

TUNE IN

AUGUST, 1946

FIFTEEN CENTS
20c IN CANADA

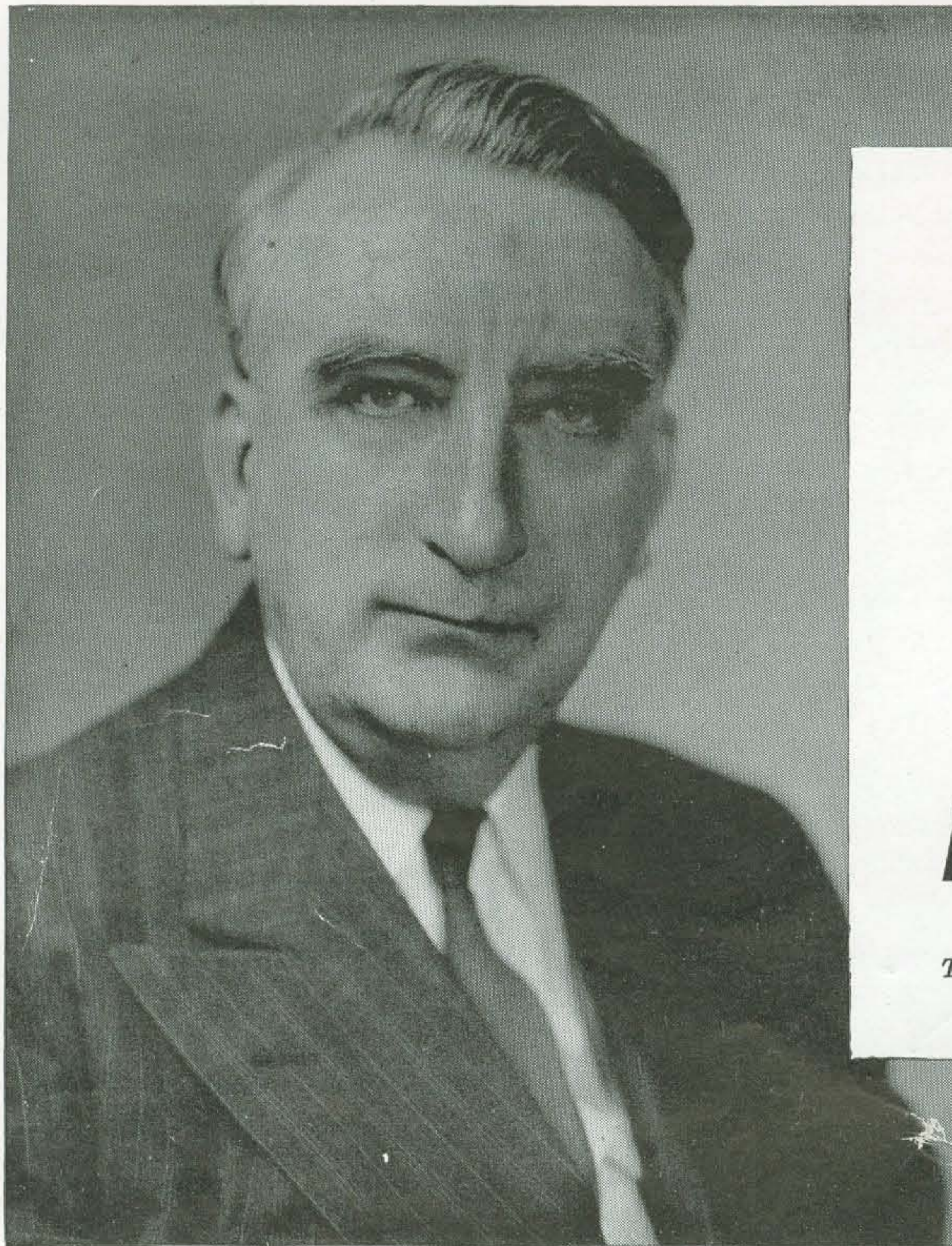


**CLAGHORN'S THE NAME
— SENATOR CLAGHORN**

THE RADIO LISTENER'S MAGAZINE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A N C



A Timely Message to Americans

from
The Secretary of the Treasury

America has much to be thankful for.

Abroad we have overcome enemies whose strength not long ago sent a shudder of fear throughout the world.

At home we have checked an enemy that would have impaired our economy and our American way of life. That enemy was inflation—runaway prices.

The credit for this achievement, like the credit for military victory, belongs to the people.

You—the individual American citizen—have kept our economy strong in the face of the greatest inflationary threat this nation ever faced.

You did it by simple, everyday acts of good citizenship.

You put, on the average, nearly one-fourth of your income into War Bonds and other savings. The 85,000,000 owners of War Bonds not only helped pay the costs of war, but also contributed

greatly to a stable, prosperous postwar nation.

You, the individual American citizen, also helped by cooperation with rationing, price and wage controls, by exercising restraint in your buying and by accepting high wartime taxes.

