

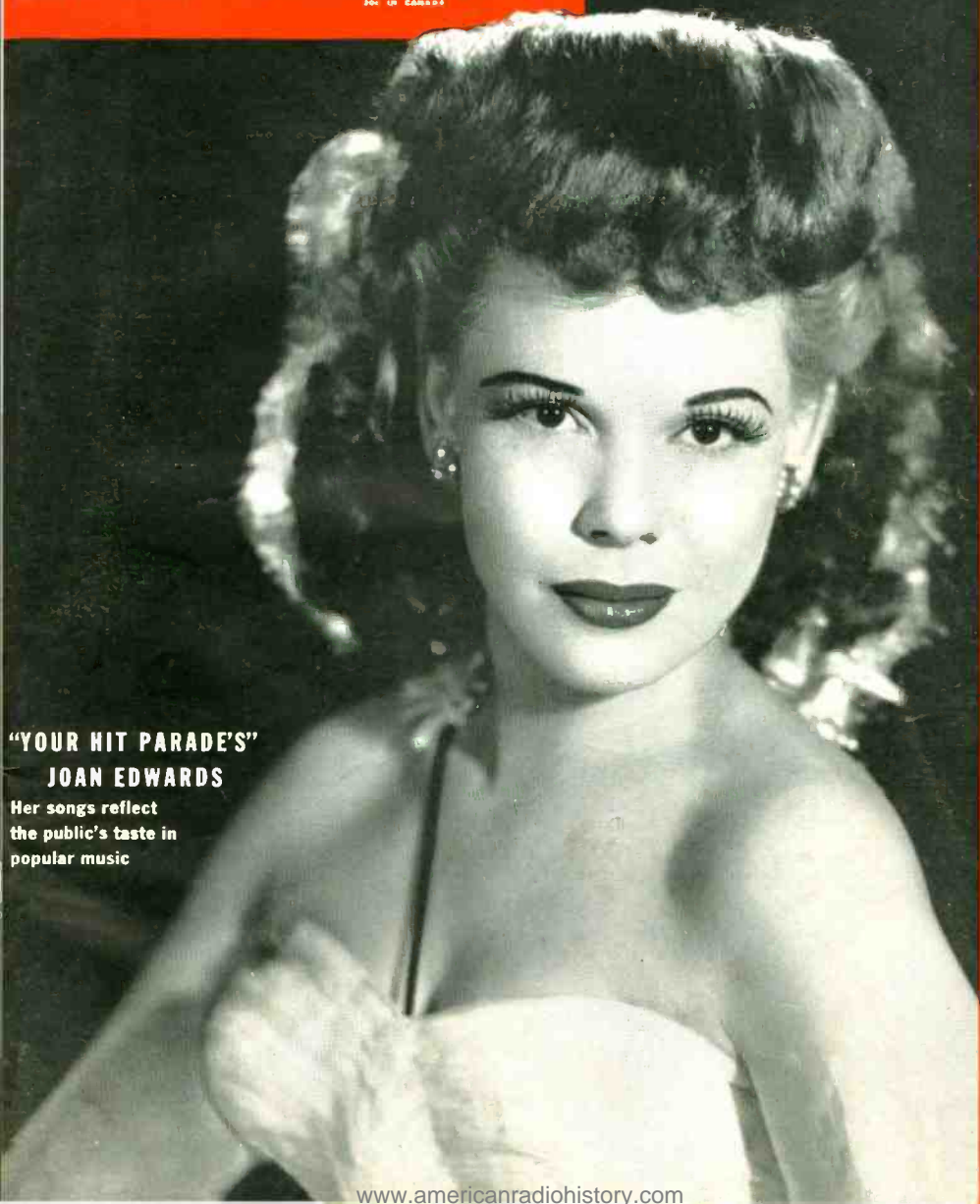
TUNE IN

MAY, 1945

FIFTEEN CENTS

50¢ IN CANADA

ANC



"YOUR HIT PARADE'S"

JOAN EDWARDS

Her songs reflect
the public's taste in
popular music

THE NATIONAL RADIO MAGAZINE

What you do with your money can wreck you (and your Uncle Sam)



BUY, BUY, BUY! Foolish people are doing it, *overdoing* it. But sensible folks know that with every needless purchase—or every time you patronize a black market or buy above ceiling—you do your bit to force prices up all along the line. That's the way inflation gets a boost.



IT CAN HAPPEN HERE—again! Today, with fewer goods in the stores while incomes are high, the danger of inflation is greater than ever. Inflation is always followed by depression. What can you do to head off another depression? Buy nothing you do not really—*really*—have to have . . . today.



SAVE, SAVE, SAVE! That's the way to make America good for the boys to come home to. Pay up debts, put money in life insurance, savings bank, War Bonds. Every cent you save now helps to keep prices down—and when the war is won you'll have use for that nest egg you've laid away.



A HOME OF YOUR OWN, a better farm, a real vacation, something to retire on—these are things worth saving for. Store up your money now while prices are high. There's a time to splurge and a time to save: today, while money's coming in, is a good time—the *right* and patriotic time—to **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 more for your labor, your services, or the goods you sell.
4. *Save.* Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can—to help pay for the war, protect *your own* future! Keep up your insurance.



EVER HEAR TOM BRENEMAN?

If you have, you know why
**"Breakfast in Hollywood" is the
 Leading Daytime Radio Program**

Out in Hollywood at 8 o'clock in the morning they open up a restaurant called Sardi's and a lot of people from all over the country—mostly women—file in and settle down for the time of their lives.

In comes a very popular guy called Tom Breneman—and things start to happen. "Good morning, ladies," he says. "Good morning, Tom!" thunders back a chorus of expectant voices. Then bedlam breaks loose. You'd be surprised how much fun a roomful of women can have, and how much of that fun manages to get over the air waves to the women of a nation—to one of the biggest audiences that any daytime radio show can boast! And when polls are made, and awards are given for daytime shows, *Tom Breneman's Breakfast in Hollywood* is invariably on top. It's the No. 1 program time after time!

But that's only one of the great morning shows you hear on The Blue Network. We have a whole string of them. They've made the Blue the most-listened-to morning network from coast to coast. There is drama in "My True Story"; music with "Aunt Jemima"; fascination at "The Listening Post"; news with Gil Martyn; and more and more fun at "Glamour Manor," "The Breakfast Club," and several others—they're listed below. Day after day these things come to you. Just a quick twist of the dial and there they are—a wonderful way to start a day!

Tomorrow why don't you say "Good morning, Tom!"



Add up the weekly average audiences of these morning shows and you get more than 131,000,000 people!

BREAKFAST CLUB

MY TRUE STORY

AUNT JEMIMA

GLAMOUR MANOR

TOM BRENEMAN'S BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD
(Formerly Breakfast at Sardi's)

GIL MARTYN NEWS

THE LISTENING POST

Saturday Mornings Only
YOUR HOME BEAUTIFUL

WHAT'S COOKIN'?

LOIS LONG AND THE THREE SUNS

Monday Mornings Only
ONE WOMAN'S OPINION

**TUNE IN
 THE BLUE
 NETWORK
 EVERY MORNING**

THIS IS THE *Blue* NETWORK

AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

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)
12:00 noon Wor 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)
2:30 p.m. Westinghouse Program (N)

3:00 p.m. Sheaffer World Parade (N)
3:00 p.m. N. Y. Philharmonic (C)
3:10 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 Symph. (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 Ozias & Harriet (C)
6:00 p.m. Phila 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. Fitch 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)
8:30 p.m. Eddie Barclay Show (N)
8:45 p.m. Gobel Heatter (M)
9:00 p.m. Mon. 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. Tate 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. 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. Liso Sergio (B)
11:00 a.m. Road of Life (N)
11:00 a.m. Breakfast in Hollywood (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. Young Dr. Malone (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 Marlin (C)
3:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (N)
3:30 p.m. Pepper Young (N)
3:30 p.m. Just Plain Bill (N)
*5:45 p.m. Captain Midnight (B)
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 H'wood (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. Blind Date (B)
8:30 p.m. Voice of Firestone (N)
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. Springtime Show (B)
9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
9:30 p.m. Information Please (N)
10:00 p.m. Guy Lombardo (B)
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. Ed East & Polly (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)
*10:45 a.m. Bachelor's Children (C)
10:45 a.m. Listening Post (B)
11:00 a.m. Breakfast in Hollywood (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 Marlin (C)
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. Inner Sanctum (C)
9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
9:30 p.m. This Is My Best (C)
9:30 p.m. Fibber McGee & Molly (N)
10:00 p.m. Bob Hope (N)
10:00 p.m. Trans-Atlantic Quiz (B)
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. Lora Lawton (N)
*10:25 a.m. Aunt Jemima (B)
*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 in Hollywood (B)
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)
2:00 p.m. Guiding Light (N)
2:15 p.m. Today's Children (N)
2:15 p.m. Two On A Clue (C)
3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)
3:00 p.m. Mary Marlin (C)
3:15 p.m. Irene Beasley (C)
4:15 p.m. Stella Dallas (N)
6:15 p.m. Serenade to America (N)
6:30 p.m. Eileen Farrell (C)
6:45 p.m. Lowell Thomas (N)
7:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr. (M)
*7:00 p.m. Supper Club (N)
*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. Carlton of Cheer (N)
9:00 p.m. Frank Sinatra (C)
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. Pindale & Niles (B)
10:00 p.m. Kay Kyser College (N)
10:00 p.m. Great Moments in Music (C)
10:30 p.m. Let Yourself Go (C)



RADIOQUIZ

ED (ARCHIE) GARDNER

GUEST QUIZARD

SLANGY MAJORDOMO OF NBC'S "DUFFY'S TAVERN"



1 Frankie Carle's talented hands have written: (A) Sunrise Serenade (B) Lover's Lullaby (C) Falling Leaves



2 Helen Bennett is: (A) surveying a radio scene (B) getting a bead on an object (C) using a telephoto lens



3 Charmer Andy Banella is music director of: (A) Truth or Consequences (B) Vox Pop (C) Double or Nothing



3 Knitting lessons over the air were all the vogue: (A) 13 years ago (B) 18 years ago (C) 22 years ago



4 St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York faces directly on: (A) Times Square (B) Central Park (C) Radio City



6 Object under discussion in this scene is: (A) television tube (B) sparkplug of a B-29 (C) radio-electric eye

ANSWERS ON PAGE 47

VOICE OF THE LISTENER

TOO MUCH REPETITION

Dear Sirs:

Here I am sticking my neck out on daytime radio programs. Well, I am for them. I love music of all kinds, but here is what I heard in one day's listening: Tales from the Vienna Woods, 6 times; Merry Widow, 5; Stars and Stripes Forever, 5; Brahms' Cradle Song, 5; Tears on My Pillow, so many times I lost count. I would say enough is enough. Now, as to newscasts, they are the same thing. In one day I heard the same news story repeated 19 times. News certainly gets around. Three scheduled newscasts per day is enough for any station. If something of importance pops, it can be put on during station breaks.

Serials, sure, and more power to them. My favorite is, or shall I say was, "Road of Life." The new cast is great, but it isn't the same program without Ken Griffin. He has played that role so long that he is Dr. Brent. I've noticed before that when a serial changes casts it seldom comes up to the old standard.

MRS. E. M. SCANTLIN

Arbutle, W. Va.

LATE SHOWS

Dear Editor:

Why does radio have so many of its good shows after 10 P.M.? Bob Hope, Ray Kyser and Judy Canova are just a few examples. After all, lots of us have to be up bright and early in the morning these days—and we can't stay up just to get our laughs, even though we need them.

Another thing—why do the networks always imitate each other so that the same type of program appears on several stations at the same time? It stands to reason that if you're a mystery fan, you'd like to have the thrillers scattered over the week so you could hear them all—instead of having to miss one to catch another.

MARIAN SANTBAR

Chicago, Ill.

SUGGESTION

Gentlemen:

Please publish an article on sound effects in TUNE IN. I am convinced that this is the most colorful and interesting time in radio. A few pages devoted entirely to this subject would be of great interest to all of your readers.

ARMAND ISSETTE

Detroit, Mich.

FAN CLUB CONTRIBUTION

Dear Editor:

So Pic, Zorakovitch shrugs a quizzical shoulder at Sinatra's fans. He should know better by now. It may be true that we cut up at times, but here is one of our "antics" maybe you haven't heard of.

The many Sinatra fan clubs joined together last Christmas and raised \$1,500 to spend on Frankie's present—a recreation room in a San Francisco hospital. Can you claim that a Crosby club has done anything like that?

FAT KIRKPATRICK

Washington, D. C.

RADIO ABROAD

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for your write-up on radio in China. We take everything so much for granted in this country that it never occurs to us that millions of people all over the world do not enjoy the benefits of home listening as we do. I think the story of how the Chinese government overcame broadcasting difficulties is really inspiring.

Now that you've started this subject, I'd like to know more. How about those "undeveloped" lands? Does everybody have a set in Russia, Alaska, the Philippines? I don't even know much about broadcasting in England. A series of articles would be just the thing.

JOHN AITKIN

Minneapolis, Minn.

GRAND OLD OPY

Gentlemen:

I think there is no more carefree, make-you-forget-your-troubles program than "Grand Ole Opry." It's fun from start to finish. Although I'll go for a solid swing song quick as anyone, I think I'd go for one of their tunes sooner. Especially if Tommy Maguire was on the fiddle and Roy Acuff and the Smokey Mountain Boys were doing the lyrics.

PHYLLIS APPLIGATE

Providence, R. I.

TUNE IN

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MAY 1943

EDITOR-PUBLISHER

Richard Davis

MANAGING EDITOR

Laurence Falkenburg

EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Teresa Boston

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Elsa Lehman

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Francis Sheridan

RESEARCH EDITOR

Alan Brimmer

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ON THE COVER

JOAN EDWARDS, feminine vocalist of "Your Hit Parade." For the story behind this program see page 7.

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AROUND THE NETWORKS



Gertrude Berg, creator of the famous "Goldbergs," is planning to write a second serial on her return from a spring USO tour. The new show will be similar in type to the first, except that the script will deal with the problems and home life of a Negro family. Miss Berg is familiar to radio listeners, not only as an author, but as the actress who has played the part of *Mother Molly Goldberg* in the CBS serial for many years.

Englishmen and Americans are getting acquainted with each other's countries and "languages" through Blue's "Trans-Atlantic Quiz" show (Tuesday nights at 10 o'clock, E.W.T.). On the informal short-wave broadcast, questionists about national holidays, customs and places of interest fly back and forth across the ocean, with Christopher Morley emceeing here and U. S. expert Denis Brogan doing the asking abroad.

NBC is already making plans for post-war reporting from Europe. Earlier this year, William E. Brooks, the network's director of news and special events, made an extended tour of battle-fronts and war capitals to lay the groundwork for complete radio coverage in peacetime.

Jean Hersholt, star of the CBS "Dr. Christian" show, is a recognized writer as well as actor. His scholarly works on the creator of fairy tales, Hans Christian Andersen, have won him honorary degrees from several colleges. Latest Hersholt hook to be published is one of particular interest to radio listeners. Called "Dr. Christian's Office," it concerns the characters who are heard over the air each Wednesday night at 8:30 P.M. E.W.T.

Each Wednesday night at 11:30 E.W.T., NBC presents "Music for Tonight"—a program which gives modern composers a chance to be heard on the air. The network explains that there are many outlets for popular songs, but that new serious works are often neglected for years before they reach a wide audience. Gifted—but comparatively un-

known—soloists are also featured on the broadcast.

Both CBS and NBC refuse to sell air time for the discussion of controversial subjects. Instead, differing groups are permitted to express their views free of charge. This voluntary policy is meant to insure a fair presentation of all questions, by preventing wealthy organizations from buying more time than their opponents can afford. In practice, it means that programs sponsored by labor and farm unions, chambers of commerce and the various churches are carried at the expense of the networks.

In his Saturday evening talks over the Blue network (6:30 P.M. E.W.T.), Edward Tomlinson summarizes Latin American news of the week for United States hearers. Mr. Tomlinson was one of the earliest advocates of the "good neighbor policy," has been making annual trips south of the border for more than twenty years. Western Hemisphere headlines—and their effect on the rest of the world—make up only part of each broadcast. The rest of the time is devoted to thumb-nail sketches of prominent leaders, and colorful stories of Latin American customs and history.

Radio's oldest comedy team, Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll, and broadcasting itself, are simultaneously celebrating 25th anniversaries. The veteran "Amos 'n' Andy" pair (now heard on NBC, Friday nights at 10 o'clock, E.W.T.) formed their partnership in 1919, but made their first broadcast in 1920—the year radio was born. This pioneering venture was not a blackface routine, but consisted of a vocal rendition of "Whispering."



"YOUR HIT PARADE" (continued)

program" to its present position as an acknowledged barometer of national taste in popular music.

Its secret of success is simple. Americans love best-sellers, winners of all kinds. "Hit Parade" gives them nine each week—the top tunes the nation itself has selected. Americans love to root for their side, back their own choices. "Hit Parade" gives them a chance to watch their personal preferences come galloping up to win, place or show—or wind up as an also-ran. As a result, its barometric broadcasts have hit a new high in their field.

