

RADIO VARIETIES

JUNE -- 1941.

TEN CENTS

Guest Star of many radio shows, Priscilla Lane is now starred in Warner Bros. film "Million Dollar Baby."



Patter Off the Platter

Jimmy Dorsey is making musical history this spring with each recording he makes. His "Amapola" leads the league in sales in every hamlet in the country. Bob Eberly takes the first vocal on this popular Decca and is followed by Helen O'Connell who spreads out on one of the best swing choruses heard yet.

Decca's (3710) presents Dorsey and Co. again in My Sister and I with Eberly taking charge of the singing dept. The flipover is a popular rendition based on The Sheherazada, titled "In The Hush of the Night" Two more smash hits recorded by Dorsey for Decca are "Maria Elena" (3698) and "Perfidia" (3198).

Decca's contribution to the Latin trend which is sweeping the Americas are two Tango albums, one by Pancho, the other by Nano Rodriguez. Both are graceful and romantically recorded with the best selections of tangos that have come out of the Pampas.

For something unusual Decca has combined two Bob Crosby discs titled "Shakespeare In Swing". The Bob Cats swing out on excerpts from the Bards plays, with Marion Mann donating the throat music.

In direct contrast to the great strides Decca has made in the Hep-Cat dept. their album (191), records 10 sides of Favorite Hawaiian Songs by Ray Kinney. Soothing to the nerves, this dreamy-drowsey soft music of the Islands is a tonic for the listener. It takes him over the blue pacific to the carefree land of swishing palms and romance.

For a shot in the arm listen to Decca's (218) the Count Basie album "One O'clock Jump." Here the Count handles the ivories in his famous "Basie Cord" manner with the Bull Fiddle jumping up and down the scale like mad. James Rushing sings on four sides of the 12 sided Decca-hot-platter-album. A must for cats.

Paul Robeson lends his splendid basso to two old favorites, "Absent", and "Sylvia". There was a time when these two were possibly the most popular sentimental songs in the world. Paul Robeson shows us why. (Victor 27366)

Contributing to the Latin American vogue, Barnabas Von Geczy and his Orchestra play "Cuban Serenade" and "Mexican Serenade". Both are melodious, rather restrained in style and extremely colorful. (Victor 27368).

Eric Coates has composed much charming light music in the modern - not modernistic - manner. He conducts the Light Symphony Orchestra in his "Springtime Suite", a miniature work occupying three record sides. The fourth is taken up by his "For Your Delight" serenade, an admirable choice. (Victor 36393 and 36394).

Graziella Parraga is a musical emissary of good-will from Cuba and she furthers her duties admirably with "Blue Echoes" and "Night Over Rio". These ballad style tunes, sung in both English and Spanish, fit her svelte contralto beautifully (Bluebird B-11047)

A collector's item of the first water is a pairing of instrumental solos by two outstanding hot stars, Dicky Wells playing trombone in "Dicky Wells Blues", and

Tommy Dorsey is pretty much of a perfectionist when it comes to the recording or the broadcasting of his own music. He liked his version of "Let's Get Away From It All," however, in fact so much that he devoted both sides of his latest record to a special ar-

rangement of the tune. His six-minute interpretation does it full justice and we'll add our recommendations to those of Dorsey himself. Everybody plays and everybody sings in the smart Broadway-Dorsey style and patter of his recent "Oh! Look At Me Now." Definitely recommended. (Victor 27377)

"Take the 'A' Train," the latest Duke Ellington offering, is the cryptic title of a Billy Strayhorn opus spiced with the Duke's orchestrating genius. There's some excellent trumpet work included and solid tempo. The reverse is an unusual version of "Sidewalks of New York" featuring Bigard's clarinet. (Victor 27380)

Having effectively taken care of the "William Tell" overture, Alvin Rey turns his guitar loose in "Light Cavalry," the von Suppe overture with all the trombone slides. For contrast he plays "Amapola," slow sweet and beautiful. (Bluebird B-11108)

Glenn Miller presents velvety pleasure music in "The One I Love" with vocal embellishments by Ray Eberle and the Modernaires. The coupling is "Sun Valley Jump," a jump tune in the meter best designed to show off the Miller virtuosity. (Bluebird B-11110)

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F. L. ROSENTHAL, *Publisher*

WILTON ROSENTHAL, *Editor*

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Rudy Vallee



ALTHOUGH credit is given to Rudy Vallee for the discovery of such stars as Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, Bob Burns, Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou, Alice Faye, Burns and Allen and even John Barrymore (as a radio hit), the modest Yankee says "I feel I have been greatly overrated as a 'discoverer' of talent. I can't honestly take credit for being the first to see possibilities in all these artists."