All those things relieved the pressure on prices.

THE TASK AHEAD

We now set our faces toward this future: a prosperous, stable postwar America—an America with jobs and an opportunity for all.

To achieve this we must steer a firm course between an inflationary price rise such as followed World War I and a deflation that might mean prolonged unemployment. Prices rose more sharply after the last war than they did during the conflict and paved the way for the depression that followed—a depression

which meant unemployment, business failures and farm foreclosures for many.

Today you can help steer our course toward a prosperous America:

—by buying all the Victory Bonds you can afford *and by holding on to the War Bonds you now have*

—by cooperating with such price, rationing and other controls as may be necessary for a while longer

—by continuing to exercise patience and good sense with high faith in our future.

The challenge to America of switching from war to peace with a minimum of clashing gears is a big one.

But it is a small one compared to the tasks this nation has accomplished since Sunday, December 7, 1941.

Fred W. Venson
Secretary of the Treasury

NBC

Fan Fare

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE BEST IN RADIO?

Variety takes the spotlight on our all-star radio quiz this month, with top-ranking news commentators, actors, singers, comedians and masters of ceremonies. They're all on one network . . . so you'll come up with the correct answers if you combine the captions with your memory of the brilliant programs you listen to regularly over NBC.



1) **THE MENTAL BANKER** awards dollars for right answers on his quiz show, consolation prizes of candy for wrong guesses. Call him "Professor I.Q.," and which would you get?



2) **YOU'VE HEARD HIM** many times, conducting the orchestra on "The Voice of Firestone," Mondays over NBC. He accompanies some of America's favorite artists. Can you name him?



3) **SWEET-SWINGING** Betty Jane Rhodes rings the register both as cashier and vocalist over NBC, Sundays. Where in radio would you be most likely to meet this talented young NBC star?



4) **HARKNESS OF WASHINGTON** is a news-guide to thousands; he *knows* the capital inside out. First with the men who *are* the news, he's heard over NBC . . . how many times a week?



5) **PAUL LAVALLE LEADS** that smooth orchestra on the Cities Service Program, radio's oldest sponsored program, Fridays over NBC. First broadcast in 1926, what is its title today?



6) **HEARTS BEAT IN ¾ TIME** when lovely Evelyn McGregor wraps up waltzes in her deep velvet voice and delivers them over NBC on Fridays. On what "time" does she sing?



7) **FOLK MUSIC** is the specialty of baritone Red Foley, singing star and emcee of "Grand Ole Opry," NBC's hilarious hillbilly hit, which is broadcast once a week, on what night?



8) **THE MAN CALLED MARSHALL** stars in "The Man Called X," a program of international intrigue . . . on NBC, Tuesdays. What famous funnyman's program does his replace this summer?

Turn page upside down
for the **ANSWERS**

1. Candy. He's "Dr. I.Q."
2. Howard Barlow
3. She's at "Parky's"
4. Five
5. "Highways in Melody"
6. On "Waltz Time"
7. Saturday
8. Bob Hope's

America's No. 1 Network



A Service of Radio
Corporation of America

...the National Broadcasting Company

Along Radio Row



WATER PREFERRED: Louella Parsons seems determined that Ray Milland doesn't lose another week-end as she pours aqua pura.



GLAMOR MANOR got a new hostess when Host Cliff Arquette bumped into childhood sweetheart, Darlene Sammons, at a Hallowe'en party.



CURVACEOUS CAROLE LANDIS seeks band leader Will Lorin's approval for her selection for benefit appearance with Lanny Ross.



DISGUISED ANNOUNCERS didn't stump guest Eddie Cantor on Ralph (Aren't We Devils) Edward's program. How many of these can you identify?



NOT KIBITZING. Bob Crosby just peeks to see if Frances Langford is singing the right words when she pays a visit to his program.



GENE TIERNEY points to emphasize point in argument with unseen friend as Producer Bill Keighley and Announcer John Kennedy look on.



CLOSE HARMONY: Benny Goodman blends his hot clarinet with Nelson Eddy's tenor voice.



MAGGI McNELLIS is quite upset because she can wear only one of her chic hats at a time.



'REAL-LIFE CINDERELLA: This Minnesota Miss, 20-year-old Evelyn Novotna, found herself singing coast-to-coast on Chicago Theatre of the Air after discovery on a small foreign-language station.



RAPT EXPRESSION of Ida Lupino indicates that Carleton E. Morse may be telling what happens in next chapter of his "One Man's Family."



"KEEP YOUR BIG NOSE out of this," would seem to be what rugged Marjorie Main is telling Frank Morgan as Eddy Duchin looks on.



"C'MON SING, BABY!" pleads Jerry Lawrence on his "Meet the Missus," CBS Pacific Coast netter, as he interviews three of the top gal singers in the business, left to right, Carole Stuart (CBS vocalist), June Christy (Stan Kenton's band) and Anita Boyer (Harry James' singer).

