

RADIO VARIETIES

AUGUST—1940

The Midwest Edition

TEN CENTS

Actress Rita Ascot now has three shows on WLS, Chicago — Sunday Morning Comics; Mrs. Smalley in "Elm Creek Folks," and the Widdy Green in "Front Porch Party," unit of the WLS National Barn Dance.



WFAA MAKES ANOTHER PROGRESSIVE MOVE

By DICK JORDAN

Workmen in mid-July began remodeling the penthouse of the Santa Fe Building in downtown Dallas to make way for the construction of new studios and offices for Station WFAA, Dallas, which when completed will be one of the finest in America.

If no major construction difficulties are encountered, Martin B. Campbell, general manager of WFAA, hopes to move the station into the new quarters on or about Jan. 1, 1941.

The new quarters for "Your Neighbor of the Air" will include five studios, the largest of which will be an auditorium seating nearly 300 persons. This studio will be 49x69 feet. Studio "B" will be 22x39 feet in size; Studio "C" will measure 22x37 feet, Studio "D" 11x18 feet and Studio "E" 9x11. The last named will be used principally as a speaker's studio.

From the large reception room for receiving visitors, corridors lead directly back to the entrance of the large auditorium studio. The other smaller studios, plus the fireproof music library, housing the largest collection of sheet music, copyright information and orchestrations owned by any individual station in the United States; the artist's lounge, master control room and four individual control rooms and a workshop will be grouped outside and around the large auditorium studio.

On the second floor of the penthouse, above the studios, more than a dozen offices will be built for the staff of the station. All studios and offices will be air conditioned. The studios will be so constructed that they can be converted into studios for television or other forms of radio broadcasting yet undiscovered.

The new WFAA studios and offices will be the finest and most completely equipped outside New York, Chicago and Hollywood, according to officials of WFAA.

Plans for the new quarters were drafted by George Dahl, Dallas architect, with the advice and supervision of National Broadcasting Company architects and engineers. Raymond Collins, technical supervisor of WFAA, will supervise the construction of new studios, together with the co-operation of NBC engineers.

The new studios will enable WFAA to originate more, better, and more varied types of studio programs for Southwestern listeners.

The move to the Santa Fe Building location, to be made, if possible, about Jan. 1 of next year, will be the third one for the station. Its quarters originally were on the roof of The Dallas News Building. Studios and offices were then moved to the Baker Hotel, where they are now located.

SINGING BEAUTIES IN "BROADCASTING DAY" TRIBUTE



Velvet toned Frances Langford (left) added her delightful contralto to the one-hour program over more than 500 stations in this country, high-lighting observance Saturday, August 3, of "Broadcasting Day" by the New York World's Fair of 1940 and the San Francisco Golden Gate Exposition, arranged as an expression of public good will toward the radio industry. Franca White (right), lyric soprano, was heard early in the broadcast with the other radio stars in swiftly paced sequence. A poetic drama by Norman Corwin, followed by a symposium on the Freedom of Radio by public leaders from varied fields and Conrad Thibault singing a new ballad were part of the broadcast. Plaques expressing the ideal of Freedom of Radio were unveiled at both fairs. Community singing closed the radio show, with thousands of persons at both fairs blending voices in patriotic songs.

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LISTEN TO "QUIZ KIDS"

The walking encyclopedia is now factual, and if you don't believe it, tune your dials to the newest radio novelty, "Quiz Kids", on Friday evenings from 9:30 to 10:00 (CDST). Five intellectual giants of midget stature and chronological age discuss everything from anatomy to zinc, offering adults an advanced course in modern education, and you come away from your radio feeling that Jonathan Swift's Lilliputians are with us.

When five products of the American school system, of fifteen years and younger, calmly and quickly inform all and sundry about the Corcoran-Cohen partnership in the New Deal, the distance from the sun to the moon "taking into consideration the forty-five degree angle", and the quality of Beethoven's music, you've just got to admit that there's no such thing as "impossible."

As one adult observer put it after hearing a recent broadcast of "Quiz Kids".

"My Intelligence Quotient went down forty-five points out of its forty-six."

Each Friday evening five school children from Chicago and vicinity gather together at the National Broadcasting Company studios for a half hour of mental competition stimulated by interlocutor Joe Kelly, jolly middleman on the National Barn Dance.

Some twelve questions of average adult difficulty are pitched at the juvenile mental giants with the speed of a Nazi parachute trooper.

And as quickly come the answers obtained through volunteer raising of hands.

So rapidly are the hands raised that there was considerable truth to the laughing statement made to the studio audience by producer Edward Simmons before the first broadcast on June 28:

"Please don't give any hints to the "kids". On second thought, they won't need any because you probably won't be able to answer the questions yourselves."

On each program three participants are chosen as winners of first, second and third place. Although all five contestants are given \$100 denomination United States Savings Bonds a-piece, the three highest scorers are held over for the following program. Any contestant may continue to perform on each program as long as he or she places among the three top scorers on every show.

Questions given the boys and girls are of average adult difficulty on the theory that children of high intelligence are often able to outthink the average adult — thanks to the American system of education.

Sidney L. James, staff member of Time and Life Magazines, edits the questions which are sent in by listeners. Those whose questions are used are awarded Zenith Universal Portable radio sets with patented detachable wave magnets.



This one needs some thinking about. Joan Irene Bishop, fourteen, of 4549 North Christiana avenue, Chicago, and Gerard Darrow, eight, of 7718 Kingston avenue, Chicago, appear stumped on a question put to them by Joe Kelly, interlocutor, on the new "Quiz Kids" program.

In selecting boys and girls for the program, emphasis is laid not only on ability and intelligence but also on normality of conduct and life.

Charles Schwartz, thirteen-year-old participant on the first program who lives at 5135 South Woodlawn avenue, Chicago, may be able to tell you all about the New Deal and that "Corcoran and Cohen aren't so hot in Congress right now," but he is also able to play a bang-up game of tennis.

Gerard Darrow, seven, of 7718 Kingston avenue, who tied for second place on the first program, may be an astounding authority on flora and fauna, but Gerard showed up at the broadcast with a banged up knee which appeared to be the result of an alley ball game.

Contestants are school children from the Chicago area. On the first program (June 28), the following were selected to participate; Charles Schwartz, of 5135 South Woodlawn avenue, student at University High School, University of Chicago; Gerard Darrow, eight, of 7718 Kingston ave., student at Myra Bradwell school (public); Joan Irene Bishop, fourteen, of 4549 North Christiana avenue, soon to enter Starrett School for Girls; Van Dyke Tiers, thirteen of Dolton, Illinois, who attends Thornton Township High School; and Mary Ann Anderson, fourteen, of 3849 North Kostner avenue, student at Alvernia High School.

Charles is well versed in current events and medicine.

Gerard was able to identify 300 birds and their habits when he was only three years old. He now has an amazing knowledge of natural history.

Joan Irene Bishop has been a piano concert artist for the past three years, playing with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Frederick Stock, in 1938.

Van Dyke Tiers knew the letters of the alphabet before he could talk. Before he was three, he could name the planets in their order from the sun and the shape and location of every country in Europe.

Mary Ann Anderson was awarded the Nelson-Raymond scholarship at the Art Institute in 1938 where she studied under Dudley Craft Watson.

The three winners on the first program were Mary Ann Anderson, first place; Gerard Darrow and Van Dyke Tiers, tied for second place.

These were held over for the second program on July 5 at which time two newcomers met the young veterans: Lois Jean Ashbeck, fifteen, of 2712 Mildred avenue, North Park Academy student; and George Coklas, ten, of 2343 North Sacramento avenue, student at Darwin (Public) school.

Lois Jean received a medal this year as an honor student and has a partial scholarship in the Chicago Music College. George Coklas is a frequent visitor of the Rosenwald Museum and the Planetarium. He can give understandable explanations for the various processes he sees, such as the photo-electric cell.

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"HELLO THERE. YES, THIS IS 'IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD'."

The only daytime radio show of its kind, complete with full orchestra and name singing talent, "It Happened in Hollywood" has increased in popularity from the day it first went on the air a year and a half ago until today its spontaneity and freshness have garnered for it the number one spot in the housewives "Hit Parade".

Delivered in a typical telephone operators tone, these words give the signal for housewives all over the country to drop whatever they are doing, and spend the next fifteen minutes listening to that fun-loving crew of entertainers known to their daily radio audience as "The Spam Gang."

And from the time pert Helen Troy voices this opening line until she hits the CBS system cue some fourteen minutes and thirty seconds later, John Conte, Linda Ware, Bud Hiestand, and Eddie Dunstedter and his orchestra put forth the best in informal and snappy routines plus first class singing by Johnny and Linda.

But informal as the show may seem to the listener, it is better planned and thought out in advance than most of the major network shows. The reason for its informality is due to this careful planning plus a lively element of spontaneity. For everyone in the cast is a "trouper" in every sense of the word, and not one of the "Gang" ever lets an opportunity for a good ad-lib remark go by. Then there is that constant good-natured ragging that is always going on, where-in no one in the cast is spared.

Eddie Dunstedter, music master of the broadcast, is an excellent illustration of this point. Eddie is constantly being joshed about his corny music, even by the boys in the orchestra. And while he takes it with a grin on the show, there is not a more serious musician in radio than Mr.