Other all-music programs presenting much the same kind of music—without benefit of similar surveys—are happy to reach an audience-rating of 4 or 5. "Hit Parade" achieves a peak of about 20 (each point representing approximately a million listeners). Other programs can do much to put over a ballad or dance-tune, but only of this series is it often said in the trade: "Getting a song on the 'Hit Parade' is worth \$200,000 to the publisher!"

This preeminence also has its drawbacks. Both music publishers and listening public like to argue about the weekly score. Disappointed fans wonder if someone "doped" their favorite, when it drops out of the race after a good start. Publishers whose songs rate higher on other lists question the show's methods of selection, have even sued in an attempt to prove those methods inaccurate.

To both forms of criticism, "Hit Parade" offers the same answer: Its survey considers other standards of comparison besides sheet music sales, which are the publishers' main interest, and—say—orchestra requests, which only indicate the tastes of a single group of listeners. Furthermore, the final score is as impartial as sheer mathematics can make it. As one executive observes, "The idea behind 'Hit Parade' is worth a fortune, but it wouldn't be worth a cent if the survey itself weren't honest."

Since the idea is so valuable—to anyone willing to gamble the more than a million dollars which the American Tobacco Company spends on these broadcasts each year—actual details of the system are jealously guarded, not only by the sponsor, but by the different agencies which specialize in taking such "samplings" for clients. The program uses several services in compiling the various figures, which are then tabulated by a separate accounting firm. Annual cost of the survey alone is \$55,000.

What can be revealed is that five sets of figures are counted in the survey: (1) Sheet music sales, wholesale and retail; (2) record sales, *ditto*; (3) juke-box popularity—checked by the coins dropped in the slot for a favorite disc; (4) requests made to bandleaders around the country; (5) radio "plugs"—the number of times a song is featured on networks or representative local stations.

Each of these fields is subject to influences of its own. Band requests, for instance, are dictated by "danceability" or sentimental appeal to a dating duo. Sheet music sales are affected by singability or playability for the average amateur. Records are often purchased because of preference for a particular artist. And, sometimes, a song popular in other media may be banned from the air because of "objectionable" lyrics—but that has little effect on "Hit Parade" results, since the song's lack of any radio rating would keep it in the lower brackets, anyway.

The sweepstakes series has no control over these factors—nor over others which affect radio as a whole. The ASCAP battle, in which composers and publishers fought broadcasters over the payment of royalties, kept many otherwise popular songs off the air for a long period. The Petrillo battle, in which the radio musicians' union waged war over a



SHEET MUSIC SALES AFFECT THE WEEKLY NATIONAL RATINGS

similar problem, had the same effect on records. To this day, "song pluggers" can exert enough high-pressure on some bandleaders and program producers to land their pets in "Parade" ratings—but can't keep them there if the public doesn't support their forced popularity.

The show's survey system tries to balance such intangibles, points with pride to its record. Its yearly lists of favorites compare well with other "trade" tabulations. In retrospect, they paint a picture of America during the past decade which should interest historians. Maestro Mark Warnow's analysis of top-tune trends throughout that period reveals that, for the first three years, America was definitely "in the mood for love," with simple songs of courtship which reflected the fact that little else of importance was happening here in 1935-6-7, though a certain restlessness cropped up in the growing number of silly songs, such as "The Music Goes Round and Round."

In 1938, novelties were sweeping the land, from nursery rhymes to dance stunts like the "Lambeth Walk." "Dipsy Doodle" became the first swing sensation, "Alexander's Ragtime Band" the first successful movie revival of an old song. (Odd feature of the powerful influence which films exert on the popularity of songs they feature is the way they can raise almost-forgotten numbers to the hit class—as "Casa Blanca" did with "As Time Goes By.") In 1939, people



MOMENTOUS MUSICALS on a throbbing Thursday at NBC finds singer Shirley Ross playing the piano, Bob Burns and Larry Adler zooming away on the instruments they made famous—buzooka and harmonica.



CONVERSATIONAL TRIO: Fanny Brice (Sunday's "Baby Snooks" on CBS) gets the gossip from Dinah Shore (Thursday's singing hostess on NBC) and Dinah's husband, George Montgomery (former film actor).

Along Radio Row



QUIPMASTER BOB MAWK and vocalist Lynn Gardner of Monday's "Thanks to the Yanks," over CBS, underline the charms of V-mail and female to say: "Write your Yank today—the service way."

BOB WILLETT OF THE CANADIAN BROADCASTING CORPORATION



1. Bob Willett relaxes with his January **TUNE IN**, sees photo, page 4, reads: "Meet Janet Waldo in the fascinating flesh."



2. The lady packs a punch, even on paper. Overcome, Bob drifts into dream-land. There's Janet in the flesh—almost.



3. Say, this is all right! Lox like love at first reading, up in Prince Rupert, B. C. What a girl! What a dream! **BONG!**



"STOO-DENTS!" ROAR sinks to a gentle coo as Kay Kyser, the 'ol professor of NBC's "College of Musical Knowledge," whispers to Georgia Carroll, his wife and sweet songbird on that program.



FAMED F.B.I. CHIEF J. Edgar Hoover does some sleuthing for Isabel Manning Hewson's "Land of the Lost"—to pick the winning portraits of J. Edgar Bullfish, character in the Blue children's series.



PLAYING WAR-WORKER Alice Darling on NBC's "Fibber McGee and Molly" inspires blonde actress Shirley Mitchell to try her skill with real tools—and the help of Chicago's Delores Rozenbarski.



"CARMEN" IN PERSON: Gladys Swarthout, prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera and NBC's "Voice of Firestone," plays a real-life cigarette girl at Chicago's main U.S.O. center—distributing smokes and lights

"MEETS" JANET WALDO OF COLUMBIA — THANKS TO TUNE IN!



4. The CBC announcer has the situation well in hand. All Bob could ask for now is Technicolor, magnification—or both.



5. Both, please. Hey, what's happened here? Oh, Janet, I cannot let thee go. But, darn it, I did. Gosh! Was that a dream?



6. Janet's back on the printed page. Bob can only resolve not to miss her in a single episode of "Corliss Archer" on CBS.



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OF MIKES AND MEN

By

LAURA HAYNES

"Suspense" has a special appeal for film stars, whose contracts often limit the number of broad-costs they can do. CARY GRANT devotes almost his entire quota of air time to the CBS series, which also presents such hard-to-get as ROBERT MONTGOMERY and PAUL MUNI. Lure seems to be (1) the highly emotional roles and (2) the strict no-audience rule which allows actors the same "privacy" they get on a movie set.

★ ★ ★

JOAN DAVIS may not be a smart man-hunter on the ether but she's a top business woman in real life. Thanks to her own bargaining, she'll be the highest-paid comedienne in radio next fall, with the strongest control of her show. Insiders say the figure is \$4,000,000 for four years. Program will probably move from NBC to CBS, but cast should remain much the same, including sparring partner JACK HALEY.

★ ★ ★

Five-year-old CHET LAUCK, JR. has an eye for business, too. Dad (front half of Blue's "Lum and Abner") gave him 20 registered cows. By man-to-man agreement, JUNIOR gets all the heifers born to them, SENIOR gets the baby bulls. When the first calf finally arrived, small CHET refused to be impressed—until he got a satisfactory answer to his ultra-practical query: "Bull or heifer?"

★ ★ ★

The fact that both RUDY VALLEE and OZZIE NELSON (see stories on pages 14 and 36) went from bandleading to singing to comedy isn't the only link in their lives. It was in a VALLEE movie short that OZZIE first saw HARRIET HILLIARD, decided to audition her for what proved to be a very successful career—and marriage.

★ ★ ★

Backstage Bits: That extra-maternal note in the voice of "Corliss Archer's" mother, over CBS, is because actress IRENE TEDROW has new baby girl of her own . . . It was IRMGARD ERIK, wife of PHIL "Take It or Leave It" BAKER, who wrote the lyrics for

the popular song, "Weep No More, My Lady" . . . KATE SMITH has passed the gallon mark in blood donations to the Red Cross . . . NBC comic BUD ABBOTT—whose mother was a famous bareback rider in the BARNUM & BAILEY circus—is allergic to horse-hair!

★ ★ ★

Reader ALICE RICE would like to correct a recent item here about towns named after a certain NBC hero played by HAL PEARY. After due research among descendants of the original settlers, she reports: "Gildersleeve, Conn. had been called that for over 200 years. I don't know where you got your information! Anyway, I do like your column—and think the whole magazine is tops."

★ ★ ★

Leisure Class: JOCK MacGREGOR

—who only produces nine shows a week for Mutual, including "The Mysterious Traveler" and "Nick Carter"—holds a life membership card in the Hoboes of America . . . GILBERT MACK—who has important acting roles on almost every network, as well as in the Broadway play, "A Bell for Adano"—still finds time to run a miniature theatre for daughters LENI (5) and JUDY (3½), in the basement of their Long Island home.

★ ★ ★

BOB BURNS is fascinated by a letter from a European refugee, who writes that he's learning our language from BOB's homespun NBC program—"because you speak slowly enough for me to catch the words." Privately, the sage of Arkansas opines: "He's goin' to feel pretty put out when he finds out he ain't learnin' English at all, but just pure Ozark!"

★ ★ ★

Painful Paradox: Now that he's co-starring with WENDELL NILES in Blue's "Ice Box Follies," DON PRINDLE finds himself in a peculiar predicament. As chief scripter of the ABBOTT and COSTELLO series, the new comic had signed an exclusive contract there for his pen-services, can't write a line for his own show!

★ ★ ★

Champ caper-cutters at "Aldrich Family" broadcasts are DICK (Henry) JONES and JACK (Homer) KELK. But they were models of decorum, the day four distinguished gentlemen sat in on rehearsals, listening intently but unsmilingly. "Sponsors, at least," thought DICK and JACK, who nearly swooned away when the dignified quartet finally stood up—and sang the commercials.



SOLOISTS JOAN EDWARDS AND LAWRENCE TIBBETT AND CHORUSMASTER LYN MURRAY GATHER AT THE PIANO FOR AN OFF-MIKE MUSIC SESSION

"YOUR HIT PARADE"

PROGRAM CELEBRATES TEN YEARS OF PLAYING AMERICA'S TOP TUNES

TUNE IN SAT. 9 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

THIS year, in the midst of celebrating its own Silver Jubilee, the broadcasting industry pauses to note another anniversary within its ranks—for April, 1945, is the month in which "Your Hit Parade" passes the reviewing stand, flash-

ing the medals it has won in its first full decade on the air. "Full" is literally the right word for that decade, too! The past ten years have seen the Saturday night series emerge from its modest beginning as "just another dance-band

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE) 9



WAR CORRESPONDENT HICKS BANGS OUT A SCRIPT, ABOUT HIS IMPRESSIONS OF HOMECOMING AFTER MANY MONTHS IN THE FRONT LINES

and fluffy, the trees spiky, and the clouds had summer billows. We came down at another airport, and snowflakes cut across the snow banks which had been shoveled up to clear the runway lights. This was an American travel network which continued day and night.

Aboard our plane were French flying officers, the heads of squadrons, going to the United States; an American private, age 19, appointed to West Point; a civilian technician, representing a radar factory; a general, two colonels who hadn't said where they'd been or where they were going; an American woman who had worked nine years for the American legation in Switzerland; and six quiet, nonchalant American men who made up the crew.

We were coming home at night, and I grew tired from staring through the round window. There were only the stars to see—and they were rather distant—with blackness all around them. Then, someone saw lights below, and the passengers were going from one side of the plane to the other, leaning over each other's shoulders, looking out. Below was a swarm of golden, warm, winking lights, undulant over the land. I had to think of Europe. Here was none of the cold, broken, Old World cruelty. It was like a fairy-land. The flight clerk said it was Boston.

Sparks streaked back from the exhausts under the wings, and the stars seemed very bright. There was nothing to be afraid of here. "But," I thought, "if they kill off our best men, they will come for us over here."

The towns succeeded each other, through Rhode Island and Connecticut. Lights blazed fiercely on the main streets. As we came over New York, the lights were blinking below, on either side of the plane, as far as we could see.

My home was a fragile little house, with white wood-

work and curtains so fresh it didn't seem to be true. I visualized—once—what would happen to it if a bomb fell near, or a shell should hit it . . . and I tried not to think of it again. I thought of the children. When they are running, in the open, a shell bursts wide . . . and I tried not to think of that again.

It was my first day home, and it seemed very quiet. There were no men on the neighborhood streets. A few shabby trucks went past. The streets needed sweeping. Some houses needed painting. It was quiet and empty—and, for America, a little subdued.

At noon, I went to meet the children coming home from the grammar school. I met one of the neighbors, Mrs. George Gutterman. I had seen her boy, last, as a soldier in Italy. Before, I had known him as a long-legged kid in high school. In Italy, he was a tall young officer, already wearing the Purple Heart. He was the kind who went before his men—the best he knew how.

Mrs. Gutterman told me how he'd been killed. He had been struck in the chest by machine-gun fire while leading a scout party. Mrs. Gutterman was crying on the neighborhood corner. The children stood about her like a wreath of pretty flowers—their faces turned up, wondering—and her tears caught in the notches of her hat veil and then fell onto the sidewalk.

I was glad to be back in America, with its lights and its good nature. But, beneath the surface, I could see America had changed. America was isolated from the action, but knew it was in the war. It knew it was in "for keeps." And, beneath the lights and the surface, were depths of seriousness, worry—even oppression.

It was a serious war—and America knew it. You cannot fool the people of the U. S. A.

were more fun-loving than ever, but what a contrast in 1940! The nation literally sang the blues, showed signs of an across-the-seas sympathy in "When the Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square"—a trend which became more pronounced the following year. But it wasn't until 1942 that we really became war-conscious, running the gamut from the patriotic "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" to the wistful "I Don't Want to Walk Without You."

Since then, the mood has been almost entirely nostalgic, with an overwhelming preference for songs which say: "I'm remembering, waiting for you." All-time champ of "Hit Parade" charts is the fairly recent "I'll Be Seeing You," already played two dozen times, ten of them as No. 1 choice. Nearest contenders are in the same vein: "You'll Never Know" (24 times, 9 first's) and "White Christmas" (21 and 10). Later is a "Hit Parade" rarity, popping up regularly on the lists for three holiday seasons in a row.

By and large, America seems to love ballads best and longest—which creates problems for a 45-minute program of nothing but popular music, accounts for many shifts in format over the years. Basic policy of presenting survey-selected hits remains the same, but the framework changes frequently to keep pace with public interest. Today's "extras," which add variety of tempo to otherwise almost all-ballad broadcasts, are only the latest of the added attractions, which have included guest stars, "inserts" from camps all over the country, comedy interpolations featuring the strictly non-musical Mr. W. C. Fields.

Guiding genius behind these decisions is George Washington Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, who gives "Hit Parade" the same careful attention he pays to every facet of his business, from packages to posters. It is Mr. Hill who chooses performers, oversees the sequence of songs, picks the "extras." He tunes in on every airing, later goes over transcriptions of it with his staff, notes his praises and criticisms on his script—and sends it off like a report card to conductor Warnow.

The "Hit Parade" generalissimo never attends broadcasts or rehearsals—has, in fact, never met Warnow, music director for the past six years. They communicate by correspondence, though they live just a block apart. The idea is Warnow's. When they didn't meet at first, the conductor found he enjoyed their remote-control relationship, got superstitious about "breaking the charm" by meeting his chief (it almost happened once, in a CBS lobby, but Warnow ducked out a back door just in time). Mr. Hill amiably plays the game—perhaps because he has idiosyncracies of his own, such as liking to wear a hat in the house.

The tobacco tycoon never discusses his policies in public, but that doesn't keep either him or them from being widely discussed in the music and radio industries. The policies are apparent and practical. What Tin Pan Alleyites like to gossip about is the way they are put into practice. Most persistent rumor is that Mr. Hill likes fast rhythm, speeds up the tempo of slow songs. It was even said that Frank Sinatra left the show because he couldn't sing fast enough to suit the boss—though the official explanation was that The Voice got less than \$2,000 a week for his stint, had to pay more than \$3,000 for line charges from the Coast, because of film commitments there.

Biggest buzz of all arose over Mr. Hill's replacement for Sinatra—Lawrence Tibbett, ace operatic baritone but no bobby-socks idol. Wise men in the trade wondered just how likeable Larry would fit it, were confounded when the series' rating jumped first two points, then four. Teensters and taxi-drivers might moan about this classical invasion of their

"pop" program—but they listened. Over the years, Mr. Hill has shown an uncanny ability, not only for making format changes which intrigued the public, but for picking personalities who could attract attention, whether already headliners or not. The "Hit Parade" doesn't try to build stars of its own, actually has quite a rapid talent turnover. Vocalist Joan Edwards sets something of a record, lasting through the regimes of three male singers—Barry Wood, Sinatra, Tibbett—in a three-year period.

