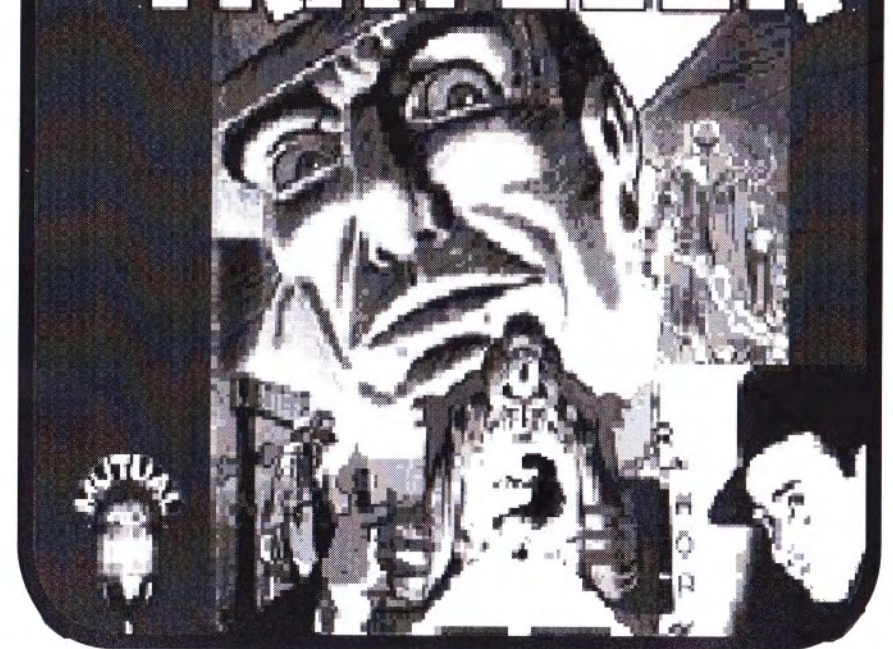


Old Time Radio **DIGEST**

No. 137

Spring 2012 \$3.75

THE **MYSTERIOUS** TRAVELER



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No.137

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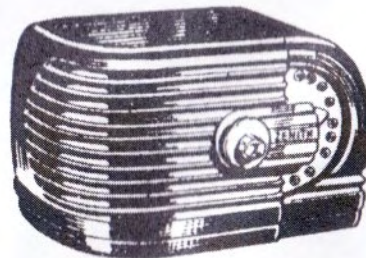
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THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

by Dee Neyhart from the Digital Deli 2011©

Background

The Mysterious Traveler was the second outing for the prolific writing team of Robert Arthur, Jr. and David P. Kogan, two successful pulp fiction writers and publishers. Their first effort was a 27-program run of *Dark Destiny* (1942-43). Most of the *Dark Destiny* scripts are heard again in *The Mysterious Traveler* (1943), *The Sealed Book* (1945) and *The Teller of Tales* (1950).

The team of Robert Arthur, Jr., David Kogan, producer/director Sherman 'Jock' MacGregor, and actor Maurice Tarplin was a very successful one for both *The Mutual Broadcasting System* and *Radio station WOR*. Between 1944 and 1952, *The Mysterious Traveler* eventually became one of the sixteen highest rated Radio programs of their era. WOR and MBS took great pride in putting together a program that could rival Radio giants CBS, ABC, and NBC throughout the era. During its heyday *The Mysterious Traveler* spawned several similar thriller genre programs such as *The Strange Dr. Wierd* (1945), *The Sealed Book* (1945), *Dark Venture* (1946), *Murder By Experts* (1949), and *The Teller of Tales* (1950).

The thriller genre was not new to Radio in the 1940s. *The Witch's Tale* had aired from 1931 to 1938 over The Mutual Broadcasting System and WOR. CBS had tried--and failed at--their own *The Witching Hour* for three months in 1932. Oklahoma Radio station WKY had successfully aired their own *Dark Fantasy* (1941) anthology of thrillers, which was immediately picked up by NBC for a national run. But clearly, The Mutual system and WOR appear to have acquired the inside track for the thriller genre for almost two decades during The Golden Age of Radio.

This is not to discount in any way the suspense thrillers from CBS and NBC during the same period. *Inner Sanctum* (1941-1952) aired very successfully over NBC Blue, ABC, and CBS during much the same period as *The Mysterious Traveler*. *Arch Oboler* brought *Lights Out!* (1936-1952) to the air as well for NBC Red, CBS, NBC and ABC. But for much of the period during which it aired, *The Mysterious Traveler* was providing most of the competition to 'the big three's' more widely heard and promoted thrillers. Enough competition that the same big

three networks were forced to continually shuffle their offerings back and forth on the Radio dial to continue to fend off the upstart *Mysterious Traveler*.

Indeed, the proliferation of such late afternoon and late night thrillers on the radio dial didn't seem to discourage the listening audience in the least. These programs were so popular that people reminiscing about the era tend to conflate Maurice Tarplin and Raymond Edward Johnson in their respective roles as narrator for many of these scary programs from The Golden Age of Radio. The formula was indeed so popular that it played a role in the restructuring of the type of Radio programming that could be heard during prime-time. With the voluntary adoption of curfews on thrillers and crime-based mysteries by *The National Association of Broadcasters*, these programs were forced to air after 9:30 p.m. Eastern time from 1948 on. This is the reason behind the many anecdotal stories from the era of young children listening to their radios under the covers during the Post-World War II era. It was the only way they could continue to hear their favorite thrillers during school nights.

