressed up a handful of favorites from such Broadway hits as "Roberta," "The Gay DivorCEE" and "Girl Crazy." He performs "All the Things You Are," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" as if they were symphonies—with considerable success for the most part.

WAGNER: IMMOLATION SCENE from "TWILIGHT OF THE GODS"—**ARTURO TOSCANINI** conducting the NBC SYMPHONY, with **HELEN TRAUBEL**, Dramatic Soprano (Victor album M or DM 978): Toscanini's first Victor album since March, 1942, is also his first operatic recording with a soloist in this country. Wagner—who believed great performances of his music would be "intolerable"—would be overwhelmed by this recording, artistically, technically perfect.

GOULD: "BOOGIE WOOGIE ETUDE" and "BLUES" from AMERICAN CONCERTETTE FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA—**JOSE ITURBI**, Pianist (10-inch Red Seal record): Written for Iturbi by Morton Gould, the etude had its first hearing in 1943, under the composer's direction, on CBS. The blues is one movement of Gould's "Concertette," which Iturbi also world-premiered a month later. The pianist's performance is suave, and the recording is up to Victor's standard.



NEWS AND PREVIEWS

Grace Moore—Authoress

Opera Star's Book, "YOU'RE ONLY HUMAN ONCE," is a Best-Seller

OPERA star Grace Moore has been enjoying additional fame and fortune as author of the best-selling "You're Only Human Once"—a lively autobiography written, she explains, midstream in her career. Disdaining the usual "ghost writer," the busy blonde singer spent many crowded hours writing every word herself. The result is a unique book of memories of people who are still very much alive and in the news.

Pleased with her success in this newest of roles, the Tennessee soprano is now at work on a short story. Most of her authoring is done at "Far Away Meadows," her lovely country home near Sandy Hook, Connecticut. Her record collection here runs into the

thousands, though some of her best ones were left behind in her villa on the French Riviera near Villefranche. That house, she hears, is still intact but completely stripped of its furnishings by the enemy. During the Nazi occupation, it served as Partisan headquarters for the region, and her gardener is now a Riviera hero because of his work as a local leader.

Here at home, Miss Moore—in addition to writing—has been making concert tours which have taken her many places that even an artist of her wide experience had never visited before. She has now decided that "there is no such thing in America as a small town any more"—thanks to both radio programs and fine phonograph records!



MOTHER OF 4 EARN \$1,000 ON HER WRITING

"Without jeopardizing our home life a bit, I have been able to earn \$1,000 since graduating from N.I.A. If I had not the responsibility of four small children, home duties, hazardous health and no work, I am sure I could have made much more. At the only two lessons, I sold a garden series to Baltimore American. The N.I.A. way makes a child's play." Gladys Carr, Annapolis, Md.

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

HERE'S THE ANSWER

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

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

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

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

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RADIO HUMOR

● Doc Gamble: As your physician my advice to you is to take up globe-trotting.

Fibber McGee: Globe-trotting?

Doc Gamble: Yes. Do a little trotting and get rid of that globe.

—Fibber McGee & Molly (NBC)

● Jerry Mahoney: Winchell, what are you doing in Washington? You're a homebody.

Paul Winchell: Me, a homebody? That's a laugh. Why I'm a born traveler. I was born on a street car.

Jerry Mahoney: You were? What a sneaky way to save a nickle.

—Tangee Variety Show (Mutual)

● Alan Young has a complaint for the authorities: "When I rented this house, the OPA put a ceiling on it, but when it rains, I wish it had a roof, too."

—Alan Young Show (Blue)

● Gracie Allen's cook told Gracie she had spent her last penny getting glasses for her brother. "Oh, that's too bad," sympathized Gracie. "Well," said the cook, "the poor boy got tired drinking out of bottles!"

—Burns & Allen (CBS)

● Amos: You got to be a cold-blooded guy with a stare in your eye.

Andy: You mean like the fellows behind the cigarette counters?