From first to last, Mr. Hill has quietly insisted that the song's the thing, not the performer. He wants no vocal tricks, no trumped-up arrangements. Melody must predominate, rhythm must be danceable, lyrics must be sung straight. He once had everyone on the run when Joan's version of "My Ideal" was at variance with the copy he had, was only convinced that there were actually two accepted endings when he heard best-selling records which gave both.

Little escapes his eagle eye—or ear. Insiders are particularly fond of the story about another time he had his staff searching for other recordings, those of a program he had heard the day before—a Sunday broadcast which shall be nameless. As the little gathering soberly listened to the transcription, Mr. Hill suddenly raised his hand. "There!" he said triumphantly. "That's what I want to hear. Tell Mr. Warnow I *never* want that trombone effect used on *my* show!"

JUKE-BOX "REQUESTS" ARE ALSO CONSIDERED IN THE SURVEY





FORMALLY OR INFORMALLY, ITURBI WILL PLAY WHENEVER A CROWD GATHERS—AND CROWDS ALWAYS GATHER AROUND THIS PIANIST

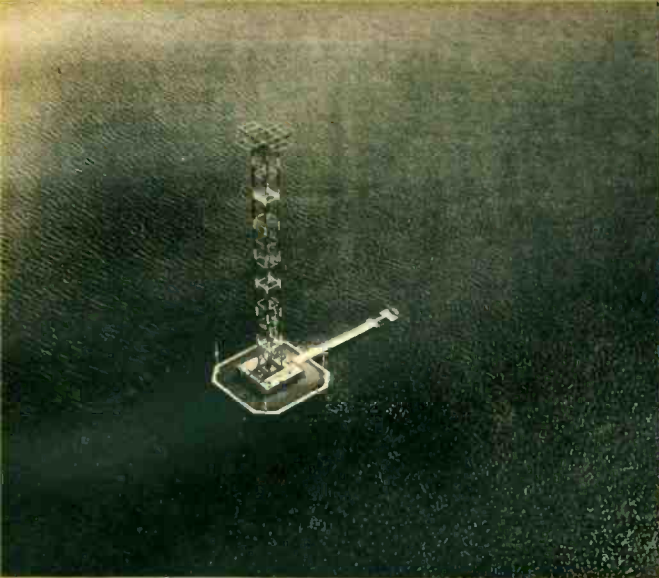
JOSÉ ITURBI—BUSY GUEST STAR

ARE THERE any new worlds to conquer? If so, Jose Iturbi—concert pianist and conductor, radio and movie favorite, speed demon and art collector extraordinary—would like to hear about them. He's beginning to exhaust the list of challenges to be met and overcome. Like the fabled *Don Quixote* of his homeland, the volatile Spaniard has always been ready to tilt a lance with any likely comer. Unlike the dreamy *Don*, he never tackles any futile windmills, needs no *Sancho Panza* to bind up his wounds.

Iturbi has known many battles, but no lasting scars. Nothing has defeated him yet—from the battered piano he discovered in his parlor, at the age of 3, to the rickety airplane in which he was one of the first passengers to fly across the English Channel, a couple of decades later. In the first case, the Valencia piano-tuner's son was so

fascinated by the instrument that he was giving public piano recitals by the time he was 7. In the second, he became so enamored of the new "toy" that he bought one of his own, learned to pilot it himself with the same joyous abandon which distinguishes his motorcycle dashes around Beverly Hills today. Wartime may ground Iturbi's plane, but it can't slow his restless spirit down to a walk!

It's not that this human dynamo is so pugnacious by nature. The speed-loving virtuoso is actually the friendliest of souls, bubbles over with boundless good humor, talks a blue streak in what seems like a strange language all his own until newcomers get the hang of it. A colorful command of English is almost overwhelmed by the profound accent and extreme rapidity with which Iturbi speaks, but the kindly keyboard king makes sure that no one can fail to



COLUMBIA ISLAND—SITE OF NEW YORK'S WABC TRANSMITTER—AS SEEN FROM THE AIR

COLUMBIA ISLAND

THERE WAS NO LAND WHERE CBS WANTED TO BUILD ITS TRANSMITTER—SO ENGINEERS CREATED A UNIQUE PLANT

COLUMBIA ISLAND is not much to look at as islands go. It's neither large, nor picturesque, nor fertile—just a concrete dot, about the size of a suburban building lot, plunked down in the middle of Long Island Sound.

This man-made pinpoint of "land" has a unique claim to distinction, however. It was specially constructed to house the 50,000 watt transmitter for New York's WABC—the only such plant in the world entirely surrounded by water. And life on the island is anything but dull.

Sometimes, in fact, the radio operators who work there long for the good old days when they were just ordinary landlubbers—with never a choppy wave or lowlying fog to disturb the even tenor of their commuting. In fine weather, true enough, it's a lot of fun to go to work on a cabin cruiser with salt spray and seagulls instead of subway straps for atmosphere. But in the dead of winter, when the steel-plated

prows break ice every inch of the way, the distance between workshop and mainland seems a good deal longer than the two miles it actually measures.

Columbia Island started out as the brainchild of a group of resourceful, no-such-word-as-can't CBS engineers. These lads, working with maps, had figured out that the ideal location for the network's New York transmitter lay in a one-mile circle which happened to fall in Long Island Sound near New Rochelle. Less ingenious planners would have dropped this site as impractical, and settled for a base on the good dry earth nearby. But these pioneers were determined on building their new broadcasting plant on the best spot for servicing the entire listening area—watery or not.

An airplane survey revealed that the project was in the bounds of possibility, for within the magic mile a reef was discovered which just about nosed above the waves at high tide. And this group

of rocks (at that time dignified by the name of Little Pea Island) became the anchorage on which the lofty transmitting tower now rests.

Some idea of the tremendous construction job this entailed is indicated by engineers' records, which list a staggering total of 32,000,000 pounds of material—with every pound necessarily ferried out by boat. Building of the plant (completed in 1941) required an entire year and cost in the vicinity of half a million dollars.

Physical difficulties were not the only ones encountered, and plans had to be submitted to a long list of military and civic authorities before work could be started at all. As finally designed, the island is octagonal-shaped, with an attractive blue-and-white one-story building set right in the center of it. The lacy steel tower you see in the picture on the left dominates the landscape, is as tall as a 38-story skyscraper, can withstand winds up to 120 miles per hour.

Any visitor to the island (visitors allowed by special permission only) must be impressed by the careful planning and thorough attention to detail which are everywhere evident. Apparently, those pioneering engineers thought of and prepared for every conceivable emergency—whether natural or man-made. The essential equipment has all been installed in duplicate, to prevent any possible interruption of service to WABC's listeners. There's a replacement available for everything—from a second huge transmitter in case the first one fails, to supplies of tiny bolts and screws for minor repairs.

Among the possibilities foreseen by CBS planners was that the "crew" might be marooned in stormy weather and have to stay on the island for 24 hours or more. Consequently, living quarters make up one wing of the "house"—and many a homemaker would be proud to call them her own. The kitchen is a cook's dream in gleaming enamel and stainless steel, the dining room compact and practical, the four bedrooms (fitted out with double-decker bunks) boast fleecy pastel blankets, individual reading lamps, chests of drawers, and radio loudspeakers—for CBS programs only.

Nevertheless, in spite of these creature comforts, every member of the 13-man crew detests the ill wind that makes him stay overnight. Though he's paid time-and-a-half for overtime whenever this happens, eats "on the house," can usually contemplate infinity at his leisure, the thought of the little woman and the home fireside in New Rochelle

seems much more desirable. And since none of the boys will ever be asked to change places with Oscar of the Waldorf, that free lunch is not so appetizing as it sounds.

Like it or not, however, "marooning" takes place 3 or 4 times a month in winter—though the same people are not always affected. (The men work in three shifts of eight hours each.) And the salty gods of the Sound have a nasty way of stirring things up at inconvenient moments—like last New Year's Eve, when the disappointed operators had to stand around, bitterly addressing the waters in unprintable terms, with all their hopes of a celebration washed up.

Foggy mornings mess up schedules, too, for the boatman is sometimes unable to see even the prow of his cruiser, must creep along by compass, raking several hours to make the crossing. Even when there are no navigational troubles, there's often an extra outdoor job—above and beyond the call of duty. High winds are likely to upset the float's equilibrium, for example, and the men have to rush out and make sure it doesn't disappear. They're pretty careful about this particular hazard now—for

the float did sink once and it was a well-remembered herculean task to raise it.

Being assigned to the island has its compensations, though, as the men are quite willing to admit—when they haven't had a recent bout with the weather. In the summertime, anybody



BRENDA IS COMPANION AND WATCHDOG

who is interested can sunbathe, garden, go angling, even set lobster pots—all from his own front yard. Happenings on the Sound often make good yarns to bring home to the folks, too—like the time the naive fisherman hooked the island's powerline, was sure he'd tangled up with a whale. Last fall, there

was an especially exciting event. The island's dog-mascot, Brenda (of indeterminate ancestry but friendly disposition) heard voices coming from the water and barked a warning. Islanders investigated, found two Army prisoners trying to swim to the mainland, and turned them over to the proper authorities.

Even the rigors of winter are a secret source of pride to the operators. They consider themselves a special clan of "he-men," look down their noses at soft city technicians, who don't have to do their own repair jobs or cope with nature in the raw.

And as far as CBS is concerned, the project is a complete success. Naturally, upkeep is more expensive than for a similar landbased transmitter. The problem of transporting materials from the mainland did not end with construction—barges must bring water, replacement parts, all types of supplies. The network operates four "ferries"—2 cabin cruisers (one is usually in drydock), a speedboat and outboard motor. But the additional cost is more than made up by pride in the island, and in the uninterrupted service it has given listeners.



A TECHNICIAN REPORTS TO WORK AFTER FISHING OFF THE ISLAND



DIVERS LAY POWER AND COMMUNICATION LINES TO THE MAINLAND

Vagabond Lover

RUDY VALLEE'S CAREER SYMBOLIZES AN ENTIRE ERA OF RADIO HISTORY

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

TODAY'S bobby-soxers may not believe it, but their beloved Frankie wasn't the first slim, curly-haired crooner who ever panicked a swarm of swooning worshippers. Way back in the dark ages of "the depression," young Rudy Vallee received a flaming adulation which makes many present singing successes pale by comparison—though certain reminiscences of those days should have a familiar ring, even to teenagers who can only remember back to 1942, when Sinatra started packing 'em in at the Paramount.

For Vallee was The Voice of the early 1930's, the Pied Piper of romance-hungry females in an era when tired business men were tired of everything — including business. Flappers lined up for hours ahead, lunch boxes in hand, waiting to crowd the theatres where he appeared. Debutantes and married women tossed flowers at the bandstand, haunted the stage doors for a closer view of their darling. Middle-aged housewives stood in bargain-counter jams to buy his latest records, shoe department stores to the foundations when he made personal appearances there.

Fan mail poured in by the carload, proving for the first time that radio could produce matinee idols as irresistible as movie stars. Poems were written in which husbands complained that this singing sensation was "the other man" in their wives' dream of love. An awestruck youngster, invading Vallee's dressing room under pretense of being a school reporter, fainted dead away when she shook hands with her hero. A New York policeman was jilted by another ardent fan, when he dared to arrest Rudy on a speeding charge. And a Harvard freshman got expelled for tossing a ripe grapefruit (not an egg) at the yodeling bandleader from Yale, during a performance in Boston.

Editors wondered whether all this was a menace to health or a musical reaction from a hectic era. Critics debated whether his success stemmed from a naturally pleasant voice, projected without the "hooha" then typical of jazz singers, or from his tricks of using a megaphone and singing with his eyes closed (his voice needed the amplification, said Rudy, and his eyes needed protection from the bandstand's overhead lights). Columnists swore he was either the epitome of "it" and "sex appeal"—or else the quintessence of the Average Clean-Cut American Boy.

Whatever the real explanation, there's no doubt that the Rudy Vallee of those days personified the period itself. The college boy (fictionalized version) was king, and Rudy lived up to all the requirements of the legend. He was the poor boy who had "worked his way through college," playing for meals in a campus dining hall, keeping up a high scholastic average while doubling in dance orchestras at night. He was also the rich boy—thanks to his own efforts—who had led the football band into the stadium each fall, clad in that



RUDY'S FILES RECORD A DECADE AND A HALF OF BROADCASTING

coveted collegiate symbol, a raccoon coat. He was the "home-town boy who made good," after jerking sodas in his father's drugstore and ushering in a movie house, up in Westbrook, Maine. At the same time, he trailed clouds of glamour from "abroad," where he had spent a sabbatical year playing a saxophone at a swank London hotel, before returning to Yale and his Bachelor's degree.

Riding the crest of the wave with his Connecticut Yankees, Rudy continued to be a trademark of the times. The headlines studding his career were typical of then-current events, with their record of court battles over everything from charges of plagiarism or demands for a share of his earnings to breach-of-promise, separation suits and divorce trials—which were all considered inevitable in the life of a highly romantic singer who had been enthusiastically accepted as America's "Vagabond Lover."

Vermont-born, Maine-bred, the soft-voiced singer had his share of the traditional New England traits of stubbornness, tenacity and willingness to fight for his point of view. Admittedly an exacting taskmaster, he was strict with the members of his band, expecting them to work as hard as he did—often on four or five hours' sleep. Brickbats came his way almost as often as bouquets and, tired of sarcastic slurs about the manliness of both his person and profession, Rudy became an expert boxer, was reported to have slugged an important theatrical producer during rehearsals. Gossip columns had a field day.

There was another side of Vallee which didn't show in the headlines. The battling bandmaster has always been willing to give credit where he believed it due, works as tirelessly for benefits and other unpaid projects as for four-figure engagements. When the NBC employees' association



RUDY VALLEE HAS FIGURED IN THE ROMANTIC HEADLINES FOR YEARS—EVEN WITH HIS THIRD WIFE, PRETTY FILM ACTRESS BETTE JANE GREER

decided to give its first ball, Rudy volunteered to play for dancing, paid his orchestra himself, entertained the throng of page boys and stenographers as royally as though they were big-tipping bankers and debutantes. Yet not a line appeared in print—at Rudy's own request.

The story of what he's done to help other performers achieve stardom is public record by now. Over the years, this one talent detective has discovered and air-debuted: Alice Faye, when she was a Broadway chorus girl; Frances Langford, when she was singing on a little Florida station; Bob Burns, when he was a struggling vaudevillian who trekked across the continent just to get a chance on Rudy's program; Edgar Bergen, when he was a night-club entertainer who didn't want to bring Charlie McCarthy back to the Vallee microphone for a second airing, because he only had two acts and broadcasting would "ruin" them both!

The list is endless and too well known for further repetition. What isn't so widely realized is the showmanship and business acumen which made these discoveries possible. Vallee not only had the voice to make feminine hearts beat faster but also kept a knowing finger on the public pulse, diagnosing new trends in advance. When other bands were dazing audiences with too much rhythm, Rudy based his orchestra on sweet, dreamy melody—and clicked. When he reached the peak as a singer, he launched the guest-star system—and dominated program ratings for a decade.

That's why the Vallee career from 1928 through 1942 is a biography of broadcasting itself, as well as a headline history of an era. His climb to national fame from local New York City broadcasts, his emergence from his own band as one of the first network idols, his shift to the variety show format and his subsequent switch to situation comedy—with

the accent on acting rather than music—are significant landmarks in the changing radio scene.

Even his decision to quit broadcasting and go into service in 1943 (leaving his show in the hands of his own microphone discoveries, Joan Davis and Jack Haley) was symbolic of both wartime radio and the period—although the choice was entirely his own. Born in 1901, Rudy was "intermediate" between the two world wars, still managed to get into uniform for both despite age limits.

At 15, the tall, well-built youngster had run away and spent several months in the Navy, simultaneously developing a distaste for scrubbing-brushes and a passion for parading with a band, before his father found him and dragged him home. At 42, the still-husky star (whose early fears of becoming fat and bald have never yet materialized) became a lieutenant in the Coast Guard, blissfully leading the kind of band he had once only dreamed about.

When Vallee was retired to the inactive list last year, speculation was rampant. Old-timers teetered between fears that the sensation of the '30's wouldn't be able to compete with the croon princes of the '40's—and hopes that the broadcasting Barnum would revolutionize radio with his new show. So far, in some six months back on the air, neither prediction has been borne out. Rudy's singing seems more than acceptable to modern ears—but his pleasantly haphazard program seems very much like any of a half-dozen others which could be named at random.

One thing his return did prove. The airwaves will always have a place for Rudy Vallee—whose long-sustained though somewhat-muted popularity couldn't surprise anyone more than the same idolized Vagabond Lover who predicted, "way back in 1929: 'I'm not kidding myself. I'm just a fad!'"

COMING BACK TO AMERICA

By **GEORGE HICKS**

Blue Network War Correspondent

I SUPPOSE I could explain how it feels for an American to come home. I have been away two years now, reporting the war, and this is my first trip home.

But I don't believe this is the time to talk about it—the others can't come home. I can say, with truth, the reason I didn't return sooner is because the others were not able to come back. That . . . and because, after a while, the war and its importance and the lives of the men become more vital to you than your own personal interests. This is true of anyone who works near the front lines.