The Mysterious Traveler had much to recommend it for atmospheric alone. Maurice Tarplin opened each program with the following mood setter:

"This is *The Mysterious Traveler*, inviting you to join me on another journey into the strange and terrifying. I hope you will enjoy the trip, that it will thrill you a little and chill you a little. So settle back, get a good grip on your nerves, and be comfortable ... if you can" That introduction, accompanied by the now famous sound of the rushing train and its whistle served as the chilling prologue to every episode of the run. The train whistle and

TODAY—

"MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER"

New super mystery
tells tales of weird
and supernatural.

1:30 P. M.

"ABE LINCOLN'S STORY"

Dramatization of
authentic incidents
from the life of the
great emancipator.

2:30 P. M.

"GREEN VALLEY, U. S. A."

Victor Jory, film and
Broadway star, guest
today.

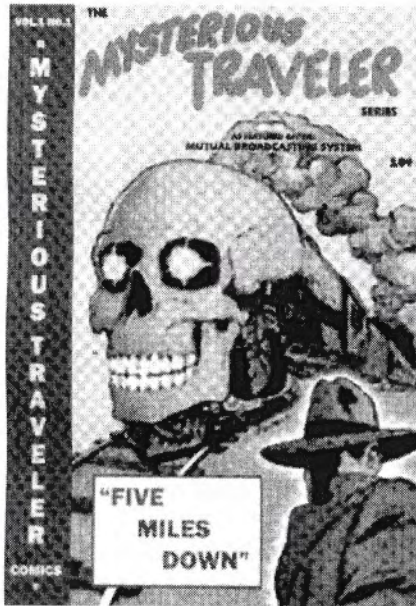
3:00 P. M.

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Spot ad from April 30, 1944

Maurice Tarplin in the guise of *The Mysterious Traveler* at the WOR mike, ca. 1947



Vol. 1, NO.1 issue of *Mysterious Traveler Comics* 'as featured on the *Mutual+ Broadcasting System*', ca. 1948

doppler sound seemed to improve with each new season--as did much of the foley work throughout the series. Maurice Tarplin for his part, leant a provocatively nuanced sense of anxiety to each new program, both framing the script to follow and interjecting key exposition during most episodes. The *Mysterious Traveler* is apparently a former medical doctor, a history he refers to a few times throughout the broadcasts.

The *Mysterious Traveler* eventually found itself up against an even more daunting body than the National Association of Broadcasters and their programming guidelines. Both Robert

Arthur, Jr. and David Kogan were activist members of the Radio Writers' Guild, a popular writer's union that was deemed *subversive* by the infamous *House Un-American Activities Committees* (HUAC) between 1945 and 1954. This was by no means unusual for the era. The HUAC systematically attacked every significant collective bargaining organization of the era for their union activities, which the predominantly right-wing Republicans in control of Congress at the time, deemed a threat to Big Business in *any* form. The larger, older unions managed to weather he scrutiny of the HUAC. It was only the smaller artists' trade unions that the HUAC seemed most successful at bullying throughout the era.

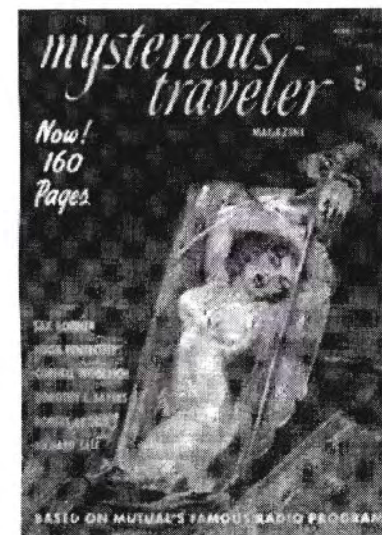
Arthur and Kogan's very visible lobbying, organizing and picketing efforts on behalf of the Radio Writers' Guild during the late 1940S and early 1950S ultimately brought the HUAC down on Radio station WOR and the Mutual Broadcasting System. Both WOR and MBS predictably caved under the innuendoes and allegations of the HUAC and terminated *The Mysterious Traveler* at the arc of its national success. While simply a road-bump to MBS, the blacklisting of one of Radio's greatest writing teams effectvely ended their Radio writing careers with the cancelling of The *Mysterious Traveler*.

While breaking up the team of Arthur, Kogan and MacGregor, Jock MacGregor appears to have weathered the storm, continuing on to a modestly successful career in Television. Arthur and Kogan for their part, launched the *Mysterious Traveler Magazine* with

relatively little success for a year, both writing and publishing the magazine themselves. Some of Hollywood's less intimidated Television producers continued to employ Robert Arthur's services for another ten years. David Kogan continued to manage and publish the magazine.

It's worth noting that the success of the Robert Arthur/David Kogan team resulted in national awards during the early 1950S. Both *The Mysterious Traveler* and *Murder By Experts* garnered Edgar awards--*Murder By Experts* for 1950 and *The Mysterious Traveler* for 1953. In the end, the overarching influence of both The National Association of Broadcasters and the despicable HUAC ultimately disintegrated. But they did result in a premature demise for many of Radio's thrillers from the era.

Thankfully, *The Mysterious Traveler* remains one of the highly collected examples of the genre from the era, in many instances introducing new fans to The Golden Age of Radio for the very first time.



Radio Oddities

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

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

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

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

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

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

TUNE IN May, 1945

Coming Major

by Ezra Stone & Weldon Melick

Chapter Nineteen

In the monotonous pattern of system-ridden camp life, the contrast of Berlin's meals was a perpetual delight. They were as irregular as the stock market and as endless as a conveyor belt. His first meal usually started shortly after he emerged from his room at about 10:00 A.M. and was cued in by, "Well, of course I didn't sleep a wink last night. You must be starved. Hadn't you better order some breakfast?"