Dunstedter. Good-natured, gum chewing Eddie, who spends his spare time running an electric train around the basement of his home, is one of the best exponents of the organ — in all its various modern guises — in the business. His Novachord prowess puts him on constant call at all of the motion picture studios. Latest of his



Lovely Linda Ware, most recent addition to "It Happened in Hollywood," just turned fifteen. Linda renders a pleasing ballad, teams successfully with John Conte on duets, and astounds and amazes with her classical interpretations.

accomplishments in that field was his playing of the eerie Novachord theme typifying the spirit of Rebecca in the motion picture of the same name. With "It Happened in Hollywood" Eddie does all of the arranging and scoring. He is very exacting in his demands for good music. Accordingly his orchestra is credited with being one of the best small units — it is made up of ten men—in radio, and is constantly being accused of having about twenty-two pieces. This is due to Eddie's different arrangements, plus the variations made possible by use of the Novachord, plus the talent of his men, plus a constant desire on the part of all to turn out only the best music. That gives them an A plus rating.

Handsome John Conte, with his broad beaming smile, and his unquestionable way with the ladies, holds down the male singing spot on the show. Conte was, previous to this show, a name to be conjured with only in the field of announcing. Small wonder then, when Johnny showed up at the auditions with the announcement that he was after the singer's spot, that the producer thought it all a joke. But a few minutes later he discovered John Conte could sing. Any skeptics who today doubt that statement are picking a fight with thousands of women whose hearts miss a beat every time Johnny's pleasing baritone rings out over the ether. A look at his fan mail is proof enough of that.

Singing mate for Johnny is blonde, blue-eyed, fun-loving 15 year old Linda Ware, who skyrocketed to fame with her first picture with Bing Crosby last year — "The Stormmaker." Blessed with a charming demeanor, an infectious laugh, a sweet throaty acting

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Heartbeat of a thousand housewives, John Conte (left) daily booms his baritone over the ether for the enjoyment of "It Happened in Hollywood's" fans throughout the country. (Center) Eddie Dunstedter, musical director for "It Happened in Hollywood," to whom credit for the novel music heard on the show must go. Master of the organ in all its modern guises, Eddie's arrangements and colorful figures at the Novachord go to make his music definitely different. (Right) Wag John "Bud" Hiestand, clever announcer of "It Happened in Hollywood," manages to instill a spirit of fun into the most deadly serious commercial copy. A master at ad libbing, his wisecracks keep the show in a constant uproar.



"ADVENTURES OF MR. MEEK"

A new character made his debut on the airwaves recently, when "The Adventures of Mr. Meek," comedy-drama about a nice little man who constantly gets into trouble, was heard in the first of a Wednesday evening half-hour series on Columbia network at 6:30 CDST.



Husbands who have to beat rugs, put up screens or mow the lawn when they could be accomplishing much more on the golf links, will find a kindred soul in Mr. Meek. The henpecked Mr. Meek is played by Frank Readick, whose versatility knows no limits. He's the same man that used to utter that blood-chilling laugh which opened Columbia's famous series, "The Shadow."

Each broadcast is to be complete in itself, with an episode in the lives of Mr. Meek, his wife, Agatha, and his daughter and brother-in-law, Peggy and Louis.

The cast is one familiar to CBS listeners. Frank Readick, remembered as the man with the blood-chilling laugh which opened Columbia's famous series, "The Shadow," plays the title role.

But there is nothing of "The Shadow" in Mr. Meek. Playing widely diversified characters is no great problem for Readick. In his dozen years in radio, Frank has played every conceivable character from boy to a crotchety old man.

Agatha is played by Adelaide Klein, another radio actress noted for her versatility. Adelaide, who was training to be a singer, once wrote some introductions to some of her songs. A friend heard her acting the prefaces and suggested she audition for a dramatic job. Adelaide did -- and has been an actress ever since. She has developed into a past master

of dialects and has been heard in a wide variety of CBS shows, including "Joyce Jordan — Girl Interne," "Aunt Jenny" and "Columbia Workshop."

The parts of Peggy and Louis are played by Doris Dudley and Jack Smart. Doris, relatively new to radio, has been seen in many roles on the Broadway stage, her latest being with John Barrymore in "My Dear Children." She was recently heard on CBS in a "Texaco Star Theater" production of "The First Year."

Jack Smart is also a radio veteran. He made his network debut in 1929 after having spent a number of years in dramatic stock and vaudeville. He has been heard on many radio programs. While on the Pacific Coast he played Mr. Fuddle in the "Blondie" series and was in many of the Edward G. Robinson "Big Town" programs. Since coming east, Smart has appeared on "Johnny Presents" and in "The Adventures of Ellery Queen." Jovial Jack adds weight to any program. He tips the scales at around 275. "The Adventures of Mr. Meek," is sponsored by the makers of Lifebuoy Soap.

PATTER OFF THE PLATTER

Columbia brings back its OKEH records to please rug cutters, hep cats and jam-mad jitterbugs.

Born in the first world war, and brought up on strong diets of great jazz bands, the old Okeh label has been brought back to life by Columbia Records. Replacing its old Vocalion tag, Columbia hopes to inject new vigor into the 35c record market, a market of jitterbugs and jazz collectors.

Columbia switched Gene Krupa and Count Basie from its big label, to lead an array of talent which overshadows its competitors. Dick Jurgens, the Chicago band which is becoming a national institution, heads the sweet list of the Okeh label, with Tommy Tucker, Jack Leonard, Frankie Masters, John Kirby, Horace Henderson, Tiny Hill, Ginny Simms and others rounding out a well-balanced roster.

Gene Autry will record his hill-billy ditties for Okeh, with the Hoosier Hot-Shots, Louise Massey, Charles Segar and equally famed hillbilly names also on steady schedules.

Bringing back of the Okeh tag climaxes a steady upsurge in record sales during the past few years. Phonographs in homes have tripled in number and a new network composed of hundreds of thousands of coin-phonographs, or "juke-boxes" is operating over the country.

The "juke-box" has played a large part in the revival of the record industry. Using 16, 20 or 24 records a machine, the large turnover is responsible for unit sales running into the millions. Bands have come to regard the machines as more valuable than radio wires in plugging tunes and many a maestro has made his fortune from a break on the juke-box circuit.

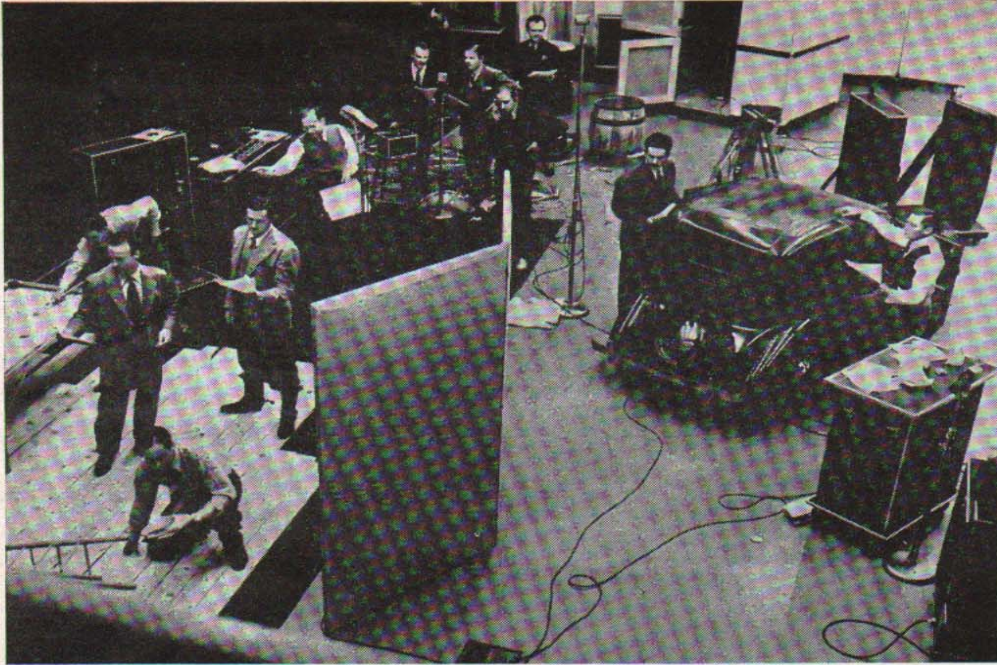
Artie Shaw's "Begin the Beguine," Kay Kyser's "Three Little Fishies" and Orrin Tucker-Bonnie Baker's "Oh Johnnie" are examples of band and tunes which made their smash successes via the nickel network route.

More record companies have sprung up to meet the ever-increasing demand for records. The established companies enlarged their plants, lowered prices in most cases and increased the quantity and quality of their releases. The first Okeh records were hill-and-dale, going to the standard lateral cut several years after being introduced.

Nowadays, all records are electrically recorded on the most up-to-date equipment, with trained engineers balancing, mixing and controlling the reproduction processes which are so important.

Okeh has seen a lifetime of record ups-and-downs and comes back to the disc wars owning a brilliant past and looking to a glorious future.

SOUND EFFECTS GO REALISTIC



A panorama of Studio A, at NBC's Hollywood Radio City, where new acoustical devices plus realistic props spell "sound perspective." Note the many microphone outlets being used. Also the real automobile, real billiards table and paraphernalia, actor in cowboy boots on real planked floor. "Sound perspective" is one of the most revolutionary developments in the history of sound effects.