"For instance," says Rudy, "I never thought of Charlie McCarthy as a radio 'find' until Elsa Maxwell called him to my attention at a party for Noel Coward."

That Rudy is a master showman, however, cannot be denied for even though John Barrymore's name has been a household word for decades, it took Rudy's sense of timing to bring out the great latent talents for radio comedy in the man who is really the Clown Prince of Comedy on the air today.

"A showman," says Rudy, is nothing more than

a good human guinea pig—a common denominator. As for me, I expose myself to all talent—known and unknown—because I feel that what amuses me will amuse others."

Vallee is quick to admit that he is a hard taskmaster, but he believes that genius, like truth, will out when given even a moderate chance for development. He says the very human satisfaction of giving some talented newcomer a start in a career is as great a compensation for him as the satisfaction of offering the public a new artist.

Rudy Vallee's current program is heard each Thursday night from Hollywood at 9:00 p. m. CDST over the NBC-Red network. Featured on the program in addition to Barrymore and Vallee's orchestra is Lurene Tuttle, NBC actress who has also been heard in *I Love a Mystery*, *One Man's Family*, and other dramatic shows from Hollywood. Though she is heard as Rudy's radio sweetheart in practically every broadcast, it is strictly all radio with the two of them.

CUGAT CONGA DRUM- MER CRACKS WISE IN RHYTHM

THE "XAVIER CUGAT and Yvette Program" boasts an "angel", and not only that but one with a sense of humor.

There is a deal of entertainment in the Camel program at 7:30 P.M., EST, Thursday nights and some of it is off the record in the "off-stage" remarks by said "angel", which cause near havoc among members of the NBC-Red Network program's cast.

The conga is a free and easy type of music, permitting of ad-libbing and high-pitched shouts which to the average listener sound as if they meant nothing at all except an expression of exuberance by the musicians. But in the studio it is easy to see that the musicians grin and chuckle among themselves far more than the gay spirit of the tunes warrant.

And it all can be laid at the door of Angel Santos, who plays the conga drum and swings the gourds in Cugat's orchestra. When that type of tune is being played he gets up and dances around the studio singing to himself, and letting an occasional shout fly into the nearest microphone. There in lie the chuckles.

One Thursday evening Angel didn't think much of the fiddle work so he shouted the Spanish slang for "corny" into the mike. Then there was another time—the boys had been out on a party the night before, and still felt like it. Angel sidled up to the mike and yelled the Spanish equivalent of "I feel awful!" That broke up the brass section and for a full second the only sound emitted by the horns were a couple of grunts.

Sometimes Santos' cracks lead to unexpected results. Nico Lopez, the bongo drummer is sensitive about his big feet. When Angel shouted—"those are suitcases, not feet!" Nico stopped his work and chased Angel across the studio.

Because each step was instinctively taken in time to the rhythmic beat of the music the studio audience was not aware of anything other than "just a little more clowning", and because the particular number was loud anyway, no extraneous sounds reached the air.



Sparkling eyes and a piquant smile put lovely Jane Wilson in a fair position as one of radio's top lovelies. Jane has an incredibly high voice which rings out sweetly in solo selections on the "Fred Waring in Pleasure Time" programs heard Mondays through Fridays over the NBC-Red Network from New York City.



Olive Major, 13-year-old Eddie Cantor soprano protege on the NBC-Red Network "Time to Smile", is having the time of her life—first trip to Gotham.



Johnny, famed call boy, whose clarion call summons Amerloa to NBC-Red airing of "Johnny Presents" Tuesdays, gives his autograph to a wide-eyed fan.

