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JULY, 1945

FIFTEEN CENTS

NO. 125



KATE SMITH
NEWS COMMENTATOR

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

THE NATIONAL RADIO MAGAZINE

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

The ability to say the right thing at the right time is—and has always been—a shortcut to popularity. The surest way to win friends and make an impression in business, in school or in your social activities, is to make people laugh with your witty sayings and pointed comments make them stand out from the crowd... Now—at last—you can BE ONE OF THEM!

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BILTMORE PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEPT. 503, 45 EAST 17th STREET, NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

AMONG THE CONTENTS

Moral Reflections of a Rochefoucauld—The Nature and Destiny of Man—Oscar Wilde—The Cynic's Breviary—The Meditations of Joseph Conrad—Love—Adam Prussia Eye—The Love Life of the Comtesse Diane—Dissersions of Maginn—The Smart Set—Lawyers and Their Tricks—Doctors—Matters of Opinion—Maxims of Sate by Lord Halifax—Confessions—Rousseau—In the Realm of Pure Fancy—Revealing Definitions—The Thoughts of Napoleon—Widows, Widowers and Wrecks—Thoughts in Prison—The Ramblings of Josh Billings—The Wit of Joubert—The Bitter Wisdom of Schopenhauer—The Anecdotes of Samuel Butler—The Solitary Meditations of Thoreau—The Mad Wisdom of Nietzsche—The "Moralities" of Lady Blessington—The Erosic Observations of Sordani—The Cynicism of Gertrude—The Prophetic Dogmas of Nostril—Baudelaire's Forebodings of Evil—The Bitter Irony of Ambrose Bierce—Cock and Harlequin by Jean Cocteau—Human Odds and Ends—The Paradoxes of George Bernard Shaw; etc., etc.

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SELECTION OF OUTSTANDING PROGRAMS

EASTERN WAR TIME INDICATED. DEDUCT 1 HOUR FOR CENTRAL TIME—1 HOUR 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 (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 War Journal (B)
- 12:00 noon Tabernacle Choir (C)
- 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. Stradivari Orchestra (C)
- 2:00 p.m. The Ford Show (N)
- 2:30 p.m. World News Today (C)
- 2:30 p.m. Westinghouse Program (N)

- 3:00 p.m. World Parade (N)
- 3:00 p.m. N. Y. Philharmonic (C)
- 3:30 p.m. The Army Hour (N)
- 4:30 p.m. Electric Hour (C)
- 4:30 p.m. Music America Loves (N)
- 4:30 p.m. Andrews Sisters (B)
- 5:00 p.m. General Motors Symp. (N)
- 5:00 p.m. Family Hour (C)
- 5:00 p.m. Mary Small Revue (B)
- 5:30 p.m. Charlotte Greenwood (B)
- 6:00 p.m. Catholic Hour (N)
- 6:00 p.m. Adven. of Ozzie & Harriet (C)
- 6:00 p.m. Paul Whiteman (B)
- *6:30 p.m. Great Gildersleeve (N)
- 6:30 p.m. Toasts Time (C)
- 7:00 p.m. Wayne King (N)
- 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. Chase & Sanborn Show (N)
- *8:30 p.m. Crime Doctor (C)
- 8:30 p.m. Borden Show (B)
- *8:45 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
- 9:00 p.m. Radio Reader's Digest (C)
- 9:00 p.m. Man, Merry-Go-Round (N)
- 9:00 p.m. Walter Winchell (B)
- 9:15 p.m. Mystery Time (B)
- 9:30 p.m. Teacup Theatre (C)
- 9:30 p.m. American Album (N)
- 10:00 p.m. Take It or Leave It (C)
- 10:00 p.m. Life of Riley (B)
- 10:00 p.m. Hour of Charm (N)
- 10:00 p.m. We the People (C)
- 10:30 p.m. Comedy Theatre (N)

MONDAY

- 9:00 a.m. Ed East & Polly (N)
- *9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
- *10:00 a.m. Valiant Lady (C)
- 10:10 a.m. Romance of E. Winters (C)
- 10:30 a.m. Road of Life (N)
- *10:45 a.m. Bachelor's Children (C)
- 10:45 a.m. Joyce Jordan, M.D. (N)
- 10:45 a.m. Lisa Sergio (B)
- 11:00 a.m. Finders Keepers (N)
- 11:00 a.m. Breakfast in Hollywood (B)
- 12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (C)
- 12:00 noon Glamour Manor (B)
- 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. Two on a Clue (C)
- 2:15 p.m. Rosemary (C)
- 2:30 p.m. Perry Mason (C)
- 3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)
- 3:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (N)
- 3:30 p.m. Peppermint Young (N)
- 5:30 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)
- 7:00 p.m. Supper Club (N)
- *7:15 p.m. Hadda 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. Voi 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. 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. "D. I. Q." (N)

TUESDAY

- 9:00 a.m. Ed East & Polly (N)
- *9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
- *10:00 a.m. Valiant Lady (C)
- 10:10 a.m. Romance of E. Winters (C)
- *10:45 a.m. Bachelor's Children (C)
- 10:45 a.m. Listening Post (B)
- 11:00 a.m. Finders Keepers (N)
- 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)
- 2:00 p.m. Two on a Clue (C)
- 2:15 p.m. Rosemary (C)
- 2:30 p.m. Women in White (N)
- 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. Mystery Theatre (N)
- 9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
- 9:30 p.m. The Doctor Fights (C)
- 9:30 p.m. Fibber McGee & Molly (N)
- 10:00 p.m. The Man Called X (N)
- 10:00 p.m. Trans-Atlantic Quiz (B)
- 10:30 p.m. Sigmund Romberg (N)
- 10:45 p.m. Behind The Scenes (C)

WEDNESDAY

- *9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
- 10:15 a.m. Lora Lovell (N)
- 10:25 a.m. Aunt Jemima (B)
- 10:30 a.m. Romance of E. Winters (C)
- 10:30 a.m. Road of Life (N)
- 10:45 a.m. Joyce Jordan, M.D. (N)
- 10:45 a.m. Listening Post (B)
- 11:00 a.m. Finders Keepers (N)
- 11:00 a.m. Breakfast in Hollywood (B)
- *11:30 a.m. Bright Horizon (C)
- 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)
- 2:00 p.m. Two on a Clue (C)
- 2:15 p.m. Rosemary (C)
- 2:30 p.m. Woman of America (N)
- 4:00 p.m. House Party (C)
- 4:15 p.m. Stella Dallas (N)
- 6:15 p.m. Jimmy Carroll Sings (C)
- 6:15 p.m. Serenade to America (N)
- 6:30 p.m. Eileen Farrell (N)
- 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. Mr. & Mrs. North (N)
- *8:15 p.m. Lum 'n' Abner (B)
- *8:30 p.m. Dr. Christian (C)
- *8:30 p.m. Carton 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. Mr. District Attorney (N)
- 10:00 p.m. Prindle & 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)
- 11:15 p.m. Joan Brooks (C)

THURSDAY

- 9:00 a.m. Ed East & Polly [N]
 *9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club [B]
 10:00 a.m. Valiant Lady [C]
 *10:30 a.m. Romance of E. Winters [C]
 10:30 a.m. Road of Life [N]
 10:45 a.m. Joyce Jordan, M.D. [N]
 11:00 a.m. Breakfast in Hollywood [B]
 11:00 a.m. Finders Keepers [N]
 *11:30 a.m. Bright Horizon [C]
 12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks [C]
 12:15 p.m. Big Sister [C]
 12:30 p.m. Farm & Home Makers [B]
 *1:15 p.m. Ma Perkins [C]
 1:45 p.m. Young Dr. Malone [C]
 2:00 p.m. Two on a Clue [C]
 3:00 p.m. Woman of America [N]
 3:30 p.m. Pepper Young [N]
 *4:45 p.m. Hop Harrigan [B]
 5:30 p.m. Just Plain Bill [N]
 6:00 p.m. World News [C]
 6:15 p.m. Serenade to America [N]
 6:45 p.m. The World Today [C]
 6:45 p.m. Lowell Thomas [N]
 *7:00 p.m. Supper Club [N]
 7:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr. [M]
 *7:15 p.m. Music That Satisfies [C]
 *7:30 p.m. Bob Burns [N]
 7:30 p.m. Mr. Keen [C]
 7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn [N]
 *8:00 p.m. Suspense [C]
 8:00 p.m. Maxwell House [N]
 *8:15 p.m. Lum 'n' Abner [B]
 *8:30 p.m. Death Valley Sheriff [C]
 8:30 p.m. Dinah Shore Show [N]
 8:30 p.m. America's Town Meeting [B]
 8:55 p.m. Bill Henry [C]
 9:00 p.m. Kraft Music Hall [N]
 9:00 p.m. Major Bowes [C]
 9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter [M]
 9:30 p.m. Joan Davis Show [N]
 9:30 p.m. Corliss Archer [C]
 10:00 p.m. Abbott & Costello [N]
 10:00 p.m. The First Line [C]
 10:30 p.m. Romca, Rhythm & Ripley [C]
 10:30 p.m. Rudy Vallee [N]
 11:00 p.m. March Of Time [B]
 11:30 p.m. Music of New World [N]

FRIDAY

- 9:00 a.m. Ed East & Polly [N]
 *9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club [B]
 *10:00 a.m. Valiant Lady [C]
 10:15 a.m. Lora Lawton [N]
 *10:30 a.m. Romance of E. Winters [C]
 10:30 a.m. Road of Life [N]
 10:45 a.m. Joyce Jordan, M.D. [N]
 11:00 a.m. Breakfast in Hollywood [B]
 11:00 a.m. Finders Keepers [N]
 *11:30 a.m. Bright Horizon [C]
 11:45 a.m. David Harum [N]
 12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks [C]
 12:00 noon Glamour Manor [B]
 12:30 p.m. Farm & Home Makers [B]
 *1:15 p.m. Ma Perkins [C]
 1:45 p.m. Young Dr. Malone [C]
 2:00 p.m. Two on a Clue [C]
 2:00 p.m. Gulding Light [N]
 2:15 p.m. Rosemary [C]
 2:30 p.m. Percy Mason [C]
 3:00 p.m. Woman of America [N]
 4:00 p.m. Backstage Wife [N]
 4:30 p.m. Lorenzo Jones [N]
 4:45 p.m. Danny O'Neil [C]
 5:45 p.m. Front Page Farrell [N]
 6:15 p.m. Serenade to America [N]
 6:45 p.m. The World Today [C]
 6:45 p.m. Lowell Thomas [N]
 *7:00 p.m. Jack Kirwood Show [C]
 7:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr. [M]
 *7:00 p.m. Supper Club [N]
 7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn [N]
 *8:00 p.m. Aldrich Family [C]
 8:00 p.m. Highways In Melody [N]
 *8:30 p.m. This Is Your F.B.I. [B]
 *8:30 p.m. The Thin Man [C]
 8:55 p.m. Bill Henry [C]
 9:00 p.m. Waltz Time [N]
 9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter [M]
 9:00 p.m. Famous Jury Trials [B]
 9:30 p.m. People Are Funny [N]
 10:00 p.m. Moore-Durante [C]
 10:00 p.m. Tangee Varieties [B]
 10:00 p.m. Amos 'n' Andy [N]
 10:30 p.m. The Doctors Talk It Over [B]
 10:30 p.m. Sports Newsreel [N]
 11:00 p.m. News [C]
 11:15 p.m. Joan Brooks [C]

SATURDAY

- *9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club [B]
 10:00 a.m. Youth on Parade [C]
 10:00 a.m. What's Cookin' [B]
 *10:30 a.m. Mary Lee Taylor [C]
 10:30 a.m. Land of the Lost [B]
 11:05 a.m. Let's Pretend [C]
 11:30 a.m. Betty Moore [B]
 11:30 a.m. Billie Burke [C]
 12:00 noon Theatre of Today [C]
 12:15 p.m. Consumer's Time [N]
 12:30 p.m. Your Home & Garden [B]
 12:30 p.m. Stars Over Hollywood [C]
 1:00 p.m. Atlantic Spotlight [N]
 1:00 p.m. Grand Central Station [C]
 1:00 p.m. The Fitzgeralds [B]
 1:30 p.m. The Baxters [N]
 1:30 p.m. The Fighting AAF [B]
 3:00 p.m. Orchestras of Notion [N]
 4:00 p.m. Saturday Symphony [B]
 5:00 p.m. Grand Hotel [N]
 5:30 p.m. John Vandercoat [N]
 5:45 p.m. Tin Pan Alley [N]
 6:00 p.m. Quincy Howe [C]
 *6:00 p.m. I Sustain the Wings [N]
 6:15 p.m. People's Platform [C]
 6:15 p.m. Harry Wismer [B]
 6:45 p.m. The World Today [C]
 7:00 p.m. Our Foreign Policy [N]
 7:15 p.m. Leland Stowe [B]
 *7:30 p.m. America In The Air [C]
 *7:30 p.m. Meet Your Navy [B]
 *8:00 p.m. Early American Music [B]
 *8:00 p.m. Gaslight Gayeties [N]
 8:00 p.m. Mayor of the Town [C]
 *8:30 p.m. Truth or Consequences [N]
 *8:30 p.m. Boston Symphony [B]
 *8:30 p.m. FBI in Peace & War [C]
 9:00 p.m. Nat'l Barn Dance [N]
 9:00 p.m. Your Hit Parade [C]
 9:30 p.m. Can You Top This? [N]
 9:45 p.m. Saturday Night Serenade [C]
 10:00 p.m. Judy Canova [N]
 10:00 p.m. Andy Russell Show [B]
 10:15 p.m. Al Pearce Show [C]
 10:30 p.m. Grand Ole Opry [N]
 11:00 p.m. Maj. Gen. F. Eliot [C]
 11:00 p.m. Hoosier Hop [B]
 11:00 p.m. News [N]
 11:15 p.m. Dance Music [C]

SHORT WAVE

CITY	E. W. TIME	STATION	DIAL	CITY	E. W. TIME	STATION	DIAL
Aalsena	1:00 p.m.	TAP	9.64	Moscow	6:48 p.m.		15.23
Berze	3:45 p.m. — 4:15 p.m.		10.33		6:48 p.m.		11.90
	9:30 p.m. — 11:00 p.m.		6.36		6:48 p.m.		8.44
	9:30 p.m. — 11:00 p.m.		7.210		8:48 p.m.		11.885
Brassville	2:50 p.m.	FZI	11.97	Rio de Janeiro	9:30 p.m.	PSH	9.54
		FZI	11.97	Shepparton	8:00 a.m. — 8:45 a.m.	VLCS	9.54
		FZI	11.97		11:00 a.m. — 11:45 a.m.	VLCS	9.54
		FZI	11.97		9:45 p.m. — 10:45 p.m.	VLCS	15.315
Caracas	Times vary	TVSRN	6.2		11:10 a.m. — 1:40 a.m.	VLCS	11.840
Chengking	9:30 a.m. — 3:00 p.m.	XGOY	6.13	Stockholm	2:45 a.m. — 3:10 a.m.	SBP	11.705
	5:00 p.m. — 10:00 p.m.	XGOY	6.13	(Sundars)	7:00 a.m. — 7:55 a.m.	SBT	15.155
Lima	11:30 p.m.	OAXA	6.08		7:00 a.m. — 7:55 a.m.	SBP	11.705
Laogoldsville	9:30 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.		7.78		11:00 a.m. — 2:15 p.m.	SBP	15.155
London	5:15 p.m. — 8:00 p.m.	GWX	11.93		11:00 a.m. — 2:15 p.m.	SBP	11.705
	5:15 p.m. — 10:00 p.m.	GSC	9.58		2:30 p.m. — 5:15 p.m.	SBU	9.535
	5:15 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.	GPH	9.825		5:20 p.m. — 5:35 p.m.	SBU	9.535
	8:00 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.	GSL	6.11		9:00 p.m. — 10:00 p.m.	SBP	11.705
	8:15 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.	GSU	7.26		6:00 p.m. — 10:00 p.m.	SBU	9.535
	10:15 p.m. — 11:30 p.m.	GSH	9.51	Stockholm	4:00 a.m. — 11:00 a.m.	SBT	15.155
	10:15 p.m. — 11:30 p.m.	GFW	6.15	(Sundars)	4:00 a.m. — 2:15 p.m.	SBP	11.705
	10:15 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.	GHC	2.88		12:00 noon — 2:15 p.m.	SBT	15.155
	10:45 p.m. — 11:30 p.m.	GEM	7.12		2:30 p.m. — 5:15 p.m.	SBU	9.535
Melbourne	11:00 a.m. — 11:45 a.m.	VLCS	11.71		2:30 p.m. — 5:15 p.m.	SBU	9.535
	1:10 a.m. — 1:40 a.m.	VLCS	11.71		5:20 p.m. — 5:40 a.m.	SBU	9.535
Moscow	7:40 a.m.		15.75	Vatican	11:00 a.m. (Tuesday)		17.01
	12:00 noon		5.75		11:00 a.m. (Tuesday)		5.76
	6:45 p.m.		9.57		11:00 a.m. (Tuesday)		17.19
	6:48 p.m.	REE	15.1				

**VOICE OF
THE LISTENER**

IN DEFENSE OF ANNOUNCERS

Dear Editors:
May I offer a few words of explanation to the Savannah, Ga., writer who was puzzled by announcers' voices sounding so loud. It's all in her own ears—the won't believe it, but it's true.
All volume, be it speech or music, drama or comedy, is supposed to leave the broadcast studio of the same level—and it's the control engineer's job to see that it does. One of the more important duties of a control operator at any radio station is to increase or decrease the volume—whichever is necessary—from the various mikes, turntables, etc., so that there is a steady "zero scale."
If I went any further this would probably get too technical—but announcers have little or nothing to do with how loud they sound. And, by the way, I'm not an announcer but one of those control operators that Miss Anderson will now feel like murdering.