—Amos 'n' Andy (NBC)

● Ed Wynn claims to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion—"That's a cow drinking a pail of milk."

—Happy Island (Blue)

● Jimmy Durante, reporting on his Alaskan trip, told Garry Moore he saw a sign outside an igloo which read: "Eskimo Spitz Dogs—5 dollars a-piece."

"Well, what's so unusual about that?" said Gary.

"Unusual!" exclaimed Jimmy. "I got fifty dollars that says the Eskimo can't do it!"

—Moore-Durante Show (CBS)

● Joe E. Brown tells about his uncle Oboe Hoffmeyer who wanted to be a band leader but his hands were so small they made him an announcer instead... and now he uses his short paws for station identifications.

—Stop or Go (Blue)

● A teacher told her class to write an essay on income tax. So little Oscar taxed his brain but nothing happened so he wrote: "I have a dog. His name is Tax. I open the door, and In-Come-Tax!"

—Can You Top This? (NBC)

WITH THE NATION'S STATIONS



DAYTON, OHIO—Station WHIO—Foxhunting by air is the newest stunt introduced over Station WHIO. Here county game protector Karl Keller and broadcaster Lou Wampler go over mail from sportsmen who wish to take part in the drive. Aim is to rid farmers of destructive animals.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—Station WOL—A free American people express their will once more. The shadow of another great wartime President falls across the WOL microphone as announcer Stuart Gray broadcasts election returns from that symbol of liberty, the Lincoln Memorial.



NEW YORK, N. Y.—Station WHN—Nat Hale, the “man of 1000 voices,” uses every one of them in his novelty news program, “Hot Headlines.” Nat takes a last-minute headline, dramatizes it into a show, and acts out the whole thing—including voices of Tojo, Roosevelt, etc., as needed.



CHICAGO, ILL.—Station WGN—Leading lady Nannette Sargent looks over a gruesome collection of weapons, used to “bump off” undesirable characters in the “Mystery House” series. Authur Anderson likes to give listeners their money’s worth, has managed 62 killings in 29 broadcasts.

RADIO FACTS

◆ Of the 60,000,000 home radio sets in the United States, approximately one quarter, or 15,000,000, are out of commission at the present time. These figures are quoted by Robert C. Sprague, Chairman of the Parts Division of the Radio Manufacturers Association, who also points out that because of wartime difficulties the number of unusable receivers is increasing daily.

◆ CBS European chief Edward R. Murrow states that French television has developed tremendously in spite of German occupation. The commentator has found evidence to prove that tele images have been created in Paris which are clearer, sharper and larger than any being transmitted in America before the war.

◆ 1945 marks a milestone in radio for organized labor. This year, for the first time, both the AFL and the CIO have arranged for a regular series of weekly programs, to be carried by CBS, NBC and the Blue networks. The AFL’s plans include a “Labor Forum” and a “Help Wanted” broadcast, while the CIO hopes to rival commercial shows through programs having dramatic interest and news value.

◆ RCA Communications reports a technical feat in the transferring of a complete commercial shortwave station by air from Italy to France. Though the complicated equipment weighs 25 tons, it was transported by 14 C-47’s in just a few hours, and messages were again being transmitted within a matter of days.

◆ New York audiences, accustomed to visiting network shows, are bringing studio habits with them into the legitimate theatre. Broadway producers have noticed that plays are frequently interrupted nowadays by spontaneous outbursts of applause, disturbing to the actors, and believe this is a carry-over from the lively response demanded on radio programs.

RADIOQUIZ ANSWERS

(Quiz on page 2)

- 1—(A) Harriet & Ozzie Nelson. 2—(C) First Piano Quartet. 3—(A) Irene Beasley. 4—(A) The Great Gildersleeve. 5—(B) Bright Horizon. 6—(C) Dinning. 7—(C) Bobby Ellis. 8—(B) Moore-Durante Show.