Breakfast consisted of a whole Silex container of coffee, a pitcher of orange juice, a great pile of toast, and quantities of butter brought down from officers' mess by Vinnie, a dependable mess corporal. He could be depended on each morning, without fail, to forget either the cream or the sugar. Perhaps it was his own private rationing system.

Berlin ate like a squirrel—he'd nibble and run, nibble and run. For all that, incredible amounts of food disappeared. You seldom actually saw it consumed, as he was invariably doing twenty other things at the same time. While shaving, talking long distance to Los Angeles, patching a melody at the piano, scanning the columns of the morning papers, nervously opening his mail, Berlin messed—literally—leaving a well-blazed trail of tattered toast on the filing cabinets, a spot of orange juice on F sharp above high C, butter on the window sills, and a cold cup of coffee balanced on the wash-basin soap dish.

This calorie marathon continued morning. Luncheon reinforcements, usually including a meat and gravy course to complicate the interior decorating

scheme, arrived before breakfast had been fully distributed. We had no alternative but to eat dinner out, for by that time it was impossible to find either a clean spoon or a place to use one in any of the rooms. On several occasions, I've been told, so much chinaware from officers' mess accumulated in Berlin's quarters that majors had to eat native style, without dishes.

The nervous, flitting little song-writer never really ate, and he never really stopped eating. He resented hunger pangs as an intrusion on his work and always attributed them conveniently to someone else.

"Ezra," he'd say, with the stark look of famine in his eye, "you look hungry. Don't you think you ought to eat?" Which was pure perjury—all my friends tell me I look as if I ought to *quit* eating for about a month.

On one of our foraging prowls we were enticed into a taproom several miles down the road from camp by a large sign outside boasting southern-fried chicken, sizzling steaks, and a bar. Inside, we were dismayed to discover the place as innocent of other customers as it was, apparently, of service. But somewhat intrigued by the restful atmosphere we hung around. In time two young women appeared at the chef's door. They eyed me suspiciously through the glass panel but after hastily conferring, evidently decided that my companion at least was human, for they presently came in to take our order.

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He bellowed through sparse dental work that in eighteen years his craft by allowing a patron to enter his domain and serve himself cafeteria fashion. I was all for beating a hurried retreat from his ominous growls, but Berlin accepted them as a challenge which he couldn't let pass. Taking me aside, he whispered, "Watch me! In no time at all, I'll bet he'll be sitting next to you meek as a lamb, and I'll be mixing the drinks, wearing his apron."

We drifted back to the bar, and Berlin turned on his charm full strength. I think he was banking on his intimate knowledge of old-time saloons to turn the trick—he had served his apprenticeship as a singer waiter in Nigger Mike's on the Bowery. Adroitly he began reminiscing about long-forgotten brands of beer and ale that were

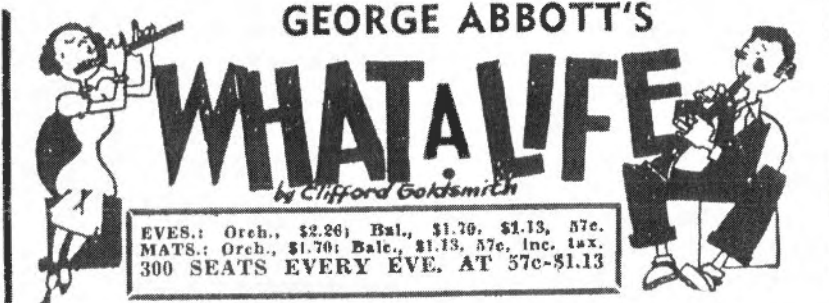
popular at the turn of the century. Soon the bartender and he were swapping nostalgic memories of the Bowery, but it was wasted effort. The barkeeper readily accepted Berlin as an old-timer but not on an equal footing professionally. That is, not until he learned that the little dark man had written a song called "Always."

Then with blitzkrieg suddenness the old man was seated next to me, stripped of his apron, and Berlin was behind the bar pouring a second round of Martinis and a Boilermaker for the bartender. We were both a little stunned, not fully realizing what had wrought the miracle. But the old man soon provided the explanation. With a beer chaser in one hand he raised his bourbon and proposed a toast to the only other song on a par with "Sweet Adeline" for promoting barroom sociability.

Behind the bar a dark brow arched dubiously and a bottle clattered. But the singing waiter had won his bet.

Since we had to work overtime to get *Tila* rolling on July 14, we always repaired to our night office after dinner.

The coal stoves in our temporary barracks were banked at sunset, and were no match anyway for the Long Island chill that sifted through countless crevices. The only livable room in our quarters was the latrine, thanks to a galvanized hot-



GEORGE ABBOTT'S
WHAT A LIFE
by Clifford Goldsmith

EVES.: Orch., \$2.26; Bal., \$1.76, \$1.13, 57c.
MATS.: Orch., \$1.76; Balc., \$1.13, 57c, Inc. tax.
300 SEATS EVERY EVE. AT 57c-\$1.13

water tank whose luxurious warmth supplemented a little coal stove. So we moved a couple of easy chairs and a desk lamp in among the profusion of plumbing. And there we worked, far into the "wee, wee" hours.

I don't know whether Berlin has ever admitted which of his hit songs in *This Is The Army* were latrine-inspired numbers, but I have a sneaking suspicion that he conceived "That Russian Winter" while massaging his back against that blessed hot-water tank.

The Army wasn't thinking of opening up a second front when our cast of *This Is The Army* moved in on Upton. But the Army was a front for the private business which Lloyd Wright opened up shortly after he arrived to be one of the singers in the chorus.

Lloyd has a fetish for piling up a fortune a quarter at a time. He soon had more customers than he could handle for his chambermaid service at a quarter a bed. His own bed never had to be made up on inspection mornings. He had been up all night polishing shoes at a quarter a pair. Our title song to the contrary, we did enjoy hotel service in the Army- when we had the Wright price.