ELVA SIMPSON

Dallas, Texas

WILBUR EVANS

Gentlemen:
When do you suppose radio will "discover" Wilbur Evans again? It seems almost inconceivable that Evans, a star of two smash Broadway hit shows, "Milk and Honey" and "Up in Central Park," should be so rarely heard on the radio.
ANNIE BOEGER

TUNE IN—IN BRAILLE

Gentlemen:
For a number of years we have been printing a Braille Radio Magazine for the blind. It consists of monthly programs and stories of the different radio stars. Our blind people are very much interested in this magazine.
We have read a copy of TUNE IN and think the blind readers would also like to read the material contained in your magazine. We would greatly appreciate it if you could grant us permission to copy some of your stories and programs.

ANNIE M. COSTELLO
Cleveland Printing House for the Blind
Mr. Healthy, Ohio
(Ed. Note: Permission has been granted.)

JACK SMITH

Dear Sir:
I should like to request a photograph of my favorite singer, Jack Smith, of the Sunday Prudential Family Hour. Although you have had an article about the program, you didn't have a picture of Jack.
ADELINE LESHIN
Denver, Colo.
(Ed. Note: Request granted—see page 34.)

FROM THE FIFTH ARMY

Dear Mr. Davis:
Enclosed herewith is Membership Card No. 77 making you an official member in the "Old Oaken Bucket Brigade." The "Old Oaken Bucket Brigade" is a fan club formed by the listeners of the "Old Oaken Bucket" program. This hour-and-a-half all-rocket show, heard each evening over this station, furnishes entertainment for the combat soldiers. In charge of the "Big Drop" and the "Little Drop" or masters of ceremonies, it has become a number one morale booster on the Italian fighting front.
Since building a radio station on wheels" (completely modern with typical studio, control room, etc.) we have moved over 500 miles up the Italian Peninsula with the guns, tanks and other fighting equipment. In our attempt to present the high-type radio entertainment for which America is noted, it is necessary for us to draw our material from many sources not commonly used for building programs under normal conditions. For example, we are in the habit of keeping our listeners informed through special shows built from the information extracted from TUNE IN. We feel that you and other associates have assisted us considerably in the work we are doing and in this interesting assignment in equipping radio.

LT. VERN CARSTENSEN,
Station Manager
Mobile American Expeditionary Radio
Station in the field with the Fifth Army.

RADIOQUIZ

**JOAN DAVIS
GUEST QUIZARD**

GABBY HEADLINER OF NBC'S "JOAN DAVIS SHOW"



1 Secretary Nikki Porter talks things over with boss: (A) Bulldog Drummond (B) Elery Queen (C) Steve Wilson



2 Elvia Allman, now on "Icebox Follies," once played with Bob Hope as: (A) Cobina (B) Brenda (C) Vera Vague



3 This member of Xavier Cugat's orchestra is shown beating out rhythm on: (A) conga drum (B) tom tom (C) gourd



4 Pictured in London is radio's first war correspondent: (A) George Hicks (B) Larry Lesueur (C) Bill Henry



5 This estate called Kiveredge, located on the Shrewsbury River at Rumson, N. J., is the home of: (A) Ralph Edwards (B) Major Bowes (C) Danny Kaye

ANSWERS ON PAGE 45

TUNE IN

VOL. 3, NO. 3

JULY 1943

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ON THE COVER

KATE SMITH, who knows how the nation's heart beats, reports the human side of the news. See p. 16.

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AROUND THE NETWORKS



True-life thrillers are reaching the public these days through Blue's series, "This Is Your FBI" (Fridays at 8:30 P.M. E.W.T.), under the guidance of writer-producer Jerry Devine of "Mr. D. A." fame. The programs have the blessing of G-man Chief J. Edgar Hoover, who would like to see the work of his Bureau better known. Cases dramatized on the air are taken from official files, show how FBI has handled sabotage, espionage, kidnaping.

At 7:00 P.M. E.W.T. each Saturday evening, NBC is presenting a special hour-long television program for children, through the facilities of its New York station WNBT. Designed to appeal to all youngsters up to the early teens, the telecasts feature both live talent productions and motion pictures. Puppet shows are also a regular attraction. Through these broadcasts, the network hopes to acquaint children with the wonders of television and also, by constantly checking audience reactions, to discover just what types of entertainment have most appeal.

Problems of post-war reconstruction are receiving special attention at CBS through 15-minute weekly talks by Lyman Bryson, director of educational broadcasts. Purpose of the series is to stimulate enlightened public opinion through the discussion of timely, important questions of general interest. Mr. Bryson is particularly well qualified to act as commentator, since he is not only well acquainted with many American leaders but also can draw on the experience gained in five years of rehabilitation work in Europe at the close of the last war.

Johnnie Nebbett's "So the Story Goes" radio series (Friday Munday, Wednesday and Friday at 9:15 P.M. E.W.T. over CBS) has been found useful in the treatment of deaf and partially deaf veterans. The hearing clinic of an Oklahoma hospital has particularly requested transcriptions of the well-known storyteller's programs, as his voice, diction and intonation have proved particularly suitable for training the deaf to hear again or make best use of hearing aids.

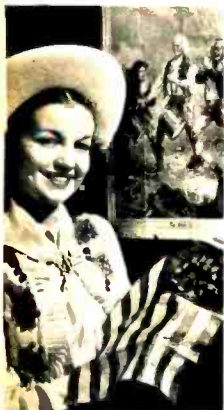


After June 15th, the familiar phrase "This is the Blue Network" will no longer be heard on the air. Instead, announcers will identify the chain in broadcasts by saying, "This is the American Broadcasting Company." The change is being made, according to Mark Woods, President of the Company, in order to avoid confusion with the National Broadcasting Company, which first established the network in 1927. The Blue is thought of by many listeners as still part of NBC, though it has actually been operating independently for three years.

Beginning this fall, Joan Davis will transfer her talents to CBS in a show to be heard on Monday evenings at 8:30 P.M. E.W.T. The comedienne has recently signed a five-year contract, which calls for 39 weekly programs annually to originate for the most part from Hollywood. Though details of format and cast have not yet been settled, it has been announced that the new broadcast will have its debut in late September or early October.



Replacing Bub Hope over NBC this summer is a drama of international intrigue, "The Man Called X" (heard Tuesdays at 10 P.M. E.W.T.). The program stars Herbert Marshall in the title role, as an American working against enemy espionage agents. Because of its subject matter, the show is of particular interest in servicemen stationed abroad, and will probably be transcribed and re-broadcast from American-controlled stations scattered over the world.



AN ADMIRING FAN sent this colonial bag to Jane Webb of Mutual's "Tom Mix" series. It was made by descendants of Betsy Ross.



WITH THE SUPPORT of vocalist Eileen Barton, Blue singer Andy Russell learns to handle a mike more or less as Frank Sinatra does it.



NEWCASTLE COALS: Hollywood-bound Ralph Edwards of NBC carries fruit to California! Ready to "take the consequences," Ralph?



IT'S A PRIDE FAMILY PARADE when Bing Crosby leads his sons through the mazes of the Paramount lot. The youngsters are now making a movie, too—and expect to bring home another Academy Award.

Along Radio Row

CURFEW MAY NOT RING TONIGHT but "Carson of Cheer's" blues-singing belle, Carol Bruce, doesn't want her coach to turn into a pumpkin before she makes a midnight getaway from New York's El Morocco!

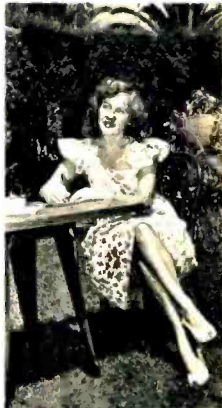




THAT CBS SERIES can keep performers—as well as listeners—in "Suspense," Exhibit No. 13: The sad plight of film actor Keenan Wynn.



FROM CLEF TO CHEF: Michael O'Shea and Monica Lewis watch Perry Como stirring up a tasty dish at the Sumpion Restaurant, N. Y.



MOORE & DURANTE songstress Georgia Gibbs does her V-mail writing in The Garden of Allah—the Hollywood hotel where she lives.

IT'S A VERY WISE-GUY CHILD who knows how to flick his cigar ashes in his godfather's pocket. But that's *Eddie Cantor Von Zell, Jr.* (Billy Gray) all over—always playing cute tricks on Eddie Cantor.



THE NOT-SO-CANOID CAMERA does a double-take to illustrate that "Carnation Contented" chorister Ada Beth Peaker (left) will henceforth be known as Ada Beth Lee (right)—her name by marriage.

IN TUNE

with

RADIO

THE NATION'S
FOREMOST
RADIO MAGAZINE

TUNE IN

★ ★ ★

TO KEEP in touch with radio is to keep in touch with the changing world. "Tune In" is the only magazine which carries latest highlights on every phase of radio. Thrilling improvements in the field of broadcasting, newest programs and personalities, behind the scenes information are all brought to you each issue.

THE MAGAZINE
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ON THE PULSE OF RADIO

12 ISSUES \$1.50
FOR ONLY

MAIL THIS CONVENIENT COUPON

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

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

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

OF MIKES AND MEN

By

Laura Haynes

Critics to the contrary, embattled LAWRENCE TIBBETT knows more about singing "in the groove" than most "Hit Parade" listeners—at least, he knows the origin of the term. According to LARRY, the phrase is an old one long used by opera singers to describe tones which are well "placed" in the mouth and throat—and swing addicts simply borrowed it from the Met!

★ ★ ★

As twin Hizzoners of North Hollywood, WENDELL NILES and DON PRINDLE have joined the ranks of such distinguished honorary mayors as GINNY SIMMS of Northridge, BUD ABBOTT of Sherman Oaks, ANDY DEVINE of Van Nuys, BOB BURNS of Canoga Park. In winning the election by a tie, the "Icebox Follies" team defeated radio candidates CASS DALEY, DICK POWELL and JERRY COLONNA.

★ ★ ★

Add Things We Would Like to See: The BURNS family giving a dance recital! Both GEORGE BURNS and GRACIE ALLEN have been accomplished hoopers since childhood days, are now teaching some of their routines to small son RONNIE and daughter SANDRA.

★ ★ ★

Recent marriage of Metropolitan Opera and Mutual singing star LICIA ALBANESE to stockbroker JOSEPH A. GIMMA is the happy ending to a real story-book romance. Both are natives of Bari, Italy, but had never met until the prima donna came to this country four years ago—bearing an introductory letter from GIMMA's sister IDA which asked him to "take good care" of her little friend!

★ ★ ★

Notes from the Hollywood Farm Belt: The black Aberdeen Angus heifer which NBC gave JIM and MARIAN JORDAN last year has presented *Fibber McGee and Molly* with a fine baby beefling. Sire was a prize bull belonging to FRANK "Farmer Wupperman" MORGAN (see story on page 32) ... BOB

BURNS brings a box-lunch to rehearsals packed with baked ham, country butter, home-cured olives—all raised on his own "Bazooka Berk" ranch ... JOHN CHARLES THOMAS, the baritone bee-keeper whose apiaries produce more than 800 pounds of honey annually, also raises chickens for his favorite fried food, has so many hundreds of hens by now that he shares their eggs with lucky friends and fellow workers on his Sunday show.

★ ★ ★

Quips Off the Old Block? RUTH HOWELL, daughter of CBS' "It Pays to Be Ignorant" quizmaster, TOM HOWARD, has gone into lunny-business for herself—writing gags for a rival-network program: Blue's SAMMY KAYE "Varieties."

★ ★ ★

MARION LOVERIDGE's ardent enthusiasm for the Brooklyn Dodgers has brought NBC's "Betsy Ross Girl" a coveted reward. The 16-year-old singer has been adopted as a mascot for the baseball-playing "Bums," shares her honors this season with 7-year-old BOBBY HOOKEY.

★ ★ ★

Columbia's "Blondie" cast has literally gone to the dogs—real dogs of all sizes, shapes and kinds. PENNY SINGLETON (*Blondie*) owns a sister of the canine movie actress, DAISY; ARTHUR LAKE (*Dogwood*) has a snooty little dachshund; ELVIA ALLMAN (*Cora Dieters*) does an aging Belgian shepherd; HANLEY STAFFORD (*Boss Dieters*) breeds Kerry Blues; and DON BERNARD (the show's producer) raises blue-ribbon Irish setters.

★ ★ ★

Speaking of the kind of "boaters" discussed at length on the opposite page, GIL NEWSOME will never forget the one he pulled as announcer for "Spotlight Bands." Introducing TOMMY DORSEY with an elaborate eulogy, GIL wound up by presenting him to the startled airwaves as—JIMMY, the brother DORSEY!

★ ★ ★

Touching—though slightly exaggerated—tribute is the one paid DINAH SHORE by a G. I. fan. Writing from overseas for a new copy of one of her discs, the soldier explained: "We've worn the record so thin that, when we play one side, the needle picks up the tune on the other side ... You've been singing duets to us over here for the past week!"



SLIPS THAT PASS THROUGH THE MIKE

THE BEST PERFORMERS MAKE "BONERS" — BUT LISTENERS LOVE IT!

EVER feel like pushing yourself under the rug when your tongue tripped, slipped or balked and turned up with a neat little phrase you never should have uttered? Or hopelessly muffed an important introduction, or stuttered on

the snappy comeback that should have panicked your dinner guests?

Then you can readily sympathize with the poor announcer or actor who suddenly finds himself pulling what he is sure must be radio's prize "boner."

Though they can be laughed at later, these inexplicable twists of the tongue have given the boys and girls in the studios some mighty bad moments.

Such slips in no way reflect on a performer's ability, for practically

everyone on the air—veteran and novice, star and bit-player—makes his share of “fluffs.” The phenomenon can’t be explained any more logically than tripping on a sidewalk or spilling a glass of water on your vest. Boners just happen, and no amount of rehearsal and preparation can guarantee they won’t.

Sometimes, the result of a jumbled phrase causes the listener to howl with far greater glee than could be induced by professional gag-writers after a week of burning the midnight oil. While most of the quips are innocently humorous, some of them have sent the perpetrators off into a corner, blushing furiously, while censors gnawed their blue pencils in futile indignation. Like the time that—perhaps we’d better not go into that one!

High on the list of funniest twisted-rouge lines is one which occurred during the broadcast of an NBC soap opera. The harassed heroine was aboard a ship riding a dense fog. In a voice taut with emotion, she proclaimed to her coast-to-coast audience that the fog was “thick as sea poop.”

Another momentarily unhappy performer was the young man playing the part of an aide-to-camp to a German general, on Mutual’s “Nick Carter.” Said the general: “We are surrounded on all sides by the enemy—they come from the left, from the right—from the east, west, north and south—and we are without food and water!” The aide was supposed to exclaim: “Is it that bad?” Instead, the luckless actor found himself burbling: “Is that bad?”

Then, of course, there was the dramatic actress, appearing on a CBS serial, whose simple line, “We’ll give the hell a pull,” came out unexpectedly as: “We’ll give the bull a pill!” And young Bill Lipton, who has appeared in hundreds of roles since his air debut at the age of 11, once admonished a fellow actor in a soap opera to “Keep a stuff ipper lup, old boy!”

IT ISN’T always the players who supply unintentional humor in the dramatic shows. The boys in the sound effects department can claim their share of the scallions for boners and poor timing. Many an overworked producer and director has spent sleepless nights planning all sorts of medieval tortures to inflict on the hapless sound effects man who ruined a dramatic scene.

On one occasion, the breathless lovers in a popular soap opera were supposed to whisper their words of en-

dearment against a soft, light background of summer breeze. The director signalled for his “light breeze” but the sound man—evidently in a slight state of confusion—obliged with a gale of hurricane proportions. The young lovers were actually drowned out by the sound of nature run wild.

Then there was the time the plot called for the sound of surf beating against the rocks. What the listeners heard, instead, was a recording of a crowd cheering the players at a football game. The ocean waves are said to whisper many things. This was probably the first time in history that they roared out: “Hnd that line!”

WHILE most of the blunders give listeners a chuckle, maybe even a hearty guffaw, some produce reactions of a far different nature. Picture, for example, what the charming ladies of the Mary Margaret McTride circle must have thought, on the day their idol blandly proclaimed: “A lot of things you are supposed to eat, you just don’t like . . . especially children.”

Nervous contestants on the quiz shows and amateur programs are responsible for a goodly share of radio’s fluffs. A Mrs. O’Leary, appearing on Phil Baker’s “Take It or Leave It,” proudly acknowledged her introduction by stating: “I’m a first cousin to the cow that started the Chicago Fire.”

An amateur musician, describing the wonders of his home-made contraption to Major Bowes, gave the CBS audience a macabre thought when he said: “The spoons belong to me; the bones are my father’s!” Presumably, the “bones” in question were those ivory or wooden clappers once wielded so enthusiastically by the end-man in a minstrel show—but how were enraptured dialers to guess that listening in?

Another time, the Major was chatting with one of his amateurs who was an interior decorator. Asked about his work, the contestant nervously admitted that he had just finished “over-doing an apartment.” On yet another occasion, a Russian girl told the Major that her father was a painter, “House painter?” he asked, “Just hne,” answered the little Russian girl.

But even the seasoned performers cannot avoid the pitfall of garbled phrases. Erudite veteran Milton Cross, for instance, once intrigued music lovers all over the nation by describing the operetta, “The Prince of Pilsen,” as “The Pill of Princeton.”

When this global war ends, some

sort of medal should be struck off and presented to the news reporters who have spent the past five years rolling their tonsils around the names of Polish, Russian and Japanese towns—and generals. While the boys in the news-room don’t always agree on pronunciation, they have done a creditable job in giving the listener a nodding acquaintance with some of the more indiscriminately-voweled names around the world. And, if they do stumble over a few, who does know the difference?