BERNIE REHEARSALS NO PLACE FOR SANE PEOPLE

UNRESTRAINED, uninhibited and definitely wacky are the dress rehearsals for Ben Bernie's NBC-Blue Network "New Army Game" every Tuesday afternoon in NBC's Ritz Theater when the old maestro, probably inspired by the empty seats, takes every opportunity to give with the quip.

The joke jamboree gets under way when the quiz section of the show is being timed. For this purpose the Bailey Sisters, vocalists with the band, and Carol Bruce, soloist, impersonate the female contestants and Bernie's writers do the male entrants. And this can happen:

Eddie Green, new colored character on the show, shuffles up to the mike.

Bernie: "Good evening. What's your name?"

Green: "Sweeney."

Bernie: "Sweeney?"

Green: "Yassuh. Sweeney with the dark brown wool."

A writer strolls up.

Bernie: "Good evening, sir. May I ask your name?"

Writer: "Oberon Crouch."

Bernie: "All right, Mr. Crouch. Your question is geological. This is long and winding and when it leaves its source, always gets where it's going. The name of the song is—

(Orch.: "Volga Boatman.")

Writer: "Er, uh, hmmm. It's right on the tip of my tongue."

Bernie: "Well, it's a bit longer than that, although you do have quite a formidable stinger." (Off stage, Carol Bruce, the maestro's best stooge, goes into hysterics and Bernie beams.)

Bernie: "Sorry, Crouch, your time is up. Next."

Carol Bruce: "Good evening, sir."

Bernie: "Why, good evening, Miss. May I have your name?"

Bruce: "Ming Toy Slitch."

Bernie: "Sounds like a merger. Miss Slitch let's say you're out in a canoe with Winchell and both fall in. What's the name of this song?" (Orch.: "Down Went McGinty.")

Bruce: "Down Went McGinty to the Bottom of the Sea."

Bernie: "Right, Ming Toy. And, incidentally, that would be the only time Winchell was ever seen tipping."

At this point, the orchestra usually decides to do a little impromptu jamming; everyone discovers it's time to go out for coffee; Bernie discovers no one has been timing the show and the writers disappear. But, somehow, the show does get on.

RADIO VARIETIES — JUNE



Patricia Dunlap, charming NBC ingenue from Illinois, recently won the role of Pat Curtis in "Tom Mix Straight Shooters". As Pecos' girl friend, she becomes the second feminine member of the regular cast of the NBC-Blue Network serial. Pat also is Jill Stewart in "Backstage Wife", NBC-Red Network serial.



More than a decade ago a young reporter-columnist went on the air in Kansas City with a pleasant little sketch about a bridge-playing couple. Today Jane and Goodman Ace (NBC-Blue, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays; 7:00 p.m., EST) are comedy "tops".

Winchell— The Man Everyone— And No One—Knows



The fellow with his collar open, his tie unknotted and his hat on the back of his head can make or break, can praise or blame with equally telling effect with the words he machine-guns into the NBC-Blue network microphone each Sunday night at 8:00 p.m. CST.

For that fellow is Walter Winchell, editing his Jergens Journal "with lotions of love for Mr. and Mrs. North America and all the ships at sea."

Winchell oftentimes sends the FBI racing to an out-of-the-way spot, or the center of New York, sets editors frantically checking, sets tongues a-wagging half way around the world with his flashes.

How does a man who was never a reporter uncover stories that trained editors don't suspect? And obtain information that law enforcement agencies cannot lay their hands on?

The answer is hard to find, for Winchell keeps his own counsel. He never betrays a confidence nor discloses the identity of a person who has given him information. He doesn't want close friends, because he doesn't want the obligations of friendship.

A part of his secret is hard work. Winchell works every minute of the day. In night club or restaurant, in cab or in airplane, on the beach at Miami, the set at Hollywood or the pavement of Broadway, his quick inquisitive mind scans the place and people for scraps of information.

Another part of his secret is his mail. His letters from millionaires and paupers, high government officials and bums, Park Avenue matrons and school girls, from revilers and adulators, run into the hundreds of thousands a year. And all these correspondents and acquaintances contribute to the mass of information from which Winchell selects the material for his daily newspaper and weekly radio columns.