That's exactly what people said when a pair of radio technicians out on the West Coast drove an automobile right into a radio studio. A swell idea, but — but — so what? Sure we want realer sound effects on our radio programs! Sure a radio play should sound just like actual life! Realism, though, can be carried too far. Besides, how on earth can an auto parked in a studio give us the illusion of life? A screwball stunt, that's what it is

But the pioneering technicians carried on. One day found them rolling a barrel of gravel into the studio, another lugging in long planks of lumber and nailing them to the floor, a third dragging a pool table close to a microphone. Nights found them chalking up the floor, manipulating microphone and control room dials, putting up and tearing down walls.

People strolling along the corridor long after working hours stopped to listen. Afterwards they swore they had heard real autos crunching along gravel driveways, real cowboys treading on planked floors, a real game of billiards, going on in a poolroom. Must be witchery, a lot of them muttered, or black magic.

But there wasn't anything supernatural going on out there in Hollywood Radio City, the western home of the National Broadcasting Company. There were just two men who were determined to better radio's sound effects. "Sound perspective" is what they called their tireless experiments to give new depth and variation and realism to all the

voices and sounds you hear on the parlor radio.

The men were Producer Ted Sherdeman and Engineer Joe Kay of NBC's Hollywood staff. What they were out to conquer was radio's prime limitation: its absence of visuality. They felt sure that there must be some way of using mikes and acoustics to attain greater depth and reality to sound, and thereby stimulate, with greater force, the eye of the listener's imagination.

In other words, John and Mary, as heard over the air today, no matter where they are, sound as though they are talking to you all the time from a foot away. A couple of gangsters brewing a bank robbery inside a car sound almost like the same gangsters talking in a woodland hideout. A baby crying in his bedroom crib doesn't differ much from the same baby bawling in the backyard.

It is the same in the movies, of course. But Sherdeman and Kay realized, as we all do, that in the movies we don't notice this sameness because the pictures create the needed illusion of different atmospheres.

But in radio there **are** no pictures for the eye to watch. That is radio's big problem. It is a wholly non-visual medium, depending solely upon the ear for its effects. All of the "watching" is done with the eye of the mind **through** the auditory senses. It follows logically, then, that if a couple of gangsters sound as if they're actually talking in an auto, instead of in a room or a woodland hideout, you will visualize the whole scene much clearer.

And that was the problem that Producer Sherdeman and Engineer Kay set out to conquer when they started working last year on their mysterious "sound perspective" experiments. Progress was slow, as in the case of all radical departures from the accepted standard. But recently their long months of arduous experimentation bore fruit enough to be embodied in a broadcast from Hollywood's Radio City.

The unseen audience wasn't informed as to what was happening. To them it was just another dramatic production — until they heard it. Then they realized that it was a radio drama with sound and voice effects so real and differentiated that, without benefit of vision or descriptive commentary, the scene would shift to its desired locale: from the interior of an auto, to a large room, to a small room, to a forest. It was the public's first taste of "sound perspective," whose effects were achieved in two fundamental ways.

First, through the complicated set-up requiring the use of every one of the nine microphone outlets in the studio, and cue sheets so complicated that even an Einstein would have to give them a second thought. Both the mikes and cue sheets (which were in the hands of the actors, of course) were manipulated in thoroughly unorthodox radio fashion:

Only when a vocal "close-up" effect was desired did the performers work, in accepted fashion, right on top of the mikes. And in these few instances an auditory effect parallel to the visual one attained by the movie camera, when it grinds away a few feet from the actor, was achieved. Standard instructions were: "Never play to the mike **except** for close-ups; play only within an 'area'."

The "area" consisted of chalk marks on the floor. Within the marks the actors could move around without even the formality of facing the mike. It was largely through this flexibility of motion that a score of different voice tones and volumes were gotten — each one corresponding minutely to the voice qualities in real life as heard in various circumstances.

Secondly, super-realism in the form of props was employed in order to reproduce the sounds of life.

For example: to make a pair of gangsters talking in an auto sound as though they actually were in an auto, Sherdeman and Kay simply wheeled one before the microphone and ordered the given scene therein performed! An obvious device yet it staggered the radio world. Too simple to work, most people insisted. Canned effects were truer to life. But this obvious device **did** come off with flying colors. The gangsters sounded to the radio audience as though they were speaking from the interior of an auto, and from nowhere else . . . Confucius had a word for it: "Look

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"FORECAST" ... 14 EXCITING NEW SHOWS!

Over forty of the Greatest Stars
is Columbia's contribution of the
future of Radio Entertainment.

The Columbia Broadcasting System, on Monday, July 15, began a new, expensively star-studded eight-week series titled "Forecast."

In the eight weeks, "Forecast" is to bring to Columbia network coast-to-coast audiences, 12 half-hour and two full-hour shows — 14 different program ideas chosen, according to W. B. Lewis, CBS vice-president in charge of broadcasts, from among more than a hundred new show plans considered during the past six months.

In making this announcement, Mr. Lewis said:—

"'Forecast' is designed to offer an ambitious, provocative and impressive reply to characteristically American listener-demand for new radio shows, new radio ideas and new radio people."

On each of six nights (CBS, Mondays at 8:00 P. M., CDST), one production will come from New York for half an hour, and another from Hollywood for the remaining half hour. The two full-hour programs are scheduled so that one will originate on either coast.

Each production represents, according to Mr. Lewis, the combination of at least one star personality and a plan or idea designed to display that star to best advantage. No sensation-cilly new basic radio patterns are promised, but Columbia producers say they have added new techniques and new approaches.

On July 15, the New York "Forecast" presents Raymond P a i g e, Albert Spalding and Frankie Hyers, a symphony orchestra of 55 musicians and a 15-piece orchestra of jazz specialists in "The Battle of Music."

The Hollywood "Forecast" for July 15 gave CBS listeners Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in an adaptation of Booth Tarkington's "The Gentleman from Indiana" — first of a projected series on American historical fiction and drama.

The importance and scope of "Forecast" is indicated by the names of people now a part of the series plan. They include, in addition to the above:

Actors: Herbert Marshall, Loretta Young, Margaret Sullavan, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, Gertrude Lawrence, Donald Cook, Burgess Meredith, Frank Craven, Walter Hampden, Martha Scott, Ruth Gordon.



"AMERICAN THEATER" STARS IN CBS "FORECAST" SERIES

One of America's greatest dramatic "teams," Florence Eldridge and Fredric March, who took part in the premiere of Columbia network's new, star-studded series of 14 different shows with more than 40 stars — "Forecast."

Comedians: Edward Everett Horton, Danny Kaye, Ed Gardner, Eddie Greene, Robert Coote, Jed Prouty, Arthur Q. Bryan, Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle.

Singers: Paul Robeson, John Boles, Mary Martin, Joan Edwards, Gertrude Neisen, Woody Guthrie, the Golden Gate Quartet, the Eva Jessys Choir.

Writers: Sinclair Lewis, Booth Tarkington, Norman Corwin, George Faulkner, John Houseman, Helen Deutsch, P. G. Wodehouse, John Whedon, John Tucker Battle, Keith Fowler, Margaret Barclay.

Directors: Alfred Hitchcock, John Houseman, George Zachary, Norman Corwin, Earle McGill, Brewster Morgan, Davidson Taylor.

Conductors: Lyn Murray, David Broekman, Harry Salter, John Kirby,

Bernard Herrmann, Mark Warnow, Howard Barlow.

Earl Robinson, composer of "Ballad for Americans" has completed an original musical score for the production involving Paul Robeson and Eddie Greene.

An exciting new novelty program will be contributed to the "Forecast" lineup by Dave Elman.

Mr. Lewis is to be assisted by George Faulkner in the production of programs of this series which will originate in New York.

Charles Vanda, West Coast Program Director, will coordinate the Hollywood star productions.

Columbia network's entire star-director lineup is to be assigned to making each "Forecast" a hit production.

WE ALL LOVE A MYSTERY

By Joe Alvin

When the National Broadcasting Company announced in January 1939 that it was launching a new adventure-mystery serial named "I Love A Mystery" and written by Carlton E. Morse, the NBC Hollywood News Editor Matt Barr, read the program traffic department notice several times and then reached for the telephone.

"Look," said Barr to the program traffic manager, "there's been some mistake here. It says Morse is going to write a pulp thriller series. You mean somebody else. Morse is the guy who writes One Man's Family. You know, a radio classic or something. He can't be writing mysteries too."

We didn't hear what the traffic manager said to Barr, but that same day, January 12, 1939, The NBC News Letter carried the following item: "I Love A Mystery," a new adventure-mystery serial drama by Carlton E. Morse, will make its debut over the NBC-Red Network, Monday, January 16.

All of us here in Hollywood knew Carlton Morse as an august, scholarly personage who for years had been turning out in "One Man's Family" as high class a piece of drama as ever was churned out by any man's mill — a sort of a 20th century Boswell to the Dr. Johnson of American family life — a kind of a savant who looked at the elemental mysteries of life with veil piercing clearness — to whom voodoo and vampires and high priestesses and New York kidnapers and eccentric murderers were things crawling in Stygian valleys far beneath his literary Olympus.

Carlton Morse had all of us fooled and we didn't know it. He blitzkrieged us into a tale of three adventurers who dodge out of a hair raising escapade in China and arrive in the United States to step into a welter of dead bodies, political corruption, kidnaping, gangster alliances and proceed to clean up a California town slicker than a whistle. Jack, Doc and Reggie — Jack the Brains, Doc the Lover, and Reggie the Fighter — marched out of Morse's fertile imagination and into a series of radio adventures that a super-logical mind would snub in derision as unthinkable and impossible. Or so we of NBC Press in Hollywood thought. We hadn't reckoned on the listening public.