TUNE IN'S SELECTION OF OUTSTANDING PROGRAMS

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

SUNDAY

9:00 a.m. News of the World (C)
9:00 a.m. World News (N)
9:15 a.m. E. Power Biggs (C)
10:00 a.m. Radio Pulpit (N)
10:00 a.m. Church of the Air (C)
11:00 a.m. AAF Symphonic Flight (B)
11:05 a.m. Blue Jacket Choir (C)
12:00 noon War Journal (B)
12:00 noon Tabernacle Choir (C)
12:30 p.m. Stradivari Orchestra (N)
12:30 p.m. Transatlantic Call (C)
1:30 p.m. Sammy Kaye's Orchestra (B)
1:30 p.m. Chicago Round Table (N)
2:00 p.m. Matinee Theatre (C)
2:30 p.m. World News Today (C)

3:30 p.m. Westinghouse Program (N)
4:00 p.m. Sheaffer World Parade (N)
4:00 p.m. N. Y. Philharmonic (C)
4:10 p.m. The Army Hour (N)
4:30 p.m. Electric Hour (C)
4:30 p.m. Music America Loves (N)
4:30 p.m. Andrews Sisters (B)
5:00 p.m. General Motors Symp. (N)
5:00 p.m. Family Hour (C)
5:00 p.m. Mary Small Revue (B)
5:30 p.m. Met. Opera Presents (B)
6:00 p.m. Catholic Hour (N)
6:00 p.m. Adven. of Ozzie & Harriet (C)
6:00 p.m. Philco Hall of Fame (B)
6:30 p.m. Great Gildersleeve (N)
6:30 p.m. Toasties Time (C)
7:00 p.m. Kate Smith Hour (C)

7:00 p.m. Jack Benny Show (N)
7:30 p.m. Quiz Kids (B)
7:30 p.m. Filch Bandwagon (N)
8:00 p.m. Blondie (C)
8:00 p.m. Edgar Bergen (N)
8:30 p.m. Crime Doctor (C)
8:30 p.m. Joe E. Brown (B)
8:45 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
9:00 p.m. Man. Merry-Go-Round (N)
9:15 p.m. Mystery Time (B)
9:30 p.m. Texaco Theatre (C)
9:30 p.m. American Album (N)
10:00 p.m. Take It or Leave It (C)
10:00 p.m. Life of Riley (B)
10:00 p.m. Hour of Charm (N)
10:30 p.m. We the People (C)
10:30 p.m. Comedy Theatre (N)

MONDAY

9:00 a.m. Mirth & Madness (N)
9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
*10:00 a.m. Valiant Lady (C)
10:30 a.m. Romance of E. Winters (C)
10:30 a.m. Finders Keepers (N)
*10:45 a.m. Bachelor's Children (C)
10:45 a.m. Lisa Sergio (B)
11:00 a.m. Road of Life (N)
11:00 a.m. Breakfast at Sardi's (B)
11:15 a.m. Rosemary (N)
11:30 a.m. Star Playhouse (N)
12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (C)
12:15 p.m. Big Sister (C)
12:30 p.m. Farm & Home Makers (B)
1:45 p.m. The Goldbergs (C)
2:00 p.m. Guiding Light (N)
2:00 p.m. Joyce Jordan, M.D. (C)
2:15 p.m. Two On A Clue (C)
3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)
3:00 p.m. Mary Martin (C)
3:00 p.m. Morton Downey (B)
3:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (N)
3:30 p.m. Pepper Young (N)
*3:30 p.m. Just Plain Bill (N)
6:00 p.m. Quincy Howe (C)
6:15 p.m. Serenade to America (N)
6:45 p.m. The World Today (C)
7:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr. (M)
*7:15 p.m. Hedda Hopper's Hwood (C)
7:30 p.m. Thanks to the Yanks (C)
7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)
8:00 p.m. Ted Malone (B)
*8:00 p.m. Cavalcade of America (N)
8:00 p.m. Vox Pop (C)
*8:15 p.m. Lum 'n' Abner (B)
8:30 p.m. Burns & Allen (C)
*8:30 p.m. Frank Sinatra (C)
8:30 p.m. Blind Date (B)
8:55 p.m. Bill Henry (C)
*9:00 p.m. Telephone Hour (N)
9:00 p.m. Lux Radio Theatre (C)
9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
9:30 p.m. Spotlight Bands (B)
9:30 p.m. Information Please (N)
10:00 p.m. Carnation Program (N)
10:00 p.m. Screen Guild (C)
10:30 p.m. Johnny Morgan Show (C)
10:30 p.m. "Dr. I. Q." (N)