This Is The Army rehearsed in what had recently been an enemy alien stockade. We lived in a small tent city near by. One day I saw Lloyd parading back and forth in front of his tent in the manner of a picket or sandwich man. He wore a magnificent flowing white-satin cape over his denim fatigues and a plumed, Student Prince-style shako sitting high on his brow. Why he gave precious barracks-bag space to those fantastic vestments I have no idea. Perhaps he thought we'd be in

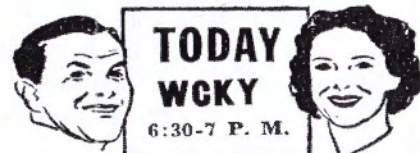
Berlin for the operaseason and he could pick up a few extra bucks for walk-ons between military engagements. At any rate he was stalking back and forth, grandly flourishing the cape and singing something from *The Vagabond King*. A sideshow barker couldn't have made a more striking play for attention. And if this weren't sufficient, the front of his tent flaunted a large shingle, wired for lighting at night, proclaiming "PVT. LLOYD WRIGHT ENTERPRISES."

Inside, a complete assortment of tables, shelves, and bookcases, made of scrap lumber from packing crates, was on display at prices ranging from a dime to half a dollar. Loyd had equipped his tent as a miniature carpenter shop by pointing out the advantages of a tool pool and inveigling each man in the detachment to chip in a dimup branch offices. We noticed him casting an appraising eye at several empty tents on our company street.

Then the blow fell. Our Commanding Officer ordered Lloyd to take down his one-bulb spectacular and to cease his flagrant war profiteering.

Lloyd complied, but in place of the sign blazoning the firm name there immediately appeared a larger sign announcing "GIGANTIC CLOSING-OUT SALE. FORCED TO VACATE."

BURNS & ALLEN



**BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE MAKERS OF
HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM**

Vagabond Lover

Rudy Vallee's Career Symbolizes An Entire Era of Radio History



Rudy Vallee pictured with his third wife, film actress Bettejane Greer

Today's bobby-soxers may not believe it, but their beloved Frankie wasn't the first slim, curly-haired crooner who ever panicked a swann of swooning worshippers. "Way back in the dark ages of "the depression," young Rudy Vallee received a flaming adulation which makes many present singing successes pale by comparison--though certain reminiscences of those days should have a familiar ring, even to teensters who only remember back to 1942, when Sinatra started packing 'em in at the Paramount. For Vallee was The Voice the early 1930's, the Pied Piper of romance-hungry females in an era when tired business men were tired of everything -

including business. Flappers lined up for bows ahead, lunch boxes in hand, waiting to crowd the theatres where he appeared. Debutantes and married women tossed flowers at the bandstand, haunted the stage doors for a closer view of their darling. Middle aged housewives srood in bargain-counter jams to buy his latest records, shook department stores to the foundations when he made personal appearances there. Fan mail poured in, by the carload, proving for the first time that radio could produce matinee idols as irresistable as movie sears. Poems were written in which husbands complained that this singing sensation was "the other man" in their wives' dream of love. An

awestruck youngster, invading Vallee's dressing room under pretense of being a school reporter, fainted dead away when she shook hands with her hero. A New York policeman was jilted by another ardent fan, when he dared to arrest Rudy on a speeding charge. And a Harvard freshman got expelled for tossing a ripe grapefruit (not an egg) at the yodeling bandleader from Yale, during a performance in Boston.

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

Whatever the real explanation, there's no doubt that the Rudy Vallee of those days personified the period itself. The college boy (fictionalized version) was king, and Rudy lived up to all the requirements of the legend. He was the poor boy who had "worked his way through college," playing for meals in a campus dining hall, keeping up a high scholastic average while doubling in dance orchestras at night. He was also the rich boy - thanks to his own efforts - who had led the football band into the stadium each fall, clad in that coveted collegiate symbol, a raccoon coat. He was the "home-town boy who made good," after jerking sodas in his father's drugstore and ushering in a movie house, up in Westbrook, Maine. At the same time, he trailed clouds of glamour from "abroad," where he had spent a sabbatical year playing a saxophone at

a swank London hotel, before returning to Yale and his Bachelor's degree.

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

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

There was another side of Vallee which didn't show in the headlines. The battling bandmaster has always been willing to give credit where he believed it due, works as tirelessly for benefits and other unpaid projects as for four-figure engagements. When the NBC employees' association decided to give its first ball, Rudy volunteered to play for dancing, paid his orchestra himself, entertained the throng of page boys and stenographers as royally as though they were big-tipping bankers and debutantes. Yet not a line appeared in print - at Rudy's own request.

The story of what he's done to help other

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

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

That's why the Vallee career from 1928 through 1942 is a biography of broadcasting itself, as well as a headline history of an era. His climb to national fame from local New York City broadcasts, his emergence from his own band as one of the first network idols, his shift to the variety show format and his subsequent switch to situation comedy - with the accent on acting rather than music - are significant landmarks in the changing radio scene.

Even his decision to quit broadcasting and go into service in 1943 (leaving his show in the hands of his own micro-



Rudy's files record decade and a half of broadcasting.

phone discoveries, Joan Davis and Jack Haley) was symbolic of both wartime radio and the period although the choice was entirely his own. Born in 1901, Rudy was "intermediate" between the two world wars, still managed to get into uniform for both despite age limits.

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

When Vallee was retired to the inactive list last year, speculation was rampant. Old-timers teetered between fears that the

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

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

TUNE IN May, 1945



"Where the Golden Age of Radio Meets the Digital Age"

www.digitaldeliftp.com

Of Mikes & Men

The fact that both RUDY VALLEE and OLZZIE NELSON went from BAndleading to singing to comedy isn't the only link in their - lives. It was in a VALLEE movie short that OZZIE first saw HARRIET HILLIARD decided to audition her for what proved to be a very successful career-and marriage.