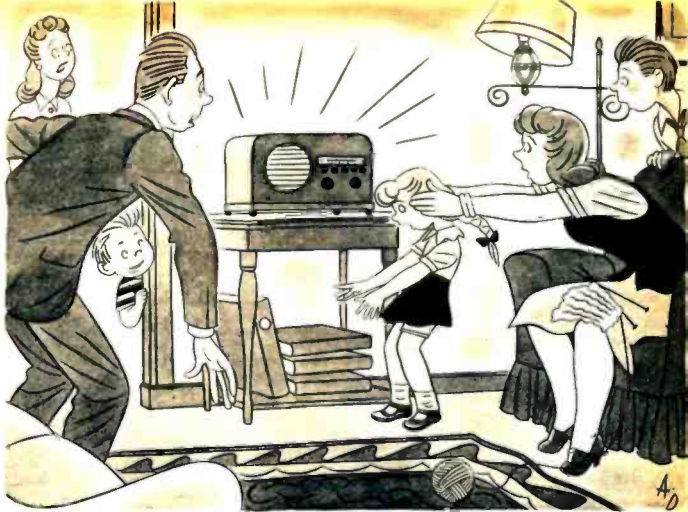
But other accidents can happen on the news circuits, which no dialer could fail to notice with either surprise or amusement. John Vandercook was once innocently involved in a mix-up over locale, during his nightly world news roundup. In making a switch, he announced: “We take you now to John McVane in London.” After a short pause came the blithe greeting: “This is John McVane, speaking from Paris.”

Occasionally, the overseas reporter gets a personal shock himself—or herself—as on the day Bob Denton was announcing a Helen Hiatt broadcast from Spain. “Miss Hiatt,” said he, “is NBC’s only woman correspondent in Spain.” Incidentally, though Bob won’t admit it, he may have been playing amateur critic on another occasion, when he proudly presented a “pewgram of mosic.”

EVEN the weather proves a stumbling block once in a while. NBC’s George Putnam (now in service) capped one of his news programs with the daily weather report. Most of the items, this particular day, had been of Chinese and Japanese origin, so maybe the audience felt that George was just keeping in character when he predicted: “Tomorrow, moderate temperatures, *inleening* cloudiness.”

Reporting the war on the other side of the globe, Frank Singiser described a certain well-remembered German drive and gave his Mutual followers an added treat by calling it the story of the “Bulgan Belch.” And listeners to the same network found themselves being introduced one night to Paul Schubert, “the newted nose analyst.”

Out on the West Coast—where almost anything can happen and usually does—Hollywood news voice once breathlessly informed his cinema city listeners that “Johnny Weissmuller’s wife, Beryl Scott, presented him with an eight-pound baby boy today . . . and now for other sporting events . . .”



Gabriel Heatter's several million listeners heard him wind up a broadcast one evening with the portentous sentence: "Listen to 'The Voice of the Dead'" — followed immediately with the introduction: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, announcer Len Sterling!"

Life can be terrible when an announcer fluffs at a particularly serious moment. If you don't think so, just ask Harry Von Zell how he felt when he introduced the then-President of the United States as "Hoobert Heever"! Even the famed Von Zell aplomb was shaken that time. But, if the Crown Prince of Norway had been within earshot, he too might have been startled out of his dignity the day Mutual's Arthur Whiteside announced into the microphone: "Here comes the brown quints of Norway."

Lip-tripping and twisted meanings are the bane of the commercial announcer, who could often cheerfully strangle the boys in the agencies who seem content to let the participles, prepositions and verbs fall where they may. Take, for instance, the plug that read: "Have you tried Wheaties for a bedtime snack? They're light and easy to sleep on." Or the snappy come-on for a favorite brand of bread: "It gives you a rich, nutlike flavor." Or the nifty Tom Slater

uttered on a Raymond Gram Swing program: "More and more men are turning to White Owls."

Probably the most sympathy can be directed at the nervous, jittery speaker who is facing a mike for the very first — and probably the last — time. Representative of that group is the president of a manufacturing concern chosen to address his fellow executives at a convention dinner, which was also broadcast over a nationwide network. His greeting listed all the distinguished guests on the rostrum and wound up with "and also the people of the audio radiance." After a moment of hushed silence, the speaker stumbled on: "It is indeed a pleasure to address such a gathering of ragged individualists." From that point on, it didn't matter very much what he said. His fame was immortal!

IT ISN'T always the man at the mike who makes the boners. H. V. Kaltenborn will probably never forget the time he was presented to a dignified lecture audience with what was undoubtedly intended to be a staid and proper introduction: "We now present H. V. Kaltenborn, who has been on the *lecher* platform for twenty-five years."

The atmosphere was also momentarily electric, over the airwaves, when George Putnam gravely introduced the star of an original drama with the breathtaking words: "Miss Helen Hayes presents a litter for Hitler!" What he should have said was "letter."

Andre Baruch once confused his CBS listeners no end by referring to the Marine Roof of Brooklyn's Hotel Bossert as the "Maroon Reef." The same Andre (now Major Baruch of the Army) introduced a musical selection on Mutual's "Your Army Service Program" with: "And now the orchestra, with Warrant Officer Edward Sadowsky *re-ducting* . . ."

While such slips of the lip are the nightmare of a radio speaker's existence, they do lend spice to radio listening. Occasionally, a *faux pas* is the fillip which turns an otherwise dull session into a veritable funfest.

But it doesn't make life any pleasanter for the hapless "fluffer"—who, more often than not, wishes he could just follow the lead of the little boy who appeared on the Major Bowes hour. This 6-year-old sang about three bars of his song, then forgot the words. Not the least bit flustered, he turned to the Major, raised his hand in signal—and asked if he could leave the room!



TO RADIO VIA RECORDS AND REELS

ANDREWS SISTERS SIZZLE THE ETHER

TUNE IN SUN. 4:30 P.M. E.W.T. (Blue)

EVERYONE in the United States who doesn't need an ear trumpet has heard the Andrews Sisters. They're almost as inescapable as the ubiquitous Bing. And the effect of their mad chanting harmony is a lot more penetrating.

Maxene, Patty and LaVerne (the order in which they invariably line up to have their pictures taken) first dazzled the open-mouthed jive world as juke-box queens, when they banished a record of the plaintive Jewish melody, "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen." That was in 1937, and by 1939 or '40 it was already estimated that the gals were running second only to the Automat as nickle-pullers. When you consider that every disc the public buys nets a neat 2¢ for the Andrews pocketbook, the trio of songbirds isn't doing so bad.

But what makes these boogie-woogie balladeers remarkable is that they never let go of a show-business crown once they have it, just keep adding additional hot-lick wreaths on top. Right now in 1945, for example, they're still dynamic in the jitterbug emporiums—as anyone who has ever tried to escape "Rum and Coca Cola," "Don't Fence Me In," and "Ac-cent-tchu-ate the Positive" knows only too well. In addition, these "belles of fire" (their own description) have managed to storm every other citadel on the entertainment horizon—rhythm-rockin' a whole series of Hollywood movies, vocal-gymnast their way across the nation's stages, heat-beating the airwaves to success as radio stars.

Just what magic talents have put the Andrews Sisters on the map is a debatable question. Unique style is one answer, strict attention to business another. As far as their voices are concerned, plaudits have been far from universal. Tall dark LaVerne, oldest of the sisters, boasts the lowest pitch, and critics attempting to describe it have floundered between "a sort of baritone" and "something like a bass." Maxene, middle as to age, tops as to looks, gives out with a high soprano. And blonde, talkative Patty, proud possessor of the in-between range, has complacently told reporters "I've been hoarse like I had a bad cold" ever since the teens. (If you're curious about their ages, best estimate is that the lasses are all still in their twenties—but statements as to the actual number of years they've piled up vary from time to time.)

There's no doubt but that manager Lou Levy (now married to Maxene) has been a big help on the road to fame. It's Levy who spots the tunes that are going to be hits—by the simple process of eliminating those he can't remember two days after hearing them. The New York music publisher has been guiding the trio's destinies ever since that banner year of 1937, when he sensed hidden possibilities in the then-obscure "canaries" and brought them to the attention of the Decca Record people. Levy's also the lad who stopped the Andrews Sisters from learning anything

about music. (LaVerne's the one exception—she can not only read notes but also gave up plans of being a concert pianist when she joined up with the two other jivesters.) It wasn't till their technique and name was well established that the girls decided they really ought to take some professional singing lessons. They attacked study with characteristic high-powered energy—until Lou heard of it. He put his foot down hard, made it plenty clear that orthodox notes would just ruin their unique style.

Bouncing, informal, with all six feet firmly planted on the ground, the Andrews Sisters don't believe in changing horses in the middle of a stream—nor in forgetting the friends who pushed them into the spotlight. Orchestra leader Vic Schoen of the Sunday afternoon radio show is the same veteran arranger and baton-wielder they've worked with for years on records. (His name, by the way, has often been a source of confusion to strictly "American" talkers who think he must have something to do with "Bei Mit Bist Du Schoen." There's no connection.)

Back in 1938, before movies made the Andrews Sisters' faces as well known as their rumba-boogie records, many fans thought only a colored group could produce so much rhythm. As a matter of fact, the girls' father is Greek, used to run a restaurant in their home town of Minneapolis. Along with their Norwegian mother, Olga Solli, he's now abandoned the food business to travel around with his daughters and take an active interest in their professional gambols. The girls are all proud of their Minneapolis

origin, make it a point to take a few weeks off every year to visit the friends of school days who still live there.

It was in this city, too, that they got their start—bouncing on stage in a "Kiddy Revue" that didn't make much of a splash. In early years it looked as if Patty (who now does most of the solos) might some day win stage fame as a tap dancer, for she was "juvenile champion" of Minnesota. That didn't seem to work out, though, so she teamed up with the others to form a singing act for Larry Rich, and later for Leon Belasco's band.

Most exciting part of their careers, of course, came after they were on their own. Remember what the Andrews Sisters did with "Joseph, Joseph," "Hold Tight," "Ti-Pi-Tin" and "Beer Barrel Polka"? The jitterbugs went wild, the conservatives apoplectically labeled the trio "public nuisances"—but, in any case, nobody could ignore them.

Early movies brought the same sort of divided response. "Buck Privates," "Hold That Ghost" and "What's Cookin'" did o.k. at the boxoffice, but even the sisters themselves admit that they screamed and retreated from the projection booth when first they saw themselves on the screen. And the "Harvard Lampoon" named their performance in "Argentina Nights" the most frightening of the year.

Such criticism is pretty much past history now, however, and with the continued applause given their Western-flavored *Eight-to-the-Bar Ranch* radio show, the Andrews Sisters have been accepted as a breezy part of the scene.



MAXENE, PATTY AND LAVERNE (HELPERD BY WESTERN-MOVIE VETERAN "GABBY" HAYES) ADD A TOUCH OF COMEDY TO THEIR AIR SHOW

THE MIDNIGHT EARL

COLUMNIST WILSON GIVES THE LOWDOWN ON THE HIGHER-UPS IN SALOON SOCIETY

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

A couple of years ago, practically no one except his admiring family and skeptical reporter pals had ever heard of Earl Wilson. At least, if they had, they saw no reason for remembering either the name or the stubby newspaperman himself. That, of course, was before Earl Wilson launched a New York Post amusement column called "It Happened Last Night," catapulted it into national circulation and almost universal quotation, got a program of his own on the networks, and authored a best-selling volume of gaily indiscreet memoirs entitled "I Am Gazing Into My 8-Ball."

Today, Earl is the darling of all those who haunt (or would like to haunt) the limelight pastures of after-dark life. He's the Peck's Bad Boy of the press agents, who shriek with anguish at the intimate revelations Earl prints about their glamour girls, wouldn't give more than their right arm to have their clients mentioned in his column. The willing Mr. Wilson spares no pains to discover and publish the personal intelligence that Carole Landis is slightly bow-legged, that Ann Sheridan herself admits she is pigeon-toed, and that Grace Moore—despite her best prima-donna protests—is what he fondly describes as "busty."

Professional or non-professional, all members of what Earl characteristically calls "Saloon Society" or the "Booze Who" are apt to find their names and misadventures blazoned in the Wilson columns. When a millionaire first-nighter falls on his *derriere* at a supper club premiere, Earl reports the incident at length, lets the new floor show look elsewhere for its reviews. When a dignified dowager thumbs her nose at a news photographer during a Metropolitan Opera opening, he reports that, too, doesn't bother to comment on the performance of "Boris Godounoff." Patrons of the arts and practitioners of the strip-tease, both are apt to come out of the Wilson typewriter looking very much as though they had just gone through the wringer.

This is true even on his radio program. Much of Earl's success stems from the fact that he woe people into talking frankly during interviews, and the system works even when overheard by an entire nation tuning in. On one broadcast, for instance, he asked long-time screen star Joan Bennett her real age, got the honest answer that she was 35. Knowing her to be the youngest of the Bennett girls, Earl speculated aloud that it should be easy to figure from that just how old Constance and Barbara were.

The candid Miss Bennett quickly put the squelch on that, remarking that—since her sisters kept knocking years off their own ages—she was rapidly becoming the oldest of them all! No sooner were they away from the mike than Connie was burning up the wires from California, demanding a chance to appear on the same series in rebuttal.

The self-styled "Midnight Earl" does find some differences between what he can say on the air and what he can write in his columns. He was intrigued, for example, by



EARL CATCHES UP ON THE MORNING PAPERS BEFORE GOING TO BED

what happened when he mike-interviewed Tallulah Bankhead. He had a line in the script describing the tempestuous Tallu as "pulling up her garters." NO, cried the studio censors, in shocked capitals and italics, *not "garters"*—nor even "stockings"—on the refined networks of the nation!

Purely as a gag, Earl suggested that they change the line to read "tugging at her girdle." Yes, said the censors, that was *quite* all right. The sadly puzzled radio newcomer is still trying to figure that one out. In fact, he's trying to fathom why it is that he can say all he wants to about *legs* on the air, but can't mention *bottoms*—one of the staple items referred to in his daily paragraphs.

Wilson's predilection for describing the more fascinating attributes of feminine allure may well be one of the secrets of his success. It's also one of the big mysteries to his friends. There isn't much of the teen-aged Sunday School teacher left in the 37-year-old, after more than two decades of newspaper experience—but he still hates risqué stories, blushes rosily whenever he hears one.

Folks back in Rockford, Ohio (population 1100, no saloons, no bars, no cuss-words in the presence of ladies), must be mighty surprised at the Wilson boy's present status in giddy Gotham. But then they can't be nearly so surprised as the early city editor on the New York Post who gave the former farmer's son a tepid tryout and sent him back to his job on the Akron Beacon-Journal—because "these small-town guys take too long to learn about New York!"

Actually, Earl hasn't changed much since he started out as a reporter in Ohio—or even since he finally got a job as rewrite man on the Post. He worked hard then. He works hard now. Turning out a column of some 700 words six days a week, plus a radio program on Sunday—not to mention gallivanting around to theatres, bars and night clubs in

search of material—keeps him just as sleepless as those earlier days when he arose at 6 A.M., worked at the rewrite desk all morning and most of the afternoon, then came home to author magazine articles to swell the family funds.

But Wilson loves it. He's loved it ever since he got his first sniff of printer's ink. The man's a craftsman, not a playboy, spends hours polishing his prose and inventing new phrases. Journalists from other cities, celebrities from the West Coast, are invariably a bit dismayed when they get their long-awaited first glimpse of the most sensational Broadway columnist since Winchell's rise.

They probably expect to see a male Dorothy Parker or modern Lord Chesterfield. What they do see is a quiet little man, not more than five feet six, in conservative business suit and plain white shirt. The only touch of color is his ties; he loves loud ones—and unfortunately, as his wife points out, also wears 'em. Otherwise, there's no sparkle about Wilson, not even in his conversation.

For, above all, Earl doesn't talk. He's usually quite as impassive as the Sphinx—even if his size and slanting eyes do make him look more like a chubby Chinese billiken. He saves his wit and energies for the typewriter. It wasn't until his column caught on that other people understood why Rosemary Lyons Wilson had always maintained that she'd married "the funniest guy in the world." She's about the only one who hears him speak as humorously as he writes.

Rosemary, in fact, is the effervescent member of the smoothly-functioning Wilson family team. They go almost everywhere together, Rosemary joining merrily in the fun, Earl just keeping his eyes and ears open for copy. An attractive woman with an excellent figure and a rather exotic taste in clothes, Mrs. Wilson has a lively sense of humor, is the first to laugh at the tag which Earl has hung on her in his columns—"B. W.," for "Beautiful Wife."

She got a big kick out of it, the night a nosy woman came bounding up to her in the lobby of a theatre, demand-

ing excitedly: "Isn't that Earl Wilson?" Rosemary politely acknowledged that it was. The stranger gave her a long stare from head to foot, shook her head and said in a clear, cold voice: "But, of course, you *can't* be the B. W.!"

That's one of the few things in life that Earl doesn't find very funny. He's quite serious when he tells people who ask why he never runs a picture of his B. W. in the column that "no camera has ever been invented that can make my wife appear as beautiful as she really is." A devoted family man, he adores Rosemary, his mother-in-law Rosella and his son Earl (better known as "Slugger").

Family devotion doesn't, however, keep him from using all the members as material for his columns. Even the dog, Empress, has done her bit to help authenticate his stories of odd places around Manhattan. Empie's assignment was to try out the facilities of a canine bath club (complete with penthouse swimming pool). When the poodle-like pooch—who normally resembles a dust mop—emerged from her shampoo and manicure, they discovered for the first time that she was no mongrel but a purebred Maltese terrier!