TUESDAY

9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
10:00 a.m. Lara Lawton (N)
*10:00 a.m. Valiant Lady (C)
10:30 a.m. Romance of E. Winters (C)
10:30 a.m. Finders Keepers (N)
*10:45 a.m. Bachelor's Children (C)
10:45 a.m. Listening Post (B)
11:00 a.m. Breakfast at Sardi's (B)
11:15 a.m. Second Husband (C)
11:45 a.m. David Harum (N)
11:45 a.m. Aunt Jenny's Stories (C)
12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (C)
12:00 noon Glamour Manor (B)
12:30 p.m. Farm & Home Makers (B)
*1:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (C)
2:15 p.m. Two On A Clue (C)
2:30 p.m. Women in White (N)
3:00 p.m. Mary Martin (C)
3:00 p.m. Morton Downey (B)
3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)
4:00 p.m. Backstage Wife (N)
5:45 p.m. Front Page Farrell (N)
6:00 p.m. Quincy Howe (C)
6:15 p.m. Serenade to America (N)
*6:15 p.m. Edwin C. Hill (C)
6:45 p.m. Lowell Thomas (N)
7:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr. (M)
*7:15 p.m. Music That Satisfies (C)
7:30 p.m. Dick Haymes (N)
7:30 p.m. Melody Hour (C)
7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)
8:00 p.m. Ted Malone (B)
*8:00 p.m. Big Town (C)
*8:00 p.m. Ginny Simms (N)
*8:15 p.m. Lum 'n' Abner (B)
*8:30 p.m. Theatre of Romance (C)
*8:30 p.m. Alan Young Show (B)
8:30 p.m. Date With Judy (N)
9:00 p.m. Gracie Fields (B)
9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
9:30 p.m. This Is My Best (C)
9:30 p.m. Fibber McGee & Molly (N)
9:30 p.m. Spotlight Bands (B)
10:00 p.m. Bob Hope (N)
10:30 p.m. Raleigh Room (N)
10:45 p.m. Behind The Scenes (C)

WEDNESDAY

9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
10:00 a.m. Lara Lawton (N)
10:30 a.m. Romance of E. Winters (C)
10:30 a.m. Finders Keepers (N)
10:45 a.m. Listening Post (B)
11:00 a.m. Road of Life (N)
11:00 a.m. Breakfast at Sardi's (B)
*11:00 a.m. Bright Horizon (C)
11:30 a.m. Star Playhouse (N)
12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (N)
12:15 p.m. Big Sister (C)
12:30 p.m. Farm & Home Makers (B)
*1:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (C)
2:00 p.m. Guiding Light (N)
2:15 p.m. Today's Children (N)
2:15 p.m. Two On A Clue (C)
2:30 p.m. Young Dr. Malone (C)
3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)
3:00 p.m. Mary Martin (C)
3:00 p.m. Morton Downey (B)
3:15 p.m. Irene Beasley (C)
4:15 p.m. Stella Dallas (N)
6:15 p.m. Serenade to America (N)
6:45 p.m. Lowell Thomas (N)
7:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr. (M)
*7:15 p.m. Music That Satisfies (C)
7:30 p.m. Ellery Queen (C)
7:30 p.m. The Lone Ranger (B)
7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)
8:00 p.m. Ted Malone (B)
*8:00 p.m. Jack Carson (C)
*8:00 p.m. Mr. & Mrs. North (N)
*8:15 p.m. Lum 'n' Abner (B)
*8:30 p.m. Dr. Christian (C)
*8:30 p.m. Cortina of Cheer (N)
8:30 p.m. My Best Girls (B)
9:00 p.m. Eddie Cantor (N)
9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
9:30 p.m. Which Is Which? (C)
9:30 p.m. Mr. District Attorney (N)
10:00 p.m. Kay Kyser Collegen (N)
10:00 p.m. Great Moments in Music (C)
10:30 p.m. Let Yourself Go (C)
10:30 p.m. Scramby Amby (B)
11:30 p.m. Arthur Hopkins Presents (N)