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

BOB BURNS is fascinated by a letter from a European refugee, who writes that he's learning our language from BOB's homespun NBC program-"because you speak slowly enough for me to catch the words." Privately, the sage of Arkansas opines: "He's goin' to feel pretty put out when he finds out he till learnin' English at all, but just pure Ozark!"

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

TUNE IN May, 1945

R.I.D. Government sleuths police the ether, tracking down criminals of the airwaves

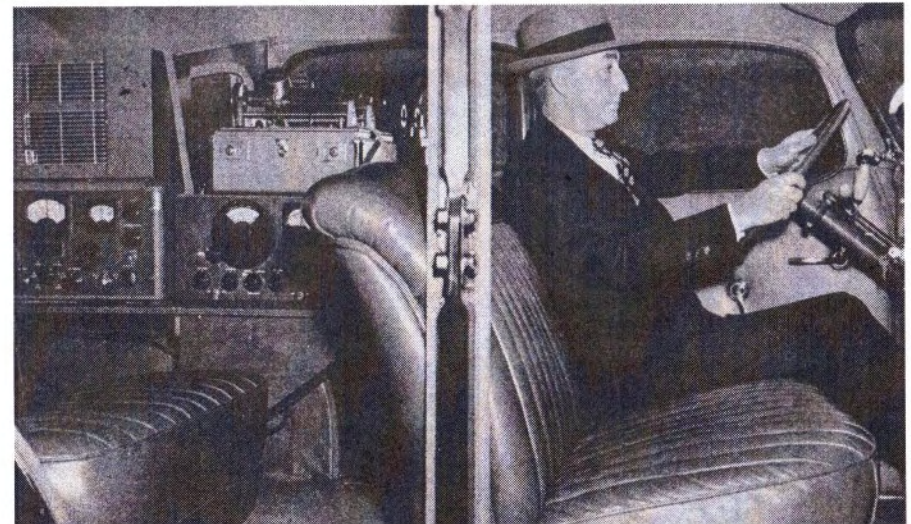
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT once said that radio is the spy's new "invisible ink." For the enemy agent of World War II need no longer trust his important messages to paper. Instead, he makes use of the short-wave transmitter, thus sending code signals directly and quickly to his headquarters abroad.

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

The R.I.D. scored its first sensational

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

An officer in Portland tuned in on unidentified. signals being sent out by shortwave. His suspicions aroused, he teletyped his discovery to the entire R.I.D. network. Within a matter of minutes, the elaborate machinery was functioning and the transmitter was located in the German Embassy at Washington, D.C. (The usual procedure of seizing the equipment and arresting the operator w.as not followed in



Specially-equipped cars act as mechanical bloodhounds follone signals of an illegal transmitter to their source.

this case, since our diplomatic officials had not yet been returned from Germany and the State Department feared reprisals. Instead, "jamming stations" were established to prevent reception in Berlin, and a monitor station set up nearby to intercept any messages the Embassy might try to send.)

This incident alone had far-reaching effects, for it demonstrated conclusively the speed and accuracy of R.I.D. methods. Axis agents were convinced that radio activity in the U. S. was unhealthy. As Chief George E. Sterling explains, the R.I.D. functions like a police force. Along with other law-enforcement bodies, its success is more accurately measured by its ability to prevent crime, than by its record in trapping criminals. So the Division is proud to tell the story of the ambitious Japanese ring which proposed setting up a transmitter in this country--only to have the idea promptly vetoed by Tokyo on the grounds that the FCC would nab them just as soon as they started broadcasting.

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

Such routine policing gave experts practical training in radio traffic control. In addition, as Mr. Sterling face-

tiously points-out, the R.I.D. owes rum-runners and racetrack crooks a special debt of gratitude. Racketeers were quick to take advantage of developments in radio communication, and their schemes provided valuable experience in ferreting out new-style airwave chiselers.

Back in 1929, for example, veteran officer Forest Redfern had a case as difficult as any wartime problem. A high-powered station was sending out a strange code but limited broadcasting to 50 seconds at a time to avoid detection. It took a month and a half of steady listening before enough words were obtained to break down the code, which gave valuable information on a New Jersey ring of smugglers. Eventually, the entire ring (consisting of thirty members) was taken into custody. But the most unusual part of the story is the feat performed by Mr. Redfern. The illegal operator was arrested while actually signaling a boat off shore, and the R.I.D. officer took over the "conversation" without a detectable break. Then he added an ingenious message of his own, which lured the vessel to a port where Coast Guard officials were waiting to capture it.

The successful substitution here was as remarkable as the timing, since an individual operator's "6st"-the characteristic methods by which he sends signals-is as distinctive as his fingerprints or his handwriting. It takes real artistry to conceal these tell-tale characteristics, and individual operators usually recognized by experts despite efforts to change their "styles." On one occasion, an Axis operator who had escaped from South American authorities was not heard from for nearly a year. Yet



In various centers scattered throughout the United States, R.I.D. men make recordings of propaganda and communiques.

when he went on the air again with different call letters and at a new location, three R.I.D. stations immediately recognized his special "fist."

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

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

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

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

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TONIGHT! "Jack Oakie's College"

Block and Sully—Dorothy Lamour, singing film star—and Robert Wildhack. College singing. A full-hour gala show with Jack Oakie in person, Benny Goodman's Band, and George Stoll's Orchestra.

WKRC 9:30 P. M.