Earl's own experiments in the interests of gathering accurate information don't turn out so happily. To date, he has indulged in such peculiar pastimes as testing the virtues of a glowingly-advertised male corset, carrying a torch as a very amateur toreador in "Carmen," and trying to squeeze into a dumb-waiter for an elevator ride with a strip-tease queen. The girdle wound up quickly in the ash can, the Met wouldn't let him sing a single note at his "debut"—and the dumb-waiter wasn't big enough for two.

But these failures were as nothing compared with what happened when Earl made a professional visit to a new Fifth Avenue beauty salon for men only. Intrepidly submitting to the works under machine and drier, he emerged to discover that permanent waves are really permanent. He's been trying to comb out the curls ever since. But it's probably the only time that his chosen profession ever really got in his hair!



WILSON PLANS HIS DAILY COLUMN WITH ASSISTANT PAUL DENNIS



WIFE ROSEMARY ACCOMPANIES HIM TO ALL IMPORTANT OPENINGS

Kate Has a Finger on the Nation's Pulse

RADIO'S BELOVED PERSONALITY IS A
TIRELESS SPEAKER FOR AMERICANISM

TUNE IN MON. THRU FRI. 12:00 Noon E.W.T. ICBSI



KATE SMITH VISITS THE GREENWICH VILLAGE OUTDOOR ART SHOW



FRIENDLY AND INFORMAL, KATE LIKES BEING ONE OF THE FOLKS

TO MILLIONS of Americans, Kate Smith is as much of a patriotic symbol as the Statue of Liberty. For more than a decade, her massive figure, strong warm voice, and open checkbook have been identified with every cause dear to the hearts of her countrymen. With no official position, through the sheer persuasiveness of her personality, she has become a leading interpreter of the democratic way of life.

Typical of the homely, modest philosophy which has endeared her to followers is the fact that Kathryn Elizabeth Smith, public figure and millionairess, is just plain Kate everywhere she goes. Despite phenomenal success, listeners still know her as the simple, "nice" girl next door, the friend who understands and makes articulate their daily pleasures and grievances. As the late Alfred E. Smith, one-time Presidential candidate, said: "We don't think of you as 'the queen of the air,' or anything like that. We think of you as one of the little people, one of the average, everyday folks who are the backbone of the nation."

No detail of life is too slight, no problem too small to merit the woman commentator's attention on her daily "Kate Smith Speaks" program. Springtime will find her hurbling over robins and daffodils, autumn—extolling the joys of walks in the woods. On her first moon-time broadcast in April, 1938, the majestic household idol set the tone for future chats by reading a series of letters and requests from fans. Typical of the questions asked were: How could two girls build an annex to their cottage? How should a young couple provide for their baby's health in taking a long trip in an auto trailer? How does one go about knitting an afghan? And Kate made it her business to know the answers—as she's continued to know them ever since.

Charitable enterprises were always, of course, the singer-philosopher's forte. In those days, before the outbreak of the war, "shut-ins" were her special interest, and much of her time, boundless energy and financial contributions were devoted to making life more bearable for the sick and the helpless. But no public-spirited enterprise ever lacked her vigorous support. With complete impartiality, that spell-binding voice went on the air to champion the Girl Scout rookie drive, raise funds for flood victims, deplore the sectional differences which were dividing America's strength. (Kate dropped the title "Songbird of the South" because it seemed an indication of regional loyalty.)

Since Pearl Harbor, more serious issues have been brought up for discussion. Listeners flood the mails with letters to Kate (amounting, according to her own reports, to about a million a year) asking her to take up particular wartime abuses. And, after proper investigation, the "Kate Smith Hour" songbird girds up her loins and rears into battle. She

takes a special delight in exposing frauds which prey on servicemen and their families—such as the organization which made a practice of selling copies of Army citations which could be easily obtained free of charge from proper government sources. On another occasion, she attacked disc jockeys who were conducting a popularity contest for singers, asking fans of the "Kate Smith Hour" not to clog up vital mail and telephone services by voting for her.

In numerous trips to camps and hospitals around the country, Kate finds additional material for broadcasts. She once boarded a train in Atlantic City, for example, which was almost completely filled with servicemen—but which possessed only one smoking car. Though the 36-year-old dynamo doesn't smoke (or drink) herself, she realized that the servicemen were uncomfortable, would have liked to relax with a cigarette during the tedious trip. Why not have all smokers and just one regular car under these circumstances? She put her idea on the air—and it wasn't long before the change was made.

Right now the crusader is making a *cause celebre* out of the food situation. As usual, her viewpoint is that of the typical American family, rather than one of self interest. If roast beef and steak are available at all, she'd like to see them set out on the home dinner table—not in restaurants, where only she and other high-income-bracket citizens can afford to enjoy them.

Observant analysts have been trying for years to find out just what makes "radio's great big heart" tick. It has been pointed out in the past that the picture of Kate Smith, compiled from her own talks, is just too angelic to be true. Critics have looked for flaws in the pedestal, made clear that hundred-million-dollar bond drives are just as good publicity as they are good patriotism. They've also intimated that absorption in public benefits, especially in the last few years, may be a deliberate attempt to make Kate another Eleanor Roosevelt. And some believe that the much-admired red-white-and-blue personality is largely a creation of Kate's suave, business-like partner, Ted Collins.

There's much to be said in rebuttal, however. Whether Kate actually composes the words that go out over the air or not, they are certainly in key with the life and actions of a star whose every move has been spotlighted for 14 years. It is generally admitted that the one-time vaudeville performer spends a smaller proportion of her earnings on herself than any other woman in a similar position. Miss Smith's four-room New York apartment is comfortable and pleasant—not lavish. She is always well-groomed and carefully dressed, but no one has ever accused her of extravagance. Much of her yearly income is invested, but a large chunk is always set aside for welfare work. Even publicity-wise sceptics have to acknowledge her overwhelming generosity, realize that Kate's present position as a sentimental Lady Bountiful could have been attained without the expenditure of nearly so much cash.

The influence Miss Smith exerts is undoubtedly tremendous. She had only to plug "God Bless America" for a few years to make it a second national anthem. Books and plays which merit her nod of commendation are immediate successes. Her bond-selling sprees have made her practically indispensable to the Treasury during war-loan drives. And millions of listeners are willing to chart their opinions by hers, because to them she represents the kind of human being they would like to be—wholesome, sincere and upright, tolerant of human failings, jealous of human rights.

Kate Smith has brought democracy down to earth, so that everyone can understand it and take responsibility for it.



LOOKING AT PUSH CART WARES ON NEW YORK'S LOWER EAST SIDE



ALL SET FOR A BRISK TROT ALONG THE PATHS OF CENTRAL PARK



VISITING THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA COLLECTION OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN ART, A RADIO ROUND-TABLE DISCUSSES ITS CHOICES

HANDS ACROSS THE ARTS

CHICAGO AIR PERSONALITIES TAKE AN INTEREST IN MODERN PAINTING

THE brotherhood of arts is truly "one big happy family." Outstanding talents in one field seem to carry with them the ability to do rather well in other, sometimes unrelated arts. Many an actress studies ballet, purely as a private hobby. Many an actor dabbles in music, playing, singing or composing for his own amusement. Many a musician writes poetry or tries his hand at modeling in clay.

This seems to be particularly true along the shores of Lake Michigan, where many a radio personality is seriously interested in the one form of art furthest from broadcasting—that of painting. Perhaps it's because Chicago has so many fine museums and art schools. Quite possibly, these facilities take the place of movie-making (out in Hollywood) or stage-acting (back in New York) for the excess energies and talents of those artists who would otherwise spend their days blushing unseen behind the mike.

Whatever the reason, the lads and lasses who inhabit Windy City studios take a special delight in drawing and painting—or, at the very least, collecting examples of same. From a single-program point of view, "Breakfast Clubbers" probably lead all the rest. Emcee Don McNeill not only draws excellent caricatures of his friends and fellow-workers but owns a choice collection of modern paintings. Songstress Nancy Martin, in addition to writing poetry, fiction and music, is a proficient amateur artist, spends many leisure hours painting in oils. Baritone Jack Owens, "cruising crooner" of the same Blue Network series, may devote most

of his spare time to turning out hit tunes, but he's usually Johnny-on-the-spot at any art exhibit.

For that matter, few such Middle-Western exhibitions would consider themselves launched without the presence of Bernardine Flynn, long the distaff side of "Vic and Sade." The list of Windy City art enthusiasts is almost endless: Joe Kelly, jovial emcee of the "Quiz Kids"; Peggy Beckmark, author and title-roler of "Teena and Tim," over CBS; actress Marjorie Hannan, the Ruth Ann Graham of "Bachelor's Children"; Henry Weber and his wife, Marion Claire, headliners of Mutual's "Chicago Theatre of the Air."

Mindful of this phenomenon, the Encyclopedia Britannica recently set aside a day in which a score of such broadcasters could visit their collection of contemporary American paintings before it left Chicago on a 5-year tour. Results showed that radio people really knew their art, picked some of the most outstanding examples from the works of 121 artists—such 20th-Century Titans as John Steuart Curry (represented here by "John Brown," a preliminary study for his great mural in the state capitol at Topeka, Kansas) and Thomas Hart Benton ("Boom Town").

But, true to their own trade, the group couldn't resist voting for two new, quite typical radio classifications: "March—North Atlantic," an almost-photographic seascape which they pronounced "easiest to describe on the air," and Howard B. Schleiter's highly impressionistic "Pueblo," which they considered "most difficult to describe on the air!"



QUIZZICAL **Joe Kelly** impersonates "John Brown"—to the amusement of Jack Fulton, Nancy Martin, Patty Ford, Peggy Beckmark (l. to r.).



"Night Hunt—Moine" (by Georges Schreiber) catches the eyes of NBC staff pianist June Lyon, Don McNeill, Don Milton, Florence Ravenel.



Bernadine Hyman (far left), **Marjorie Hannan**, **Ann Thompson** and **Beverly Taylor** pause at "Boom Town," over **Jane Hanchett's** desk.



Singer **Dorothy Collins** is fascinated by this "Madonna"—which is an unusual departure from Dali's customary ultra-surrealistic subjects.



The radio visitors were unanimous in admiring Frederick Waugh's "March—North Atlantic," most popular picture in the collection.



Crooner **Jack Owens** strikes a critical stance to study "Pueblo"—so which the committee voted a special radio distinction all is own.



**POPULAR NOVELIST
IS NEW AUTHOR OF
'BRIGHT HORIZONS'**

THE fact that Kathleen Norris is now writing "Bright Horizon" (CBS, weekdays at 11:30 A.M. E.W.T.) marks the first time that a best-selling novelist of such stature has turned her talents to day-time serial scripts. The more than 70 novels and 200 short stories which the 65-year-old Mrs.

Norris has authored have long been popular for their sentimental appeal to women readers, but are also distinguished for their sanity of outlook, simplicity of plot and authenticity of speech—qualities which are more than welcome in that much-debated, often criticized field of radio, "soap opera."

NAZIS PREPARE FOR POST-WAR SURVIVAL

RADIO CORRESPONDENT REPORTS ON A GERMAN UNDERGROUND STATION

THIS is the story of a station on Germany's post-war underground railroad—the road many Nazis are taking to temporary oblivion from which they hope to arise (after formal hostilities cease) and carry on the fight for Hitlerism. This station is the Grand Central of all underground stations. It's a 25-room mansion in one of Berlin's most fashionable districts, a mansion with well-stocked cellars and cupboards, surrounded by spacious grounds containing tennis courts, summer houses, and many other conveniences to make life pleasant for the tenants.

To most Germans, this mansion is just another beautiful big house. Few of them know what goes on behind its walls. I got the story indirectly from a person who had had the dubious honor of once being entertained there.

Not long after Hitler became Chancellor of Germany, the Nazis confiscated the mansion from its Jewish owner and named it the Fuehrer's Guest House. It was established for the entertainment of Hitler's special guests—quislings who were even then planning the betrayal of their countries and whose visits to Berlin would be dark secrets. It wouldn't do for them to be seen in hotels, hence the Guest House.

That was the original idea. But, now that Europe's quislings and puppets have been unmasked, the Guest House has another function. It's the temporary hideaway of certain Nazis who have been selected to go underground as the war nears its end. Usually, there's an announcement that Herr Soandso has been assassinated by enemies of the Reich—or, in some cases, that Herr Thisandthat has been executed for activities against the Reich. When that announcement is made, the "dead" man actually is in the mansion, beginning the course of underground training, submitting to plastic surgery if his features are too well-known, and obtaining false papers, often taken from the bodies of nondescript air raid victims.

Here's a picture of the Guest House. It sits in a great park enclosed by a high cement wall, the wall surmounted by electrified spikes. Neighboring houses have been taken over by the S. S. or have been evacuated, so that no spying is possible. Among the garden's

by CHARLES SHAW



This description of Hitler's Guest House, as aired from Stockholm by CBS correspondent Shaw, is presented here in print as one of the typical scoops to be heard on Columbia's "Feature Story" each weekday at 4:30 P.M. E.W.T.

bowers, machine-gun nests have been hidden and elaborate systems have been devised. Deep beneath the park is a huge and sturdy air raid shelter.

The house itself, extensively remodeled after being seized from its owner, consists of four floors, with balconies extending from most of the rooms. The basement contains living quarters for servants and guards and the finest wine cellar in all Germany, stocked with the loot from all ravaged European countries. The first floor contains dining rooms, living rooms, a ball room, libraries, a movie theatre where newsreels—as well as old British and American films—are shown, billiard rooms and offices. On the second floor, there are guest rooms and a gymnasium, while the other floors contain guest rooms and suites.

Not too much is known about what goes on today in the Guest House. But, if the regimen is anything like that followed by former guests, it would be like this: To become a guest in the mansion, one would have to get either permission or orders from high Nazi authorities. He would arrive at the entrance and, once the guards were satisfied that the guest was all right, one of the policemen would push a hidden button. The gates would open to a narrow path leading to a small house serving as a sentry post for S. S. officers. The S. S. men then would take the visitor inside, where he unknowingly would be photographed from all an-

gles. His papers would be examined and he would be questioned thoroughly. He then would be shown to his room—or rooms, depending on his importance. There are no keys to the rooms and guests are reminded that they must leave nothing locked, not even luggage or brief cases. Of course, they know beforehand that they should carry nothing of an incriminating nature.

But, so long as they were loyal to the Fuehrer, they could anticipate a pleasant visit. Men and women servants—more than 50 of them—were at their beck and call. The kitchen was staffed with cooks who could prepare the national meals of any guest. Individual rations were 8 times those of ordinary Germans, and there was many a dish that Germans only remembered.

Solicitous male servants and hostesses guaranteed the comfort and pleasure of the quislings. Meanwhile, 15 or 20 young men—well-educated and drawn from some of Germany's best families—posed as other guests but actually performed the duties of snooping guards, who managed to examine the personal effects of every guest within less than an hour after his arrival.

Hitler's dubious success is attributed by some to the fact that he doesn't trust even himself—so, while ordering lavish entertainment of his foreign henchmen, he used the opportunity to unearth all possible information about those who would do his bidding. If a "guest" wanted to leave the mansion, he was given an escort. The explanation was that the escort was a bodyguard. Actually, he was sent along to see that there was no sculduggerly.

But, around last Christmas, the Fuehrer's Guest House was changed into an underground railway station. The old staff was replaced by completely reliable Nazis. Laboratories replaced libraries. The gymnasium became a training ground for skillful killers. One room was made into a surgery, containing the best instruments for altering facial and other characteristics. The post-war undergrounders are instructed in the use of codes, falsification of papers, lock-picking, espionage, sabotage, and other such skills.

The Fuehrer's Guest House has become the headquarters of neo-Nazism.

MYSTERY THEATRE

FOLLOW THE PICTURE CLUES AND SOLVE
THE CURIOUS CASE OF "RUMOR, INC.!"

PLAYING armchair detective is one of the easiest of all popular pastimes—particularly when your armchair is within reach of a radio set. It's fun to pit your wits against a master criminal, without stirring from the fireside or even turning the pages of a book! Such airwave chiller-thrillers as "Mystery Theatre"—which specializes in dramatizing tales of terror both old and new—permit sleuthing by ear alone, and the laziest listener can sit with closed eyes as he dar-

ingly climbs invisible crags and staggers through storms which can only be heard, not felt.

Among the many classics presented on "Mystery Theatre"—as narrated and acted by Geoffrey Barnes each Tuesday night at 9 (E.W.T.) over NBC—there have been stories which had armchair detectives right in the plot. Such a sleuth is whodunit-writer Anthony Boucher's *Nick Noble*, former detective who seldom sits from the cheap cafes he

haunts, still solves many a crime—by remote control—for his old pals in the police department. *Noble* believes all puzzles are simple: once you see the "pattern." In the case called "Rumor, Inc.," the pattern is such a visual one that *Turne In* turned the cameras on it, so other clue-spootters could test their eyes as well as ears. Can you find the thread that unravels the plot? (The radio actors pictured here are identified on page 44—along with the arch-villain himself!)



1 Instantly shot, German-born printer Steiner mumbles about "that woman" and "Rumor, Inc." Asked by Lt. MacDonald (wearing hat) to identify the woman, he says: "Ask Horace"—and then dies.



2 Retired sleuth Nick Noble tells Mac Rumor, Inc. must be an Axis propaganda ring, picks a name from Steiner's notebook—Lally—short for Lalage, subject of many verses by Latin poet Horace.



3 Mac immediately calls Lally Chilton, who turns away from the phone to exclaim: "Well—if it isn't Mr. Partrick in person!" A shoe rings out, and then only silence. Mac hurries to the scene.