John Q. Public took I Love A Mystery to his collective bosom right from the very start. The program's Crossley reached for the sky. Fan mail started with hundreds, leaped soon to thousands. College professors wrote them. So did grade school kids, college girls in convent schools, police patrolmen, business men, government officials — domestic and foreign. A plot was laid in the Nicaraguan "jungle." Nicaragua protested. There was no "jungle" in Nicaragua, said its spokesmen. The jungle was shifted to the "tropics." A



MURDER IN THE NIGHT

Solving a murder in sophisticated Hollywood and exposing a werewolf in the Arizona desert was just a preliminary for another and more dangerous adventure for Jack Packard, Reggie York and Doc Long, soldiers of fortune whose exploits are told in Carlton E. Morse's serial, I Love A Mystery. Jack, Reggie and Doc, with death staring them in the face, look over the field as they await a battle with a ruthless killer.

PHOTO SHOWS (Top to Bottom) Barton Yarborough as the reckless Texan, Doc Long, Walter Paterson as Reggie York, hard-fighting Englishman, and Michael Raffetto as Jack Packard, keen-witted leader of the three crime-hunters, heard on I Love A Mystery, each Thursday at 7:30 P.M., CDST, over NBC.

killer dying on the gallows said he was happy because the warden granted his last request — to hear an episode of the "mystery" and it turned out to be one concluding the series. Police in the northwest found three stray puppies. They adopted them and named them Jack, Doc and Reggie. Kids in an eastern city invented a new game built around the adventures of the three comrades. They called it Jack, Doc and Reggie. It made Bart Yarborough, who plays Doc, swell with pride. "The only trouble with our game so far," wrote the boyish inventor, "is that everybody wants to play Doc and we've got to draw lots to see who's gonna be Jack and who's gonna be Reggie." And so, to a fanfare of fan mail and flowering Crossley reports, I Love A Mystery grew and grew like Topsy and brought to Author Morse new stature as not only one of radio's best writers, but also as one of the most versatile.

And who are the three musketeers who bring the cunning Morse plots and counterplots to light? Jack Packard, is Michael Raffetto, a veteran stage and radio actor, who studied law, but like Don Ameche, gave up Blackstone for grease paint and the spotlight. And Jack, as you know from the script, is the brains of the trio, a Maxime Weygand of strategy. Doc Long, is the Bart Yarborough we mentioned before, a handsome, curly-haired actor who comes right naturally by that Texas drawl of Doc's. Bart was born in Texas and has hung his hat in many quarters of the globe before finally settling down to a fairly regular home life and Hollywood radio. The liability that Doc brings to the musketeers is his perpetual interest in the skirted segment of the earth's population. His assets: He can pick any lock ever made and he can play a game of poker so surefire that when the musketeers are broke, they take off their shirts and give them to Doc as a starting stake. If Reggie sounds british to you, there's a good reason for it. He is played by Walter Paterson, a native of the empire of which the sun never sets, who only last year obtained the final papers that made him a naturalized American citizen. Walter looks a great deal like Reggie, the young blonde giant of the trio. There, however, the similarity ends. Reggie is a pugnacious sort of a fellow who fights at the drop of a hint. Paterson is a quiet family man who, rarely gets excited. When he does, strange things happen. Recently, when he became a father he forgot to tell any of his radio colleagues about it for five full days and remembered it finally only because somebody asked whether the baby had arrived.

"I was so excited my mind just went blank," explained Walter.

But, back to the musketeers. Their friendship, in the script, dates back to a

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BLAIR WALLISER... ONE OF RADIO'S BUSIEST MEN

Radio is a big business. And like any big business, it is divided into categories. Radio has its writers, producers, directors, actors, etc., — any of which is a big job in itself. A person may become successful in any one of these fields but when you run into someone that is successful in all of these fields, and at the same time, there you have a capable individual.

Blair Walliser, at 31, is one of these exceptions who has been successful in most every field in radio. He has written more than 1,700 scripts and has directed over 7,000 shows — all since his debut with W-G-N as the writer of the first dramatized daily cartoon strips, "Harold Teen."

A Phi Beta Kappa and Summ Cum Laude from Northwestern University, Blair came into radio as a continuity writer. Previous to that he served as "idea man" on the famous cartoon strip, "The Gumps," even taking it over completely for a short period after the death of the original author, Sid Smith.

He has had a remarkably long and varied career, despite the fact that he is still rather young. He attended "six assorted primary schools in Chicago, New York, Albany and Rochester," attending Northwestern after his graduation from the Senn High School in Chicago.

With the exception of one ancestor back in the Seventeenth Century who was some sort of a musical expert, Walliser says that he comes from a family of business men who have never leaned toward the artistic. At present, however, there is one exception. His sister, Ruth Jahn, acts as the very necessary aid a la secretary.

Looking at the writing end, Blair has authored such outstanding scripts as "Harold Teen," "Curtain Time," "Peter Quill," and "The Crimson Wizard." Of late he has either collaborated or written in entirety no less than 15 of the "Fifth Row Center" programs including the adaptation of the hit "Irene."

Currently, he is writing and producing "Wings For America", a story of Fifth Column activity in the United States and, though fictional, it is based on authentic records, Blair working with the police departments and government for his material.

Though none of his ideas seem to be "wet" — you'll pardon this one — he gets most of his story ideas in the shower at 8:30 sun rising time. Just outside those curtains sits a pad of paper and a pencil — indelible. Every few minutes, a hand reaches out, grabs both, and disappears behind the curtain, only to reappear and be replaced until another paragraph is added.



BLAIR WALLISER GOES INTO ACTION
(Top) Blair's serious countenance expresses his determination to produce the finest and most outstanding shows in radio. (Center) Burgess Meredith of stage and movie fame rehearses with Blair Walliser on a recent broadcast. (Bottom) Herbert Wilcox, British producer and director, is pictured here with Anna Neagle and Blair Walliser, putting the final touches in the radio show, "Irene."

For radio's busiest man, 24 hours in one day hardly seems enough and still get in some sleep Blair gets along on just a few hours. After the shower, he sits down to breakfast and hashes out the "shower pad" ideas, writing until about 9:30 a. m. A five mile drive in the Packard coupe finds him at his W-G-N office answering mail until 10:30 when he goes across the street to CBS for rehearsals and show of "Helen Trent." From noon until 2:00 p. m. he's back at W-G-N answering more correspondence, sitting in on meetings, preparing future scripts, listening to auditions, and — with luck — coffee with a sandwich. To the Backstage Wife show at NBC at 2:00 until 2:30 then back to W-G-N for Fifth Row Center line-ups and rehearsals until 5:30 and follows that with more reading and rewriting of scripts for a couple of hours. Then home for dinner at 7:30, after which, unless other engagements keep him from it, he spends up until 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning going over submitted ideas and more scripts. On top of all this, he's more than commonly interested in the stock market and has found time to become one of the Great Lake's finest navigators with his 10-meter racing cutter "Revenge" holding the majority of the Lakes' racing records. His is the largest boat on the Lakes without a motor — and no true sailor needs a motor.

Blair feels that his biggest job as far as work is concerned is that of directing. "Every other person", he said, "—actors, engineers, writers, sound-effects men—concentrates on a single job but the director must see a production as a whole. He must view it with the eye of an insider and the ear of an outsider".

Four fields are listed by Walliser as fundamentals for a radio director's job. They are: (1) Dramatic. The director handles auditions, casting, tempo, pace, voice contrast, the highlighting of important scenes, etc.; (2) Intellectual. The producer must utilize a knowledge of human nature, of a wide variety of facts, and of authentic dialects and accents; (3) Musical. The director must use his knowledge of musical moods and compositions, and must have his own understanding of

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SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE MIKE

By HAROLD AZINE
Writer, WLS, Chicago

"Friends, our sponsors, the makers of XYZ Ham, stand behind every claim they make for their product. They honestly promise you that XYZ Ham is so tender you can break your fork in it — I mean, you can break it . . . er . . . eh . . . with your fork! Hem, heh . . . oooohhhh."

If every such mistake uttered into a radio microphone were punishable by sudden death to the guilty announcer, the mortality rate among that special species of humans would jump up faster than Aunt Clementine did the time you put her hat-pin you know where. Indeed, if death were the punishment, this world today would be without one very likeable Irish lad named Don E. Kelley who several years ago at a small Iowa station, broke his sponsor's heart with the above quoted slip that passed in the mike.

But, fortunately, Kelley lived on to tell the tale so well that he is always asked if he has any more like it. Which he has. A little farther along in Don's catastrophic career, he was hired by a larger station in Omaha. His first appearance before the good people of Omaha was to be in the capacity of a newscaster. Just a little nervous on the new job, and over-eager to make a favorable beginning, Kelley stepped up to the mike and greeted his listeners with a brisk "Good night, everyone..." Death where is thy sweet sting!

But the WLS family has a couple of boners in its own closet. There was the occasion during the Century of Progress Exposition when Sales Manager Bill Cline, then a WLS announcer, was given the duty of introducing the late Rufus Dawes to our audience. Mr. Dawes, who was president of the Exposition, smiled graciously as Bill opened his introduction with some complimentary remarks, but in the end it was Bill who proved more gracious than anyone expected. He climaxed the introduction by proudly hailing, "... Mr. Rufus Dawes, President of the United States!"