Winchell has been satirized, ridiculed, derided, physically attacked, and written into plays, books and magazine articles. But he has never swerved from his aim:

To get and print the news about anybody.

K. P. Now Means Klever Pianist

John Brown, staff pianist at WLS, Chicago, first started to learn the violin, abandoned that to take up cornet, but became a professional trombonist before he settled down to the piano as a life work.



JOHN BROWN,
Staff Pianist, WLS, Chicago

ON A BLAZING hot summer day in 1917, John Brown, private in the A.E.F., was on K.P. duty somewhere in France. He was attached to an outfit conveying ambulances to and from the front lines, but in his K.P. capacity, was engaged at the moment in scraping the skins from a heap of po-

tatoes almost as high as the Eiffel Tower.

That was misery enough. But to add to it, the company band was rehearsing nearby. Before his days as a soldier, John made his living as a musician — and he couldn't stand the rehearsal.

Evidently, John says, they had held a contest to locate the worst trombone player in the army — and they'd found him.

So John lost no time in applying for the job. Somewhere in his professional career, John had dropped the trombone to concentrate on piano, and he was two years out of practice. The conductor, however, was not informed of that fact. For an audition, he suggested "America Forever." John raised the horn to his mouth and waded in. But his lack of practice showed, even though it wasn't heard. For he puffed out his cheeks slightly — an awful thing for a trombone player to do. The sensitive conductor was enraged. "Your embouchure is terrible!" he shouted — and forthwith sent John Brown back to peeling spuds.

John was at Bordeaux on the first Armistice Day, but the end of the war did not mean the end of service for him. He spent more time Over There after the Armistice than before, with the Army of Occupation at Trier, Germany, in the Moselle region.

After his discharge, John returned to the United States and show business — as a pianist. Piano is the only instrument John now plays at WLS, but by no means the only one he can play. Brown made his professional debut as a trombonist with the All-American Band, conducted by the celebrated Thurlow Lieurance. But as a boy, he had first mastered the cornet, before turning to the slide horn. And before that, he had started out to learn violin. It was only his short reach that kept John Brown from a violin ca-

(Continued on Page 14)

"SANCTUM'S" MUSIC IS WEIRD AS ITS DRAMAS

FOR A SUPER "whodunnit" series like the NBC-Blue Network's marrow-melting "Inner Sanctum Mystery", heard Tuesdays at 9:35 P.M., EST, the choice of Charles Paul as music director was not only logical but inevitable.

A concert organist of high standing in his soberer moments, Paul can make an organ do the darndest things when he's of a mind to. He can make it purr like a kitten, bark like a seal, hum like a vacuum cleaner or wail like a banshee—as his mood inclines.

When a program is deliberately designed to make gibbering insomniacs of 130,000,000 radio listeners, however, as the "Inner Sanctum" series is, all the stops are off and Paul gets downright demoniacal. Then the organ becomes haunted. It groans, howls like the worst nor'wester you've ever heard, or whimpers like a sick puppy.

It wasn't always like that, though. Paul, a native of the Yorkville sector of New York City is a graduate of the New York College of Music.

He developed his whimsical touch when he was engaged by Max Fleischer to furnish the accompaniment for animated cartoons. His fertile imagination was given the widest latitude. He worked out various effects at the keyboard that drew as many laughs from theater-goers as the cartoon characters did.

Since becoming the organist and music director of the "Inner Sanctum Mystery", Paul has added many fiendish sounds to his unusual repertoire. He receives a copy of each script several days before they are broadcast and spends hours working them out.

"It's just a knack of having imagination", he modestly asserts, adding, "and being able to work out an effect that is descriptive without sounding musical."

RESIDENTS of New York state have benefited more from Hrcace Heidt's "Pot o' Gold" show than the constituents of any other section. As the popular maestro of the NBC-Blue coin carnival moved into Manhattan recently, he made a survey of the statistics. Nine of his gifts have gone to Empire Staters. Ohio comes second with seven, Minnesota third with six, and Iowa fourth with five.