There's something else about working near the front. You notice, after a time, how everything seems to be gray—the skies, the mud churned up by the men and the wheels, the masonry which has slid from the houses into heaps in the mud, the leaves, the people, the roads.

I can't say that I ever remember there was summer last year—in Normandy and, following that, the break-through, when we raced across France. I can't remember there was summer the year before—in England. There is mist in Europe, watery light, and raw-boned people, a little haggard because of an incomplete diet. You know you can keep going on forever—because the ones who count, the American soldiers, continue to do it. But you're not quite sure what it will do to them—to you. You are a little sick and tired. When you returned to America, you realize it's because there had been no heat in the broken buildings in Europe. You were always cold. And food didn't have the same quality, even when canned in the United States and sent as Army rations.

There's something else you understand, too, once you've gotten out from the pressure of the fighting front. You notice there are many things you'd like to do—just the ordinary things you'd never thought of before—painting the basement, tying up the rosebushes, cleaning windows. You wanted to put things back together again, after the continuous breaking you'd seen.

You began to return to the United States from Holland, on a cold, misty morning. The frosts are very heavy in Western Europe, and it lay like thin, hard calmsome over the trees, the roofs, and the land. It was quite a day, because it was December 25th—the day when our Lord began to teach us gentleness and compassion.

You watched vapor trails in the white, misty sky. You figured which towns might be safe to pass through—from Belgium, into France, down to Paris. You could listen for motor noise—and hit the ditch if the planes weren't friendly. There are other things you listen for . . . even German tanks which might have slipped through . . . the sound of

machine-gun bursts. You do a lot of listening. Farther down, into France, you noticed large flocks of blackbirds. There was another bird, gray and black, with white spots on his wings. Then—suddenly remembered—there had been no birds in the Hurtgen Forest. There had not been a single stir, not even a sparrow, along the battle front.

In Paris, in a commandeered hotel, you slept in a bed. And, after the forests and the villages, you heard the traffic in the streets, in the night, and you kept trying to wake—to see if there were need to be cautious, if there were anything to do.

Paris was not damaged like London. Paris was what I might imagine New York would be. It had glass before the shop windows, traffic in the streets. Even some of the subways were running. Paris was like New York should be, only the gloss had gone. The people wore mufflers, frayed clothing, were pinched a little for the need of better food. Paint was off, there was dust, and shop shelves were only partially filled.

The civilian clerk at the hotel wore a muffler tucked into his suit coat and he had a head cold. When I went for a haircut, the barber's face was purple and his hands little touches of ice on my neck. To wash my hair, he poured warm water from a bucket which had been heated by an open flame. In a glove shop, the clerk wore her overcoat and sniffed from a heavy cold. There is no heat, and no heated water, for the buildings of Paris.

Paris still has grace, tolerance and a leisure to appreciate. Its people sparkle when you wish them luck. But over the buildings, in the frosty mists, the sun was sinking as a far red ball, and it seemed to have in it all the sad, resolved, tragic knowing of the European world.

I had written in my diary: "I can hardly live through the passing moments." It was the day before New Year's—December 31st, 1944. The plane was on a field outside Paris, a field we had once broken open when the Germans held it. The plane was beautiful, long and low, with a fuselage shaped like a torpedo. It was a D-C-54, the latest in transport flying. I began to think such things as: "Only once more will I sleep. Then I will be home. Only twice more will I shave. Then I will be home."

The plane took off rapidly. We were in the sky, and I thought: "What about Germans? They have been reaching forward. Paris isn't far from the front." We were unarmed and, if they ever found us, they could knock us off easily. There, below, was the sea—wide, wrinkled and friendly—which was separating me from home.

We came down at one airport, and the ground was brown

Before returning to duty as Blue Network war correspondent with the U. S. 1st Army, George Hicks spent a much-deserved furlough in America, resting and recovering from minor wounds received in Belgium. In his first broadcast while in New York, the noted radio reporter—whose brilliant coverage of the European landings on D-day will never be forgotten by his hearers—gave his impressions of what it feels like to come home from the front. In line with its policy of publishing texts of outstanding broadcasts, TUNE IN is happy to present a "reader's version" of Mr. Hicks' script.

grasp his meaning, by repeating the same idea in several different but equally dazzling figures of speech.

A favorite Iturbi metaphor gives an excellent clue to his real character. He doesn't think much of dull, doddering people, calls them "cokes" ("You open the bottle too long, and what happens? No fees left—and no rum!"). He likes youth, activity, enthusiasm. They're "okey-doke." His own fund of energy almost outruns that of the two idolized granddaughters who live with him, although they are barely of school age. The only pursuit in which he doesn't even try to keep up with them is—their music lessons. He leaves that to others, explains smilingly: "Grandfathers do not make good piano teachers."

Other musicians of his standing may retire to their ivory towers and meditate, but not the effervescent Iturbi. His lovely home in California may look like a cross between a Spanish palace and an art gallery—its walls are hung with some \$300,000 worth of Goyas, Renoirs and other paintings, both classical and modern—but it's a beehive of activity. If tiny Teresa and Tony aren't practicing on one of the two huge grand pianos in the living room, their youthful grandpa may be strumming the harpsichord in the dining room—gay and vigorous in polo shirt and dungarees, but something less than the epitome of sartorial impeccability he appears to be on the concert stage.

Color is as much a part of his personality as speed. All talent aside, Iturbi was born to be noticed. A flair for showmanship—what he disarmingly calls "being a beeg ham"—was manifest even at his birth, which took place during a performance of "Carmen." Little Jose arrived, safely at home, about the time the toreador was making his magniloquent entrance, back at the opera house which his theatre-going mother had just left so precipitately.

Later, when he had blossomed out as a musical prodigy, the rest of Valencia also became highly aware of his venturesome spirit, made up a "purse" to send him to Paris for further study. There he justified their faith by being graduated from the conservatory with highest honors, at the age of 17, although he had had to play in boulevard cafes at night to earn his actual living expenses. But hard work doesn't dismay Iturbi. When the Conservatory of Geneva sought him out to offer him the job as head of their piano faculty, they found the young honor graduate entertaining at a hotel in Zurich, under an assumed name.

Curiosity and energy have carried him through a widely variegated career ever since. As soon as Iturbi had established himself as a teacher, he turned to the concert stage. As soon as he became internationally famous as a virtuoso, he turned to conducting. As soon as he had been accepted as a maestro with virtually all the biggest symphony orchestras on this continent, he turned to radio performing, movie acting—and playing boogie-woogie.

Iturbi's much-discussed bouts with boogie-woogie are really the fulfillment of an old ambition. No matter what the long-hairs may think of his tackling this "lowest form of jazz," no matter what the hepcats may think of his treatment of it, Jose himself has definite ideas about what he's doing. He thinks, on the one hand, that classical music sources are running dry—and, on the other, that current boogie-woogie methods aren't always as sound or as interesting as they should be. "Eef only," he dreams, "we could combine the popular composers' inspiration weez the classical composers' technical knowledge!"

Meanwhile, as always, he's willing to experiment. And, while experimenting, he never loses his sense of humor. An ardent wit and practical joker, he got a great kick

out of a trick he and Frank Sinatra played on co-star Gene Kelly, while they were making the movie called "Anchors Aweigh." Sinatra had been taking dancing lessons from Gene, along with plenty of good-natured razzing about being a better singer than hoofer. In revenge, he told Kelly that he was a pretty versatile guy, too. Maybe he wasn't so clever with his feet, but he wasn't bad with his hands—on a piano. Gene raised a skeptical eyebrow.

Frank promptly sat himself down at the keyboard of the piano Iturbi was using in the picture, surrounded by admiring friends. The friends, in fact, surrounded him so completely that Gene could hardly see the piano-playing "Voice." But out into the studio poured the strains of Albeniz' "Sevilla," played with such fiery perfection that, at the conclusion, Iturbi himself rushed forward and begged Sinatra to do a concert with him. The "performance," of course, had been made possible only by a studio electrician, who had wired the piano for a recording previously made by the obliging Señor Iturbi—who had himself thrown the switch, behind the amazed Mr. Kelly's back.

The Spanish virtuoso isn't always so obliging, as proved by another story all Hollywood delights in telling. A "lion"-hunting socialite invited Iturbi to a private dinner, then commanded him to play for her guests. Iturbi did, as courteously—and as briefly—as possible. "But you played so little," cooed his hostess, plaintively. "But, señora, I ate so leetle!" replied Jose Iturbi, with a charming bow.



ITURBI LOVES MOTORCYCLES, AIRPLANES, AND SPEED IN ALL FORMS

ETHEL BARRYMORE



"THAT'S ALL THERE IS, THERE ISN'T ANY MORE" —BUT NOW THERE'S RADIO

TUNE IN SUN. 3:30 P.M. E.W.T. (Blue)

IF YOU had been acclaimed enthusiastically as the brightest star of the stage for most of the fifty years of your theatrical career, you might well be satisfied. If at the age of 65 you returned to Hollywood to play the outstanding role of Ma Mort in a notable film called "None But The Lonely Heart," you might think you could call it a day and rest on your substantial laurels. But you would not consider your career finished if you were Miss Ethel Barrymore.

It was Miss Barrymore, starring in "Cousin Kate" on Broadway in 1903, who made the phrase "That's all there is, there isn't any more!" a part of the American language. But she won't subscribe to it. Fifty years of stardom in the theatre and the conquest of Hollywood aren't necessarily all there is. For instance, there's radio.

You don't have to be in New York or line up in front of a box-office to hear an Ethel Barrymore performance these days. Just sit down on a Sunday afternoon and tune in "Miss Hattie." That famous throaty contralto, as authoritative as ever, is very much in command of the medium of radio. Her characterization of the wise and pleasant Miss Hattie comes through the ether as well as any of her parts was ever projected over the footlights.

It is no accident that the part of Miss Hattie seems to fit Miss Barrymore so well. She waited and watched for it, turning down all radio offers until she found a role she liked. Miss Hattie is a character in whom Miss Barrymore says she can fully believe. Miss Hattie, the aunt who has come to live with the typically American Thompson family, is salty, friendly, travelled, wise. The description fits Miss Barrymore to a T. For the debut in radio of America's First Lady of the Theatre, the part is an excellent choice.

Seated at a small table in front of her own microphone in the studio, Miss Barrymore concentrates intently on her script. The rest of the cast usually stands clustered around another mike. There's no necessity for her to watch for the director's cues. She's been acting too long to need that. But she hasn't been acting so long that she's blasé or bored with the proceedings. Not at all! A line, a scene goes particularly well; up come Miss Barrymore's feet, held stiffly in front of her under the table, as she wiggles them ecstatically to signal special enthusiasm.

After the broadcast she joins the cast at the drugstore downstairs for a coke. Dignified, dressed simply and a trifle on the old-fashioned side, she naturally awes some of the younger performers in the show. But there's no need for the awe. She is gracious and helpful when asked for advice.

The theatre's First Lady is as much of a baseball fan as any dyed-in-the-wool follower of Brooklyn's "Bums," and probably knows more about baseball lore than most of them. Her duplex apartment on East 52nd Street, overlooking New York's East River, includes a spacious library. There, during the baseball season, the radio is invariably tuned to whatever big-league game is in progress. Asked not long ago about a rumor along Broadway that she kept a radio in her

dressing-room during stage appearances and listened to sports results between the acts, she denied it emphatically.

"No," she said, "I don't. Maybe during the world series."

Her own choice for the most nearly perfect performer in radio is Red Barber, who reports the doings of the Dodgers. She regards herself as one of his earliest discoverers, having first heard him in Cincinnati when she was on tour and he was beginning to make a name for himself.

She is a consistent listener to the radio, which she believes is on its way to becoming a "people's theatre." She greatly admires George Hicks' human interest broadcasts from Europe; her favorite air show is "The Army Hour"; and "Rochester" and Fred Allen are the comedians who amuse her most.

But the Barber of Brooklyn leads them all for her. "He is proof that real charm can come over the air," she says. And she can and does give a brief but accurate impersonation of Mr. Barber describing a home run at Ebbets Field.

She has another startling enthusiasm. The library of her home contains a very large collection of phonograph records, and a large majority of them are Bing Crosby discs. There's no mistaking it—she is in fact a faithful Crosby fan.

Miss Barrymore was a young girl in her teens when, in 1901, she first saw her name in lights as the star of "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." A star in 48 stage productions, of which "Embezzled Heaven" is the most recent, she has played everything from a cook in that play to an Empress in "Rasputin." After 42 years on the stage, she announced in 1936 that she would retire to devote her time to coaching new young talent. But she thought it over and decided she couldn't retire. She went on to celebrate her fiftieth year on the stage last June.

Miss Ethel Barrymore isn't wasting much time looking back at her fabulous career. Far from it. She is too busy looking forward to new horizons on the stage, the screen, in radio. And over the horizon? Perhaps there'll be television.



ERIC DRESSLER AND ETHEL BARRYMORE TACKLE A SCRIPT PROBLEM

Danny Thomas

FORMER NIGHT CLUB STAR MAKES DREAM SEQUENCES A HIT ON "TOASTIES TIME"

TUNE IN SUN. 6:30 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

DANNY THOMAS is really a pretty good-natured guy. But if there's one thing that makes the hackles of his neck rise, it's being mistaken for Danny Kaye. And that has a way of happening quite frequently.

Take his very first "Toasties Time" broadcast, for example. A few minutes before going on the air, an announcer unthinkingly introduced him to the studio audience as—Mr. Danny Kaye. The applause was thunderous. Thomas waited in the wings feeling slightly sickish while a correction was made, then strolled out to the accompaniment of polite, silted clapping. Nobody seemed to know who he was—and what's more, nobody seemed to care.

That's all changed now though—in fact, the studio audience felt he rated his own ovation just as soon as the slim, dark-complexioned comic launched into one of his hilarious routines. But in case there's still any confusion in the public mind, Danny Kaye is the former Broadway star of "Let's Face It" who now has his own radio show—and Danny Thomas is the former night club whiz, who now plays wistful *Jerry Dingle* on the Fanny Brice program. And when we say "Danny" from now on, we're referring to *Mr. Dingle's* impersonator—and no other.

As listeners to "Toasties Time" know, mailman *Jerry Dingle* is a new kind of radio character, a pathetic and appealing *Mr. Milquetoast* of the air. But instead of giving in to the frustrations and humdrum routine of ordinary life, *Jerry* escapes through all sorts of weird pipe-dreams, in which he takes glorious roles. According to his creator, the mailman is a combination of two comic figures developed during night club days—"a meek sort of gent who begins talking to himself and all of a sudden works up a terrific super-man complex, and the Wailing Syrian, a down-trodden soul who dreams that *he* is the big-shot and mentally cracks the whip at all his superiors."

Whatever his antecedents, the "small-time fella with big-time ideas" has certainly come to stay, is gaining new admirers with each performance. Critics have congratulated Thomas (who writes most of his own material) on the refreshing originality of his patter, the poise and finesse with which he puts it across.

Not the least of *Jerry's* charms are the delightful song parodies with which each dream ends. As a sample, *Jerry* was once insulted by a doctor. His wounded feelings find solace in singing:

"Sulfahyathyapapencinilimide" (lyrics by Jerry Seelen)
I've discovered Sulfahyathyapapencinilimide
Doctors will adore it
It's miraculous, stupendous—It's a most amazing cure
But there is no disease for it.

Danny's brand of comedy isn't limited to this particular type of characterization, either. Visitors to Chicago's swank 5100 club (where the energetic gagster signed in for a week in 1940, stayed three years) remember him as



DANNY THOMAS LOOKS LIKE CARY GRANT—WITH PROBOSCIS ADDED

a gifted story-teller with a natural sense of timing, handing out laughs right and left with seemingly effortless ease. Dialect jokes are a forte, too, and the versatile Mr. Thomas can turn on dozens of different dialects at will—including Russian, Greek, Italian, Negro, Jewish and Syrian.

The last of these isn't surprising, since the dark-eyed medium-sized funster is of Syrian descent, was born Ames Jacobs in Deerfield, Michigan. Among the talents he inherited is an ability to play the mizwiz, an exotic Eastern music-maker which is said to be the pride of the Syrian hep-cats. It would certainly take either a hep-cat contortionist—or a Thomas—to handle it, for the mizwiz is a double bamboo instrument of reeds into which one must simultaneously inhale and exhale. Danny mastered the technique after many years of instruction from his father. And his father learned the art from a wandering Arab, who made him practice by sipping water kneeling at the bank of a desert oasis. Anyway, that's how the story goes.

Danny's infatuation with show business began years ago, when as a scrawny, round-eyed lad of eleven he took a job as candy butcher, running up and down the aisles of a Toledo, Ohio, theatre selling the folks something to chew. Then and there the boy decided he'd rather look at the audience from the footlight side of the stage, and spent all his spare moments concocting song and dance

acts with his brothers and sisters. (There were ten children all together—which made for a lot of possibilities.) High-school dramatic clubs gave the youngsters some training, and by graduation day the would-be actors were already clowning their way in and out of local stage doors.