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE
— SMOKE CAMELS

From the Reader

Dear Editor:

Every time you write up one of my favorite daytime stories, I get a whole series of shocks. After listening to these people for a year or more, we fans begin to imagine just what they look like—and then your magazine prints pictures of them and spoils it all. Some of them just don't fit the parts they play a bit. Surely there are other topics for you to write about, without taking all the joy out of the serials.

Mrs. Betty Stone, Wichita, Kansas

Dear Editor:

In the May issue of TUNE IN, page 7, you refer to the greater realism, of FM receivers in brood casting radio dramas, mentioning such sound effects as "gun shots," "slamming doors" and "tropical storms."

When this millenium dawns, have mercy on a nerve-wrecked public, and spare us the agony of crying babies and sobbing females. I often wonder who conceived the idea that these forms of hysteria are entertaining. They are not Mary Hopkins, New Market, Md.

Sirs:

Your page on television is a fine addition to the magazine. I was glad to see an impartial summary of conditions in this controversial and highly interesting field more information on what's going on in radio-side from the shows, I mean.

Sam Lambert, Chicago, Ill

TUNE IN Sept, 1944

Ozzie & Harriet

THE NELSONS' RADIO "ADVENTURES" WERE INSPIRED

BY THEIR REAL LIFE TUNE IN SUN. 6 P.M. E.W.T. (C8S1)

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

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

Nevertheless, the Nelsons have since seen their show win through to success; mainly because they adhered to its unassuming, homely little formula. The original idea was their own, and the problems presented on the air are basically those of their own household—magnified, of course,

to mock-heroic proportions. The program's underlying spirit of affection, humor and downright domesticity are quite typical of their real home life today—except that David and Eric are now getting ideas from the scripts!

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

As far as comedy goes, Ozzie and Harriet know more about it than most people realize. Harriet had already become an accomplished comedienne in the Red Skelton skits, though her husband stuck to music on that earlier show. Ozzie—who likes to work on the present scripts, as well as making the arrangements and leading the band for the background music—was once editor of his college humor magazine—sold many cartoons to national publications. And both of them were born to be actors in spite of themselves (Harriet wanted to be a librarian, Ozzie a lawyer).

As the daughter of an actress



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

In both personal taste and public career, the Nelsons have a lot in common. They like to lounge around in simple clothes, dislike people who call them up at dinner time to carry on long conversations. Harriet

loves to rummage around in junk stores (which probably inspired the pawn-shop episode early in the series), is a strong believer in hunches, points to her own success since Ozzie "discovered" her as proof of the mysterious workings of fate.

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

The Nelsons have a gymnasium in their home, though it's Ozzie who uses it most. An ardent believer in keeping fit, he

used to pack around a set of regulation A.A.U. iron weights while touring, made his bandmen hoist them daily to stay in condition. He still watches his waistline zealously, let out a surprised yelp recently when the scales indicated that he had lost eight pounds in a week. But it developed that shades of "Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet"-the little woman of the household had only gone very feminine on him and had privately "fixed" the tattle-tale scales to suit herself!



Reading lines instead of singing them is still a novelty

REFLEX
 Erla Reflex Transformers
 DEALERS: SEND FOR LITERATURE
 NOTE: We are the Largest, Exclusive Radio Jobbers in the Middle West
HUDSON-ROSS
 123 W. Madison St. Chicago

Radio Humor

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

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

-Hall of Fame (Blue)

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

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

-Ozzie Nelson Show (CBS)

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.

COLD FACTS

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

NO POOL LIKE A CAR POOL



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

"Now let's consider the gas we've saved.

Four round trips with four cars would total eight trips. But actually we're only saving seven trips because one fellow's car always breaks down and has to be towed home. The number of gallons we've saved is a very interesting figure ... Translating

those gallons into tubber brings us to what we've conserved in tires. Four cars times four tires -OR ... "Now let's discuss how one organizes a car-pool. Let me tell you how I did it. It may assist you in avoiding some of the pit-falls ... One Sunday I toured our neighborhood getting volunteers for my car-pool. Patriotism surged through my veins (wherever it could get past the varicose). Monday morning, four other patriots were waiting at my garage. One was in a bathing suit. And very becoming it was on her too. But my heart sank when I opened the garage doors. I forgot I sold my car in 1929. But Benchley was determined to conserve cars, gas and tires. So I bought a car! I couldn't let those other patriots down. So, to make 'Up for it, I brought along sandwiches and beer. Other neighbors heard about that, got patriotic and joined my car-pool. So I rented a bus and tripled my beer and sandwich order .

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

"But seriously speaking, ladies and gentlemen-organized car-pools are a definite part of winning this war on the home front. Form a car-pool in your neighborhood-ride to work together-rotate the use of your cars-and leave the other cars home! That's how you can conserve cars, gas and tires for

our fighting men! If you have any trouble following my car-pool plan--just remember ~into each vineyard some grapes of wrath must fall ... Now if you'll pardon me, I have to go down to the scrap drive headquarters and get my rubber heels back. I keep falling over backwards.'

Robert Benchley "We, the People" (CBS)

UNITY



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

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

ON EDGE

"Even false teeth are rationed in Germany because of material shortages. Dentists must obtain licenses for the purchase of materials to make new teeth and repair old dentures. One German sarcastically comments, At a time when we're being called upon to grit our teeth, we can get any teeth to grit." *Charles Shaw, Stockholm Correspondent*

WHICH IS WORSE

"It would be a blessing if the shortage gets worse and lasts until 1947. It is a golden opportunity for smokers to drop the useless, health-destroying expensive cigarette habit

For anyone who does want to drop the habit, we propose this simple prescription: Chew gentian root. Take one-half teaspoonful each of Rochelle salts and cream of tartar before breakfast. Avoid highly seasoned foods, and stimulating drinks. Keep away from smokers. Take a Turkish bath. Try to think about something else." - *The Anti-Cigarette Alliance on "The March of Time."* (Blue)

DOGGONE

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

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

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

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

TUNE IN Vol 3 No.1 May, 1945



Old Time Radio Series Reviews

by Bill Kiddle

PRICE OF FEAR

Born to a wealthy family in St. Louis, Missouri, Vincent Price was a "true Renaissance Man." He found the finer things of life (such as the arts) easily within his grasp, and he took full advantage of them. During the span of four decades, he was a star of stage, screen, and radio/television. To many he was type-cast as a master of mystery and the macabre. In 1983 Mr Price returned to the UK to host and narrate PRICE OF FEAR a BBC mystery/horror drama series that became very popular with listening audiences on both sides of the Atlantic.