It's a moot question whether New Yorkers spend more time at home and thus hear the \$1,000 call, but the state enjoys another record in grabbing the gifts; the largest amount ever given went to a resident of Jamestown, N. Y.—\$4,600.



Betty Lou Gerson, one of the leading players in the NBC Chicago studios, has added a new laurel to her growing list of triumphs by winning the title role in the widely-popular serial, "Story of Mary Marlin", heard daily over the NBC-Blue Network. She also has the lead in "Midstream" and "Arnold Grimm's Daughter."



Judging from the "shame-on-you" expressions on the faces of Edgar Bergen and Bud Abbott and the look of triumph beneath Charlie McCarthy's silk topper, Charlie ("McCarty," Lou Costello calls him) has won the first round in his feud with Costello. Keep tuned to the NBC-Red Sundays for other rounds.



Typical of millions of American girls and boys are "Midge" and "Bud" Barton (portrayed above by Jane Webb and Dick Holland) in the popular NBC-Blue Network series, "The Bartons." The series is heard daily, Monday through Friday, and the activities of "The Bartons" are as familiar as those of your neighbor next door.



Lowell Thomas, ace news commentator on the NBC-Blue Network, accepts the first of a new edition of the "Lowell Thomas Adventure Library" from W. W. Beardsley, editor of P. F. Collier & Son. Thomas, whose middle name might well be "adventure", is heard Monday through Friday in his interpretations of world events.

YVETTE MAY BUY A BICYCLE AND A GOOD STOUT PADLOCK

YVETTE'S automobile was stolen—and yet at the same time it wasn't. You see it's like this. The NBC network songbird, who has been sporting a brand new maroon convertible, recently parked the car outside her apartment building. But when she came out an hour later it was gone.

A telephone call to Police Headquarters brought a squad car on the double. Assured by police that the car would be located Yvette went to bed with hope in her heart.

Now we shift to Scene 2... A gentleman who wishes to remain cloaked in anonymity owns another one of those convertibles. His is not maroon, but a dark satiny blue. He lives in the same apartment building. He likewise parked his car in front, but telephoned his garage, asking them to pick it up and put it away for the night.

When the gentleman came out in the morning he found his car in front and drove right to the garage ripe for a blistering reprimand. On arrival he found a new employee who said "Why—we have your car here—I'll show you!" The car in the garage was a maroon one. "Mister I'm gonna call the police!" the garage man said. "That's grand larceny!"

The police arrived. They called Yvette. All was explained. All was forgiven. The locks on both cars are identical, which happens only once in 10,000 cars according to the police.

Harpichordist Marlowe and Singers Kay Lorraine, Brad Reynolds, on Anachronistic Sunday Program

SYLVIA MARLOWE, noted American harpichordist who airs an anachronism—swing and boogie woogie cut of that antique instrument—sets the pace for 15 minutes of widely contrasting moods on the NBC-Red network, Sunday afternoons during Lavender and New Lace, at 2:00 p. m. CDST.

Designed to present both classics and popular music without swinging the masters, or getting heavy on the popular music, the program begins by painting a picture of eighteenth century candlelight and hoop-skirts.

About the time the listener gets well settled in the satin and jasmine grove, he finds yesterday getting involved with today, his satin illusions are shattered, the candle snuffed out.

Mozart is shunted into the rumble seat and the land of long ago has had an injection of lace and ruffled jive mixed by an eighteenth century harpichord pestle in the twentieth century mortar of radio.

Emotions of a Script Writer

The jittery lads of the maternity wards have nothing on Don Quinn, writer of the "Fibber McGee and Molly" programs, as he watches — or rather, listens — to his brain children being born each Tuesday night.

TALK ABOUT expectant fathers having a time of it! — the effect of the studio audience's rhythmical laughter on the McGees writer is akin to the relief a corridor-pacing father feels with the first cry of his new-born child.

At an early hour Tuesday evening Don goes straight to the sponsor's booth, which is located high above the stage in Studio C of NBC's Hollywood Radio City. A sponsor's booth, just to make sure that we're still together, is so constructed that its occupants can see as well as hear how the program sounds on the air.