And there's the time when Tommy Tanner of the Hilltoppers musical crew, decided to help the announcer sell washing machines on a sponsored program. As the announcer finished reading a commercial stressing how efficiently and harmlessly the advertisers machine washed clothes, Tommy rushed up to the mike and blurted out the enthusiastic, but ill-phrased advise, "Yes, sir, folks! That's the washing machine for your clothes. It just eats 'em up!" Tommy, for a week after that, looked as if he had been put through a wringer.

Perhaps you've heard of the time when the former New York Yankee star, Lou Gehrig, was being interviewed on his hobbies and habits during a program sponsored by "Huskies," — breakfast cereal. Came the time for Gehrig to say something nice about "Huskies," and the announcer led him up to the big moment with, "Tell me, Lou, what's your favorite breakfast food?"

"That's easy . . . I go for "Wheaties!" replied Lou inadvertently naming a leading competitive product.

To Bill Cline's mis-introduction of Rufus Dawes, and the time when Harry Von Zell introduced Herbert Hoover as "President Hoobert Heever," perhaps this story should be added. During the 1936 political campaign, Col. Frank Knox, running on the Republican Ticket with presidential nominee Alf. M. Landon — was presented to a New Mexico radio audience. The announcer wound up a flowery introduction with ". . . and now, ladies and gentlemen, I present Col. Alf. M. Knox."

Well, such things happen sometime when a person forgets that he must always be mentally alert in front of a microphone. But once in a while the most wide-awake commit "flubs." For instance, there are those treacherous tongue-twisters which often throw the most linguistically proficient. Broadcasting Magazine recalls some of the following: Andre Baruch once announced that a Marine Roof program was originating from the "Maroon Reef." David Ross once referred to Tito Guizar as "Tito Guitar and his romantic guizar." Newscaster Floyd Roberts indeed struck a snag when he pronounced that phrase, "snuck a strag." Milton Cross remembers well the time he rendered the title, "Prince of Pilsen," as the "Pill of Princeton." And Deems Taylor, describing the composer, Sigmund Romberg, as a great Jerome Kern fan — declared Romberg to be a "fern can." Here are a few other slips that passed in the mike, probably more through the fault of the writer than the announcer: They come from the "Bull and Boner" department of Radio and Screen Guide.

"Ambassador Bullitt narrowly escaped injury when a bomb struck the room where he was eating lunch but failed to explode."

"The proper way for a man to pay respect to the flag is to remove his hat and place it over his heart if he is wearing one."

"The battle ship will be christened by Miss Jones as she takes her first slide into the East River."

"Here we are at the Republican National Convention where one thousand delegates and one thousand alternates have just been pounded into order by the chairman."

"A number of houses were destroyed but none were killed."

"What's the matter, Winifred? You've been crying till your eyes are red and pacing up and down."

Sometimes faux pas occur, not through fault of the mind or vocal chords, but because of a queer combination of circumstances or technical connections. Some time ago a St. Louis announcer was waiting for a silent interval in which to read a piece of commercial copy. The network had just informed the audience that "The next voice you will hear will be that of Pope Pius XI, speaking from Rome." Then came the moment of silence which was punctured by the eager local announcer who chirped, "Ajax beer is the beer for me!"

A station in another large city was broadcasting a blow-by-blow description of a local boxing bout. While the program was in progress from the ringside, the studios received word that the mayor had died suddenly. Eager to score a news beat, the studio cut off the ringside announcer without warning and inserted the bulletin. "Station XYZ regrets to announce the sudden death of Mayor Doe. He was stricken at his home by a heart attack." Then the fight broadcast was switched on again and the ringside announcer chimed in perfectly: ". . . it was quite a blow, ladies and gentlemen, but it doesn't mean a thing!"

In the early days of radio, when there were few written or rehearsed programs, when broadcasting was pretty much of a catch-as-catch-can proposition, it was to be expected that many humorous mistakes would occur . . . and they did, as many of you will smilingly recall. Today radio is highly organized, efficient remarkably free of errors — and yet — well, if you've read this far you know that unexpected belly laughs are still enjoyed by listeners once in awhile.

But we in radio don't mind being laughed at. As long as American radio audiences continue to endure the 20,000,000 words a day poured upon them by microphone voices, we think they're entitled to all the fun they can have at our expense. We even laugh at our own mistakes . . . when we recover two or three months later.

SO YOU WANT TO BE A SOUND EFFECTS MAN?

Editor's note: Some time ago, Frank Baker of WLS wrote for Radio Varieties an article on how to write for radio. Last month, George Menard gave a few pointers for young men intent on being radio announcers. In this article, Chuck Ostler, sound effects man for WLS, Chicago, discusses his end of radio. Cheerful and happy-go-lucky in everyday life, Ostler goes cynical for this story — but maybe he wants to keep his uncrowded field in its present wide open state. Next month Roderick Cupp, WLS producer, will discuss his end of the business in a Radio Varieties' Article.

By CHUCK OSTLER

Would you honestly like to know the reason that today, among the thousands of professions open to the average young man, I happen to be classed as one of those "heard-but-not-seen" denizens of the radio studios, the sound-effects man? Did someone say yes? Well, I'll tell you. It's not because of my ability, but due to lack of it.

Well, now that I've started, I'll keep right on talking. You see, when I first came to WLS, Chicago, it was evident to everyone concerned that I certainly had no voice for announcing, and that singing was definitely out. (I couldn't carry a tune in a portable radio). I could whistle eight bars of "Mother Machree," but I fast discovered that if sponsors of radio programs wanted to hear any whistling they would do it themselves. Added to my list of non-accomplishments was my inability to play the piano, piccolo, harp, tap dance, and ride gain in the control room. But surely, I told myself, there must be some opening in a radio station for a person with a certain amount of ambition, if not a great deal of intelligence. And there was.

It seems that a dramatic serial was being broadcast that morning, and there was no one handy to open and close doors whenever the script called for it. So I was ushered into a studio, a script given to me; I was introduced to the door, and told to watch the production man for a cue. Probably because I had spent so much time opening and closing doors of one place and another in looking for a job, I was engaged to continue in my newly-found occupation as a doorslammer. And - today, if all my door slams were laid end to end they would probably equal the shot heard 'round the world.

From door-slamming, one sound led to another: telephones, horses, footsteps, glass crashes, car skids, and blowing horns. During the past season I have blown up two or three dams, crashed enough automobiles to keep the used car emporiums open for another ten years, shot at least twenty-four people, washed up the Egyptians in the Red Sea and made wind, rain, thunder, and hail.

Yes, but to what avail! At times it takes about an hour to prepare for a program, then another hour's rehearsal, and finally the program goes on the air. After it's all over, what then? Here's the sad part, the part that de-glamorizes radio: after the program, the actors are congratulated on their fine performance, the singers get fan



Chuck Ostler crashes more automobiles in a week than the average man does in a lifetime and the past year has shot at least 24 people. That's part of his job; he's the sound effects man at WLS, Chicago.

mail, the musicians get paid, the engineers get a day off, but me — I'm left to clean up the mess I've just made in the studio. And outside the studio door await further heartaches. I walk out after a program, and by mistake (usually through resemblance) someone asks me for my autograph. With trembling hand I reach for my pencil (I always keep a freshly sharpened one for occasions like this) and with an air of complacency I sign with a flourish, "Chuck Ostler." Then it comes. Another autograph seeker comes along, sees my name in his friend's book, points to it and says, "Who's he?"

There is one other evil connected with sound-effects. It inadvertently ruins your radio listening. For instance, you are intently listening to some dramatic program and when the hero and heroine get into a car and drive away, you don't worry about their future, all you can think of at the moment is that they started the car with record No.

2102 and faded it into Car Running Record No. 2103 (made to blend with Car Stopping, No. 2104).

Perhaps you've heard one of your favorite radio he-men fighting a duel. Thrilling, wasn't it? But not to the sound-effects man who sits at home and sees nothing but a fellow sound-man clanking a pair of curtain rods together. Disillusioning, isn't it? It is.

The mind of a sound-effects man was typically illustrated recently when I went to a new theatre. The theatre had been remodeled and furnished with new fixtures. My companion touched my arm and said, "Chuck, look at the beautiful chandelier; it must have a thousand lights on it!" I looked up, thought a bit and said irreverently, "Boy, what a swell glass crash THAT would make!"

Radio is fun, at times, but more than once I've wished that I could sing, announce, tap dance, play the piano, harp, or piccolo!

BLAIR WALLISTER — ONE OF RADIO'S BUSIEST MEN.

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possible interpretations for specific scenes; (4) Technical. The producer must cut and time a program, must be able to cut in sound effects, must pay attention to voice levels and volumes. And above all, it is the responsibility of the director that the show must go on.

One more point stands out in Blair Walliser — his ability to work with radio artists and get them to work with him. An instance which brings this out concerns a Fifth Row Center rehearsal for "Shadowplay" which had screen star Constance Bennett in the lead.

Miss Bennett didn't want to rehearse for the show. When her manager asked to come to Chicago two days ahead for a quick run-through, she said she wouldn't come until an hour before the broadcast — "not an instant before!" With three songs to prepare and a long musical score to set with dialogue Blair was in desperation. Finally he sent her the following wire: DEAR MISS BENNETT: WHEN MR. COWARD AND MISS LAWRENCE DID SHADOWPLAY ON BROADWAY THEY REHEARSED TEN DAYS. BERNHARDT AND MANSFIELD MIGHT HAVE DONE IT IN FIVE. CAN'T YOU SPARE AT LEAST THREE HOURS? WE REALIZE YOU ARE BENNETT, BUT PLEASE REALIZE I AM NOT HOUDINI. INSTEAD OF PULLING A RABBIT OUT OF THE HAT, WE MAY END UP WITH A TURKEY."