THURSDAY

9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
10:00 a.m. Valiant Lady (C)
10:30 a.m. Romance of E. Winters (C)
10:30 a.m. Finders Keepers (N)
11:00 a.m. Breakfast of Sardi's (B)
11:00 a.m. Road of Life (N)
*11:30 a.m. Bright Horizon (C)
11:30 a.m. Star Playhouse (N)
12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (C)
12:15 p.m. Big Sister (C)
12:30 p.m. Farm & Home Makers (B)
*1:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (C)
1:45 p.m. The Goldbergs (C)
2:00 p.m. Joyce Jordan, M.D. (C)
2:30 p.m. Young Dr. Malone (C)
3:00 p.m. Morton Downey (B)
3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)
3:30 p.m. Pepper Young (N)
5:30 p.m. Just Plain Bill (N)
6:00 p.m. World News (C)
6:15 p.m. Serenade to America (N)
6:45 p.m. The World Today (C)
6:45 p.m. Lowell Thomas (N)
7:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr. (M)
*7:15 p.m. Music That Satisfies (C)
*7:30 p.m. Bob Burns (N)
7:30 p.m. Mr. Keen (C)
7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)
*8:00 p.m. Suspense (C)
8:00 p.m. Maxwell House (N)
*8:15 p.m. Lum 'n' Abner (B)
*8:30 p.m. Death Valley Sheriff (C)
8:30 p.m. Dinah Shore Show (N)
8:30 p.m. America's Town Meeting (B)
8:55 p.m. Bill Henry (C)
9:00 p.m. Kraft Music Hall (N)
9:00 p.m. Major Bowes (C)
9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
9:30 p.m. Joan Davis Show (N)
9:30 p.m. Spotlight Bands (B)
9:30 p.m. Carlist Archer (C)
10:00 p.m. Abbott & Costello (N)
10:00 p.m. The First Line (C)
10:30 p.m. Here's To Romance (C)
10:30 p.m. Rudy Vallee (N)
10:30 p.m. March Of Time (B)
11:30 p.m. Music of New World (N)

FRIDAY

9:00 a.m. Mirth & Madness (N)
9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
10:00 a.m. Lora Lawton (N)
*10:00 a.m. Valiant Lady (C)
10:30 a.m. Romance of E. Winters (C)
10:30 a.m. Finders Keepers (N)
11:00 a.m. Breakfast of Sardi's (B)
11:00 a.m. Road of Life (N)
*11:30 a.m. Bright Horizon (C)
11:30 a.m. Star Playhouse (N)
11:45 a.m. David Harum (N)
12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (C)
12:00 noon Glamour Manor (B)
12:30 p.m. Farm & Home Makers (B)
*1:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (C)
1:45 p.m. The Goldbergs (C)
2:00 p.m. Guiding Light (N)
2:15 p.m. Two On A Clue (C)
3:00 p.m. Mary Marlin (C)
3:00 p.m. Morton Downey (B)
3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)
4:00 p.m. Backstage Wife (N)
4:30 p.m. Lorenzo Jones (N)
5:45 p.m. Front Page Farrell (N)
6:15 p.m. Serenade to America (N)
6:45 p.m. The World Today (C)
6:45 p.m. Lowell Thomas (N)
7:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr. (M)
*7:00 p.m. Ed Wynn Show (B)
7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)
*8:00 p.m. Aldrich Family (C)
8:00 p.m. Highways In Melody (N)
8:30 p.m. Famous Jury Trials (B)
*8:30 p.m. Duffy's Tavern (N)
*8:30 p.m. The Thin Man (C)
8:55 p.m. Bill Henry (C)
9:00 p.m. Waltz Time (N)
9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
*9:00 p.m. Pay To Be Ignorant (C)
9:30 p.m. People Are Funny (N)
9:30 p.m. Spotlight Bands (B)
9:30 p.m. That Brewster Boy (C)
10:00 p.m. Amos 'n' Andy (N)
10:00 p.m. Moore-Durante Show (C)
10:30 p.m. Stage Door Canteen (C)
10:30 p.m. Sports Newsreel (N)
11:00 p.m. News (C)
11:30 p.m. Mildred Bailey (C)