Quinn seats himself in a subdued corner near the loudspeaker, and, out of vision range of what is taking place on the stage, he nervously ticks off the minutes until airtime. When Fibber, Molly and their supporting players start to warm up the audience with one of radio's funniest series of pre-broadcast stunts, Don begins to relax just a trifle. However, it is evident to everyone present that he is listening intently.

"Listening to what?" you wonder. Certainly he has heard this pre-air routine scores of times — Fibber and Molly do it every Tuesday. As you study Don and his reactions, all of a sudden it dawns on you that he is listening to only one thing—the audience's reaction.

If the audience is a responsive one and generous with its laughter, Don looks around him with a pleased - with himself and a pleased - with - the - world - ingeneral smile. For he knows that such an audience also will be more responsive to the as yet untried material to come when Studio C's red light signals "On the air".

To a stranger entering the booth, Don Quinn appears to be the least important person there. But that is true of most really important people — they seldom



Fibber McGee, Molly and Don Quinn.

flaunt their position, and certainly Don is no exception to the rule.

"Surely that quiet, slightly rotund figure straddling a chair over there in the corner can't be important," they probably think to themselves. Whereas his presence in the booth may not be important to them, their presence there is to Quinn.

With each line of the broadcast he studies them as a scientist would a strange specimen. By their reactions and the laughter from the studio audience, Don pieces together a cross-country picture of a nation seated by its collective radio. And so it is that he learns and improves and finds the eagerly sought answers to the thousand and one questions he has been asking himself about the script's various lines and situations, about the turning of a phrase, the choice of a word, the right spot for a certain routine.

That is why, as the "Fibber McGee and Molly" scripts roll off the production line of Don Quinn's pen, the McGees tour the nation's broadcasting band each Tuesday night in a better and smarter model than the week before. Each program in its turn is based on the knowledge gained the week before.

When the script is completed and ready for the air, Quinn figures that his work is only half done. His next task is to take it into the laboratory of human reaction to prove or disprove his work. Only by using the testing ground of an actual broadcast and getting all the answers does Don Quinn feel that he is prepared to tackle next Tuesday's "Fibber McGee and Molly" script.

The mechanics of writing the script are something to write about and something on which Quinn has a few things to say.

For over ten years he has been directly associated with the Fibber McGee and Molly stars — Marian and Jim Jordan, who are Mr. and Mrs. Nearly six of those ten years have been devoted to writing Fibber and Molly scripts. Their early years were occupied with a daytime serial known as "Smackout". Not once during this time has Quinn relaxed his vigilance and deep concern over every program.

"When the time comes," declares Don, and the Jordans back him up, "when we have to put a show on the air on which we—and that means every member of the troupe—are not sold 100 percent, that will be the signal for us to quit this radio business and take up farming."

In all probability the Jordan-Quinn trio will not soon take to serious agricultural pursuits, for the "Fibber McGee and Molly" show stays consistently top-flight and is harvesting a bigger audience with each airing. Figures show that the McGees are at the top of all weekday broadcasts.

Quinn says that the secret of this steady success lies in the versatility of the cast. But that is only part of the story.

"After the first draft of the script is 'written' explains Don, "we have a reading on Friday afternoon, four days before air-time. We go over the lines and kick them around — everyone makes suggestions, and then I go back to work. While revising the script, I try to keep the theme of the program intact and at the same time try to strengthen weak spots and delete bad gags.

"Monday morning the cast rehearses the revised script, picks it to pieces again for possible flaws. Mind you, all of this a scant twenty-four hours before the broadcast. Even then, if it still seems weak, if the cast can not work up the proper enthusiasm, the entire script is junked. We make no further attempt to re-write it but start on a new script with a new theme.

"This can be done," continued Quinn, "only because each mem-

ber of the cast, from Marian and Jim Jordan down, is able to play at least three different characters if necessary. Thus, without the necessity of adding to the cast, it is possible to change a script which features Fibber and Molly, Horatio K. Boomer, an English butler and a society woman to one having such characters as the Old Timer, the Little Girl, a stuttering vacuum cleaner salesman, a gangster and a "Grik" dialectician. With these character substitutions we can change the entire theme of the program in a few hours if necessary."