Somehow, because Danny Thomas was not a nationally known radio personality when he hit Hollywood, everybody assumed he was an airwave novice, insisted on giving him advice about mike technique. Actually, the funnier learned about broadcasting the hard way—by appearing as an amateur on a Detroit station while still in his teens. What's more, he had to hitch-hike sixty miles, twice a week, to get there. As Danny explains it, he was determined to become an experienced "hooper"—one way or another.

It was at La Martinique in New York that the ingenious comic's expressive hands, flexible face and super-showmanship won widest acclaim. (According to Thomas, hands and face really had little to do with it, and he transferred his style to radio practically intact. "You can't depend too much on visual gags in a smoke-filled night club anyway.") But though big-time success was just breaking for him, the 33-year-old story-teller gave up commercial ventures at this point to go on a three-month USO tour.

The unit (which included Marlene Dietrich and several other performers) were sent to the Mediterranean theatre

of war, gave a total of 150 shows in North Africa, Sicily, Sardinia—and right on up to the Anzio beachhead in Italy. Except for the large cities, where closed theatres were available, all performances were held in the open air on the back of a mobile truck. And Danny is proud to say that they never disappointed anybody on account of the weather. If it poured, they just let it pour—and kept right on delivering gags to the battle-weary soldiers. Following along with the Army from Naples to Rome meant several bombings, too, but Thomas says he developed the GI outlook on that. "The GI's claim they're got worried about the bomb that has their name on it. If it's addressed to you, you'll get it . . . so why worry? It's the bomb that's addressed 'To Whom It May Concern' that chases you into a fox-hole."

The comedian returned from that trip last summer with no particular engagements in view. It was a guest shot on a New York show that won him the "Toasties Time" assignment. Fanny Brice tuned in on the program in Hollywood, decided he was just what she wanted for her new show—and presto, Danny had a job, sight unseen. The pair didn't even meet until rehearsals were in progress.

Now that Danny's taken to radio like a duck to water, and Jerry Dingle regularly visits millions of homes each Sunday night, the singing funnymen hopes that people will start to remember him. Then he'll never again have to explain patiently: "Nope, the last name is Thomas."

THE FAMILY TAKE A BEFORE-BEDTIME STROLL NEAR THEIR HOLLYWOOD HOME—TERESA (2), DANNY, MARGARET JULIA (7) AND MRS. THOMAS



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT once said that radio is the spy's new "invisible ink." For the enemy agent of World War II need no longer trust his important messages to paper. Instead, he makes use of the short-wave transmitter, thus sending code signals directly and quickly to his headquarters abroad.

In this country, however, such enemy communication is practically non-existent—thanks to the efficiency and resourcefulness of our "counter-radio-espionage" agency, the R.I.D. (Radio Intelligence Division of the Federal Communications Commission). Though much of this organization's work must remain secret until after the war, even the facts now available make as thrilling a tale as any fictional drama.

The R.I.D. scored its first sensational war scoop just two days after Pearl Harbor. With international telephone, cable and telegraph suddenly closed down, the only way a spy in the U. S. could communicate with his home country was by clandestine radio. R.I.D. operators were tense and expectant, waiting for something to happen—and it did.

An officer in Portland tuned in on unidentified signals being sent out by shortwave. His suspicions aroused, he rekeyed his discovery to the entire R.I.D. network. Within a matter of minutes, the elaborate machinery was functioning and the transmitter was

R. I. D.

GOVERNMENT SLEUTHS POLICE

THE ETHER, TRACKING DOWN

CRIMINALS OF THE AIRWAVES

located in the German Embassy at Washington, D.C. (The usual procedure of seizing the equipment and arresting the operator was not followed in this case, since our diplomatic officials had not yet been returned from Germany and the State Department feared reprisals. Instead, "jamming stations" were established to prevent reception in Berlin, and a monitor station set up nearby to intercept any messages the Embassy might try to send.)

This incident alone had far-reaching effects, for it demonstrated conclusively the speed and accuracy of R.I.D. methods. Axis agents were convinced that radio activity in the U. S. was unhealthy. As Chief George E. Sterling explains, the R.I.D. functions like a police force. Along with other law-enforcement bodies, its success is more accurately measured by its ability to pre-

vent crime, than by its record in trapping criminals. So the Division is proud to tell the story of the ambitious Japanese ring which proposed setting up a transmitter in this country—only to have the idea promptly vetoed by Tokyo on the grounds that the FCC would nab them just as soon as they started broadcasting.

Of course, the organization which inspires such respect in the sons of Heaven was not built up overnight. The federal government has had to police the ether since 1910 so that each type of radio user (ships, airplanes, radio telegraph stations, broadcasting stations, etc.) could be sure of channels protected from interruption. Before the war, there were some 200,000 licensed stations in the U. S., plus 60,000 amateur ones (now closed for the duration). It was necessary to see that all of these observed the law.

Such routine policing gave experts practical training in radio traffic control. In addition, as Mr. Sterling facetiously points out, the R.I.D. owes rum-runners and racetrack crooks a special debt of gratitude. Racketeers were quick to take advantage of developments in radio communication, and their schemes provided valuable experience in ferreting out new-style airwave chisellers.

Back in 1929, for example, veteran officer Forest Redfern had a case as difficult as any wartime problem. A high-



SPECIALY-EQUIPPED CARS ACT AS MECHANICAL BLOODHOUNDS, FOLLOWING SIGNALS OF AN ILLEGAL TRANSMITTER TO THEIR SOURCE



IN VARIOUS CENTERS SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES, R.I.D. MEN MAKE RECORDINGS OF PROPAGANDA AND COMMUNIQUE

powered station was sending out a strange code but limited broadcasting to 50 seconds at a time to avoid detection. It took a month and a half of steady listening before enough words were obtained to break down the code, which gave valuable information on a New Jersey ring of smugglers. Eventually, the entire ring (consisting of thirty members) was taken into custody. But the most unusual part of the story is the feat performed by Mr. Redfern. The illegal operator was arrested while actually signaling a boat off shore, and the R.I.D. officer took over the "conversation" without a detectable break. Then he added an ingenious message of his own, which lured the vessel to a port where Coast Guard officials were waiting to capture it.

The successful substitution here was as remarkable as the timing, since an individual operator's "fist"—the characteristic methods by which he sends signals—is as distinctive as his fingerprints or his handwriting. It takes real artistry to conceal these tell-tale characteristics, and individual operators can usually be recognized by experts despite efforts to change their "styles." On one occasion, an Axis operator who had escaped from South American authorities was not heard from for nearly a year. Yet, when he went on the air again with

different call letters and at a new location, three R.I.D. stations immediately recognized his special "fist."

The R.I.D. operates so swiftly in most cases that its detecting seems almost magical. In reality, the basis of the system is a network of monitoring stations, strategically located throughout continental United States and its outlying territories. Operators in these stations constantly "cruise" the ether, tuning from frequency to frequency throughout the usable radio spectrum, identifying each signal as it is heard. An unfamiliar call letter, picked up anywhere, immediately "alerts" the entire network, and long-range radio direction finders take bearings on the suspicious signals. Bearings from the various stations are then plotted on a map at a central "intelligence station," and the point at which the lines cross indicates the general location of the transmitter.

Cars equipped with mobile directionfinders are called into action to cruise the designated area, and by use of local bearings the actual building is quickly spotted. That marks the end of the chase—unless the building happens to be an apartment house or hotel. In that case, officers walk up and down the corridors until the precise room from which the signals emanate is identified by means of a tiny device which can be

easily carried in the palm of the hand.

Since July, 1940, the R.I.D. has located nearly 400 unlicensed transmitters within American jurisdiction, but few of these were connected with espionage activity. Most of the thrilling spy-hunts occurred in Latin America, where enemy agents were safely sending out a steady flow of vital war information. Among typical messages intercepted were: "Can you place suitable man for us among students going to U. S. for air training?" and "Proposal for destruction of ships very interesting."

When the Southern republics learned of this situation, they had no facilities for detecting Axis broadcasts. Consequently, the R.I.D. was asked to extend operations to these countries. This cooperative move has resulted in the rounding up of some 200 spies—a tremendous contribution to U. S. security. The R.I.D. is also training Latin American technicians, so that the republics can set up their own systems.

Though the R.I.D. feels justifiably proud of its record in freeing the Western Hemisphere of radio espionage, there will be no relaxation of alertness till the last shot is fired. The Division firmly believes in following its motto: "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," carries it out to the letter.

TUNE IN radio's foremost music makers on CBS

Each week forty hours of music go out over CBS, sung and performed by America's leading artists and orchestras. Each week, as well, CBS introduces a new voice in song which bids fair to take its place among the nation's chief musical ornaments. For the best in music, as in all other fields of radio entertainment, tune in your local CBS station.



FRANK SINATRA, Wed. at 9:00 p.m. EWT



EUGENE ORMANDY, Sat. at 5:00 p.m. EWT



NELSON EDDY
Sun. at 4:30 p.m. EWT



JAMES MELTON, Sun. at 9:30 p.m. EWT



DANNY O'NEIL, Mon. thru Fri. at 11:15 p.m. EWT



EILEEN FARRELL
Tues. at 7:30 p.m. EWT
Wed. at 6:30 p.m. EWT



JEAN TENNEYSON, Wed. at 10:00 p.m. EWT



ARTUR RODZINSKI
Sun. at 3:00 p.m. EWT



PATRICE MUNSEL
Sun. at 5:00 p.m. EWT



KATE SMITH
Sun. at 7:00 p.m. EWT



LYN MURRAY
Mon., Wed., Fri. at 6:35 p.m. EWT



BERNARD HERRMANN
Wed. at 11:30 p.m. EWT



LAWRENCE TIBBETT, Sat. at 9:00 p.m. EWT



SALLY MOORE, Mon. and Fri. at 6:30 p.m. EWT



TERRY ALLEN
Mon. thru Fri. at 5:30 p.m. EWT



E. POWER BIGGS, Sun. at 9:15 a.m. EWT

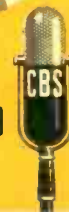


JESSICA DRAGONETTE
Sat. at 9:45 p.m. EWT



VERA BRODSKY
Sun. at 11:15 p.m. EWT

This is CBS...the Columbia Broadcasting System





RAYMOND GRAM SWING

THE POPULAR ANALYST CONSIDERS NEWSCASTS
A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR PUBLIC SERVICE

Nobody has ever been able to account for the mass-appeal of Raymond Gram Swing. Many have tried—but the various explanations have little in common. The 58-year-old commentator's tremendous popularity has been blamed on everything from a "soothing bedside manner" to a stern willingness to face the harsh facts of reality.

Whatever the cause, Swing's ability to influence the thinking of millions

TUNE IN MON. THRU FRI. 7:15 P.M. E.W.T.—(1816)

is an undisputed fact. Listeners to his dry, concise reports include such international policy-makers as Roosevelt, King George, Wallace, Churchill, and he is said to have been quoted more often in the House of Commons than any other American except the President. Several years ago, Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University made the flat statement that nobody could hope to understand foreign affairs who did not listen to Swing. And on the same day, he was voted the favorite commentator of the New York City taxi drivers.

The famed analyst's style of delivery lacks variety and color—both usually considered an absolute necessity in building up a radio following. There are those who find his calm, cool interpretations intensely irritating, consider his analyses so objective as to be practically useless in formulating definite opinions.

According to this school of thought, a typical Swing broadcast runs something like this:

"Good even-ning. Tonight there is good news and bad news. Reliable authorities state that Esthonia may join the Allies. That would be good news. On the other hand, reliable authorities state that Esthonia may join the Axis. That would be bad news. Good night."

Even severest critics grant the accuracy of the pedantic analyst's facts, however, acknowledge his conscientious approach to his job, his desire to tell the truth about current events in simple, understandable terms. No detail is too insignificant for checking and re-checking before it is presented on the air. For the solemn news apostle carries his public responsibility as a heavy weight on his thin shoulders, would be horrified to think he had misled a single follower. So addicted is the tall, big-boned commentator to scholarly correctness, that in broadcasts beamed to England, *lieutenant* is pronounced *lestenant*, *aluminum* becomes *a-lu-mi-ni-um* to conform to British usage.

Swing has an imposing background to draw on as an interpreter of world affairs. Though there's nothing of the tolerant cosmopolitan about him, his lean, grey-tweed-suited figure was a familiar sight in the capitals of Europe for twenty years. In 1913, he was in Berlin, and a comprehensive knowledge of economics made him realize that certain German financial measures were actually prepatations for

war. His sensational "scoops" were ignored, both by other journalists abroad and by the U. S. newspaper he represented—so that no startling Swing prophecies reached print until after the actual outbreak of hostilities.

The editors were belatedly impressed with Swing's abilities, paid minutest attention to subsequent dispatches. It was this same staid, unconvivial reporter who discovered the details of Germany's mystery gun—the Big Bertha. And his method of transmitting the information has become a journalistic classic. An American student, en route home, was paid \$25 to memorize a 600-word dispatch and deliver it to the Chicago News city desk in London.

Though Swing's talents were widely recognized among fellow newshounds in Europe, the lanky, clear-thinking six-footer never did become "one of the boys." The social gap was apparently a matter of mutual consent. Swing refused to have his privacy invaded by the indignities of journalistic bonhomie—and many foreign correspondents considered him a four-square prig, resented his inelastic principles, his high opinion of himself as a public servant.

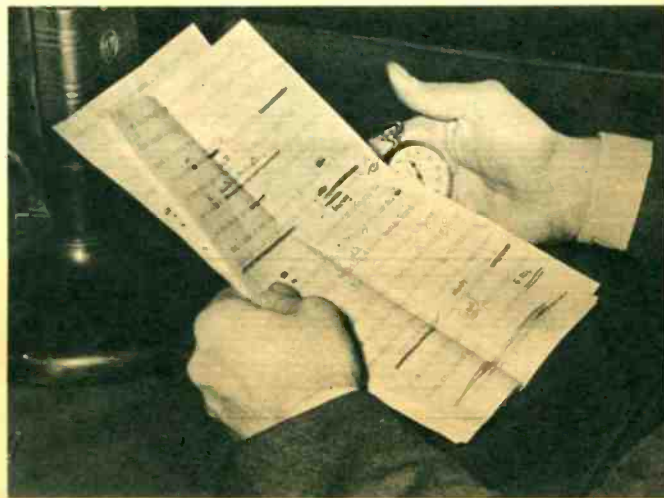
Friends are unanimous in saying that the analyst *can* unbend—but only among a chosen few. In proper circumstances, he bursts forth in ribald song, shows amazing gifts as a racon-

teur and a propensity for bad puns. On one occasion, he heard a friend say that Hendrik Van Loon told the best racy story of anyone he knew. Deeply chagrined, the commentator remarked: "Why, I thought I did." Swing likes to excel.

More usual amusements for the bespectacled intellectual are cards (brilliant poker, indifferent bridge), ping pong, composing sonnets and serious music ("good, correct and pedantic"), and following football scores.

The suave radio manner is no clue to the analyst's soul—he is really a sensitive, intense, highly-nervous and passionate man. World events move and depress him. Sloppy thinking drives him into brief but furious rages, in which he writes searing telegrams to offenders—and then tears them up. He's quite willing to give up anything for his principles, proved it by refusing to allow a middle commercial, even though it meant loss of his job.

Cautious by nature, he's always afraid something will go wrong. Consequently, at the mike he's restless and excited, watches the time feverishly with the aid of two stop watches. His body is so tense that an engineer once said, "If you touched him, he'd twang." And yet, by some miracle of self-control, the voice of Raymond Gram Swing symbolizes for listening millions the almost god-like detachment of a disembodied intelligence.



SWING'S CAREFULLY PREPARED NEWS SCRIPTS ARE SCHOLARLY, FACTUAL AND UNDRAMATIC



A GOOD description for Artie Shaw would be—jazz musician, 1945 style. He bears about as much resemblance to the hop-happy hot-lick artist of the twenties as a V-8 does to a model T. Cultured, quiet-voiced, reserved, he considers his position a responsible one, his career a mission.

Best clue to the man behind that extraordinary clarinet is the vocation he gave up for bandleading. Artie originally wanted to be a college professor, was actually studying for his Ph.D. when a series of accidents whirled him into the music business. Now the lean and lanky perfectionist has reluctantly turned his back on the academic cloister, would rather make his mark as a good clarinetist than limp through life as a mediocre teacher.

Shaw feels that the most important work he's ever done was in the Navy (from which he received a medical discharge after two years of service). But his genuine modesty and retiring character prevent him from talking about it for publication. His experiences were just the same as those of thousands of unknown John Does in the Pacific—and he's not pinning any halos on his head for surviving them.

Nevertheless, it is a fact that Admiral Halsey said Shaw and his band were worth 20 tons of sulphanilamide to American boys. And that's not a statement that can be lightly shrugged off. In eleven months, the morale-building outfit traveled 85,000 miles, "thumbing their way" across the Pacific to isolated islands where they were most needed. The Shaw unit was the very first entertainment group to hit Guadalcanal—and the memory of that wild cheer of greeting will never be forgotten.