SATURDAY

9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
10:00 a.m. Youth on Parade (C)
10:30 a.m. What's Cookin' (B)
*10:30 a.m. Mary Lee Taylor (C)
11:05 a.m. Let's Pretend (C)
11:15 a.m. Trans Atlantic Quiz (B)
11:30 a.m. Billie Burke (C)
12:00 noon Theatre of Today (C)
12:15 p.m. Consumer's Time (N)
12:30 p.m. Nat'l Farm & Home (B)
12:30 p.m. Stars Over Hollywood (C)
12:30 p.m. Atlantic Spotlight (N)
1:00 p.m. Grand Central Station (C)
1:30 p.m. The Busters (N)
2:00 p.m. Metropolitan Opera (B)
5:00 p.m. Grand Hotel (N)
5:00 p.m. Philadelphia Orchestra (C)
5:45 p.m. Starring Curt Massey (N)
5:45 p.m. Hello Sweetheart (B)
6:00 p.m. Quincy Howe (C)
*6:00 p.m. I Sustain The Wings (N)
6:15 p.m. People's Platform (C)
6:15 p.m. Harry Wimmer (B)
6:45 p.m. The World Today (C)
*7:00 p.m. Mayor of the Town (C)
7:15 p.m. Leland Stowe (B)
*7:30 p.m. America In The Air (C)
7:30 p.m. The Saint (N)
*7:30 p.m. Meet Your Navy (B)
8:00 p.m. Early American Music (B)
8:00 p.m. Danny Kaye (C)
*8:30 p.m. Truth or Consequences (N)
8:30 p.m. Boston Symphony (B)
8:55 p.m. News (C)
9:00 p.m. Nat'l Barn Dance (N)
*9:00 p.m. Your Hit Parade (C)
9:30 p.m. Spotlight Bands (B)
9:30 p.m. Can You Top This? (N)
*9:45 p.m. Saturday Night Serenade (C)
10:00 p.m. Guy Lombardo (B)
10:00 p.m. Judy Canova (N)
10:15 p.m. Al Pearce Show (C)
10:30 p.m. Man Called X (B)
10:30 p.m. Grand Ole Opry (N)
11:00 p.m. Maj. Geo. F. Eliot (C)
11:00 p.m. Hoosier Hop (B)
11:00 p.m. News (N)
11:15 p.m. Dance Music (C)