Changing the entire script of a radio program at the eleventh hour is no easy task, no matter how versatile a cast may be. However, it has been done, but you can see by the look in Mr. Quinn's eyes that he hopes it doesn't happen again soon.

Quinn's theory for comedy writing is simple. Every laugh line on the show must grow directly out of its characters and situations at 79 Wistful Vista, the locale of all the McGees' doings.

Fibber must be funny as Fibber and not with a joke stolen from Joe Miller. Don will not depend on the ordinary radio technique of taking an extraneous gag and shoving it in as the high spot.

Quinn's is the hard way to do it. But it's the way he has worked since the beginning of his association with the Jordans.

There are really two Don Quinns: the serious worker whom we have just described, and the whimsical chap known to his family and friends. In fact, Don is a rarity amongst humorists — a completely sane and happy man.

To be brutally frank, the current fashion for humorists — especially radio writers — calls for an upset stomach, a perennial frown at the world and a preoccupied stare that apparently sees naught but over-ripe eggs laying all over the place. While these men may succeed from time to time in shaking the world with a belly laugh, it is often advisable to pass them

by when in search of good company.

But Quinn, as we said, is an exception — probably that always needed exception to prove the rule.

The only beef Don has in his scheme of things is that there is so little time left over in the days and weeks to devote to his numerous hobbies — hobbies other than writing, which he thoroughly enjoys.

And it is very probable that this enormous appetite for living keeps Don going year after year with never a lack of material.

As for the hobbies — there are several sleek guns in the corner of his study that are always inviting him out to the target range. "And I'm getting to be a pretty good shot, too," remarks Don with a surprising likeness to Santa Claus twinkle in his eyes.

Golf is "Swell", according to Quinn, but the real love of his life, next to Mrs. Quinn and their 5-year-old daughter, Nancy, is flying. "That's really being in another world," is the way he sums it up.

On his desk is a stack of yet-to-be-read books. "Swell hobby for anyone, reading," he'll tell you. Photography is something else that he would like to find a great deal more hours for.

And as he goes on down the list, it is all too evident that here is one funnyman who hasn't out-laughed himself at the ways of the world.

There are also weekly tap lessons that manage somehow to find their way into his crowded week. "It's swell exercise, you know, and that's one way you can have a lot of laughs at yourself without anyone getting hurt."

And that last remark just about sums up Don Quinn's philosophy of life:

If you can laugh at yourself and really enjoy living, you have a better right to ask the world to laugh with you.



The Little Maid

Evelyn, the Little Maid of WLS, Chicago, is now singing at WLS' sister station KOY in Phoenix, Arizona. Evelyn's last name is Overstake, and she is a sister of Eva Overstake, now Mrs. Red Foley. With a third sister, Lucille, they used to be known as the Three Little Maids on WLS.

VERA VAGUE SELECTS BEST DRESSED MEN

BING CROSBY, Rudy Vallee and a little man who attended a Signal Carnival program incognito are Hollywood's best dressed men, according to Vera Vague, the brilliant and unbalanced NBC lecturess of many West Coast broadcasts. Seven other worthy characters made up Miss Vague's list of the 10 best dressed Hollywoodians for 1940.

"I nominate Bing Crosby for first place," Miss Vague said, "because he has a sense of color, a sense of what not to wear, and the things he doesn't wear look so nice on the men who wear them. Or do they?"

"Rudy Vallee is my second choice, because he looks so dashing, if you get what I mean. No one in Hollywood wears dark glasses with such an air. Rudy and Bing both sing nice, too, so let's take them as representatives of two schools of thought. Of course they might give a little more thought to me, don't you think?"

Queried as to her third choice, Miss Vague said, "Oh, him? I just threw him in because he's cute. He always sits in the front row, wears horn-rimmed spectacles, looks as though he should have a goatee but doesn't, and he cracks his knuckles. He's about five feet two, weighs about 100 pounds. And he wears suits exactly like my father used to wear when father was the best dressed man in the country in 1842."