For a reply, Blair got Miss Bennett herself and seven hours rehearsal in all.

We said before that Blair's introduction to radio was just a bit short of a score years ago. This, on more thorough investigation, proves to be wrong for he admitted building a crystal set at the age of nine and goes on to say, "Undoubtedly the conditioned reflexes aquired at this time have enabled me to withstand ten years in radio with only mild manifestations of subliminal paranoia and manic-depressive neurasthenia." At this point, apologies are made or bringing the whole thing up but at the same time, if those "mild manifestations" will produce the kind of ability and energy which Blair seems to possess, then there are no doubt many persons in this business who wish they also had built crystal sets in their younger days.

With no set routine or working methods, he explained that he is often working on several programs at once — for instance, writing one, casting another and putting a third into active production, while worrying about a fourth. He just tries to take them as they come, in his stride. Radio people have learned that that stride is a pretty long one.



Eileen Palmer, who has just been awarded the leading role of Marcia Schulz in the NBC-Red Network hillbilly serial, "Li'l Abner," was working as a laboratory technician in her home town, Portland, Ore., when a friend persuaded her to take an audition which launched her on a radio career. Photogenic as they come, blond, fair and green-eyed, Miss Palmer is now heard on "Li'l Abner," "Girl Alone," and "Home Town" from NBC Chicago Studios.



Jane Allison, lovely young dramatic actress, may be heard in as many as nine NBC-Red Network shows in a week. She is heard twice, including the repeat broadcasts, as Henry Aldrich's sister Mary in "The Aldrich Family," twice in "Lincoln Highway" and frequently in "Light of the World." Jane was winner over a field of 150 girls in an audition for the role of Mary Aldrich.

HOME SWEET HOME'S THEIR THEME SONG

Their popular song favorites may come and go, but the real theme song of Gale Page and Jim Ameche, stars of the NBC Woodbury Hollywood Playhouse series replacing Charles Boyer for the summer, is the old fashioned "Home Sweet Home."



When Charles Boyer left the Woodbury Hollywood Playhouse for a summer vacation, dramatic duties were divided between Gale Page, and Jim Ameche. Ameche, brother of NBC's Don Ameche, was heard last year on the summer Woodbury program "Win Your Lady". Miss Page and Mr. Ameche are both networks stars from NBC's Chicago studios and during the past year, the lovely brunette actress has won acclaim in the film city for her screen portrayals.

Miss Page, a society girl from Spokane who in an incredibly brief time attained stardom both in radio and motion pictures, and young Ameche, the kid brother of Don, have everything in common. That is, in addition to working together on the Hollywood Playhouse.

Having reached "big time" in fabulous Hollywood, Gale who has just finished playing Mrs. Rockne in "The Life of Knute Rockne," might easily have claimed the adulation accorded a movie queen and thrown herself into the gay whirl of night club life. She might have leased a hilltop mansion with a swimming pool and a whole corps of uniformed servants. Instead, she chose a quiet, two-story Mediterranean-style home in a quiet residential district of Los Angeles. Its most distinctive feature is a lovely flower garden in which Gale loves to work, and the fact that the back yard fronts on the Wilshire Country Club Golf course was largely an accident of choice. Miss Page doesn't play golf. For recreation she prefers horseback riding, and she drives several miles to do it on the public bridle paths of Griffith Park.

Gale may well boast of as useful an indoor hobby as any star in Hollywood.

She knits at home and she knits at Hollywood Radio City during rehearsals. And when she isn't knitting, she's reading poetry or biographies. Occasionally, Gale will go in for a spirited game of badminton or ping-pong. But riding continues to be her favorite exercise, ever since her school days when she won many a trophy for horsemanship.

Establishing residence in California meant only one thing to young Ameche — aside, of course, from the factor of his career. It meant an opportunity to live closer to nature in the verdant San Fernando Valley, over the hills from Hollywood. Indifferent to the artificiality of apartment and night life, Jim promptly went out to "the valley," as everyone in Hollywood calls it, and rented a rambling nine-room French Provincial home, with plenty of grounds for two year old Jim, Jr., to romp and grow on. It's not a "ranch" in the sense of being a vast farming enterprise, but has just enough citrus trees to supply the Ameche breakfast table and enough shade trees for outdoor meals and cozy siestas.

Jim is not a horticulturist by taste or inclination. He leaves the garden work to his wife, Betty, a pretty non-professional girl he married soon after

her graduation from Rosary College in River Forest, Illinois. He does love golf, however, and plays it as often as time permits with personal friends whose names mean nothing to the public. His only other active sport is badminton, which he usually plays in the evenings, and that on courts of his friends, since he hasn't one of his own. There's nothing that Betty and Jim enjoy more than a social evening with those same friends at bridge. The movies and prizefights also take up some of their evenings, but most of them the Ameches prefer to spend at home, listening to the radio, and reading magazines and newspapers.

Betty is a big help to Jim when it comes to studying radio scripts. She has played in amateur theatricals, and has a fine sense of the dramatic. Betty reads Gale Page's lines to Jim when the script is sent out to Jim's home, which is usually two days before the night of the broadcast. By the time Jim reached Radio City on Wednesday, he is thoroughly familiar with his part and goes through precious little waste motion in his rehearsals with Gale. And as soon as the producer says, "cut," he's off for home as fast as his car will carry him over Cahuenga Pass to rejoin Betty and Jim, Jr.

MEET NATE GROSS

When Elaine Barrie chased John Barrymore across the country in the now famous love marathon, it was Nate Gross, Chicago Herald-American reporter who scooped the world.

Caliban and Ariel would have been just characters in Shakespeare's *Tempest*, if it hadn't been for this. Elaine became Ariel and John, Caliban in a taxi-cab on Chicago's outer drive, as Gross and the present Mrs. Barrymore followed another cab, in which the great lovers' bags were headed for a California train.

When it comes to scoops this Chicago newspaper man rates among those who scored the best, and if a score were kept of all of them, since the day in 1925 when he started to work for the City News Bureau of Chicago, he would be way out in front.

National stories, local stories, and all the time he brought them in, he became better known in all walks of life, and from New York to Hollywood. He is equally at home in San Francisco, as he is in Miami Beach. Yet for fifteen years he has been content to be "just a Chicago reporter."

In the Sunday editions (June 9) of the Herald-American "TOWN TATTLER" by Nate Gross, billed as Chicago's best-known reporter, was read with great interest from the Gold Coast to the Underworld, from La Salle St. to the night clubs.

"What's doin' " was the tag line on newspaper advertisements, radio announcements, on the side of Herald-American trucks, and on score cards at the ball game, announcing Chicago's only local column. "What's doin', Be on the Inside, Read TOWN TATTLER." "Read exclusive stories every day."

"He's got his finger on the pulse of Chicago," read another ad in the Herald-American, and so Nate Gross who spent fifteen years in the newspaper business in Chicago, never hogging the spotlight, was launched with one of the greatest promotional campaigns ever given a local feature.

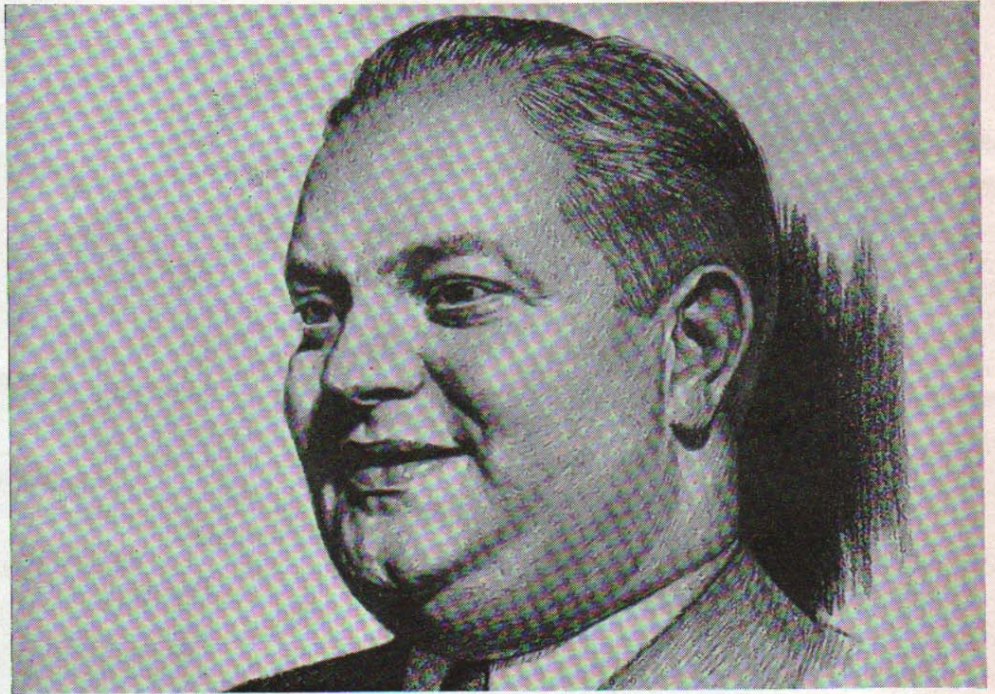
Nate Gross is Chicago. The only thing that interferes, is that he was born in Boston, Mass. But he was brought to the windy city when he was three. That ought to make him a Chicagoan, he says.