SHORT WAVE

CITY	E. W. TIME	STATION	DIAL	CITY	E. W. TIME	STATION	DIAL
Antara	1:00 p.m.		9.45	Moscow	6:48 p.m.		15.22
Berke	3:45 p.m. — 4:15 p.m.		10.335		6:48 p.m.		11.946
	9:30 p.m. — 11:00 p.m.		6.245		6:48 p.m.		5.44
			7.210		6:48 p.m.		11.885
Brazzaville	2:50 p.m.	FZ1	11.97	Rio de Janeiro	8:30 a.m.	PSM	10.22
	3:45 p.m.	FZ1	11.97	Shepperton	8:30 a.m. — 8:45 a.m.	VLCB	9.615
	7:45 p.m.	FZ1	11.97		11:00 a.m. — 11:45 a.m.	VLCB	9.615
Caracas	Times vary	TVSRN	4.2		9:45 p.m. — 10:45 p.m.	VLCB	15.315
Chengting	9:30 a.m. — 3:00 p.m.	XGOY	6.13	Stockholm	1:10 a.m. — 1:40 a.m.	VLCB	11.840
	5:00 p.m. — 10:00 p.m.	XGOY	6.13	(Weekdays)	2:45 a.m. — 3:10 a.m.	SBP	11.705
		OAXA	6.08		7:00 a.m. — 7:55 a.m.	SBP	15.155
Lima	11:30 p.m.		9.78		7:00 a.m. — 7:55 a.m.	SBP	11.705
Leopoldville	9:30 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.	GVX	11.93		7:00 a.m. — 7:55 a.m.	SBP	11.705
London	5:15 p.m. — 10:00 p.m.	GSC	9.58		11:00 a.m. — 2:15 p.m.	SBP	9.535
	5:15 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.	GRH	7.825		2:30 p.m. — 5:15 p.m.	SBP	11.705
	8:00 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.	GSL	6.11		5:20 p.m. — 5:35 p.m.	SBP	9.535
	8:15 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.	GSU	7.26		9:00 p.m. — 10:00 p.m.	SBP	11.705
	10:15 p.m. — 11:30 p.m.	GSH	9.51		9:00 p.m. — 10:00 p.m.	SBP	9.535
	10:15 p.m. — 11:30 p.m.	GRW	6.15		9:00 p.m. — 10:00 p.m.	SBP	11.705
	10:15 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.	GRC	7.88		9:00 p.m. — 10:00 p.m.	SBP	11.705
	10:45 p.m. — 11:30 p.m.	GRM	7.12		12:00 noon — 2:15 p.m.	SBP	15.155
	11:00 a.m. — 11:45 a.m.	VLCB	11.71		12:00 noon — 3:15 p.m.	SBP	11.705
	1:10 a.m. — 1:40 a.m.	VLCB	11.71		2:30 p.m. — 5:15 p.m.	SBP	6.064
Melbourne	7:40 a.m.		15.75		2:30 p.m. — 5:15 p.m.	SBU	9.535
	12:00 noon		15.75		5:20 p.m. — 5:50 p.m.	SBU	17.401
Moscow	8:45 p.m.		15.7	Vatican	11:00 a.m. (Tuesday)		5.96
	6:48 p.m.	RKE	15.1		11:00 a.m. (Tuesday)		5.96
					11:00 a.m. (Tuesday)		17.19

TELEVISION

NOTHING in the broadcasting industry provides more animated arguments these days than the future of television—mainly because the future is about all there is of television to discuss as yet. Technically, what the industry calls "video" (or visual broadcasting, as distinguished from "audio," or straight sound broadcasting) is already well advanced. Artistically, its programs and performances—though still in the exciting experimental stages—are improving rapidly.

As a result, it's possible for almost anyone in the field to predict rather accurately the future trends in these two directions, but one big "if" remains which won't be settled until it's possible to gauge the reactions of a larger proportion of the general public than can be reached by the handful of video stations now operating on regular schedules during wartime.

The experts know a lot about telecasting—the putting on and sending out of sight-and-sound programs—but they can only guess about television—the actual reception of such programs by the ultimate consumer. Will Mr. and Mrs. America like what they hear and see on their home receivers? Will they like it enough to buy the 13,000,000 sets some authorities predict will be marketed in the next 10 years? Will they like it enough to stay by their sets for hours every day?

These are some of the questions now puzzling the industry's wisest prophets—who are first to admit that only Mr. and Mrs. America can furnish the answers.



PICTURES SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS, as WRGB visualizes time differences with telecasts of two clocks, one (with close-up of soldier in foreground) indicating hour on Saipan, the other Eastern War Time.



TWO YOUTHFUL VETERANS OF RADIO are seen as well as heard, as the Moylan Sisters (Peggy Joan at left, Marianne at right) sing favorite songs before the cameras at General Electric's Schenectady station.