Miss Vague's other selections were Joe the Newsboy; Bill Goodwin, because he wears toothpaste with such an air; Basil Rathbone, because his Sherlock Holmes cap is so practical (he can tip his hat to two girls at the same time); and three ushers from Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

KING CANUTE HAS NOTHING ON BOB BURNS

BOB BURNS may go down in history as the inventor of the bazooka, but NBC's Music Hall comic has another spring to add to his laurel wreath—the waterproof fence.

During California's rain - - er, heavy dew - - of the past week, water began pouring into low parts of Burns' ranch. Trenches and sand bags were of no help. Ever resourceful, Burns bought 2000 feet of 2x12 lumber, nailed it to the wooden fence, making a 24 inch high solid barricade. To this he nailed waterproof roofing paper, one foot of which he laid along the ground and covered with dirt.

It made the world's first waterproof fence, and Bob Burns, who never has been known to exaggerate, swears and deposes that his ranch was as dry as a Sahara safari, though the rest of his neighborhood was as wet as an Arctic aquacade.



Vicki Vola, NBC-Red Network heroine in Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Window at the White Cat", as dramatized in "The Mystery Man" daily series, and right hand woman to "Mr. District Attorney", detective thriller heard Wednesdays, once worked as a grocery store cashier to pay for her first lessons in acting.



Tom Wallace, known to NBC-Red Network listeners as "Uncle Walter" of the "Dog House" program, shares his haven from harpies with mascot "Penny." The country squire at the NBC microphone is none other than Uncle Fletcher of the NBC Vicki and Sade series. In private life he's Clarence Hartzell.

(Continued from page 7)

reer. As John explains it, he couldn't stand the screeching tones he produced when he started at the age of five; they hurt his ears, and he had to give up the fiddle.

All the time this WLS pianist was learning brass instruments, he was fooling around with the parlor piano. There was no piano teacher in his home town out in Kansas, but being a natural-born musician, John thoroughly mastered it all by himself. Living at the Brown home was the noted composer and conductor, Thurlow Lieurance, who had come to Kansas to study Indian tribal music. He would frequently hand John the manuscript of a new composition and ask the boy to try it over on the piano.

One day, he handed out a piece he had worked on only a short time. John played. Lieurance listened. "It will be a hit, I think," he confided to the youngster. It was. For that afternoon was the first time that anyone had ever played "By the Waters of Minnetonka." It was mailed to the publishers next day.

At an early age John was playing his trombone in bands at parties and in theaters. Then he went into Chautauqua for six seasons, and toured the country in the same company as William Jennings Bryan, the Great Commoner.

Only a short time after John Brown returned from France, it was obvious that radio was going to be a big thing. So he settled down in Chicago, broadcasting programs of piano duets with Dean Remick on several stations. He finally came to WLS, where he met the other talent, among them a girls' duo, Mae and June. June's real name was Juanita Rae, but as June Ray she had been singing with Red Nichols, Don Bestor, Buddy Rogers and other orchestras. Today Juanita is Mrs. John Brown. They have two children, Joan Juanita, four and one-half years old, and Betty Jane, 18 months.



Charles Flynn, who plays a 17-year-old cub reporter in his mother's NBC-Red Network dramatic serial, "Bachelor's Children", is looking forward to visiting his mother on Mother's Day. Mrs. Bess Flynn, author of the popular daytime feature, lives in New York while Charles lives in Chicago, show's origin.



'Specially lovely Evelyn Lynne sings away those morning dol-drums on the Breakfast Club, NBC-Blue Network's a.m. belgh helgh.



Meet the new "Doctor I. Q.", folks! It's Jimmy McClain, 29, announcer and producer, who now holds forth in the ringmaster role on the NBC-Red quiz show.

Decca's Delightful Duet



Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberly, featured singers with Jimmy Dorsey and his Orchestra. Heard on Decca records and NBC on Fridays at 8:30 P. M.



Littlest Girl

Here's the littlest cowgirl radio star, Beverly Paula Rose, following in the footsteps of her celebrated mother, Patsy Montana. Patsy is a former singing and yodeling star of the WLS National Barn Dance and is now broadcasting, with Beverly, from San Antonio, Texas.

Beverly

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