Shaw didn't enter the Navy as a bandleader, however. Serious-minded, politically-conscious, he'd been deeply concerned about the growth of fascism long before Pearl Harbor. When the news of Japanese aggression reached him in Providence (a stagehand actually told him right after he'd completed a number), the maestro dropped everything to rush right back to New York and enlist.

Typical of the intellectual clarinetist's "no special favors" attitude toward the war was his refusal of the lieutenant's commission to which his education and background entitled him. Instead, he volunteered as an apprentice seaman, took brass polishing and deck swabbing in his stride. To his great surprise—for Artie had always been bookish rather than athletic—the bandleader found strenuous Navy tasks no physical strain, despite that years of one-night stands and long bus trips were pretty good endurance training.

That pioneering Pacific band was Artie's idea entirely. When the baton-wielder discovered that musicians in the service were organizing themselves into unofficial units, just for the fun of playing in their free time, he awoke to the fact that his clarinet wasn't labeled: "For civilians only." If men here at home felt the need of a little jazz to brighten up their lives, certainly actual combat troops could use some of the same tonic. With Under-Secretary of the Navy Forrestal's permission, he started getting together an overseas outfit—and doing a little Navy recruiting on the side.

Artie's method was simple. He was interested only in first-rate instrumentalists, most of whom were still in civilian life. So he made up a list and went after them, reminding

them of their patriotic duty—and their uncertain draft status—with the result that an all-Navy, all-solo-calibre band landed at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1942.

The hectic months that followed made the ordinary "pop" band grind seem like a Sunday school picnic. Shell fire and Jap air raids became routine, transportation was a never-ending problem and adequate rehearsals unheard of. When the rough-and-ready bandsmen hit an island, their first duty was to dig foxholes for themselves—and for their irreplaceable instruments. (Artie was mighty glad he'd decided to leave the piano at Pearl Harbor—protecting the drum and bass fiddle was enough of a headache.)

Even now, when the 34-year-old maestro is back in civilian life with a new top-notch aggregation (see picture on the left, Shaw astride the banister) he speaks of that Navy band with nostalgia. He'll never have another like it. When men

live as brothers—eating, sleeping, diving into foxholes together, welcomed everywhere by the deafening roar of lonely men—they don't need rehearsals, they not only play but almost breathe as one.

Shaw really knows about the morale-building value of music at first-hand. Born into a poor family on New York's lower East side, he became interested in the clarinet as an escape from a bleak childhood. Though he now studies popular music earnestly, his technical mastery is entirely his own, based on a mere five lessons taken on the saxophone as a youngster. Until 1936, however, playing was always a sideline with Artie, and writing was the one thing in the world he wanted to do. During the years he spent with other name bands, the ambitious lad was noted for the way he could smell out the library in every town, for the hours he spent scribbling magazine articles on scraps of paper. And one time he gave up a very lucrative job to retire to a farm in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, where he could devote all his time to writing the life story of his friend, the late cornetist, Bix Biederbecke.

None of those literary efforts ever satisfied the rigid Shaw standards. And when, in 1936, an original number composed for a swing concert at New York's Imperial Theatre brought down the house, the jazzician began to realize that his field was music. With friends and admirers heckling him on all sides to form his own band, the die was soon cast—and Artie became a full-time clarinetist.

Literature's still a major passion, though, and time off between shows is almost always spent with a book. The library in Shaw's Beverly Hills home ("bathtub but no swimming pool") houses a remarkable collection, covering everything from sociology to Diesel engines. Among his friends, the bandleader numbers such famous men-of-the-pen as Sinclair Lewis, Orson Welles, William Saroyan.

Shaw doesn't believe that man can do his best with "a mind divided," however—so he's definitely relegated literature to the hobby level, made jazz the center of his life. Verbally blunt and honest, with a quiet, vinegary wit, he pulls no punches with people who make unintelligent remarks about his chosen field. For him, jazz is a major art, with tremendous power in affecting human emotions. Its one great need is for composers who will give it proper form—true artists, interested not in immediate production but in the cause, willing to wait for better understanding.

Artie Shaw

BRAINTRUSTER AMONG BANDEADERS



STILL PRETTY MUCH OF A NEWCOMER TO THE NETWORKS, DICK GETS A KICK OUT OF READING HIS NAME IN HIS FAVORITE MAGAZINE

DICK BROWN

MUTUAL SINGING STAR FOUND FAME AND FORTUNE THROUGH THE FLIP OF A COIN

TUNE IN SUN. 6:45 P.M. E.W.T. (Mutual)

IT'S quite a long leap from singing for carfare only, on a little station in upper New York state, to getting a salary in the four-figure-a-week class, for starting in your own network program and appearing in Manhattan's biggest theatres. It's quite a jump from getting microphone jobs, just by substituting for your older brother, to being voted one of the most promising singing stars of the year and having a new record company built around your personality. But Dick Brown made it, though it took him ten years to do it—ten years and a lucky silver dollar.

The ten years are gone from sight, but the lucky silver dollar still reposes in Dick's pocket, though it's now an ornament on the money clip which holds his unexpectedly fatter bankroll. The handsome "high baritone"—whose thick hair and dark eyes more than match his last name—has such sentiment for his talisman that he wouldn't let the

jeweler polish it while making the setting, hopes the fact that the jeweler's bill came to exactly \$13 won't rob it of any of its magic charm. It's the coin he tossed to help make a momentous decision, not many months ago.

At that time, the puzzled Ohioan stood at the crossroads. His Army career had ended in a medical discharge, and Dick had tried to go on helping the war effort by working in an airplane plant—until doctors vetoed that, too, and told him he'd have to find some far less strenuous job. The only thing Dick knew was singing. He'd been doing that for a long time, before the war—first as a 5-year-old treble in his minister-father's choir, then as a 15-year-old vocal "stand-in" for a brother who had more local radio chores than he could handle, finally as a fairly successful vocalist touring the mid-West cocktail lounges.

He realized that now, of course, he'd have to start all over again, preferably in radio and in some big city with plenty of stations. But where? He tossed his lucky coin: "Tails," Chicago—where he had friends who might help; "Heads," New York—where he had visited only once, as a child. "Heads" it was, and he's never regretted coming to New York, where he has had such a rapid climb to success.

The serious-minded 26-year-old takes it all rather quietly, watches out for his voice, has few hobbies. He's particularly fond of neckties, pretty girls, his coal-black cocker spaniel "Moish," and—oh, yes—that aforementioned silver dollar!

SMILIN' ED McCONNELL

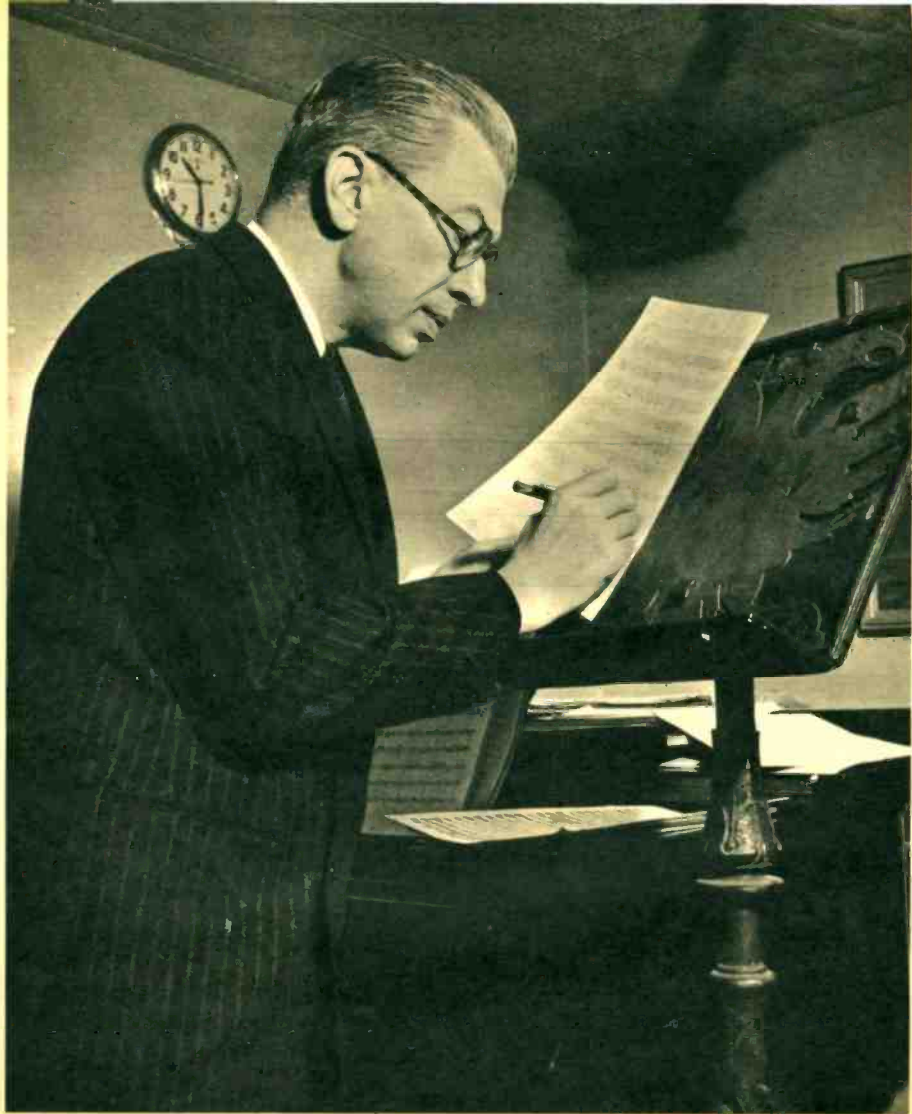
THE CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINER HAS MANY
HAPPY MEMORIES, LIKES TO RELIVE THEM

TUNE IN SAT. 11:30 A.M. (NBC)

At 53, Smilin' Ed McConnell is still the most youthful member of his own "Buster Brown Gang." Why not? He's having a grand time reliving memories of his Georgia boyhood, 'way back in the 1890's! *Midnight*, the cat—as heard on the program—recreates a favorite pet of those farm days. And *Squeaky*, the mouse, is direct descendant of the friendly little ball of fur who used to invade the barn every day at milking time.

The early Ed did all he could to live up to the saying about ministers' sons. As a grammar-grade actor, he gestured so nobly that he knocked over a lamp—and burned the school down. As a college student, he proved to be the ace footballer he still looks today. And, as a professional boxer, he turned out to be just the sort of song-and-story man radio has been able to use effectively ever since he met up with a mike 23 years ago in Atlanta!





FRANK BLACK

NATIONAL BROADCASTING'S GENERAL MUSIC
DIRECTOR ENJOYS LOOKING FOR NEW TALENT

AMONG radio musicians, the most popular musician in radio is quite probably Frank Black—and not just because of the influential job he holds. As General Music Director for NBC, Dr. Black has long used his powers and talents primarily to promote two causes closest to his heart: Good music for the masses and great opportunities for young "unknowns."

A tireless toiler in his field, since his youthful air debut in 1922, the deceptively stern-visaged maestro somehow finds time to attend to all pleas, affably and unobtrusively helps the deserving. Himself a composer—and a collector of great manuscript-scores of the past—he is particularly indefatigable in trying to locate the great American composers of the future.

MARY M. REES

THE UNSEEN "MISS ADAMS" OF "MA PERKINS"
LOVES EXOTIC COSTUMES—IN PRIVATE LIFE

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

As a child in Milwaukee, Mary Marren never had a little lamb—but she did have two per guinea pigs which she dressed up like dolls and trained to perform in neighborhood shows! A passion for theatrical costumes ran neck-and-neck with an interest in acting, throughout her dramatic training at Marquette University, "little theatres" and stock companies.

Today, Mary's interest in acting is paying off in "invisible" radio roles, and her passion for costumes finds an outlet only in her personal wardrobe, which includes such oddities as a gypsy skirt once worn by an operatic "Carmen," a zouave cap once owned by a French guard—and a goats'-hair hat sent her from Italy by her husband, Lt. Carlyle William Rees.





ACTING IN "THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET" IS A NEW EXPERIENCE FOR THE POPULAR SINGING TEAM OF NELSON AND HILLIARD

Harriet And Ozzie

THE NELSONS' RADIO "ADVENTURES"
WERE INSPIRED BY THEIR REAL LIFE

TUNE IN SUN. 6 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

TIME WAS when the names of Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard attracted only dance-music devotees—who came to kick up their heels to the strains of Ozzie's orchestra, found themselves standing stock-still, watching and listening to the duets of the curly-haired bandleader and his blue-eyed vocalist. The two were so obviously in love, and the combination of authentic romance and unaffected charm was irresistible. But no one would ever have predicted that the lyrical young lovebirds would some day become radio's junior-league "Fibber McGee and Molly."

In fact, when the now-thirtyish duo first tackled comedy-drama last fall, in "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet," wisecracks swore they'd never make a go of it. How could they hope to carry a full half-hour show, with little music and no guest stars? Who ever said they could act, anyway? There was only one good thing about it—it shouldn't take 'too much dramatic ability for them to portray a married couple (a bandleader and his wife, at that) with two children. Ozzie and Harriet celebrated their own ninth wedding anniversary the very day of the series' debut, have two small sons, David Ozzie and Eric Hilliard.

Nevertheless, the Nelsons have since seen their show win through to success, mainly because they adhered to its unassuming, homely little formula. The original idea was their own, and the problems presented on the air are basically those of their own household—magnified, of course, to mock-heroic proportions. The program's underlying spirit of affection, humor and downright domesticity are quite typical of their real home life today—except that David and Eric are now getting ideas from the scripts!

The youngsters, 8 and 6 years old, happened to catch an episode in which the *fictional* Nelson children were represented as having gone to the movies. They couldn't grasp the difference between "real" time and "play" time, waited up until their doting parents came home. Why, they demanded, couldn't they go to the movies at night, too? All the explaining in the world wouldn't convince them that the radio scene was supposed to have taken place much earlier in the day, and they were only satisfied when Ozzie ran off some home films in a "movie-going" setting.

As far as comedy goes, Ozzie and Harriet know more about it than most people realize. Harriet had already become an accomplished comedienne in the Red Skelton skits, though her husband stuck to music on that earlier show. Ozzie—who likes to work on the present scripts, as well as

making the arrangements and leading the band for the background music—was once editor of his college humor magazine—sold many cartoons to national publications. And both of them were born to be actors in spite of themselves (Harriet wanted to be a librarian, Ozzie a lawyer).

As the daughter of an actress and a stage manager, Harriet made her theatrical bow when she was 6 weeks old, had two seasons of stock-company drama behind her when she was 8, was a ballet-dancer and vaudeville headliner before she was 15. Jersey City-born Ozzie performed in public for the first time at the ripe age of 4—in an amateur show, staged by his father. At 14, as the youngest Eagle Scout in America, he was sent to the Olympic games in Antwerp, sang before the Belgian king. Only a few months later, while still in high school, he organized the first of the dance bands which helped put him through college.

In both personal taste and public career, the Nelsons have a lot in common. They like to lounge around in simple clothes, dislike people who call them up at dinner time to carry on long conversations. Harriet loves to rummage around in junk stores (which probably inspired the pawnshop episode early in the series), is a strong believer in hunches, points to her own success since Ozzie "discovered" her as proof of the mysterious workings of fate.

Both are unusually fond of athletics, preferred active sports to music during school days. At St. Agnes Academy, back in Kansas City, Harriet was basketball captain and member of the swimming team. At Rutgers, in New Jersey, Ozzie was an outstanding boxer, swimmer, lacrosse player and All-Eastern quarterback. They still love swimming today, give each other close competition in water races.

The Nelsons have a gymnasium in their home, though it's Ozzie who uses it most. An ardent believer in keeping fit, he used to pack around a set of regulation A.A.U. iron weights while touring, made his bandsmen hoist them daily to stay in condition. He still watches his waistline zealously, let out a surprised yelp recently when the scales indicated that he had lost eight pounds in a week. But it developed that—shades of "Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet"—the little woman of the household had only gone very feminine on him and had privately "fixed" the tattle-tale scales to suit herself!



READING LINES—INSTEAD OF SINGING THEM—IS STILL A NOVELTY



LIKE ALL AMERICANS IN LONDON, MORTON DOWNEY PAYS HIS RESPECTS TO STATUES OF GEORGE WASHINGTON AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Thoughts Of Home

MORTON DOWNEY FINDS GI'S UNCHANGED BY EXPERIENCES ABROAD

THERE'S no place like home for the average G. I. Joe. That's the report Morton Downey brings back from his USO tour. Typical question asked in Paris by an American soldier was: "How's the Chez Paris in Chicago? Same as ever?" They still prefer Paris, U. S. A. style, to the real thing.