4 The girl is dead when Mac arrives with a doctor, but Mac is flustered because he knows the murderer's name. Then, looking at her address book, he finds not one—but three—Mr. Partrick listed!



5 Mac visits the first one—Allen Partrick, who claims to be Lally's fiancé. He has no alibi for the time of her death, explains that his left index finger is missing because of a very old accident.



6 The second Partrick—Jerry—claims he knew Lally only because she acted in plays he wrote. He hasn't any alibi, either, apologizes for his bandaged hand, saying he burned it badly a week ago.



7 Francis Partrick, an elderly dandy in fancy gloves and spats, identifies himself as a retired stockbroker who hardly knew Lally—but, again, no alibi. Which, wonders Mac, is actually the guilty one?



8 But Noble, hearing Mac's description of these scenes, gives him a tip that leads to the murderer's arrest. How did he know? Check your own solution of the crime against the answer on page 44.

TUNE IN "Behind the Scenes" at CBS

Every Tuesday at 10:45 p.m. EWT. How did a CBS newsmen in Paris hear his colleague broadcast from Iwo? When did a little girl offer to help sponsor a CBS program? Why was Danny Kaye fired from his first job? Columbia rolls up the curtain and reveals the fascinating stories of radio's famous personalities, brings you a picture of wheels within wheels. Here are excerpts from a typical program of *Behind the Scenes* at CBS.

Don Baker: For an intimate glimpse into the colorful world of radio—you favorite Columbia station now takes you *Behind the Scenes* at CBS, with Ted Husing as your backstage guide and columnist of the air. You will hear a personal chat with Frank Sinatra and a story about Joan Edwards.

Ted Husing: Did you know that several hundred clocks in CBS studios all over the country have to beat as one? Columbia keeps its time straight by having its studios equipped with Western Union time clocks which are geared to a master time piece at the Naval Observatory in Washington, D.C. Every hour—on the hour—these clocks are automatically corrected by an electric impulse which makes adjustments to the fraction of a second.



Going behind the scenes to a rehearsal of the Frank Sinatra Show is a show in itself in many ways. Out on the stage, you see Frankie himself—surrounded by reporters, photographers, members of the cast—and a handful of servicemen—including a corporal from the Russian Army. Well—with Frank as our guest tonight—maybe we can find out where he gets the energy to go through a typical Sinatra day. How about it, Frank?

Sinatra: Oh, I don't know. I think I've got it easy compared to some people.

Husing: I understand you once thought of taking up boxing as a career. Frank: What made you change your mind?



Sinatra: Bing Crosby.

Husing: Oh—did you know the Bingle in those days?

Sinatra: No—not officially—but I went to see a picture of his—in one of the neighborhood theatres—and when I came out I knew that was what I wanted to do more than anything else in the world.

Husing: Tell me, Frank—do you sing any differently now than you did in the early days?

Sinatra: Well—I don't think my style has changed much—but I do feel a little easier in front of an audience.

Husing: Incidentally, Frank—how do you feel about all these crowds that follow you around? Don't you long for a moment's peace and relaxation?

Sinatra: Well—I suppose I *could* do with a little more private life. Ted—but I always feel that a fan has a right to ask for an autograph—or wait outside the stage door for somebody he wants to see. After all—it's not so long ago that I was an eager kid doing the same thing myself.

Husing: But doesn't it bother you to play to an audience full of swimmers?

Sinatra: Ted—if you really want to know the truth—that swooning business is just talk. I've heard fans cheer—and get a little excited maybe—the way they would at a football or a baseball game—but I've never seen anybody swim. And I don't expect I ever will.

Music: *Curtain for spot.*

Husing: When Bob Hawk discovered that the shortage of playing cards is preventing wounded servicemen from playing solitaire, he asked *Thanks to the Yanks* listeners to send him their extra decks. The response was immediate—and gratifying. So when Bob asks you if you have a deck of cards—don't think he's inviting you to a game of gin rummy—he's doing it for the men in the service.



One night, last December, a woman in an Austin hospital was losing blood so rapidly the hospital's supply was exhausted while further transfusions were still needed. Frantic for help, the woman's husband asked station KTBC to make an immediate appeal for live donors of type 2 blood. Quickly, the announcement was made on the air and within an hour, 50 vol-

unters responded. In the course of the day, that number increased to 175—and enough blood was supplied to save the woman's life.

Not many people know it, but Joan Edwards—whose appealing manner of song has been a bright feature of *The Hit Parade* for the past few years—is an accomplished pianist. As a matter of fact, her professional career began at the piano—as an accompanist for the talented youngsters who auditioned for her celebrated Unelch-Guy Edwards. Joan was only fifteen years old at the time, but even then her reputation as a pianist was well known in the high school she attended—and one of her classmates—who aspired to be a radio singer—stopped Joan one day and asked her if she wouldn't help out by accompanying ...



Girl: But, Joan—I've got to have an accompanist! And you're the only one who can help me. It's just for the audition. And if I get the job, I'll pay you three dollars!

Joan: Okay—it's a deal! Rehearsal this afternoon at four o'clock!

Music: *Short bridge. Segue into piano introduction.* "I'll never smile again."

Girl: (Singing) "In my solitude you haunt me." (Piano stops)

Joan: Wait a minute.

Girl: What's the matter?

Joan: Well—don't you think you ought to stop that as if you really were heartbroken? I've never heard anybody sound so happy.

Girl: Oh, I see ...

Girl: (Singing) "In my solitude you haunt me." (Piano stops)

Joan: That's too sad, Florence. Just sing it naturally...and speed up the tempo a bit. I'll fill in for you in the long notes—so you won't have to sustain them ...

Music: *Bridge. Fade to voice and piano.*

Girl: (Singing) "In my solitude I'm praying
Dear Lord above
Send back my love."

Music: *Big piano ending*

Director: (Talk back) Thank you very much, Miss Gibbons. We have your address and phone number and we'll let you know. As for you—young lady...what's your name?

Joan: Joan Edwards

Director: You play the piano very well, Miss Edwards. Do you sing?

Joan: Well...I only know one number

Director: That's good enough for a start. Let's hear it

Joan: Now?

Director: Yes...Don't be nervous. The way you play that piano—you don't need to have a voice!

Music: *Up, then down and under*



Music: That's how Joan Edwards got her start in radio—a start which led—in quick succession—to a

local commercial program, to the featured vocalist spot with Paul Whiteman's Orchestra—and to her present success on CBS as the number one girl on *The Hit Parade*

Music: *Up to entertain*

Baker: And that's *Behind the Scenes at CBS*

Music: *Theme*

Baker: Be with us again next week when your favorite Columbia station will bring you another intimate glimpse into the colorful world of radio with Danny Kaye—Columbia's rapid fire comedian—as our guest and Ted Husing as our guide.



Music: The other day—on *School Of The Air*—a question arose as to the official way in which the King of Spain was introduced to his court. After several frantic telephone calls and a great deal of leg work on the part of numerous messengers, the director found out the authentic answer. "His Majesty, The King" was always introduced as "His Majesty, The King." This is Ted Husing saying Good Listening.

Baker: And this is Don Baker saying ...

This is CBS ...

the Columbia Broadcasting System



LAND OF THE LOST

Undersea Fairy-Tale Fantasy Triumphs over the Airwaves

TUNE IN SAT. 10:30 A.M.
E.W.T. (Blue)

IN THIS radio world of kiddie programs devoted to rocket-ships and anti-tank guns, it's refreshing to hear an air series which restores children's tales to their rightful field of faerie. Isabel Manning Hewson's "Land of the Lost" can't be located on any mundane map—but it's a worthy addition to Wonderland, Oz, Never-Never-Land and all that fabulous geography which is the literary heritage of youth.

Thanks to the magic of radio, young listeners can make weekly visits to this kingdom under the sea, where they find their lost toys miraculously "alive" and well and enjoying enchanting adventures. Here, too, they can send messages by shellaphone and shellagraph, see ocean pictures produced by Samuel Goldswim, drink salted milks and eat seanut butter at a sandbar.

Such finny puns appeal to a lively spirit of fun, but the series exerts still other influences on young imaginations. In the past year alone, 5,000 "Land of the Lost" clubs have sprung up, each with its own good-citizen goal—to salvage scrap, establish community lost-and-found bureaus, repair old toys for less fortunate tots.

Much of this response is due, no doubt, to the fantasy's rare sense of real-ness. The only human characters, Isabel and Billy, are re-created from an actual childhood—that of author-narrator Hewson and her own brother—and the land itself is something the Baltimore-born writer has dreamed about as far back as she can remember.

Now, to top off its success in radio, "Land of the Lost" has come to life between the covers of a book by the same name, illustrated in color by Olive Bailey, and toy manufacturers are bidding for rights to make dolls based on the characters. If this keeps up, blonde, ultra-feminine, real-life Isabel may soon find herself being tagged with the title "the first Disney of the airwaves"!



On the air and in the book, it's Billy and Isabel who visit the Land of the Lost, with *First Lantern*, the fish, as their guide. In real life, it's Raymond Ives and Betty Jane Tyler who play the children, with author Isabel Manning Hewson as narrator of the juvenile program.



PETER DONALD AND HITLER

GAGMASTER EARNS DER FUEHRER'S ENMITY THROUGH DIALECT JOKES

IF PETER DONALD's chest puffs out more than it used to these days, he's got a right to be proud. The master dialectician of "Can You Top This?" has won a special distinction from Hitler—his name has been listed in official Nazi newspapers as one of the major enemies of the Third Reich. Wouldn't that make any American strut?

Reason for the halo that now reposes on sandy-haired Peter's head is his series of Schickelgruber jokes, poking fun at Der Fuehrer and his satellites. The whole thing started about two years ago, when a listener sent in an anti-Nazi story for the quick-witted ad-libber to "cast" and act out in dialect. The result was such a tremendous success that Peter has not only continued telling similar yarns regularly, but has even been prevailed upon by the sponsors to deliver occasional commercials in the same vein.

So many amateur wits have written in asking the comedian for copies of these gags, that TUNE IN is reprinting a selection of them here. Trying to reproduce Peter Donald's assumed German accent in cold type is almost impossible—or at best unintelligible—so you'll just have to supply your own local color when telling 'em to your friends, And if you have any trouble doing so, just dial NBC some Saturday night at 9:30 P.M. E.W.T. to catch the technique from the maestro himself.

OOOPS—A SLIGHT ERROR

Hitler was addressing his Ratzis. "Herr Goebbels has just given me wonderful news," he roared. "He says we have enough food to last us ten more years!" Cheers, frenzy, "sieg heils," wild joy from the crowd. Hitler turned to Goebbels and said, "Listen to my happy people, Isn't it wonderful?" Goebbels groaned, "Wait till they find out—when I said we had food to last us ten years, I didn't mean the *people*... I MEANT YOU AND ME!"

STORMS OVER NAZILAND

Hitler was inspecting one of his prisoner of war camps. He walked up to a big rangy American prisoner and said, "Vell, Amerikaner, how does it feel to be captured?" The big boy shifted his chewing tobacco and said, "Not too bad.



PETER DONALD MAKES WITH THE HITLER FACE TO PUT HIMSELF IN MOOD FOR HIS STORIES

I captured 500 of your boys before you got me." "Was?" screamed Hitler. "Vun dumner Yankee captured 500 Germans? Impossible! You were facing my prize Storm Troops!" "Well," grinned the Yank, "they may have been *storm* troops, but brother, I come from Kansas and that's where we raise *cyclones*!"

GENEROUSITY—FUEHRER STYLE

Hitler was inspecting a railroad depot just outside Cologne, which has become a very nice city as a whole. The station was staffed mostly by women, and Der Fuehrer was awarding prizes and medals to them for their loyalty and burning devotion to his cause. They were sort of *kampf*-fire Girls. Finally up came one old lady. Hitler said, "How old are you and how long have you worked here?" She said, "I'm 102 years of age and I worked here 65 years." Hitler beamed beneficently. "Ach!" he exclaimed.

"Since you have served your country 65 years and are 102 years old—I hereby grant you a free pass on the railroad for the rest of your life!"

FREE SPEECH

The Germans had just taken a Belgian town, and the General had set up an office in the City Hall to investigate the residents of the town. He was particularly annoyed by a middle-aged citizen who kept bragging about the gallant stand made by his country's soldiers. The General finally warned him: "Either you take an oath of allegiance to Der Fuehrer, or I'll have you shot." The Belgian decided to take the oath. "Goot!" the officer told him. "Now that you are one of us you can come and go as you please." The Belgian nodded and walked thoughtfully to the door. Then he turned around and said, "Say, General, didn't those Belgians put up one swell fight?"



SHARON DOUGLAS

"JOAN DAVIS SHOW" DEB
WON FAME WITH HARD WORK

TUNE IN THURS. 9:30 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

TAKING the role of *Penny Cartwright* means real acting for Sharon Douglas. As Joan Davis' romantic rival, Sharon pretends to be a petulant village debutante, quite accustomed to getting everything she wants just by asking for it. But, in real life, the hazel-eyed blonde has never had a chance to be spoiled, has earned her present position as a radio "regular" through sheer determination.

Sharon has always loved the theatre, started her career as an Oklahoma City youngster, toddling on-stage in a Tom Thumb wedding. The family pocketbook would not support high-priced drama coaching, however, and acting ambitions had to wait until the lass (then 19) hit Hollywood in 1939. There she managed to acquire professional training—by working as a stenographer in the mornings, as a model in the afternoons, and studying at night. That struggle has paid off now, though, and Sharon's varied talents have won wide acclaim for their owner, in regular roles on numerous big-time network shows.

CLAUDE THORNHILL IN THE PACIFIC

POPULAR CIVILIAN MAESTRO BATONS AN ALL-NAVY BAND

FAITHFUL fans who've regretted the loss of Claude Thornhill's swing-wise baton on the "pop" music podium will be glad to know that his special talents are not being wasted. The genial good-mixer is taking his infectious personality and cheering rhythms right where they're most needed—into forward areas in the Pacific.

It's been nearly two years now since Claude deserted his top-flight civilian orchestra to enlist as an apprentice seaman in the Navy. In October, 1942, he fully believed he'd turned his back on musical aspirations for the duration. "It isn't the easiest thing in the world to put aside your hopes and ambitions you've worked on for years and break up an organization that has attained an important place for itself. But at this



ON MORALE-BUILDING TOURS, CLAUDE HAS MET SUCH NAVAL HEROES AS ADMIRAL NIMITZ

time there is something far greater at stake than any career—and that is the protection of the democratic way of life, which permits us to pursue whatever career we plan for ourselves. While that is in danger, there is no reason to carry on normally."

What Claude didn't realize was that music could be a highly-valued contribution in the service, too. He was set to organizing small entertainment units for the benefit of Navy men isolated on va-

rious islands in the Pacific, proved so successful at generating laughs and gaiety that morale-building has become his full-time job.

The husky five-foot-eight maestro now carries the title of Chief Musician, is heading an all-star big-league talent group which he recently recruited in the United States at the special request of Admiral William Calhoun. Headlining the unit are such familiar show-business names as tenor Dennis Day, voice-changer Tommy Riggs (creator of *Betty Lou*), the comic Graziano Brothers of vaudeville fame, and the Ringling Brothers' veteran circus clown, Bozo (Larry A. Valli).

The entire group is especially welcome wherever it goes, not only because of its outstanding personnel, but because every member of the troupe is a Navy man. All other touring units in the area are sponsored by such organizations as the USO or Camp Shows, Inc. That means that the Thornhill aggregation has a special function—to follow the fleet and give shows on ships or in the front lines, wherever civilian performers cannot appear. The lads have already covered the Marshalls and the Gilberts, bringing jazz and fun to Kwajalein, Ebeye, Tarawa, Majuro and Eniwetok.

As servicemen, too, Thornhill and his fellow-troupers receive no special treatment—they share the mess and sleeping quarters of the boys they entertain, get to new bases by whatever means are available (several times on fighter planes). And they share also the warming knowledge that they're doing some constructive work toward V-Day.



THAT FAMOUS THORNHILL SMILE IS A WELCOME SIGHT TO LONELY SEAMEN FAR FROM HOME



HIS PLANE IS GROUNDED BY THE WAR, BUT BILL STILL LIKES TO CHART SKY FLIGHTS

Comedian — 1945 Model

BILL GOODWIN OF THE "FRANK SINATRA SHOW" IS SETTING A NEW TREND—AFTER YEARS ON THE AIR

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

FIRST of all, let's get one thing straight. Big, handsome Bill Goodwin is not a "wolf"—no matter what The Voice and various glib guests say about him on the "Frank Sinatra Show." True, Bill has a wicked twinkle in his eye, two devastating dimples, and more than 6 feet, 180 pounds of solid masculinity. But he doesn't stand and whistle at the girls on the corner of Hollywood and Vine. He's a happily married man with an attractive wife, three lovely

children—and a fourth addition to the family expected any week now.

Again, *not* according to the script, there's no feud on between 1945's brand-new comedian and the swoon-singer of the century. Bill and Frank have been good friends for years, and their assorted offspring even go to kindergarten together. If there's any rivalry between the two proud papas, it's purely an optical illusion created by impish Mother Nature. Barly Bill and fragile Frankle

undoubtedly present a startling contrast to the eye—a fact which scribe-writers have seized upon with ghoulish glee, but one which doesn't bother Bill and Frank a bit.

There's another false impression which should be cleared up, too. It just isn't true, as so many people believe, that Bill Goodwin is an announcer-turned-actor. He's an actor-turned-announcer-turned-actor—a tiny distinction which makes an enormous difference in handling his present alt job.

It's true that Bill was long heard on the networks as a spieker for the sponsors, but he himself is quick to admit that he was never in violent demand for cooing the commercials. "Advertisers didn't think I was pompous enough," he grins. But it was this irreverence—plus his normally conversational voice—which made him a natural to become the first announcer to take part regularly in network skits.