PRIVATE EYE

"Steve Mallory" is just another detective who tries to be a SAM SPADE clone and fails. PRIVATE EYE, a half-hour crime drama, never advanced beyond the audition stage. A rocky script, that was a bit too cute to pass for Spillane, and some shaky acting proved too much of a liability.

PRIVATE FILES OF REX SAUNDERS

Rex Harrison, well-known international star of stage and screen, linked up with producer Himan Brown for an interesting, yet largely unsuccessful, crime drama titled PRIVATE FILES OF REX SAUNDERS. The program, sponsored by RCA Victor, a home entertainment giant, was heard over NBC for three short months, between May 2 and August 8, 1951, when it held down the 8:30 prime time slot on Wednesday nights. The show's failure to win a place in the Fall Lineup may have been due in part to its genre. "Rex Saunders" was introduced as "radio's newest man of

mystery" but he was cut in the mold of the famous BULLDOG DRUMMOND. Even the opening sound effects were those used for over a decade in the old Mutual crime drama. Radio Memories has a dozen of the episodes in the series for your serious consideration.

PRIVATE FILES OF MATTHEW BELL

Police Surgeons lead a very demanding professional career. THE PRIVATE FILES OF MATTHEW BELL was a largely unsuccessful effort by Mutual to provide a new crime drama that focused upon the exploits of a dedicated medical man who used his powers of detection and his ability to understand people to solve crimes. First, Jeff Chandler, and later Stacy Harris, were cast in the title role. Betty Lou Gerson was also a featured player. The program sponsored by Seabrook Farms, was heard on Sunday afternoons for a few months, between March 16 and December 21, 1952.

PROUDLY WE HAIL

In the summer and early fall of 1941, before Pearl Harbor, PROUDLY WE HAIL was a salute to American defense workers. Later, in the postwar era, the program was renewed, sponsored by the US military, but now focused upon the larger picture of individual people handling difficult problems. This new public service program utilized the talents of many guest stars, and was broadcast for seven years, between 10/17/48 and 11/20/55. Radio Memories has an outstanding collection of these fine radio dramas.

PROWL CAR

In this audition program, aired 2/03/49, a robber-rapist-assault specialist is captured after an exciting chase by a Los Angeles police PROWL CAR. Elliott Lewis, Jean Bates and Paul Frees

PROWL CAR

were featured players while Jim Doyle (announcer) and Richard Aurandt's music rounded out the credits. **PLAYHOUSE 90 (South Africa)** For 35 years, between 1950 and 1985, English-speaking residents of South Africa listened to PLAYHOUSE 90, an outstanding dramatic anthology that provided their audience with a "theatre date with the great." Springbok Radio and multiple pharmaceutical sponsors brought to radio excellent dramatic productions from the great "stages, studios, producers and playwrights of the world." Radio Memories has ten of these fine 60 minute dramas available for your listening pleasure. Jim Doyle (announcer) and Richard Aurandt's music rounded out the credits.

SECRET MISSION

Hy Averback, veteran radio performer, was cast in the leading role of "Jonathon West" in SECRET MISSION, a Cold War escape drama aired over the Armed Forces Radio and Television Service (AFRTS) during the 1950's. Edward Arnold, a well-known Hollywood character actor, was the host to the half-hour dramas, reenactments of actual escapes accomplished by men and women fleeing from behind the Iron Curtain during the early days of the Cold War era. In the weekly tales "West" acts as a shadowy modern day "Scarlet Pimpernel," a man always on hand to find new, interesting methods of escape.

SHELL THEATRE OF THE AIR

The Shell Oil Company located in South Africa proudly presented to their English-speaking listeners SHELL THEATRE OF THE AIR, interesting half-hour dramatic anthology during a four year period between 1967-1971. Most of the

offerings in the series were somewhat heavy-handed melodramas written and then adapted for Springbok Radio. Fans of South African Radio will find that Radio Memories has eight of these dramas on four C-60 cassettes.

ROGERS OF THE GAZETTE

For many years, until his tragic death in 1935, home-style humorist Will Rogers Sr. was one of America's favorite entertainers. Two decades later, a Hollywood film, "The Story of Will Rogers" projected his son, Will Rogers Jr. into the lime light. The result was a short-lived comedy drama entitled ROGERS OF THE GAZETTE. The program produced by Norman Macdonnell, was heard over CBS on Wednesday nights for almost six months, between 6/03/53 and 1/04/54. Will Rogers Jr. in his role as a country editor poured a good deal of his late father's homespun humor and conventional wisdom into helping people who had "fallen on hard times."

LIGHTNING JIM

The pioneering spirit in all of us and the desire for the "simpler life" are probably the main reasons for the success of Western stories. Radio could take the listener back in time to the last frontier without getting our boots muddy. The greatest radio westerns, mainly for adults, came in the Golden Age of Radio. LIGHTNING JIM was an interesting, yet little known, syndicated western from the 1940's and 1950's. The heroes of the series were somewhat stereotypical of the Western genre. There was the heroic Marshall "Lightning Jim Whipple" (played by Harry Hooper) and his Swedish-American deputy "Whitey Larson." They had what some might call a "Lone Ranger" and "Tonto" relationship.