Of course, the Paris and London of 1945 have little relationship to the glamorous and lively cities of pre-war days. Nightclubs are open, but have little to dispense except entertainment and wine. Food is scarce, and Army rations are better than anything available in restaurants. To quote the Celtic warbler, "It all tastes as if it had been picked up somewhere by a vacuum cleaner." Fuel is at a premium. A movie company shooting a summer scene in a studio just outside London had to shut down as the air was so cold that actors' breaths fogged the cameras. Even cleanliness is a luxury. In Morton's Paris hotel, hot water was on tap each Wednesday from 6-8 P.M., so that all guests were a bit

"gamey by Sunday." And as for those French couturier creations the fashion magazines talk about—Downey didn't see them. Women were bundled up in everything they owned.

The Irish ballad-singer (now heard over Mutual, Monday through Friday at 12:15 P.M. E.W.T.) did see a lot of homesick American boys though. He wasn't permitted to go to front lines as he had expected, for the battle of the Belgian bulge was on—and "when they really start fighting a war they don't want any actors around." But he visited numerous hospitals and found, to his surprise, that the lads didn't need cheering up at all. Morton had to discard the "morale-building" funny Irish tunes he'd carefully prepared, in favor of the same torch songs they'd liked as civilians. What they wanted most was not sympathy, nor pats on the back for their heroism, but fresh news from the U. S., assurance that their peace-time jobs were waiting for them. No hardship is greater for the American doughboy than just being away from Main Street.

TELE-SNOW

POPCORN AND CONFETTI MAKE INDOOR BLIZZARDS

WHEN television technicians order popcorn and confetti in huge quantities, they're not preparing for a party. It merely means that a snow-scene is coming up before the cameras, and those ingredients will be needed to make "flakes." As the accompanying pictures (taken at an NBC telecast) show, the mixing and storing away of the snow up in the "heavens" is quite a job, and must be done before telecast time. Then, at the director's signal, the wire-mesh cylinders begin to revolve, gradually releasing flurries of light-weight flakes.



CYLINDRICAL WIRE CONTAINERS ARE TIGHTLY STUFFED WITH "SNOW"



CONTAINERS ARE HOISTED TO THE CEILING AND SET IN MOTION



THE FINAL EFFECT—A REALISTIC SNOWSTORM AS FLAKES WHIRL DOWNWARD, CLINGING TO BUILDINGS AND BLANKETING THE GROUND

YOU CAN'T HEAR EVERYTHING!

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

DANGEROUS CARGO

"The combat cargo plane flying over the Himalayan hump from India to China soared along smoothly. Pilot J. E. Zerbe of Valley View, Pennsylvania, was somewhat bored. There wasn't much to worry about from the Japs over this route. But the high mountains had taken a toll of a number of planes, particularly when the weather was dirty.

"But this was a nice day. Good flying weather. Nothing much to do but glide along at 10,000 feet—and make a nice three-point landing at their destination. And the landing had better be good—because the plane was carrying a cargo of ammunition, which would go off rather easily without much prodding.

"Suddenly, Pilot Zerbe heard a buzzing noise coming from the cargo cabin where the ammunition was stored. He couldn't even guess what it was so he asked Corporal Gilbert Spies of Staunton, Illinois, to investigate. Spies didn't waste any time. He came back white-faced, to report that a big depth charge in the cargo of ammunition was buzzing away like all get-out. Zerbe turned the controls of the ship over to Co-pilot C. W. Wages of Kansas City, Kansas, third member of the plane's crew. He went into the cabin to make his own investigation.

"All this time the depth charge was buzzing . . . buzzing . . . almost merrily.

"Within a few moments Zerbe came back. There was no mistaking his tension. If that big charge ever went off it would blow them all to Kingdom Come. But depth charges are too valuable to heave overboard, just because a fellow thinks there might be some danger. So Zerbe radioed his home base, reported the buzzing depth charge, and requested immediate instructions on what to do—if anything.

"A reply came back quickly. It said there was nothing to worry about. That the depth charge couldn't go off. For a few minutes after that all was serene within the plane. The depth bomb continued buzzing. But it didn't mean anything. That's what the home base said.

"But then the buzzing grew louder until it was almost a whine. The three members of the crew just looked at each other. That noise was too ominous-sounding for comfort. They decided to heave the depth charge out of the plane—harmless or not.

"Zerbe and Spies pulled the whining charge out of the cabin and pushed it through the transport door. It plummeted

toward the ground—and halfway down—it exploded, with a terrific roar.

"The three-man crew didn't say a word. Just sat there looking at each other, the perspiration dripping from their brows, although it certainly wasn't warm inside the cabin.

"Suddenly, the radio started signalling—urgently. Spies put on his earphones again and listened to the ground radio's new message. It said a mistake had been made. An explosion was possible. It ordered the plane to drop the defective depth charge immediately.

"For just a few seconds Corporal Spies was silent. Then he opened up. What he said to the ground radio in reply isn't known . . . But we'll wager it wasn't 'Thank you!' —Hugh Jamieson on "Where We're This" (WJZ, New York).

NO POOL LIKE A CAR POOL



"Car-Pools. Well, let's take it from this angle. Five neighbors are going to work in five different cars. That means they are using five times more cars, gas and tires than is necessary because they'd have to go to work in at least one of the cars. So actually, it breaks down to a definite percentage. With that figure as a basis, let's proceed. (See how it clarifies as it unfolds?) Now—let's determine how much war material we've saved by having these five neighbors ride in the one car. To begin with, we have five cars, with one to carry—which leaves four cars . . .

"Now—let's consider the gas we've saved. Four round trips with four cars would total eight trips. But actually we're only saving seven trips because one fellow's car always breaks down and has to be towed home. The number of gallons we've saved is a very interesting figure . . . Translating those gallons into rubber brings us to what we've conserved in tires. Four cars times four tires—OR . . .

"Now let's discuss how one organizes a car-pool. Let me tell you how I did it. It may assist you in avoiding some of the pitfalls . . . One Sunday I toured my neighborhood getting volunteers for my car-pool. Patriotism surged through my veins (wherever it could get past the varicose). Monday morning, four other patriots were waiting at my garage. One was in a bathing suit. And very becoming it was on her too. But my heart sank when I opened the garage doors. I forgot I sold my car in 1929. But Benchley

was determined to conserve cars, gas and tires. So I bought a car! I couldn't let those other patriots down. So, to make up for it, I brought along sandwiches and beer. Other neighbors heard about that, got patriotic and joined my car-pool. So I rented a bus and tripled my beer and sandwich order.

"You are probably wondering what one does when one's car-pool gets out of control—or over-sponsored, so to speak. Well—I now operate the only privately-owned fleet of busses in my neighborhood.

"But seriously speaking, ladies and gentlemen—organized car-pools are a definite part of winning this war on the home front. Form a car-pool in your neighborhood—ride to work together—totate the use of your cars—and leave the other cars home! That's how you can conserve cars, gas and tires for our fighting men! If you have any trouble following my car-pool plan—just remember—into each wineyard some grapes of wrath must fall . . . Now if you'll pardon me, I have to go down to the scrap drive headquarters and get my rubber heels back. I keep falling over backwards."

—Robert Benchley on "We, the People" (CBS)

COLD FACTS

"In Rome I visited the very magnificent apartment of an Italian prince. It had everything in it from fifty-thousand-dollar carpets to paintings by Tintoretto, but the temperature was about 15 degrees above zero. The Prince takes off his overcoat only when he has to climb into his huge baroque bed."

—Ned Calmer on "Feature Story" (CBS)

JETS FOR JERRIES AND JAPS

"The activities of United Nations' jet-propulsion fighter planes have been kept very much hush-hush, but we can now reveal that jet fighters are being used in our war against Germany and have proven themselves one of the greatest tacticians of the whole Allied Army.

"Jet-propulsion fighters are performing so sensationally that air men now predict that the gasoline-powered, propeller-driven planes now in service or production will be the last of their kind . . . that no more propeller-driven fighter planes will be designed, and that designs for a number of gasoline-powered fighter planes, not yet in production, will be scrapped.

"Air Chiefs believe that orthodox planes have reached their maximum speed and that better performances can be attained only by the gas turbine, or jet-propulsion, engine. On the other hand, jet planes are in their infancy. Range is being stepped up with each development and is no longer a problem with jet fighters. Increased maneuverability is being attained through slight modifications of the wings and fuselages.

"Jet propulsion is being used now chiefly for fighters, but experts now agree that it has great possibilities for bombers and could be used in all but the lightest type of aircraft.

"Within a short time such famous planes as the Spitfire, the Hurricane, the Tempest, the Mustang, the Hellcat and the Lightning, may be all but forgotten . . . with Uncle Sam's Aircoronet and the British versions of the jet-propulsion plane monopolizing the headlines.

"Use of jet fighters already is changing the entire strategy of air warfare, and it is important to note that although the Germans were quick to see the possibilities of jet aircraft, there is no indication that the Japs have a single machine of this type.

"You'll hear much of jet-propulsion fighter planes in the very near future . . . and once the war in Europe is won they promise to play a vital role in our victory over Japan."

—Arthur Hale on a Transradio Press "Confidentiality Tour" (Mutual)

DAD, WATCH OUT

"Research has revealed that practically every assassin in history had a dictatorial, brutal, unreasoning father and out of this experience developed a hatred for anything which represented authority."

—Dr. Ernest Osborne on "The Inquiring Parent" (WMA, New York)

UNITY



"When I was in England, I went to see General Eisenhower and I would here like to say again what I said more than once. Quite apart from the priceless value of his services

in a military sense, I believe that no one has done more to create a real spirit of comradeship between us. He never asks if this or that man is British or American. All he wants to know is if he's the right man for the job. And in this way, in France as in North Africa, he's made two fighting forces into one."

—Lord Halifax, British Ambassador to the U.S. (CBS)

V-MAIL IN 1871

"The place was Paris, and the year 1871. Only a few months before had marked the close of the disastrous Franco-Prussian war of 1870. Prussian hordes had swept the armies of Napoleon III before them like dust and the streets of Paris had resounded to the thump of Prussian boots. And now 1871—one of the darkest periods in all the history of France—saw the bloody Commune self-enthroned in Paris, the city once more encircled by a ring of steel—this time by other Frenchmen. This is the story of a man who happened to live in Paris at that time, the story of a man with an idea that has had a marked effect upon the lives of thousands of people today.

"With the armies of the Republic camped outside the city walls, all means of communication with the outside world were cut. Naturally, they had no radio to send their messages through the air, telegraph wires were cut and for a courier to have made his way through the besieger's outposts was all but impossible. At this point there stepped forward a man who claimed he could send no less than a hundred letters to Bordeaux—and send them faster than the fastest courier could ride. As usual, when faced with something they do not understand, people scoffed, laughed at the man and his ridiculous claim—but there were also others who would take a chance. In a short time a hundred letters had been placed in his hands to be sent to Bordeaux immediately and faster than a courier could ride.

"But then in a short time, doubts began to assail even the trusting souls who had believed and entrusted their letters to his care. On the door of his house located in a moderately respectable district people knocked and asked for assurance that the letters were on their way. They were ushered into a room one wall of which was neatly papered with the hundred letters so recently placed in this man's care. A hasty perusal of this wall and the people were angry—and accused the man of being a common fraud. The letters weren't on their way to Bordeaux, but pasted up on a wall.

"Now let us look in on a scene in the distant city of Bordeaux . . . the city to which the messages were to be sent. Into a hutch on the top of one of the houses in the center of the city there fluttered a weary dull-grey carrier pigeon. No sooner had he settled himself for a well-earned rest than he was rudely seized and a small quill removed from his tail. From this hollow quill was extracted a small sheet of paper only a few inches in diameter. A short time later messengers were scurrying over the city leaving the same message at a great many houses: 'There is a message for you at the house of Pierre de Rouen.'

"One by one the recipients of these messages arrived. Like the visitors in Paris they too were ushered into a blank room . . . and there on the whitewashed wall of the room was the image of the 100 letters pasted to the wall of that house back in Paris and they were invited to merely pick out their letter and read it. For you see, while the actual letters remained in Paris, a photograph of the wall bearing the letters had winged its way over the heads of the city's besiegers to this house in Bordeaux. Here it was placed in what we would call a 'magic lantern' and the enlarged image thrown upon the whitewashed wall which acted as a screen. Yes, the siege of Paris during the bloody days of the Commune brought out the first use of what we today know as V-MAIL."

—Johnnie Webster on "So the Story Goes" (CBS)

ON EDGE

"Even false teeth are rationed in Germany because of material shortages. Dentists must obtain licenses for the purchase of materials to make new teeth and repair old dentures. One German sarcastically comments, 'At a time when we're being called upon to grit our teeth, we can't get any teeth to grit.'"

—Charles Shaw, Stockholm correspondent for CBS

DOGGONE

"Staff Sergeant Dwight 'Bud' Witman of Trafford adopted a little dog when he was stationed in Alabama. Before going overseas, 'Bud' gave the dog to his buddies when he was transferred from Alabama to the University of Pittsburgh. Last June 'Bud' was shipped to New Guinea.

"Recently he was sitting in a movie at camp—along with about fifteen other G.I.'s—when a dog crawled upon his lap. It was too dark to identify the dog, so he let the dog snuggle up comfortably during the entire performance. Afterwards the dog followed him to his barracks.

"Then he recognized his old 'buddy'—the puppy he had in Alabama—whose dog tag read, '107th Regiment.'

"Sergeant Witman didn't know until that moment that his old outfit was overseas. In fact, they were stationed nearby. No one—and especially 'Bud' Witman—can account for the dog's finding him in such a crowd. He did—and thereby hangs a tale."

—Glenn Marston—News (Blair)

EDITH CAVELL

"In 1915, Edith Cavell, famous heroine of World War I, awaited execution in a prison in Brussels. A British Chaplain, who was at her side during the last few hours asked, 'Have you a last word for the women of your country?' Edith Cavell replied, 'Yes, tell them that in time of war patriotism is not enough.'"

—"More Mominations" (CBS)

WHICH IS WORSE

"It would be a blessing if the shortage gets worse and lasts until 1947. It is a golden opportunity for smokers to drop the useless, health-destroying expensive cigarette habit. For anyone who does want to drop the habit, we propose this simple prescription: Chew gentian root. Take one-half teaspoonful each of Rochelle salts and cream of tartar before breakfast. Avoid highly seasoned foods, and stimulating drinks. Keep away from smokers. Take a Turkish bath. Try to think about something else."

—The Anti-Cigarette Alliance on "The March of Time" (Blair)

THE VALUE OF TOLERANCE



"It seems to me that faith in the decency of human beings — is what we must have more of, if there is to be a future for all of us in this world. We read in the papers every day

about conferences on the best way to keep the peace. Well, I'm not an expert on foreign affairs—and I don't pretend to know all the complex things that will have to be done for a lasting peace. But I am a human being—and I do know something about people. I know that our statesmen—our armies of occupation—our military strategists—may all fail, if the peoples of the world don't learn to understand and tolerate each other. Race hatreds—social prejudices—religious bigotry—they are the diseases that eat away the fibres of peace. Unless they are exterminated it's inevitable that we will have another war. And where are they going to be exterminated? At a conference table in Geneva? Not by a long shot. In your own city—your church—your children's school—perhaps in your own home. You and I must do it—every father and mother in the world, every teacher, everyone who can rightfully call himself a human being. Yes, it seems to me that the one thing the peoples of the world have got to learn if we are ever to have a lasting peace, is—tolerance. Of what use will it be if the lights go on again all over the world—if they don't go on . . . in our hearts?"

—Kate Smith on "We, the People" (CBS)

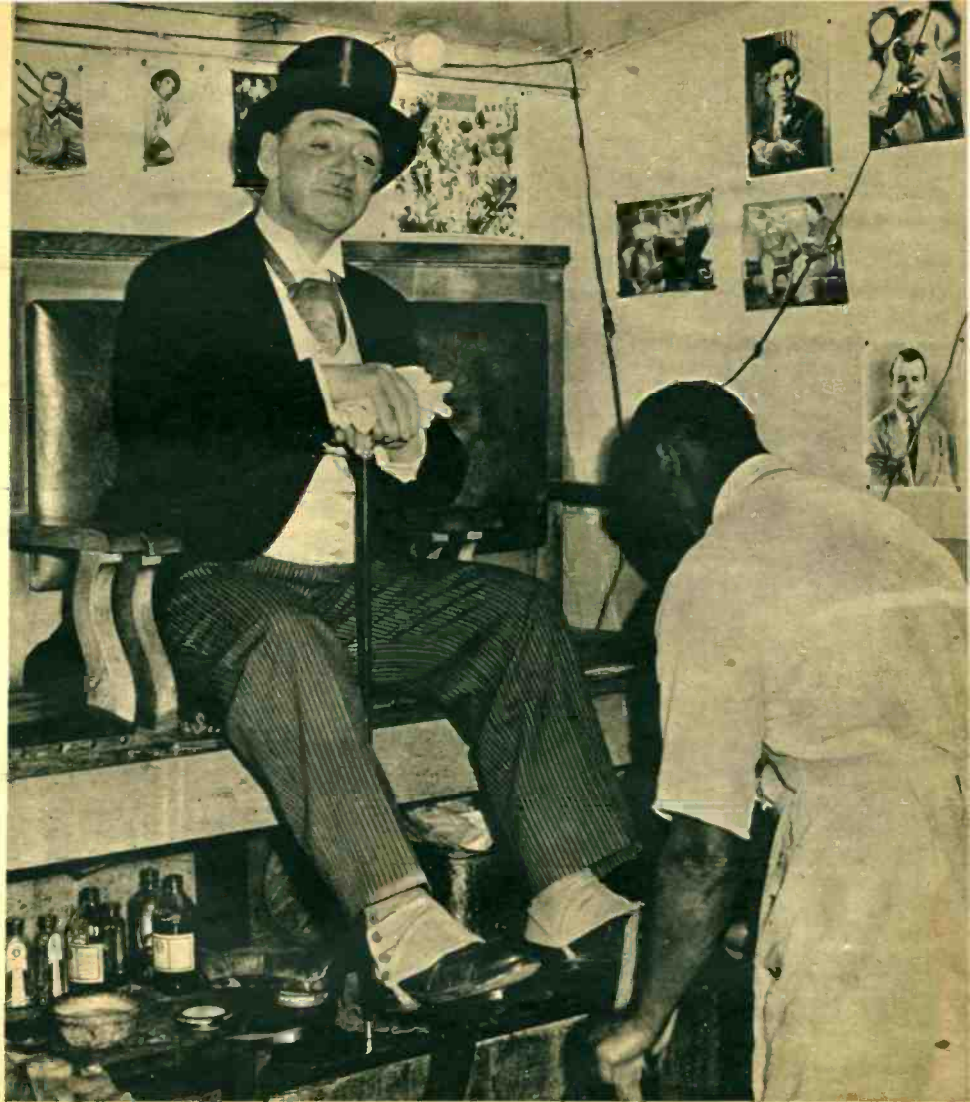
More than 20,000 requests for reprints of the above speech by Kate Smith have been received by the sponsors.