That historic step was an easy one for Bill to make, thanks to the acting experience he had long before the national book-ups ever heard of him. The lure of the stage caught the San Francisco lad in his first semester at the U. of California, caused him to quit college in order to join a stock company. When he switched to radio a year later, in 1930, it was primarily as an actor, though he also announced, emceed, produced, did everything in radio—not always triumphantly.

"I was probably canned from more jobs," he confesses cheerfully, "than anyone else in the business." But there was one occasion which he still remembers with awed astonishment—the time he should have been fired and wasn't. It was when Bill was cutting his first transcription, ad-libbing a few appropriate lines for a jam session.

At a signal from the control room, he let go with his jivey introduction, wound up breezily: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, Joe Blow and His Hot Hawaiians!" Much to his amazement—and that of myriad West Coast listeners—this classic announcement went winging out over the airwaves during intermission of a New York Philharmonic broadcast. Complaints sizzled into the studio, but Bill wasn't canned. He was inexplicably made station manager!

Goodwin's name was fairly well known—in the trade—by the time he first stepped out of the commercials right into the act. That was on the old Jack Oakie series, later followed by similar stints as straight man and stooge for Bob Hope and Burns and Allen. In all these, however, he was still the an-

nouncer, too. In fact, he was simultaneously doing plain, garden-variety announcing on such other shows as the Bergen-McCarthy and "Blondie."

The "Frank Sinatra Show," just launched in January of this year, is the first to feature Bill strictly as a comedian with no other chores on the same program. He won that chance on acting ability alone. In fact, Al Levy—Frank's manager and Bill's No. 1 booster—feels that Goodwin paces a new trend in air comedians. No joke-teller, he gets his laughs simply from the way he reads his lines. "Goodwin," says Levy, "is to radio what Fred MacMurray and Cary Grant are to movies—a topnotch actor of light-comedy roles."

As a matter of fact, our hero is now in movies, too—and, like MacMurray and Grant, not always as comedian. Avid fans should be able to catch sight of his curly head and beaming countenance in any number of pictures this summer—as an Irish cop with Gloria Jean in "Fairy Tale Murders," as a house detective with Ingrid Bergman in "Spellbound," as Betty Hutton's husband in "Incendiary Blonde."

His next film will present him as the very-much-alive Sherman Billingsley, proprietor of the Stork Club, in a picture named for that New York rendezvous—a place, incidentally, to which Goodwin was recently denied admittance until he uttered the magic name of Sinatra! The situation has since been cleared up and now, whenever the pseudo-Billingsley is in Manhattan, he stops in at "his" club regularly to check up on the day's receipts.

Most of the time, however, the rediscovered actor is content to remain out in California, where he has two ranches hundreds of miles outside of Los Angeles (Bill used to fly there in his private plane) and a country-like "town" house in the Toluca Lake district of North Hollywood, only five blocks or so from Sinatra's home.

Goodwin has known The Voice ever since he was a whisper with Tommy Dorsey's band, has got to know him better since Frank moved to Hollywood. But the two had never done a program together until about a year ago, when "Screen Guild" co-starred them in a play.

Perhaps it was prophetic that the play was "Too Many Husbands," which has previously been done on the series with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope in the same roles later assigned to Frank and Bill. Could it be that there's another male music-comedy team in the making? Bill isn't saying—but he'd certainly like to make a movie with Sinatra some day!



MR. AND MRS. GOODWIN (ACTRESS PHILIPPA HILBERI) HAVE A HOME IN NORTH HOLLYWOOD

THE GOODWIN CHILDREN INCLUDE JILL, 5, BABY LYNN, 1½, AND WILLIAM RICHARD, 3



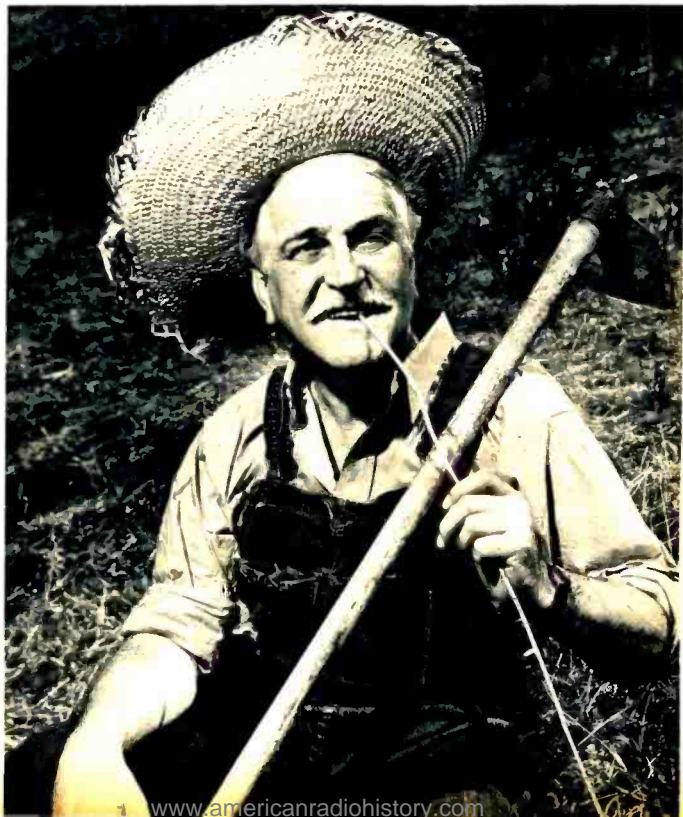
FARMER WUPPERMAN

CATTLE-RAISING PROVIDES FRANK MORGAN
WITH A WHOLE NEW FIELD FOR BRAGGING

SAD experience has taught fans never to believe a word Frank Morgan says. So, whenever the charming fact-fabricator starts reeling off yarns about his prowess as a rancher, he's met with knowing looks and patronizing smiles all around. This is a trying state of affairs for Frank,

since in private life he actually is none other than Farmer Wupperman, owner of 600 acres near Hemet, California. (Even the Wupperman part is genuine—though Whopperman might be more suitable. Morgan is just a stage alias.)

Those Shakespeare-quoting cabbages you hear about (Thursdays at 8 P.M. E.W.T. over NBC) grow only in Frank's fertile brain, of course. But tall tales about blue-ribbon cows (Aberdeen-Angus heifers, if you're interested) and super-hammed hogs (blue-blooded Durocs, no less) are likely to be true. Most amazing of all, the debonair prevaricator gets right down to earth with his hobby, talks practical ranching like a hard-boiled—but *bonest!*—stockman.





JUDY CANOVA USES MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE TO PRODUCE SQUAWKS



ZANY CONTORTIONS ARE RUBBER-JOINTED CASS DALEY'S SPECIALTY

TWO YOUNG LADIES WHO DON'T GIVE A HOOT

GLAMOUR GETS A HEARTY BRONX CHEER FROM
COMEDY-WISE JUDY CANOVA AND CASS DALEY

JUDY CANOVA and Cass Daley are both experts in "how not to be charming." Other less gifted maidens may spend their days trying to make themselves attractive and desirable—but these two slap-happy extraverts prefer dreaming up new ways of appearing ridiculous. They've found you don't need glamour to be a success. On the contrary!

Studio audiences are always surprised to find that canyon-mouthed Judy Canova (heard in her own show, Saturdays at 8 P.M., E.W.T. over NBC) is really a cute little trick,

with brown hair, blue eyes, and a neat five-foot-four figure that could be mighty photogenic—if she'd let it. But the professional "country cousin" prefers being a hi-jinx mixx, takes huge delight in joshing the public instead of trying to impress 'em. Those hill-billy howls and Arkansas-farm manners are purely ersatz, for the lass was really born in Jacksonville, Florida, given a complete classical education at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. Early in life, however, Judy discovered that her comedy songs brought more applause than operatic arias—and has given "art for art's sake" a wide berth ever since.

Cass Daley, too, can qualify as a sleek, dark-eyed pin-up any time she takes the trouble—but much prefers being Mrs. Frank Morgan's unlovely niece (on "Maxwell House Coffee Time," Thursdays at 8 P.M., E.W.T. over NBC). The "I said it and I'm glad" girl is proud to be called the comedienne of 1000 faces, loves astonishing hearers with the racket she can make. It's much more fun than being just another namby-pamby charmer in a Hollywood-ful of beauties!

RADIO SINGER IS AIRCRAFT INSTRUCTOR

JACK SMITH OF "THE FAMILY HOUR" TEACHES TRADE TO VETERANS

TUNE IN SUN. 5:00 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)



JACK SMITH FINDS PATIENCE AND GOOD HUMOUR AS IMPORTANT AS TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE IN WORK WITH DISCHARGED SERVICEMEN

It's three years now since Jack Smith started teaching at the New York School for Aircraft Instruments. The mellow-voiced singer no longer wakes up at night wondering if the whole thing is just a dream—but he was certainly astonished the first time he found himself standing in front of a classroom instead of the well-known mike.

Jack's double life came into being through sheer chance. He'd always liked to tinker, but never thought he had any particular mechanical talents. When a friend told the curly-haired husky about the six-months' course being given at the school, he enrolled as a pupil with the idea of making plane instruments a hobby. But much to his surprise—and intense gratification—the work came so naturally to the handsome six-footer that observant officials asked him to be an instructor. And he'd only completed four months of study himself at the time!

Needless to say, that was quite a feather in the Smith cap. Friends flocked to see whether it was a gag, a publicity

stunt, or a hallucination. Convinced the job was on the level, they then predicted a flash in the pan—after all, Jack knew nothing whatever about teaching, couldn't even know much about aircraft instruments in such a short time. And why should a successful warbler tie himself down to a day-in day-out grind with none of the glamour or comparative freedom of radio appearances? Even wife Victoria was bowled over, said she'd "never known he could do anything but sing."

Jack proved them all wrong. In the past three years he's consistently refused to take part in air shows which interfere with his school work; has jogged contentedly around a never-ending treadmill of dual-job assignments; has become a stranger to both friends and ordinary social engagements. (Various radio producers, by the way, still can't grasp that the singer really is serious about teaching, consider it a kind of playboy affectation. They've been known to insist that he appear at rehearsals which conflict with classroom

hours—until Jack makes clear that he'll just have to drop the program.)

Jack's quite willing to explain his "mania." He finds the school a "wonderful stimulus," a refreshing change from the familiar showbusiness world. The days he's spent there have taught him more than they have the students, have given him an entirely new outlook and widened his horizons.

In the past, he's taught civilian defense workers, including many women, and various serviceman groups, such as the U. S. Signal Corps. But the student body at the present time is made up almost entirely of medically discharged veterans—and these men Jack believes the most engrossing to work with. They range in age anywhere from 16 to 50, with the majority somewhere in their twenties. Their backgrounds vary widely, too, but they are united in a single, all-absorbing aim—to adjust themselves to civilian life once more, to learn a worthwhile, interesting vocation and make themselves self-supporting as quickly as possible. There's no question

of lack of interest or inattention with these lads—they're at the school voluntarily, drink in every bit of information with eager enthusiasm.

The boys get quite a kick out of the fact that Jack is a singer, ask him for tickets to his shows, tell him what they like and don't like about his recordings. When, last spring, he made his debut on "Gaslight Gaieties" (Saturdays at 8 P.M. E.W.T. over NBC) the entire class was sitting in the studio audience to cheer him on.

Classes are small at the New York School—only 17 or 18 pupils, which means that the teacher gets to know each one intimately. And many of them have tragic histories. There was the lad who'd been blown off an aircraft carrier, the boy they'd found in a bomb crater, the Marine from Ehiwetok (now wearing the Navy cross) who was blind for 18 days, couldn't even see Admirals Halsey and Nimitz when they visited him in the hospital. There was even a daring youngster of sixteen, who'd been a paratrooper for two years before they caught up with him and discharged him.

These battle-hardened men cannot be treated like the normal, happy-go-lucky fellows who fill our high schools and colleges in peace time. Patience is necessary, and understanding. Though physical ills have been remedied as far as possible, the lads are nervous, jumpy, unable to sit still for long periods of

time. It's not unusual for a boy to stand right up in the middle of a lecture and walk out of the room—just because he can't bear to stay in that chair a minute longer.

It's obvious that instructors must be chosen carefully, must be made aware that they are not teaching subject-matter—but veterans. Rehabilitation and hospital work is part of the job.

The picture is not as grim as it seems at first glance, though, and Jack Smith says there's no other thrill like the glow you feel when a lad that you've taught goes out into the world, takes a job and holds it, becomes a useful citizen again. Many students come to Jack for advice on personal problems, want to talk over their emotional reactions and strange experiences with a sympathetic listener.

What Jack actually teaches from 9 to 4 every day, and from 7 to 10:30 three nights a week, is much too technical to explain in detail. In all, there are some 18 different subjects, all having to do with the repair, assembly and installation of the instruments on the panel of a plane. The vocation of aircraft instrument technician is a particularly good one for veterans who cannot do lifting or other heavy work, since skill rather than strength is required. (Some of Jack's students took jobs at the post office last Christmas, found handling mail much too strenuous.) Other ex-

servicemen choose this field because much of the work is done outdoors, and they want to avoid dusty factories until they get their health back.

Jack honestly enjoys his bi-focaled existence, has both the personality and physical stamina to stand up under a grueling schedule that would make other men irritable if not actually sick. His engagement book is a veritable mosaic of interlocking appointments, with very often no time at all allotted for such mundane considerations as food. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, for example, he dashes over to the Blue Network and tosses off "Glamour Manor" during his lunch hour. Asked how he manages, he says, "Well, I just take the subway at 5 minutes to twelve, arrive in time to sing one number at 12:05, leave after my second number at 12:20, swallow a malted milk, and am back in front of the blackboard in no time." This is in addition to the Sunday "Family Hour," with which he's been identified for years, the "Gaslight Gaieties," regular weekly recording sessions,—and rehearsals for everything.

Yet strangely enough, Jack never seems hurried, is almost invariably serene, easy-going, confident. And, as he sadly points out, he's even getting fat (really because of lack of exercise). Only Mrs. Smith wishes sometimes that her spouse were less energetic. She'd like to chat with him now and then,



SPECIAL LABORATORY EQUIPMENT REPRODUCES FLYING CONDITIONS



CLASSES ARE SMALL AND INFORMAL, STUDENTS EAGER TO LEARN



BENNY GOODMAN AND JERRY WAYNE

THE Clarinet and The Moustache get together for a little informal jive session when maestro Benny Goodman visits swoonster Jerry Wayne on the latter's Blue show (Sunday nights at 8:30 P.M. E.W.T.). Wayne's got a real distinction in that hisute upper lip, being the only big-time crooner to boast one.

MARION CLAIRE AND HER VOICE DOUBLE

DRAMA STUDENT TAKES ACTING LEADS ON "THEATRE OF THE AIR"

ACTRESS SONDRA GAIR doesn't look a bit like prima donna Marion Claire (as you can see in the picture below)—yet they often seem the same person to "Chicago Theatre of the Air" listeners. Reason for the identity mixup is simple—both of these slender, talented ladies play the same character in the operettas

broadcast over Mutual, each Saturday evening at 10 P.M. E.W.T. Blue-eyed soprano Marion Claire sings the starring feminine role, while Sondra handles the speaking lines.

Sondra feels as if she's stepped right into the middle of a Hollywood success story. Only 21 years old, and a senior

at Northwestern University, the dark-haired lass began making professional radio appearances in 1944, arranging them so that they did not conflict with her school work. A lucky break gave her a chance to play "Carmen" with Miss Claire last December—and she has never missed a single program since that time.



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.

COOKING ON THE FRONT BURNER

I don't know—I cook and slave all day over a hot stove and what do I get for it—abuse. But I guess they wouldn't be soldiers if they didn't beef about cooking. Any cook in the Army knows if you served them three-inch steaks three times a day, somebody would have something to complain about. But cooking is mighty important. You've got to keep up their morale. If they don't eat, they get sick; if they get sick, they don't fly; and if they don't fly—well, there goes the war. I call guys on the chow-line racketeers; they call me hard-rocks, but you don't want to get sore at them. If they squawk, you've got to kid them back. The main thing is to give them a good amount of food and then serve it attractively, if you can. Then give them a sales talk. Why, one day they were going to string up all us cooks—said we made them sick, but a medical officer saved us. It was the water that was bad. But if the Ninth Air Force says I'm its best cook, then I'm the best cook in the best outfit in the whole-whole Army.

—Sgt. Herbert P. Allensbach (voted best cook of the 9th U. S. Air Force) on "Report to the Nation" (CBS)

FLIRTATION

A doughboy somewhere in England, wrote his mother: "Dear Mom—When I first went to the town near here, a young lady met me at the outskirts, and sort of nodded for me to follow. Of course, she was a stranger, but she seemed nice and well bred, so I did. Well, she led me through winding, criss-crossing English streets. Presently we came to a large manor. She still insisted that I go along, and I did. It was the Red Cross Service Club. She took me in, then curled up under the radio and went to sleep. My guide was no doubt England's smallest Red Cross volunteer—a small pooch, part airedale and part United Nations. Every now and then I still see her guiding new youngsters to the service club. She's done her bit for me."

—Gil Martin (Blue)

FEAR FEAR ONLY

In his first inaugural address, Mr. Roosevelt, in proclaiming his faith in the strength of American institutions, said that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself. And in the Atlantic Charter occurs a magnificent sentence, a masterpiece of literary style, for it contains nineteen words, only one of which is more than one syllable: "—that all men in all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want." I suspect that in that statement we have, for the first time in history, a proposal for peace which takes into account an extremely important psychological factor, namely—freedom from fear—the recognition that even more important than economic security is a psychological sense of security and well-being.