LIGHTS OUT

Radio was the most outstanding media for producing dramas of

the macabre, and LIGHTS OUT is regarded by many as radio's ultimate horror show. In the fall of 1942, under the guiding genius of Arch Oboler, LIGHTS OUT returned to the airwaves after a three year hiatus and was heard on Tuesday evenings at 8:00 over CBS until 9/28/43. Most of the eerie scripts were repeats from Oboler's earlier series, and Mr. O and announcer Bob LaMond used a by-play mode to introduce the immensely popular to an avid listening audience. The sound effects used in the series were works of audio art.

LINEUP

In the late 1930's and early 1940's Bill Johnstone, in his role of "Lamont Cranston" (aka The Shadow) was sworn to "aid the forces of law and order." A decade later Johnstone continued his struggle vs. crime, but now he wore the blue uniform of the San Francisco police when he played the role of "Lt Ben Guthrie" in LINEUP. This exciting crime drama was heard over CBS on various days and times between 7/06/50 and 2/20/53. Each drama began with a stylized police lineup conducted by "Sgt Greb" (played by Wally Maher) to get the audience into the mood. A good solid drama!

QUEEN'S MEN

Canadian citizens can be justly proud of the law enforcement record of their beloved Royal Canadian Mounted Police. In a serie entitled THE QUEEN'S MEN, aired over the CBC in 1954 approach to the typical quiz show format. QUICK AS A FLASH was the show in question, heard over the Mutual network for five seasons, between 7/16/44 and 12/17/49. Over the years, three different hosts, posed the questions.

The highlight of the evening was the "fifth race" was usually a mystery playlet with radio's top detectives in character providing the clues to the solution of a crime. The contestant with the quickest hand to the buzzer and the correct answer walked with the prize.

QUICK & THE DEAD

At the end of World War II serious questions were raised about the use of atomic power for both military and civilian purposes. On July 6, 1950 NBC presented a four-part documentry on the atom. The program was written in common terms for the general public. Bob Hope was cast as a typical US taxpayer who asked basic questions in order for the people to make "difficult scientific material understandable." Many persons who had been involved in the production and use of atomic weapons were "quests" on the program. This half hour show was heard until August 17, 1950 on Thursday evenings at 8:00.

POT OF GOLD

Cynics might ask, "what is really at the end of the rainbow?" Radio listeners to POT OF GOLD had high hopes that a new quiz show, the nation's first big-meoney giveaway program, heard over NBC (Red) and later the Blue network, between 9/26/39 and 6/05/41, would provide them with the \$1,000 prize they sought for just answering their telephone. There were no questions to answer, they did not even have to be listening to the variety show itself. All they had to do is be home and answer the phone. A giant "wheel of fowas spun on stage that provided all the information needed to place the call, and while the audience waited -they listened to the music of Horace Heidt and his

Musical Knights. The complexity of the phoning process and the element of human greed caused the program to fall as fast as it did in popularity.

PURSUIT

"Chief Inspector Peter Black of Scotland Yard" was a detective with a prestigious resume, and PURSUIT was a crime drama with the best writers (Gil Dodd), best producer/directors Elliott Lewis/ Anthony M. Ellis) and capable leading men in Ted DeCorsia and Ben Wright. Unformately for radio listeners, the program heard over CBS for less than 30 months, between 10/27/49 and 3/25/52, just did not have the staying power to make it a standard in a competitive entertainment market.

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

The variety found in radio broadcasting was the spice of life fortens of millions of Americans during the so-called "Goldeen Age of Radio." PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS was "Radio Americana" with a strong blend of music and drama under the able direction of Norman Corwin. This short-lived program was heard over CBS on Sunday afternoons from 10/22/39 to 5/05/40. On one of the early tapes there is a memorable performance by singer Paul Robeson in a powerful rendition of a new song titled "Ballad of America." This was a standup and cheer program!

QUEEN FOR A DAY

Nearly every woman has that deep desire to have her personal moment of individual recognition. QUEEN FOR A DAY was a program where Women from the studeo audience were selected to compete against each other by telling a personal story that would earn them the title of "Queen For a Day." This quarter-hour audience participation show, heard over the Mutual network, was

broadcast for over 12 years, between 4/30/45 and 6/10/57.

QUIZ KIDS

A quiz show, titled QUIZ KIDS, with a juvenile panel of young people all with IQ's in the genius catagory provided radio listeners with a new and different INFORMATION PLEASE approach. This unique program, hosted by Ed Kelly, and broadcast from Studio E in the Chicago Merchandise Mart, was heard over different networks, at various times over a 13 year span, between 6/28/40 and 7/05/53.

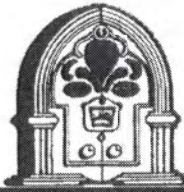
QUIET PLEASE

Writer-director Wyllis Cooper had a flare for the unusual. As a staf writer for NBC, he originated the famous thriller LIGHTS OUT in 1934, but left the program to write movie scripts. He returned to radio a decade later to create QUIET PLEASE, an anthology of dramas that focused upon psychological situations and fantasies. The program was heard over the Mutual network at different times for three seasons, between 6/08/47 to 6/25/49. Ernest Chappell, an announcer, was the featured player each week.

CASH for OLD JOKES
LAUGH AND STUMP THE EXPERTS
while you win cash for your favorite joke!
Tune In For Details

TONIGHT! TUNE IN
"STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE"
with MILTON BERLE and his "Gag Busters"

WCAE WBEN WGY
at 8:30 P.M.
and every Saturday night



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