RANSOM SHERMAN

DOUR-FACED COMIC IS STILL GOING
STRONG AFTER 21 YEARS ON THE AIR

BELIEVE it or not, Ransom Sherman once started out to be a singer. It was his first concert that turned the brash young man to radio, for horrified listeners urged him to try something—in fact, anything—but vocalizing. So, back in 1923, Ransom became an airwave entertainer, cashing in on his warbling by using it for comic effect. Now dialers know the bespectacled, 46-year-old funster as an original humorist, whose quiet, dry howlers have enlivened "Club Marinee," the "Fibber McGee and Molly" program (as *Wallace Wimple* and *Uncle Dennis*).





PARDON HIS SPATS!

THE "JACK KIRKWOOD SHOW" HERO
IS REALLY A HARD-WORKING GUY

TUNE IN MON. THRU FRI. 7 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

QUITE the dude (though not always so fiercely formal as pictured here) is comedian Jack Kirkwood, who joyously confesses that his great extravagance is clothes. Actually, however, his most prized possession is 17 trunks full of nothing but gags—millions of 'em. Clothes may be caviar to the 235-pound six-footer, but gags are his bread-and-butter.

Writing and acting five fun-shows a week calls for an endless supply of jokes and uncounted hours of literary labor in the Kirkwood den. There he toils over his hot typewriter, one per dachshund draped cozily across his feet, the other standing guard at the door. And there they stay, until Jack wrings the last laugh from the battered roller—and another script is born.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

Latest Popular Recordings

'S WONDERFUL—Artie Shaw and His Orchestra (Victor): Artie, his clarinet and latest band are out to make musical history again—and manage to do it, judging by this impression.

RUM AND COCA-COLA—Andrews Sisters (Decca): This pseudo-calypso song in the Trinidad style, composed by Morey Amsterdam, isn't easy to put across—but the three Andrews girls present it as well as anyone could.

GUESS I'LL HANG MY TEARS OUT TO DRY—Dinah Shore (Victor): The musical from which this was taken, folded "on the road" before it ever reached Broadway, but the song's doing well—especially as Dinah handles it.

I'M GONNA SEE MY BABY—Johnny Mercer (Capitol): Composer Johnny Mercer takes friend Phil Moore's tune and gives it his typical treatment—plenty of personality, a good beat, something of the melody. It's a good disc (so is Phil's own, for Victor).

EV'RY TIME WE SAY GOODBYE—Charlie Spivak and His Orchestra (Victor): The outstanding sweet band waxes this and "Only Another Boy and Girl" from "The 7 Lively Arts." Irene Daye sings on the top tune and Jimmie Saunders handles the vocals on the platter-mate. A tasteful pair of scores.

COCKTAILS FOR TWO—Spike Jones and the City Slickers (Victor): This is the best ballad burlesque ever perpetrated. We pronounce it "wonderful"—without any kind of mental reservations!



Recommended Albums

Once upon a time, the word "album" spelled "classical music" in the record field, signifying symphonies, overtures and operatic scenes too long for even two sides of a single disc. Today, such sets may include almost any conceivable type of audible entertainment, from spoken drama to the most currently-popular music, in addition to the more standard classics (as illustrated and described under pictures at the right).

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

(in alphabetical order)

A LITTLE ON THE LONELY SIDE

A STORY OF TWO CIGARETTES

CANDY

DON'T YOU KNOW I CARE

EVELINA

I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT YOU

MY DREAMS ARE GETTING BETTER ALL THE TIME

PLEASE DON'T SAY "NO"

RUM AND COCA-COLA

SLEIGHRIDE IN JULY

BEHIND THE BANDSTAND

by BOB EARLE

TOMMY DORSEY is undecided about vocalists again. The bandleader replaced Bob Allen with tenor Freddie Stewart, when Bob wanted to stay out West. Stewart was with the band for a few weeks, then was traded for Hal Winters, another promising new tenor—who lasted for a few days. As of this writing, Tommy has abandoned plans for building a tenor and is using baritone Frank DiVito (alias Frankie Lester). It's a good choice but, with Dorsey, who knows?

Jazz-master Duke Ellington has come to know all the idiosyncracies of those who wait to pounce upon a new record with vitriolic pens. Just before the "take" on a recent Victor recording, the Duke gave his band a last-minute warning: "Don't play it too good, boys—the critics will say it isn't jazz!"

Band Business Boom: Clarinetist Benny Goodman has left Billy Rose's "7 Lively Arts," probably will have formed a new orchestra by the time you read this . . . Ray Bauduc, stellar Bob Crosby drummer, is building up his own "Dixie" crew, now that he's out of the service . . . Sully Mason, long-time saxophonist and singer with Kay Kyser, is also getting together a band of his own.

Dots Between Dashes: Hal McIntyre's may be the first band to go overseas from the civilian front, since Mac's looking forward to a trip into the South Pacific . . . Donna Dae, Fred Waring songstress, has returned from her honeymoon . . . Andy Russell's being groomed by Blue as strong Sinatra competition . . . Noted Brazilian composer Heitor Villa-Lobos says that the American people are snobbish in their culture, should listen with more appreciation to their own native jazz!



"THE THREE CABALLEROS" (Decca A-373): Music from the Walt Disney production, as played by Charles Wolcott and orchestra.



STORIES FOR CHILDREN (Capitol CD-11): Nursery favorites, told by "The Great Gildersleeve" (Hal Peary) in his own way.

ON THE SERIOUS SIDE

LAURITZ MELCHIOR speaking: "Do you know what the radio comedians say about me? They say that as a comedian I'm a great musical artist!"

Yet listeners have laughed heartily at his antics, ever since he appeared on the old Fred Allen program, aping Sinatra's style and moaning about the fantastic sums Frankie was said to be making. Jovial Lauritz has rapidly become one of radio's favorite guest stars, via "Duffy's Tavern," "Music America

Loves Best," Dinah Shore's program and others.

"It's good for people to laugh and relax," says the singer, "but it's also good for them to relax with good music." That's the more serious side of Melchior, which has made him the leading heroic tenor of the Metropolitan Opera and a favorite recording artist. He can't recall how many discs he's done: "What's more important is that people should like them."

Much of his success with the public stems from the same qualities which have made him one of the best-loved personalities among fellow musicians. A sincere lover of good jazz, as well as the classics, it was he who presented an honorary portrait to Duke Ellington, at one of the latter's Carnegie Hall concerts—and Melchior himself didn't miss a single note of the entire program!



FRED ALLEN AND LAURITZ MELCHIOR

RECORD RELEASES

BEETHOVEN: QUARTET NO. 4 IN C MINOR, Op. 18, No. 4—BUDAPEST QUARTET (Columbia Album M-MM 556): The Budapest String Quartet is one of the most superb chamber music groups to be heard on wax. Their gentle and tasteful interpretation of this work—the seventh Beethoven quartet they have recorded—goes far toward lengthening its life and even rejuvenating it.

SCANDINAVIAN SONGS—LAURITZ MELCHIOR (Victor Album M 851): The warmth of Melchior's powerful tenor has never been heard to better advantage than in these simple folk songs of his native land. English versions of the lyrics, as translated by his son, Ib, are printed inside the album's cover.

"OKLAHOMA!" MEDLEY—ANDRE KOSTELANETZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA (Columbia Record 7417 M)—**BOSTON "POPS" ORCHESTRA** conducted by **ARTHUR FIEDLER** (Victor Record 8742): When Victor and Columbia signed with Petrillo, they made a dash for the "Oklahoma!" score, which had proved such a pot of gold when Decca made a full album with the original cast and Jay Blackton orchestra. Both their records are excellent, incorporating only the major songs.



THE HEART OF "LA BOHEME" (Victor DM 980): Highlights of the Puccini opera, sung by Albanese, Gigli, and La Scala company.



SCENES FROM WAGNER OPERAS (Victor M-DM 979): Melchior's big songs from "Tristan," "Fliegende Hollander," "Siegfried," others.

N.I.A. Now "Passport to Freedom and Security"

"Virtually a shut-in, I was living in a small apartment with my baby. My husband was in the service. Then I enrolled in N.I.A. Now I work and earn at home. No more slaving to work, taking the buses! About a year's retirement on account of age or ill-health. The N.I.A. Course is my passport to FREEDOM and SECURITY."
—Cecily C. Mellor, 248 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.



Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

SO many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns."

Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on social matters, business affairs, homemaking, travel, sports, human interest stories, local and club activities, etc. as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for \$25, \$50 and \$100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The story is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America gives its writing instruction on the Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. And upon the very same kind of actual assignments given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by doing, not by studying individual styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical writers. Gradually they help to clarify your own distinctive style. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

Have You Natural Ability?

Our Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy taking this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below, today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N.Y. (Founded 1925).

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RADIO HUMOR

● When Shirley Temple was a guest on Milton Berle's "Let Yourself Go" it reminded Berle of the woman whose minister asked her what she'd named her new daughter. "Shirley," the woman said, "after the famous Shirley Temple." "Yes, yes, of course," replied the minister. "Let me see, who's the preacher there now?"

—*Let Yourself Go (CBS)*

● Ray Bolger tells about walking past a meat market on Broadway last Thanksgiving Day. The butcher had his cleaver raised over a turkey, and just as he was about to swing, the turkey looked up at him and said, "Please don't do it . . . I haven't seen 'Oklahoma' yet."

—*Hall of Fame (Blue)*

● Eddie Cantor had his eye on a fellow who just got back from overseas and was dancing with Dorothy Lamour. Observed Eddie: "He was so close to her, when they finished dancing she was wearing his campaign ribbons . . . and she deserved them—you know, she saw as much action as he did!"

—*Time to Smile (NBC)*

● Ozzie Nelson asked his wife Harriet Hilliard if he talked in his sleep. "No," answered Harriet, "you've a more annoying habit—you just lie there and chuckle."

—*Ozzie Nelson Show (CBS)*

● Orchestra leader Gordon Jenkins of "Everything for the Boys" unearthed this favorite in rehearsal. It seems that a bookmaker who was ill sent his small son to tell a certain doctor to call. When a strange medico arrived, the bookie asked for an explanation. "Well, you see, Dad," said the boy, "there were a lot of brass plates on the doors, and when I got to the number you gave, I saw 'Consultations, 11-12.' The chap next door was offering: 'Consultations: 10-1,' so I knew you'd like the one that gave you the best odds."

● The Andrews Sisters offer famous sayings of famous people: *Sampson*: "I'm strong for you, kid." *Nero*: "Hot stuff. Keep the home fires burning." *Queen Elizabeth* (to Sir Walter Raleigh): "Keep your shirt on." And *Noah*: "It floats."

—*The Andrews Sisters (Blue)*

WITH THE NATION'S STATIONS



MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Station WTMJ—Nora Kaye, star of the Ballet Theatre, tells Nancy Grey about the private life of a ballerina. Miss Grey is "catching" the interview with a General Electric magnetic wire recorder, will play it back for listeners to her "What's New" program.



BOSTON, MASS.—Station WBZ—Smoke-rings from corn-cobs is the newest fad at WBZ, where the staff is much too busy getting out shows to spend time standing on cigarette lines. Announcer Carl Caruso (extreme left) goes fads one better with a 75-year-old Irish clay model



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Station WPEN—When a four-foot-eleven actress and a six-foot-five announcer both want to use the same mike, there's quite a problem involved. Here announcer Carlton Miller, actress Elsie Morris and engineer George Pearce show how they'd go about solving it.



WORCESTER, MASS.—Station WTAG—Special events chief Bob Dixon (with mike in hand) conducts interviews during the dedication ceremonies of the Worcester war stamp trolley car. Trolley has all latest improvements, carries patriotic messages in the regular advertising space.

RADIO ODDITIES

♦ Murder by stabbing sounds realistic on the "David Harding—Counter-spy" thriller because sound-effects man Thurston Holmes has a special technique for it—plunging a knife into a head of cabbage.

♦ New York's "70-story" RCA building, which houses both NBC and the Blue Networks, really has only 69 floors. The 13th story has been omitted in numbering.

♦ Fanny Brice insists on having a studio with a balcony for her "Toasties Time" broadcasts. As a child she always had to sit in the balcony because it was cheaper—still holds a warm spot in her heart for balcony-ires, even when seats are free.

♦ Harold Lloyd still treasures the battered pair of army shoes he wore in his film, "Grandma's Boy," 23 years ago, thinks they bring him luck.

♦ Hats are Gracie Allen's passion—but she never needs more than a single hatbox. Each chapeau is so tiny that an ordinary-sized box can hold a dozen without overcrowding.

♦ Represented among Fred Waring's "Pennsylvanians" are citizens of 25 different states, plus one musician from Canada and one from England. Pennsylvania actually contributed 8, while New York State leads with 12.

♦ Detroit Symphony conductor Karl Krueger boasts of owning a coat which has been in the family for two generations. The heirloom, lined with 75 think skins, now sports its fourth black cloth covering.

♦ Quizmaster Bob Hawk likes to decorate personal possessions with a stylized hawk (bird) peering into a mike. This same design appears on neckties, stationery and office linoleum.

RADIOQUIZ ANSWERS

(Quiz on page 4)

- 1—(A), (B) and (C) He wrote all three.
- 2—(B) She is holding a rifle.
- 3—(A) 13 years ago.
- 4—(C) Radio City.
- 5—(C) Double or Nothing.
- 6—(A) Television tube.

TELEVISION

COMING events are casting their television shadows before—even though the average American doesn't possess a video receiver as yet. But future owners are already talking a lot about the possibilities of the new medium, have given manufacturers and producers a good idea of what they want when the great day comes. Briefly, the public expects to get television in color, on a large screen, looks forward to seeing plenty of "live" shows—

everything from newsworthy events to nightclub entertainment brought to them at the exact moment it's taking place.

Meanwhile, existing programs are revealing what the public is actually going to get, for at least some years after the war. Color and large-sized screens are more than possible, but will probably have to mark time indefinitely until equipment can be manufactured on a large scale. The live-talent programs—featuring everything from dancers to puppet shows, audience-participation stunts to scientific demonstrations—are already here and highly developed.

But films will probably play a larger part in early post-war programs than most people imagine—whether as newsreels (presented soon after the event but photographed where transmitting equipment is not yet available), as dramatic sketches (pre-filmed for smaller local stations), or even as panoramic backgrounds (authentic street and outdoor settings) for plays actually performed by living actors.



PUPPET SHOWS prove popular with younger video-viewers.



INTRICATE RHYTHMS TAPPED OUT by the twinkling feet of the incomparable Bill Robinson can not only be heard but seen "by air," as this scene is picked up by both mike and camera for NBC television show.



ON THE MORE SCIENTIFIC SIDE, a video program staged at General Electric's station in Schenectady, N. Y., gives a graphic demonstration of just how the GE-developed gunnery control system works in a B-29.

COCK-EYED CONTEST STUNTS—AS EMCEE HERE BY COL. STOOPNAGLE FOR STATION WRGB—MAKE A BIG HIT WITH TELEVISION AUDIENCES



How can ANY book help me win POPULARITY

HERE
IS THE
ANSWER

Stop and think for a moment. Who is the most popular person you know? Who is always the "life" of every party—the center of every crowd—the object of everyone's attention? Isn't it true that the first person you think of is someone who can always illustrate a point with a witty saying or delight his or her listeners with an apt anecdote or a humorous comment?

A SHORT CUT TO POPULARITY

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