Last January, he was 33 years old. A graduate from public grammar and high schools, he received a bachelor of laws degree in 1929 from the Chicago Law School.

A bachelor, he spends his time with the people of his city. He knows as many policemen as he does bankers. He covered every news beat in town, and knows judges, politicians socialites theatrical people, gamblers, gangsters, lawyers, and all those people who make up a big city.

For four years he was assistant City Editor of the former Chicago Evening American. On the city desk he got

Bachelor-Lawyer-Actor-"Mayor"-Ace Reporter and Columnist make up but a part of the colorful career of one of Chicago's best loved personalities.



NATE GROSS

as many exclusive stories from these friends of his, as did the reporters to whom he assigned stories.

Years ago when he covered the criminal courts building the late Hildy Johnson of "Front Page" fame, referred to Gross as "The mayor of Randolph Street" for the city's rialto knew him and liked him. People trusted him, and from this trust came his scoops.

Dillinger was making arrangements to surrender to the proper authorities through Gross, but was killed first. Testimony on file in the Federal Court bears this out.

When Samuel Insull, the elder, returned to business and started a radio chain, the former utilities magnate, unapproachable to most newspapermen, gave his story to Gross.

When Cyrus Eaton, The Cleveland financier, and Insull's ancient enemy appeared in the Federal Court as a defense witness for Insull, the American had not only the fact that he was to take the stand, but also what he would say, and it was in the paper before anyone else knew Eaton was in town.

Even before Gross went to work for the American in 1933, he had a record of scoops. His coverage of the Dorr and O'Brien murder case helped the Chicago Times make its first large circulation increase. He sold Al Capone the idea of offering his aid in the search for the Lindbergh baby, but

the Times said the story was too far fetched. The late Arthur Brisbane didn't think so, however, and the Hearst papers got that story and sent it all over the world.

Only recently another national scoop was chalked up for Gross. That was on the removal of Al Capone from Terminal Island to an Eastern Penitentiary, the gangsters subsequent release from jail, and the fact that he would go to a Baltimore Hospital. Gross' editor wanted to send him to California to cover Capone's release from jail three weeks before, but Gross said:

"He won't be there. It would be a waste of money." He broke the story under a Washington dateline.

His column is a combination of all types of people and things in Chicago.

Since the column's inception, more scoops have been recorded, the foremost of these being the marriage of Sonja Henie and Dan Topping, 10 days before it happened.

Gross has appeared on the legitimate stage, playing an important role in the stage hit "Separate Rooms" and has been on innumerable radio shows. His most recent were the Betty Ames show and with Eddie and Fannie Cavanaugh over WCFL. At present several sponsors in New York and Chicago are dickering with him to sign up for a series of daily radio broadcasts, which, it is reported, he probably will accept sometime in September.



LET'S DANCE

With the rhumba craze seizing most of the dancers in America, Chicago's radio stars relax from their serious roles on the air and go in for their share of fun. These pictures were taken exclusively for Radio Varieties thru the courtesy of the Arthur Murray Dancing Studios. Pictured with the radio stars are Miss Anita Stone and Mr. Albert Vente, who are in charge of the studios at the Drake Hotel. Among the pupils Miss Stone has taught the rhumba are such notables as Jimmy Roosevelt, Marquis de Polignac, Marquis de Cuevas, Charles Wrightman, noted polo player; Winthrop Aldrich, George Abbot, famous producer, and Bob Sweeney, British golf star. Mr. Vente numbers among his "graduates" such outstanding women as Mrs. Jacob Astor, III; Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Mrs. Woolworth Donahue, Mrs. Gordon Douglas, Mrs. Randolph Hearst, Miss Diana Guest.

(Top left and counter-clockwise) — Miss Anita Stone cutting Cuban capers with Barry Drew who plays Clem Hutchins in "Elm Creek Folks." Betty Winkler heard as Patricia Knight in "Girl Alone" dances with Mr. Vente. Donna Reade, who plays Judy in "Judy and Jane," does an open break with Harry Bronsen, Arthur Murray instructor. Dale Evans, songstress on "News and Rhythm" with Mr. Vente. Lesley Woods, heard as Carol Evans Martin, in "Road of Life," dances with Mr. Bronsen. Miss Stone and Les Tremayne, star of "First Nighter," doing a few kicks. Reese Taylor, who is Bill Walker in "Right to Happiness," takes some verbal instructions from Miss Stone. (Top center, left to right) — Albert Vente, Lesley Woods, Les Tremayne, Anita Stone, Barry Drew, Donna Reade, and Reese Taylor.



"IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD"

Continued from page 4.

voice and a sound soprano singing tone, Linda first appeared on "It Happened in Hollywood" as the second in a series of guest stars early in May. She scored such a success that when her two weeks stint was up she was immediately reinstated as a permanent fixture. Ideally suited for such a program, Linda does right by the most complicated classical numbers as well as being no mean shakes with the more popular ballads. Her duet with Conte leave little to be desired in the way of vocal liaison.

"Never-Miss-A-Trick" Hiestand is the nickname this bunch of fun-lovers has tacked into their genial announcer and emcee. Six feet one and a half inches, 175 pounds of blonde good nature, Bud is constantly popping up to the mike with one wise crack after another, and most of these are strangers to the prepared script. Between his chores at the microphone, Bud spends his time cakewalking about the studio, pulling hair, and heckling the person who happens to be at the mike. But they all have come to expect it, and wouldn't change Hiesty for the world.

In Helen Troy, "Patty" of the show, is to be found an example of a young lady who took advantage of early schooling in the theatre and a little girl's nasal voice to garner herself a fine career in radio. Helen, as a personality, first cracked into broadcasting some years ago when a young man who operated the switchboard in a San Francisco station grabbed her by the hand and dragged her into a studio, explaining what he wanted her to do on the way. Thus, what was to be a "fill-in" program in an emergency, turned out to be "Cecil and Sally" which rode the airlines for six years with—you guessed it—Helen Troy playing the part of "Sally." Later she added to her reputation by appearing with Eddie Cantor for some time as his screwy switchboard operator. On "It Happened in Hollywood" she cues the program both on and off the air with her telephone routine, and further lightens the routine with her vacant witticisms.

Seldom seen, and never heard is the man to whom a good portion of the credit for the success of this ace daytime show must go. He is Wayne Griffin, or "Beaver" as he is affectionately called by his cast. Griffin produces and directs the program and his greatest reward is the esteem with which he is regarded by those who work tirelessly under his guidance.

And so, after manner of "Patty" Helen Troy, now that we've had our say, "We'll be seeing you tomorrow at the same time over these same stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System," and remember "It Happened in Hollywood."

SOUND EFFECTS GO REALISTIC

Continued from page 6.

under nose for answer when solution to problem seems far away!"

All in all, over 150 sound effects were used in the course of this first "sound perspective" broadcast. Some were the same old canned effects — but the majority were of the new realistic kind:

Actors in real cowboy boots and jingling spurs strode over a real planked floor which was built into the studio to stimulate a saloon.

Sound effects men played pool with real cues and balls on a real miniature table, while the actors emoted their lines.

Bandits moved around on palm fronds spread over the studio floor, in order to stimulate bandits hiding in the woods.

Sound effects man rolled a real tire off a real chunk of pavement and through a box of gravel into some bushes. Effect: exactly what the script called for — a driver steering his car over the curb, into a gravel driveway, and pulling up alongside a row of bushes.

Actor smashes fist into head of cabbage; second actor falls heavily onto the floor. Effect: audience shudders as they visualize a man taking a hard right to the jaw and falling.

Of course most of the sound effect props used in radio today are the results of evolutionary development, rather than radical innovations.

For example — thunder. Back in 1926, when NBC was formed, a prop man made thunder effects by the elemental method of knocking down a row of bowling pins. Soon it was found that a great sheet of iron pounded with a padded drum stick would produce more effective thunder. Still another forward-step evolved in the construction of a machine consisting of a sheet of cow hide stretched out over a framework of resonant wood. When struck, the cow hide transmitted thunder corresponding to the intensity of the pounding.

As time marched on, the sound effects laboratories produced still better thunder by means of a screen, 2½ by 5 feet wide, mounted on a swivel. To the edge of the screen was affixed a phonograph pickup; and when the screen was swatted by drumsticks, the noise impulses were fed into loud speakers on the sound turntable which regulated the volume of the thunder!

Progress in the development of new sound effect methods is usually just as deliberate as in this case of Thunder. But "sound perspective" — which combines complicated acoustical manipulation with super-realism in the way of props — looks as though it may radically affect radio's sound effects.

Whether it will climax the whole progress of sound effects in radio nobody can say. There is little doubt, however, that these experiments going on in Hollywood Radio City will form a milestone in this all-important facet of radio production.

I LOVE A MYSTERY

Continued from page 8.

memorable night in Shanghai, when the city was being bombed by the Japanese. Up to that time each had been an independent soldier of fortune. They found, in meeting, that each of them had a good valid reason, namely a neck that stuck out, to shake the dust of China off their feet. They pooled their resources, consisting mostly of courage enough to face a loaded cannon and audacity enough to tweak the general's nose, and got out of Shanghai fast. What their backgrounds were before they met is something so secret that we doubt Carlton Morse even knows. But he certainly doesn't want to tell.