—Dr. Carroll C. Pratt on "Adventures into the Mind" (WJLA, New York)

PEACE ON EARTH



In lands of tyranny, when all the institutions of civilization—science, art and government—succumbed to the will of the oppressor, it was the institution of religion which alone stood out and resisted evil—an undaunted voice, proclaiming the triumph of the spirit which lifts man above persecution and fortifies him against violence. So let us fill the churches with our prayers for a just and lasting peace. Let our pleas be heard around the world, so that within the churches of the conquered countries they will hear and know that a greater day is coming for all people . . . everywhere . . . that through prayer we will be united with Peace on Earth . . . and Goodwill toward men of Goodwill.

—Eddie Cantor on "We, The People" (CBS)

TAIL TURRET IN A TANTRUM

Sergeant Herbert Guild is certain now that going over Niagara Falls in a bathtub will be a cinch. And he's equally

sure that there are few real thrills in being a Steve Brody or a member of that hardy clan of citizens who amuse and thrill the public by jumping off bridges, sitting atop flagpoles, or painting sleepies a mere thousand feet or so above the ground.

It started when the sergeant's plane was returning to its base in England from a raid on Germany. Guild was the tail gunner of the big fort. The bomber had been damaged in the attack, but the pilot seemed to have the situation under control. There didn't seem to be any particular cause for worry. The plane's engines were still functioning, and although there was a heavy fog, the chances were good that they would make a safe landing.

Suddenly, the plane dipped down. The pilot was trying to spot a landing field. Just then, the tail turret started trembling. Sergeant Guild grabbed the interphone and started to report that something seemed wrong with the tail section of the ship. But to his amazement and horror . . . he saw that he was no longer part of the ship. The tail turret had broken off from the rest of the plane and was now whirling along—alone—some couple of hundred feet above a rocky pasture!

And the next few moments provided Sergeant Guild with a series of thrills which not only proved that he had a good heart, but also will make him rather a bored customer at events showing people being shot out of cannons, or walking a tightrope a mere 100 feet above ground.

The turret whirled, bouncing Sergeant Guild around like the yolk of an egg being whipped. Various objects sailed through the air, and the wind whistled like a frenzied demon.

Sergeant Guild doesn't recall whether he finished saying his prayers before the whirling turret came to a halt. It had fallen on some bushes. The Sergeant—still somewhat dizzy from his experience—pinched himself to make certain he was alive. Then, gingerly, he started feeling himself. His face seemed all there—his hands had two arms and legs—his hands appeared to be all right—in fact, nothing seemed to be wrong except for the fact that his shoulder hurt and he had a few bruises.

Still unbelieving, Sergeant Guild climbed out of the turret and started looking for his plane. He was certain it had crashed, for the tail assembly had ripped away with the turret. But, as he found out later, the Fort had gone on, more than 100 miles, and landed safely.

—"Whose War Is This?" (WJZ, New York)

"OH, FRANKIE"



If you really want to know the truth, that swooning business is just talk. I've heard fans cheer—and get a little excited maybe, the way they would at a football or a baseball game, but I've never seen anybody swoon. And I don't expect I ever will.

—Frank Sinatra on "Behind The Scenes" (CBS)

LOST—ONE SET OF TEETH

When a new crew ships out they're all scared silly, of course. They're scared of the ship and the enemy and the weather, but mostly they're scared of the Skipper. He's the man that's responsible lots of times for how much confidence they have in a cruise. Usually, to a bunch of green gobs he seems pretty aloof and frightening.

Well, when we sailed for New Guinea and the Admiralty Islands the first time, a sailor lost his false teeth over the side of the ship. I guess I don't need to explain how. He reported to me and I reported through the channels, but somehow the Skipper found out about it. The second day out to sea, we were all called on deck for what we thought was inspection. Instead it was a very solemn ceremony in which an officer brought a new set of false teeth out on a pillow—and the Captain himself presented them to the man who had lost his. Also, there was a heavy link chain fastened to the teeth which the Captain fastened around the sailor's neck so he wouldn't lose the new set. Well, I can tell you, from then on we knew the Skipper was the greatest guy on board—next to the cook.

—A woman on "Jobs For G. I. Joe" (WBBM, Chicago)

SHE HIT THE JACKPOT

I was just a poor, hard working writer. I'd been doing well in one-act plays, and I'd been getting along all right with short stories. But I never would have gotten that far if I hadn't kept telling myself—"Don't worry, kid, this next one's going to be the jackpot number." I tried hard to make myself believe it. Without something like that, you just can't keep going.

—Betty Smith (author of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn") on "Report to the Nation" (CBS)

NEW WIZARDRY FOR THE WORLD

Electronics is the one robot, the one super-secret weapon that towers above all other inventions in this war of mechanized magic. Its uses, reports the Federal Communications Commission, can be put to work also for a peaceful pursuit of life. Here are some of the promises the scientists are making with the assurance that they will deliver the goods.

First . . . A world made much safer from the hazards of travel and shop accidents. The airplane you take from New York to Chicago or Chungking will be equipped with an aromatic warning device against crash-obstacles such as mountains and other aircraft, as well as dangerously low altitude in zero visibility weather. Ships and trains will enjoy the same advantages, reducing collisions and crashes. The same seeing-eye electrons will detect dangers in industrial plants that are not visible to the naked eye or audible to the ear.

The second door electronics opens is to a new wonder-world of radio and communication . . . faithful reproduction through new explorations of frequency modulation. A new device for tuning in special commercials; television programs; advertising; television in full color . . . and on screen large enough to entertain whole parties in your home.

And that word FLASH you hear on your radio with regards to a headline news item will teally be a FLASH in the lightning sense of the word. Instead of using typewriters and cables, correspondents will hammer out their stories on a tele-type contraption that will tap out the stories right onto the home-office machine. Your morning newspaper will be printed right in your own home by an electronic formula that makes radio facsimiles possible.

It all sounds fantastic and unreal . . . but no more so than the bombsight; radar; the robot bombs; the jet planes. In effect science says to us: "Create world peace and we will show you how wonderful a life of peace can be!"

—Arthur Hale, on "Transradio Press" "Confidentially Yours" (Mutual)

DON'T LET IT HAPPEN

Remember that after this war both Germany and Japan, if left alone, will be relatively stronger than they have ever been before. They expect to fight the next war with boys who are now under fifteen years old and who in

twenty years will be between thirty-five and twenty years old. Such boys in Germany and in Japan are numerous and fairly well fed. In China, in the Philippines, and in all the countries overrun by Japan or Germany such boys are rare, rickety and feeble. Buildings can be erected, roads can be laid out, the instruments of war can be manufactured—all in a very short time. We saw this in Germany during the Thirties. But strong soldiers take twenty years of nourishment. The Japanese and the Germans must be kept down and must be shown clearly that war and atrocities do not pay. Down to the last man responsible for these outrages, they must be punished.

You will always find men ready to gamble for high stakes. You can see a man rising twenty years from now, calling for recruits among young men who have been living in a nation devoting its life and energies to the preparation of a third war. He may say: "Yes, they did hang Hitler, but I am willing to take that risk. As far as you are concerned there is no danger. You remember Uncle Fritz who sat in the village beer garden as the local hero, telling about the fun the Gestapo had in Norway, of the luxuries he could steal in Paris for your aunt, and of how he shot people in Poland. He was the village hero. Do you want to be Uncle Fritz? Come and join me." The prospect will be much less dazzling if the young man's last recollection of Uncle Fritz was seeing him hang on a tree.

—Herbert C. Pell (American representative on the United Nations Commission for the Investigation of War Crimes) W.M.C.A. New York

ONE FOR ALL



Infantry units of Great Britain and the United States fighting side by side on the Western Front will remember each other with mutual admiration.

Members of the British and American fleets, operating together throughout the world, are learning each to respect the seamanship and valor of the other. But I do not believe that among all the far flung fronts of this war, there is an example of more closely knit cooperation between forces than exists here in England between the Eighth and the Royal Air Force. We are more than Allies, we are one.

—General Doolittle on "London Column" (BBC via W.M.C.A.)

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

It is early in the 20th century . . . an English family comes to America and settles in Ohio . . . but the immigrant family is none too prosperous, barely managing to get along. And yet, one of the sons, the fifth of the seven children is a determined lad, and he vows that some day he will be a great success in this wonderful country of America.

But through grammar school and high school, the immigrant kid finds that determination alone is not enough. He sells newspapers, runs odd errands, and even makes a practice of singing on streetcars to save his fare. He is an excellent sprinter, and as a teen-age boy, he pulls in a little extra money racing . . . for he's fast as lightning on his feet. But that's not enough. And then, in 1925, he makes a decision:

He's going to be a prize-fighter! Boxing is a great sport, and he's strong and muscular enough to get to the top. There's plenty of money in boxing . . . if you can find it . . . and some day, the name of "Packy East" will be among the big money makers of the prize-ring!

And so, filled with boundless determination and with tantalizing visions of fame and fortune, he goes into training. Long hours in the gymnasium harden his muscles and increase his skill . . . and at last the day comes when he is ready to embark on a career in the prize-ring! And so, Packy East enters a series of boxing events . . . and by dint of his fast footwork and a powerful right punch, he eventually lands in the semi-finals. If he wins the final bout, he will have made the first all-important step forward toward his goal.

It is the night of the big fight . . . the final event. Packy East sits in his corner, eyeing his opponent . . . a hard-muscled, broad-shouldered bruiser with a wide reputation for leaving the ring the winner.

At the bell the fighters leap from their corners, the crowd leans forward, all eyes are glued on the two men who circle the ring warily. Tentatively, Packy East leads with his left . . . and the fight's on! There is a flurry of fast punches . . . the crowd yells happily . . . and then, there is a dull thud! One of the fighters lands—face-down on the canvas!

Above the roar of the crowd comes the voice of the referee, . . . five . . . six . . . seven . . . eight . . . and OUT!

No, it isn't Packy East whose arm is raised as winner of the fight! It is Packy

East who lies flat on the canvas . . . cold as a dead mackerel. Knocked out only a few seconds into the first round. And some twenty minutes later, back in his dressing-room, Packy East opens one painfully swollen eye and groans: "My head! My nose! My gosh! Chuck, I'm through with this game. There MUST be easier ways to earn a living."

Yes, Packy East's dream of sports' fame goes down for the count . . . and once more he stares at a bleak, cold and dreary world. The months and months of his life that he's put into training for the ring are all wasted, he's a has-been pugilist before he's even started! Now . . . what can he do? What is he good for?

He stares gloomily at the bare wall of the dressing room, and then for some unaccountable reason, he begins to hum . . . his mind wanders idly . . . then races . . . humming, "singing" . . . he remembers the days when he sang for street-car fare! He "sang for his supper" once, he can do it again. Yes, though Packy East, a failure in the prize-ring, is down—he's not out—he's not one to give up easily. He'll find his spot in the world even if it takes a lifetime! And so, Packy East—whose ring career brought him face to face with the canvas too many times—sets out to appear face to face with theatrical audiences! And Packy East, who wanted fame under the glaring lights of the prize-ring, instead finds undreamed-of renown under the brilliant spotlights of the stage.

Today, nobody remembers Packy East, the fighter whose ring career was blasted in "less than one round . . . but from the Atlantic to the Pacific—and on all the battlefronts as well, the man who was once known as Packy East is known and cheered as one of America's top-flight entertainers . . . for you see, this has been the story of the brief boxing career of America's Number One Comedian—BOB HOPE!

—Johanna Nelliss in "So the Story Goes" (CBS)

BRUSH UP

In twenty-three years of lecturing, I have found that a majority of audiences have only a hearsay knowledge of the Constitution, no understanding of the executive, legislative and judicial functions, and no idea of why a government cannot print as much money as it needs. Are they qualified voters?

—Mr. Channing Pollack on "Wake Up America!" (W/MCA, New York)

GOD BLESS 'EM



Women? They're a necessary evil. And I like every single one of them. No two of them are alike, thank goodness! When they try to be like

other women, they get into trouble. And they also get into trouble when they try to be like men. Especially in business. A woman loses her charm by competing with men. She gets along better if she'll admit a man is superior—and she'll get what she wants quicker if she doesn't go after it in a competitive, argumentative way.

I think a man can learn from a woman too. Learn tricks of diplomacy. A woman is like a cat—quiet and speculative. A man is like a dog—no diplomacy. He'll bark or growl when the notion strikes him. A girl plays the game of life smarter than a man—though he has a head start.

—George Givot on "Success Magazine" (W/O.R. New York)

BEWILDERED

Being back is still a little unbelievable for me. My baby was eight months old when I first saw her. Golly, I didn't know how to hold her—or what to say to her—or anything. And there are other things it's hard to understand. Just like it's hard, I guess, for guys over here to understand what goes on over there. But, for example, begging fellows—or drafting fellows—to take war jobs. It doesn't make me angry so much as it leaves me sort of bewildered. Over there, when they needed men to string phone wire in France—we all volunteered. I didn't get there. Lots of them that did didn't get back. But being a good American is sort of like being a good father. It's not something you are—but something you work for all your life.

—A Seaman 2/C on "Jobs for G. I. Joe" (W/B.M. Chicago)

"SO SOLLY"

The world was amused when it became known that cabinet officials of Japan had apologized to the Emperor for "inexcusable carelessness" on the part of the Jap Army and Navy in permitting danger to come to his person and property.

"The Army Hour" (NBC)

WILLING HANDS

One Englishman said, "We are often puzzled by Americans—but one thing we surely do admire is your soldier's attitude toward our children. I've known groups of your boys to spend all their spare time making a model plane, or boat, for some little boy or girl. You know we have millions of children under 5 who have never had one single toy, not even a ball. So when we see your American soldiers—in our homes—racking their brains for some way to amuse our children—it really means a lot to us."

—Mrs. Alicka Street on "W. C. The People" (CBS)

COWED

Although I have faced these Wyoming bull moose, and even grizzly bear and charging bull buffalo at close range—the only animal that really took after me was a common milk cow.

This was years ago on a narrow trail in Kentucky. I met the cow on a path between two high rail fences. The cow stopped and looked at me a moment, then it lowered its head and started pawing the ground, throwing earth up on its back like an angry bull. Suddenly it charged. I swung over a rail fence, but the cow cleared the fence in one jump and was after me. I swung up into an apple tree where it didn't see me, but it could smell me, and it trampled out all the grass beneath the tree looking for me, occasionally digging its horns into the earth and tipping out roots. I sat quietly for half an hour before the critter left.

—Cleveland P. Grant on "Distinguished Guest Hour" (WGN, Chicago)

TSK, TSK



White House, to remove the ancient gas pipes, have exposed the real color of the "white" house.

Nicked plaster on a stone balustrade showed the stone underneath to be—of all colors—RED. The White House is white only by virtue of its many coatings of paint.

—Arthur Hale on "Transradio Press" "Confidentially Yours" (Mutual)

PROPHECY



In Copenhagen the Nazis clumsily copied British naval posters bidding the Danes: "Join the German fleet and see the world."

So the Danes copied the old Irish rejoinder to that one by slipping in just one little word to make the posters read: "Join the German fleet and see the next world."

—John B. Kennedy (Blue)

PRESS CONFERENCE

The late President Roosevelt's great gift of personality showed most clearly in his lively, informal press conferences, unprecedented in White House history. We feel that TUNE IN's readers will be interested in the following account by a reporter who attended them.

Press and radio conferences are held regularly by the top-drawer officials, from the President on down the line. And these are not merely the occasions for the officials to sound off. The price paid by the official for the privilege of making announcements which are of great importance to him is that of granting the right to the correspondents of asking questions which are of importance to them.

The best known and certainly the most astonishing of all these regular exchanges of information is the President's news conference. These conferences are held with religious regularity twice a week, when the President is in Washington. Admission to them is limited to the representatives of the press and radio, who are regularly assigned to the White House. Those of us who are accredited have, of course, been investigated by the Secret Service and fingerprinted and photographed. Although they know us by sight very well, our credentials are always checked at the White House gate and again at the door.

Admiral Leahy, his chief of staff, Admiral MacIntyre, his physician, Steve Early, his secretary, half a dozen other members of the White House staff and usually Elmer Davis, of the Office of War Information, are all grouped about him. And after you know him, his appearance, the angle of his cigarette-holder, pretty clearly indicate the mood that he's in, and his mood usually reflects the political or the military situation.

The Secret Service man at the door announces "All in" when the last reporter is in the room. And the President

usually has something on his mind. He'll announce the appointment of somebody to some office or the acceptance of a resignation or will say that he's had a talk with somebody. In any event, he'll have some newsworthy bit of information. It's very seldom that he says: "I don't think I have anything for you today."

As soon as he finishes whatever he may have on his mind, the reporters take over. They usually address him as "Mr. President" or "Sir," but they ask questions which are very searching and sometimes embarrassing. These are impromptu. He has no advance notice. The President never rules out any questions. You can ask anything you like. Of course, he does as he pleases about answering them. He does so with amazing good nature as a rule, although he can be pretty short with his answers if he cares to be. He's amazingly frank at times. At other times, he evades the questions with a wisecrack or an allegorical story. Considering the number of questions asked, it's remarkable how few times he says "nothing on that today."

And considering the offhand nature of the proceedings, it's a tribute to his skill that he has made extremely few slips. He likes to lecture the press occasionally and he has a great fondness for displaying his rather unusual knowledge of geography, nautical matters and history.

The whole news conference procedure in Washington, is, in all, very unusual and a pretty wonderful demonstration of democracy in government.

—Bill Henry on "Feature Story" (CBS)

A JOB WELL DONE

I have found that scientists and professional military men alike are motivated by the same basic instincts and ideals, by pride in accomplishment, by desire for recognition of a job well done, by a passion for service, and by a deep sense of responsibility. And a fact too seldom appreciated, I have found that scientists are generally intensely practical people.