AN UNUSUALLY WIDE CAMERA RANGE—offering almost unlimited possibilities for long shots, as shown, or for close-ups of fashion designers (seated at left), mannequin (center) and workrooms (at right)—is provided by this style-show setting at WCRW, CBS television station.

SAVE NOW...fight inflation...

..and these
are things
worth
saving for!



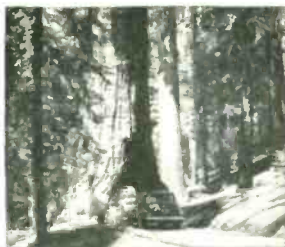
SAVE FOR CHILDREN! It costs money to have a child. To raise a child. But where's the father or mother who would tell you it isn't worth every penny it costs and more? Save now... while the money's coming in... save to have and enjoy your children while you're young!



SAVE FOR COLLEGE! If you want to college yourself, you want your children to go, too. If you didn't—that's a double reason you want them to have the good life you missed. Start your college fund now—while you're earning good money. It will come in handy.



SAVE FOR A HOME! A house of your own, a garden to dig in, room-to-grow for the children—every man and his wife want that. Houses are high-priced, hard to get, now. But there'll be a lot of home building after the war. Save for your house now.



SAVE FOR A TRIP! Today's no time to travel. But after the war—aren't you rarin' to go? To the ocean or the mountains, to Yellowstone or the Smokies, to Mexico or the new Alaska highway. Sensible saving today can finance glorious spending then.



SAVE TO RETIRE! Sooner than you think, the day will come when a little slack in Florida or a place in the country looks better to you than an active life in town. Social security is good—but it won't pay for all you want unless you supplement it.



SAVE FOR SAFETY! Money's easy today! But everybody can remember that it wasn't always that way—and it may not be again. The man who has a little money laid by, helps prevent depression—is in better shape to ride out hard times if they come.



SAVE TO SAVE AMERICA! It's the money you don't spend that helps keep prices down. And only by keeping prices down—saving, not spending—can we head off inflation, keep America a stable, happy place for our boys. For your sake, for theirs—SAVE!

4 THINGS TO DO to keep
prices down and
help avoid another depression

1. Buy only what you really need.
2. When you buy, pay no more than ceiling prices. Pay your ration points in full.
3. Keep your own prices down. Don't take advantage of war conditions to ask for more—for your labor, your services, or the goods you sell.
4. Save. Pay and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to help pay for the war and insure your future. Keep up your insurance.

HELP
US
KEEP

PRICES DOWN

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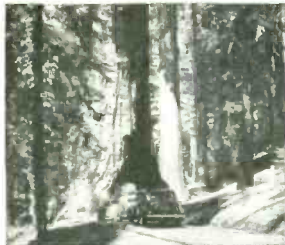
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HELP US KEEP

PRICES DOWN



Haystack for needles

Yes, NBC looks for needles in haystacks—and, what's more, *finds* them. Not easily, not often—but the search is never ended.

Week after week, NBC audition men, with ears trained to spot the gifted, listen to those who believe they have radio talents.

Thousands are heard yearly . . . bank clerks, charwomen, soldiers, debutantes and professionals . . . "Pop-Singers," baritones and coloraturas. Regardless of who they are or where they come from, NBC gives every applicant a try-out.

And not only does NBC give a hearing to all who apply; its talent scouts go out and deliberately hear many more—in theatres and opera, in cabarets and cathedrals . . . and

any other place where talent, style and individuality might be discovered. The more promising are sometimes recommended to instructors or coaches, re-checked from time to time for signs of development, and given air-opportunities to display their talent. The result: more than one NBC star has "arrived" in just this way. * *

Scouting talent and maintaining an open-door policy toward the hopeful are important side lights in the operation of this network . . . demonstrating how NBC does a thorough job in every phase of radio. And it is the grand total of these things which helps NBC maintain its leadership, helps make NBC "The Network Most People Listen to Most."

A Service of Radio
Corporation of America

National Broadcasting Company

America's No. 1 Network