Since they set foot on American soil a year ago last January, the trip has been through some extraordinary adventures. Cleaning up the gangster-ridden town in the west was only the beginning. Next they solved the mystery of "The Blue Phantom," a boat carrying a scientific expedition whose members and crew insisted on disappearing under most mysterious circumstances. Then the musketeers went on to bigger and better things. They blasted a kidnap ring out of New York, battled a cult of vampires preying on natives in the tropics, solved a murder that removed a curse off an old San Diego family, foiled a cunning scientific killer, finished off a fat magician who terrorized the desert with werewolves.

That's only a few samples of what Mr. Morse's Don Quixotic toughies will undertake. Right now they're looking for a mysterious God with a diamond-eye in French Indo-China. Don't be surprised if one of these days Morse has them fighting some deadly spies from Mars. On I Love A Mystery, anything can happen, and does. Only recently a press dispatch from Rumania carried a story which if serialized by Morse would sound as fictitious and impossible as any adventures of Jack, Doc and Reggie. It was the story about five Texans hired by an unnamed power to do nothing but sit on dynamite kegs in the Rumanian oil fields. Their jobs is this: If Rumania is invaded and the oil fields are threatened, the Texans, expert dynamiters, are to blow the wells all the way up to the famous inverted bowl. It's the kind of a job Jack, Doc and Reggie would glory in.

Carlton Morse has proved more that his literary versatility with I Love A Mystery. He has proved that we all love a mystery, and that we all love adventure. But don't take our word for it. Next time you go shopping for a magazine, take a count of how many mystery and adventure magazines you'll find. Next time you go to a rental library, see how many of the books on the shelves come under the heading of mystery and adventure. The survey may not prove us to be a nation of classicists.

RADIO CHIT-CHAT

By AL WILLIAMS

Woodbury Playhouse with Jim Ameche and Gale Paige will become a serial for the Summer. Gale Paige quit the flickers for radio — Gale, as you know, is a former Chicago girl. We like that smile in Everett Mitchell's voice when he says, "It's a beautiful day in Chicago." Arthur Q. Bryan, former "Grouch Club" little man, will have a good spot on the new Eddie Cantor show which will air soon. Lou Krugman, who came to Chicago from New York, is really taking over — you can hear him on "Backstage Wife" and "L'il Abner." Alice Reinheart, Chichi on "Life Can Be Beautiful", is starting a drive among Proctor & Gamble actors to donate money to buy an ambulance for the American Ambulance Corps overseas. Bing Crosby and his brother, Tootin' Bob, will be heard on the same nights one hour apart!!! WLS Barn Dancers are a great bunch — when you come to town be sure to visit their show, you will find their personalities as contagious 'off' mike as well as 'on.' Fulton Lewis MBS spieler lost ten pounds during the GOP Convention in Philadelphia! Every time I hear Kate Smith sing "God Bless America" I get goose bumps up and down my spine. Nice guys to know are the page boys at NBC — CBS and WGN studios. They are great friends of the actors and are always willing to go out of their way for out-of-towners. Wonder why "Lights Out" isn't on the air waves? Radio has proven its public service many, many times, but let's take a bow to the newscasters who are doing such a swell job in their reporting of the European war. I have often wanted to call a person at random and ask him what program he is listening to. Radio Varieties' editor: that's a fine thing you are doing — recognizing programs by your Gold Cup award, reminds me that a well-known radio editor in New York spoke highly of it. I'd like to compete with you by having my readers send in a vote for their favorite program — you might find it interestin'. I'll tabulate your votes in this column...

Chicagovents: Jeanne Juvelier and husband, Milton, an eight and one-half pound boy "Shim". Jeanne is Madam Babette in "Arnold Grimm's Daughter." DeWitt McBride and wife, Peggy. CBS producer, Phil Bowman, and wife, Sally — a girl..... Incidentally, Phil, this column numbers you as one of the top directors in this center. Storkspecting: Actor Marvin Mueller and wife, Beth. Gail Henshaw, "Kitty Keene," utilizes her spare time by writing letters to people who write her giving advice on her

present radio serial problem. By way of interest, Gail, if you didn't have a conflict you would now have the lead in Chicago latest show. Louise Fitch (Rosie on "Ma Perkins"): I understand your lawyer-golf-husband is entertaining hopes of teaching your year-and-a-half old daughter, Dale, the game of golf. Know from reliable sources he has already bought a special set of golf clubs for her. Vinnie Pelletier: Please tell Eddie Guest that you two make a fine team, and that I enjoy the "Land-o-Lakes" program. Ed Prentiss: I met your dad and mother — your girl — and I heard you do a swell job on "Painted Dreams" — now I know why you're AAL... Zombi. Buck Gunn: When is "Springtime in Harvest" coming back? If people think "One Man's Family" is the best in the book, they should hear "S and H." Three of my outstanding likes in script shows are written by women — Irna Phillips, Sandra Michael, and Kathleen Norris.

It's good to see Patty Dunlap ("Bachelor's Children") again. Patty has the most infectious smile and personality in radio. "Midstream" cast: Your show has been riding a high Crosley — I think it's time you all congratulated Russ Thorsen on his job as Charles. Janet Logan ("Road of Life"): Gosh! What big brown eyes you have! Still in line with congratulations, we want to give notice to Fran Carlon's acting as Bunny on "Mary Marlin." Smitty, of Henrici's, has concocted a new summer drink for his NBC radio actors — it's called "standby" — try it, you'll get a surprise. One thing we are getting fed up with is all the crying going on in the different serials. Why don't you Writers get wise to the fact that with hell torn loose in Europe, there are many pleasant things in this world. People who listen to your shows have their own minor problems without worrying about what is going to happen to this character and that character. Take a walk along Lake Michigan and watch the white waves roll along the warm brown shore — the green trees waving in a cool breeze against a blue sky — happy children playing in the sand — on the streets — in green fields. Watch the thrill a person gets when Old Glory is waving over a free country... happiness and a prayer of thanks is ours. Let's have in your writing a spirit of that happiness — a feeling through your writing that you, too, can say, "Thank God the punching of typewriter keys is the nearest to the sound of machine gun fire I'll ever hear." So long.

LISTEN TO "QUIZ KIDS"

Continued from page 3.

That these children are really outstanding is evidenced in the case of seven-year-old Gerard Darrow.

One of the questions asked concerned candles not made out of animal fat. After the usual answers, Gerard stated with complete aplomb:

"I would use the candlefish. It is a small fish of the smelt family. It has oily flesh, and the Pacific Coast Indians dried it and used it for candles. It burns quite readily, with little smoke, gives a good light but smells terrible.

After which master of ceremonies Joe Kelly quipped:

"If it smells terrible, maybe it **should** be burned."

Evidence of the ready wit of these youngsters comes from Mary Ann Anderson, in answer to the definition of a "sarong".

"A sarong," explained Mary Ann, "is Dorothy Lamour's mainstay."

Contestants on "Quiz Kids" are selected with considerable care. Listeners, newspapers, educational authorities and institutions are invited to submit the names of particularly talented children of their acquaintance. Each boy and girl is then given a written I and information test via the mails. From among the best tests, personal examinations or tryouts are held before a group of experts, and the finalists chosen.

The program is designed to extol the American system of education, particularly its broadness of outlook. In line with this, each edition of the program features an outstanding educator who relates his experiences with the quiz team to the radio audience.

On the initial program, Dr. Harold A. Swenson, professor of psychology and adviser in the college of psychology at the University of Chicago, spoke. He was followed by C. A. Millsbaugh on July 5. Mr. Millsbaugh is a former English instructor at the University College of the University of Chicago who will leave shortly to head the English department of Frances Shimer College, Mount Carroll, Illinois.

On July 19, Grant Wood, noted American artist, appeared on the program.

"Quiz Kids" is sponsored by Miles Laboratories of Elkhart, Indiana, makers of Alka Seltzer, who are sponsors of "Alec Templeton Time" and "National Barn Dance".

Production of "Quiz Kids" is in the hands of Edward Simmons, director of "Alec Templeton Time". Announcing duties are turned over to Fort Pearson, popular NBC newscaster.



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Top left: Andy Devine and Phil Harris of Jack Benny's show and Bill Morrow, one of Jack's ace writers. Top center: Fibber McGee and Molly. Top right: Burns and Allen. Center left: Arthur Lake and Penny Singleton of the Blondie radio series. Center right: Judy Garland, singer on Bob Hope's show. Bottom left: Parkyakarkas, comedian, formerly with Eddie Cantor. Bottom center: Two of radio's biggest comics—Bob Hope and Jerry Colonna. Bottom right: Rudy Vallee and Slapsie Maxie.





[PATRICIA DUNLAP

Pretty brown-eyed Pat Dunlap is proud of her skill at many things — namely, knitting, cooking, and playing the saxophone. But the accomplishment which she holds up as her prime claim to fame is her ability to track down the criminal in almost any detective story, long before she's read the story through.

Pat reads every new mystery story on the market and has her favorite detectives, her favorite types of murders, and her favorite inspectors.

Patty, who plays the part of "Janet" in CBS's "Bachelor's Children," was born in Blomington, Illinois. She attended

schools in Delavan and Harvard, Illinois; learned about acting at the Goodman Theatre in Chicago. Her first job was in her grandfather's grocery store.

Patty made her air debut in March of 1931 over a Chicago station. She plays piano sketches, studies French in her spare time, and roller skates for exercise on fine days.

Says Patty of her passion for blood and thunder mysteries, "I get almost as much satisfaction out of a good thriller as I do out of a new dress or hat."

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