And once a scientist is called upon to solve a problem by a military man he drives forward to a common-sense solution of the problem with a directness that comes as a surprise to those who think of scientists as living in ivory towers.

—Rear Admiral J. A. Furer (Coordinator of Research and Development, U. S. Navy) on "Adventures In Science" (CBS)



SONGBIRD "AT PLAY"

JOAN BROOKS SPENDS HER LEISURE TIME WORKING HARD ON HER FARM

TUNE IN MON. THRU FRI. 11:15 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

WHEN Joan Brooks took time off from broadcasting to tour camps and hospitals along the Eastern seaboard, she spent as much time selecting her wardrobe as choosing her musical numbers. Veteran of an overseas USO campaign, frequent entertainer at all servicemen's centers within reach of New York, the sultry-voiced singer knows the cheer-up value of colorful frocks and sophisticated gowns.

Such costumes are, of course, in keeping with the blues and love songs she warbles so well. But, most of all, Joanie is thinking of the boys in uniform who see and hear her. "They like you to look ultra-feminine," she says, "particularly on hospital visits." And then there are the girls in uniform to think of, too. Sharing their living quarters, Joan quickly learned that there was nothing WACs and nurses enjoyed more than trying on her evening gowns and wearing them in the privacy of their own barracks.

Boys and girls both would find it hard to believe that the owner of such finery really prefers simple suits in the city, likes best of all to clamber into any old shirt and slacks—"whatever's clean"—out at her beloved 65 acres near Newfoundland, New Jersey. The Brooks farm is no country estate where guests can take their ease while local

yokels do the work. It's a down-to-earth New England homestead where the real-life Mrs. Bob Kerr and her husky husband can find plenty of chores to do on their weekend visits. Last year, when they first acquired the place, there was the hundred-year-old 5-room house to be remodeled. This year, there were the 20 peach and apple trees to be pruned, the ground to be cleared and broken for a vegetable garden, the potatoes, corn, tomatoes to be planted.

It's no place to pose in pretty sun-suits. Shorts are out of the question—too many brambles which the busy host and hostess are weeding out themselves. That's hard on glamour, too. Returning to town and her life as a chic-plumaged songbird, Joan finds it almost impossible to manicure her broken nails—or hide the blister she got when the pot slipped while getting the roast out of the oven.

An excellent cook since childhood days, Joan specializes in fried chicken. But the Kerrs got a little tired of that last winter, when cold weather and lack of fuel made it necessary to eat most of their carefully-tended fowl. This year, they hope to do better with their hennerly. Already an established glamour girl by air, Joan will only feel that she's really arrived when she is a successful farmer, too!

PLAYTIME FOR YOUNG PLAYERS

"VETERAN" ACTORS HAVE MANY
INTERESTS ASIDE FROM RADIO



ARTHUR YOUNG, 16, is an expert at trap-shooting, has already started a fine gun collection.



DICKIE TURNER, 14, plays both hockey and piano well, might turn professional at either.



ANN THOMPSON, 14, likes oil painting, would like to become an artist—or a prima donna.



SALLY HUGHES, 15, spends her spare time knitting—when she's not dreaming of television!



LEONARD SMITH, 14, enjoys all athletics, hopes to become a sports announcer later on in life.



RUTHIE SCHAFER, 14, has played the accretion for years and entertains a lot at hospitals.

MANY youngsters in this air-conscious generation have been acting on the radio almost all their lives (so far), are literally growing up with the parts they play in broadcast drama. But this hasn't kept them from indulging in the same normal pastimes and pursuits which children have always loved in every community. The juvenile Thespians pictured here, for instance, have regular roles in such

Chicago-originated shows as "Author's Playhouse," "The Baxters," "Woman in White," "Ma Perkins" and the Smilin' Ed McConnell program—yet all enjoy a wide variety of outside interests. With some, these extra-curricular activities are purely youthful hobbies. With others, however, they are more serious, may lead to different careers in sports or music when these actors are old enough to vote.

RADIO HUMOR

● Johnny Morgan was showing off his knowledge of gentlemanly qualities to announcer John Reed King. "Now, I'm the perfect gentleman," he ended up, "don't you think so, King?" A long silence followed. "That's the most insulting thing I ever heard," complained Johnny.

—*Johnny Morgan Show (CBS)*

● Ward Wilson tells the one about a fellow in Maine who'd worked in his lighthouse for 20 years. Every hour, on the hour, the clock struck a tremendous chime—and the lighthouse keeper snored on undisturbed. One evening he was in bed, sound asleep as usual, while the clock struck nine—ten—and eleven. At twelve o'clock, something happened to the mechanism and the clock didn't strike. He leaped out of bed, gazed around wildly—and yelled, "WHAT WAS THAT?"

—*Can You Top This (NBC)*

● Phil Baker prides himself on meeting contestants on their own ground, wasn't a bit daunted when he found himself pitted against a housewife who glibly recited recipes. In return, the quizmaster gave her one for "snow cake." "Take a pound of snow, cover with molasses, and place in hot oven. In ten minutes, s'no cake."

—*Take It or Leave It (CBS)*

● But Abbott claims that his partner, Lou Costello, is a very fortunate guy. "Why," Bud said, "Lou bought a couple of race horses and on the very day they closed the tracks, what happened? They tightened up on meat rationing."

—*Abbott and Costello (NBC)*

"Mystery Theatre" Quiz

(Picture-story on page 22)

The "patron" Noble detected in Mac's descriptions of the three *Patrick's* was that Allen had an injured left hand, Jerry had a handaged left hand, Francis kept his gloves on. They were all the same person—the head of "Rumor, Inc.," who was killing off his accomplices.

Knowing his name had been heard over the phone, the Axis agent added two others to Lully's book. A man of many names, addresses and disguises, he had little trouble impersonating all three—until Noble spotted the one Inescapable flaw.

All three *Patrick's* are played by narrator Geoffrey Barnes: Lully by Mary Patton; Lieutenant MacDonald, Ed Cullen; Nick Noble, Craig McDonnell; and Steiner, Ted Osborne.



"AUNT JENNY'S" OATMEAL MACAROONS

IT ISN'T very often that a folksy little homebody can qually as a "mystery woman," yet that's literally true of "Aunt Jenny." Her voice can be heard any weekday morning at 11:45 E.W.T., over CBS. Her face can be seen in advertising columns of almost any magazine. But the actress who plays this dual sight-and-sound role remains discreetly anonymous, a housewifely trademark for her sponsor. She's everybody's next-door-neighbor, though nobody knows her address or hobbies—except for kitchen and cooking. In those two fields she shines brightly, concocts such tasty recipes as the following, created especially for *Tune In* readers:

½ cup Spry	1 egg (unbeaten)
1 teaspoon salt	1 cup sifted flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon	¼ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon vanilla	1 cup rolled oats
1 tablespoon molasses	½ cup each of raisins,
1 cup sugar	chopped dates, nuts

Combine Spry, salt, cinnamon, vanilla, molasses, sugar and egg. Beat thoroughly. Sift flour with soda. Add to first mixture. Mix well. Add remaining ingredients. Mix. Drop by teaspoonful on Spry-coated baking sheets. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) for 10 to 15 minutes. Recipe makes 4 dozen cookies.



"LOS ANDRINIS", MODERN TROUBADOURS

THE weird array of musical mechanisms pictured above is only a fraction of the many which "Los Andrinis" have mastered, though it is highly typical of their collection in range of tone and age of origin. For instance, the lyre-shaped mandolin held by Lawrence (left) is more than 125 years old and believed to be the only one of its kind in America. The much bigger instrument held by brother Frank is, of course, the more familiar Spanish guitar. On the floor in front of them are ranged an equally varied assortment of ancient originals and modern hybrids, including (from left to right), a guitar-banjo, harp-guitar, 16th-century lute, tenor banjo and (in the foreground) a specially-made mandolin. As a rule, it is Lawrence who plays the melody on the smaller instruments, Frank who backs it up with rhythm on the larger ones.

The Marseilles-born troubadours like to boast that they can wring sweet music from any stringed instrument which is plucked with a plectrum or strummed by hand (as distinguished from those played with a bow). They also sing to their own accompaniment, as almost any radio listener knows who is within dialing distance of the Blue Network. Originally a quintet when they first came to this country—until two brothers married and settled down, while a third enlisted in the Merchant Marine—the duo is heard nationally several times a week, both on shows of their own (various evenings during the week and Sunday at 12:30 P.M. E.W.T.) and on "Saludos Amigos" (Monday at 11:30 P.M. E.W.T.)

RADIO ODDITIES

◆ Eleven of the musicians with Jack Miller's orchestra, on the Kate Smith hour, were original members of Miller's band when it accompanied Kate for her first recordings under Ted Collins' management—fourteen years ago.

◆ Most ambitious project of Orson Welles' career is the recording of the entire Bible. The complete series will consist of 365 discs to be played one-a-day, for a full year, by individual stations all over the country.

◆ Axel Stordahl, Frank Sinatra's maestro, doesn't like being called by his middle name—which is Odd. That's right, it's *Odd*, spelled O-D-D.

◆ Rotund comedian Lou Costello was once much thinner but just as energetic as he is today. While trying to break into pictures, years ago, he donned dress and wig, doubled as a stunt "woman" for Dolores Del Rio by jumping out of a window for a movie scene.

◆ Weirdest assignment Art Linkletter has ever had in his lively radio life was that of being hoisted up and down the front of a skyscraper on a scaffold, interviewing people on each floor.

◆ Highest-paid unskilled workers in America are those who win the \$64 on "Take It or Leave It." An avid Phil Baker fan has estimated that each such contestant appears at the mike for an average of five minutes, is paid off at the rate of \$768—when he wins.

◆ Towns are often named after men, but the present-day daddy of "Baby Snooks" reversed the procedure. Actor Hanley Stafford was born in the town of Hanley, in Staffordshire, England.

◆ Ethel Barrymore, a talented pianist, occasionally gives impromptu recitals for fellow-members of the "Miss Hattie" cast. While still in her teens, the now-famous actress appeared as soloist with many big symphony orchestras.

RADIOQUIZ ANSWERS

(Quiz on page 4)

- 1—(B) Elery Queen. 2—(A) Cobina. 3—(A) conga drum. 4—(C) Bill Henry. 5—Major Bowes.



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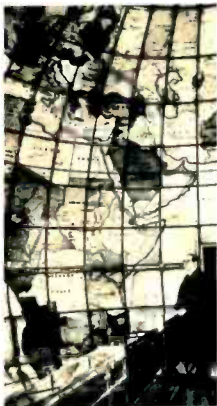
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WITH THE NATION'S STATIONS



BOSTON, MASS.—Stations WBZ and WBZA—News analyst Elmer Newton Eddy studies the famous Mapparium in the Christian Science Monitor Building. Mr. Eddy finds the map useful in "The World Situation."



NEW YORK, N. Y.—Station WOV—Performers in the "Broadway Barn Dance" get all set to shatter the eardrums with some "hardcore" rhythm. Emcee Zeb Carver (center) boasts he can squeeze music out of any implement.



TAKOMA PARK, MD.—Hobo King Jeff Davis has chosen CBS receptionist Gloria Kurz as "the hobos' queen of pin-up girls." Davis found Gloria while making an appeal to knights of the road, asking that they limit traveling.



NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Station WDSU—Admirers crowd around Walter Coquille (known to Louisiana-lites as "Mayor of Bayou Pom Pom") as he proclaims "National Crawfish Week." The "mayor" once netted \$1,000 for a speech.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

(LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORDS)

CLASSICAL . . .

TWO FAMOUS COLORATURA ARIAS—LILY PONS with Orchestra conducted by PIETRO CIMARA (Columbia Album M or MM 561): The little soprano's voice lends itself brilliantly to the "Bell Song" from "Lakme" and the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia di Lammermoor." Accompaniment and recording are both of excellent quality.

CHOPIN: MUSIC TO REMEMBER—JOSE ITURBI (Victor Showpiece Album SP-4): Although Iturbi was not given screen credit in the motion picture, "A Song to Remember," it is now well known that the famous pianist interpreted the Chopin music, off-stage, for the sound track. He plays five of the most popular selections for this two-record series presented in a new heavy-paper folder-type album.

"SONG OF NORWAY" (Excerpts)—IRRA PETINA, Mezzo-Soprano, ROBERT WEEDE, Baritone, and Orchestra conducted by SYLVAN SHULMAN (Columbia Album M or MM 562): This album stars the actual prima donna of the operetta as presented on Broadway. Decca has also waxed the same set, using members of the original cast but substituting KITTY CARLISLE in the leading feminine role. Both albums are excellent, with Miss Petina giving a superior rendition.



OFFENBACH: OVERTURE TO "ORPHEUS IN HADES"—DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, KARL KRUEGER conducting (Victor 11-8761): This first major recording by the Detroit Symphony may well serve as an encore for those who have heard the 116-piece orchestra in its appearances outside the hushy city this season.

POPULAR . . .

MORE AND MORE—THOMAS L. THOMAS (Victor Red Seal 10-1136): A ranking concert singer records a very "pop" ballad in this presentation of one of the year's better movie songs, from Kern's melodious score for "Can't Help Singing."

I WONDER—WOODY HERMAN (Columbia 36785): Woody sings rhythmically and the band backs him up with interesting effects and a slow, pulsing beat in this latest—and best—of the many different versions of this number to be heard on wax.



SPIKE JONES

CHLOE—SPIKE JONES and His CITY SLICKERS (Victor 20-1654): The irrepressible Spike does another burlesque of a standard tune, interpreted with pistol shots, telephones, clanking chains and washtubs. Truly the search to end all searches for that elusive but much-sought-after girl of the swamplands.

IF YOU CAN'T SMILE AND SAY YES—KING COLE TRIO (Capitol 19a): Nat "King" Cole doubles at the piano and the vocal microphone, his entire little group sets its usual steady groove featuring bass, piano and guitar ensemble and solos, to score high for another sell-out record.

I HOPE TO DIE IF I TOLD A LIE—ERSKINE HAWKINS (Victor 20-1659): This song has also been waxed by the INK SPOTS for Decca. We mention Erskine's version because it sounds as though the trumpeter-bandleader has found a new singing sensation in vocalist CAROL TUCKER—who makes her debut most auspiciously on this platter—comparable to ELLA FITZGERALD with CHICK WEBB's band.



NEW REVISED EDITION OF DANCING

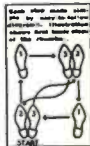
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TELEVISION

MOST interesting video news in months has been the recent demonstration of RCA's latest television receiver. As described in technical terms, superior features in the newly-revealed model have been achieved by means of: (1) An improved high-voltage projection tube, (2) a unique optical system for projecting images, (3) a new plastic viewing screen, (4) an automatic frequency control circuit.

In simpler terms, what this really means to the postwar public is three consummations devoutly to be wished—a larger screen, some four times the size of that in pre-war models, making visibility possible at greater distances from the set; a flat screen, in place of previous curved ones, correcting distortion of images as seen from an angle; and clearer, brighter pictures as a whole.

Such sets, of course, cannot be manufactured until manpower and material restrictions have been lifted. But, when that time comes, RCA executives predict that console models will soon be available at approximately \$395 a set.

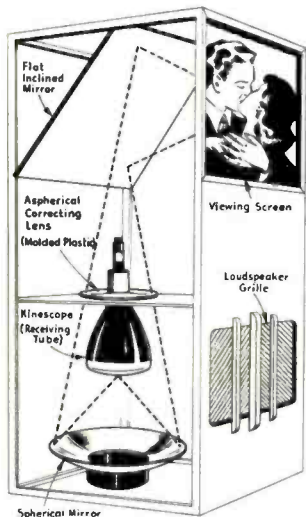


OBsolete video equipment and production methods are picked up by modern cameras, as Station WRGB re-enacts "The Queen's Messenger" (first play ever televised) just as it was done "way back in 1928.



NEW TELEVISION RECEIVER demonstrated by RCA has a much larger screen (about 16 by 21 inches), flat surface, clearer image—all made possible by recent technical developments illustrated at right.

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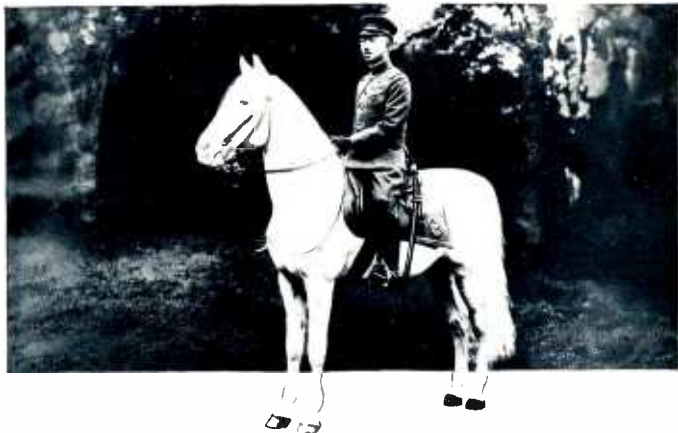
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91



LET'S GET THE ADMIRAL HIS HORSE!



L. B. Nix Photo

Admiral Halsey has his eye on a fine white horse called Shirayuki.

Some time ago, at a press conference, he expressed the hope that one day soon he could ride it.

The chap now in Shirayuki's saddle is Japan's Emperor—Hirohito.

He is the ruler of as arrogant, treacherous, and vicious a bunch of would-be despots as this earth has ever seen.

The kind of arrogance shown by Tojo—who was going to dictate peace from the White House . . . remember?

Well, it's high time we finished this whole business. High time we got the Emperor off his high horse, and gave Admiral Halsey his ride.

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Under \$100	18.75	25

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