TUNE IN

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ON THE COVER

SENATOR CLAGHORN—KENNY DELMAR, THAT IS. FOR HIS REBEL-ROUSING STORY SEE PAGE 17.

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BETWEEN ISSUES . . .

Superman (watch for future story) getting plaudits for tolerance theme in recent scripts . . . Hal "Gildersleeve" Peary now being asked to record some of the songs he's sung on his radio show...Bill Goodwin commuting to his 800-acre ranch in Merced, Cal., by means of Army primary training plane he's just purchased. Bill has more than 300 hours to his credit . . .



Gracie Allen

Gracie Allen now working on musical sequel to her "Concerto for Index Finger." Tentative titles are "Theme for a Thumb" and "Knuckle Nocturne" . . . Kate Smith has more flowers named after her than anyone we know. The latest is the Kate Smith Sweet Pea . . . ABC hosted gay party for Lew Lahr, emcee on "Detect and Collect" . . .



Frances Langford

Ginger Rogers' husband, Jack Briggs, turning radio producer and planning to star Ginger in his first production . . . Bob Hope rumored to be changing program format in the fall, and Frances Langford supposedly considering a show of her own . . .

Du Mont inaugurated their new studios for the first permanent television network with a gala open house attended by countless radio celebrities . . . Herb Shriner of the Philip Morris Follies is solving New York housing shortage by living on 91-foot house-boat he just bought. Fellow cast members are pitching in to help renovate the barge . . . Fred Waring is one of the busiest men in radio this summer with two different shows on the air. Considering rehearsal time as well as actual broadcasts, his group is working practically around the clock . . .



Fred Waring

Jack Benny collaborating with David Rose on concerto based on Jack's violin exercises . . . Perry Como fans introducing new fad by besieging singer for autographed scripts after each Supper Club broadcast . . . Jerry Colonna touring ballrooms and dance pavilions with variety show . . . Walt Disney, planning television station, has decided to wait for color, rather than use black and white . . . Jackie Kelk lecturing on radio acting at the Professional Children's School . . .



Jackie Kelk

Script writers already working like beavers on new fall shows . . . Hildegard being enticed by MGM to appear in picture version of "The Day Before Spring," popular Broadway musical . . . June, our pretty switchboard girl, has set the date, and we bet she'll be the loveliest bride of the season.

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TUNE IN'S LISTENING POST

TUNE IN RATES SOME OF THE LEADING NETWORK PROGRAMS. THREE TABS (▼▼▼) INDICATES AN UNUSUALLY GOOD SHOW, TWO TABS (▼▼) A BETTER PROGRAM THAN MOST, AND ONE TAB (▼) AVERAGE RADIO ENTERTAINMENT.

EDITOR'S NOTE: LAST MINUTE CHANGES IN SUMMER REPLACEMENT SHOWS ARE INEVITABLE IN THE FOLLOWING LISTING.

SUNDAY

8:30 a.m. **COUNTRY JOURNAL (C)** A roundup of the week's news in domestic and global agricultural activities and homemaking tips which are usually very helpful to the busy homemaker. ▼▼

9:15 a.m. **E. POWER BIGGS (C)** The organist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra starts off Sunday morning with fine organ music. ▼

9:00 a.m. **COAST TO COAST ON A BUS (A)** This show is strictly for and about children with genial Milton Cross as the emcee. ▼▼

12:00 noon. **INVITATION TO LEARNING (C)** This is a program for deep-thinkers and heavy readers which features a discussion of the great works of literature by guest writers and educators. ▼▼

12:30 p.m. **YOURS SINCERELY (C)** A CBS-BBC exchange program that touches on any subject of mutual interest from foreign policy to food recipes. Highly informative. ▼▼

1:00 p.m. **CLIFF EDWARDS (A)** 15 minutes of fun and songs with oldtimer, "Ukelele Ike." ▼

1:15 p.m. **ORSON WELLES (A)** The actor-producer-writer-and who knows what else provides a highly stimulating and provocative commentary on anything he chooses. Highly recommended. ▼▼▼

1:30 p.m. **SUNDAY SERENADE (A)** Sammy Kaye's music on the sentimental side is a nice accompaniment for your Sunday dinner if you don't mind the poetry thrown in. ▼▼

1:30 p.m. **CHICAGO ROUND TABLE (N)** Some distinguished guest speakers enter into stimulating discussions on the state of the world. Good. ▼▼

2:00 p.m. **RADIO EDITION (C)** A program of dramatic vignettes culled from articles and stories in a certain small magazine. One big name dramatic star is featured in a sketch. ▼▼

2:00 p.m. **HARVEST OF STARS (N)** Raymond Massey does the narration on this pleasant program, music under the direction of Howard Barlow. ▼

2:00 p.m. **WARRIORS OF PEACE (A)** Dramatizations which are designed to emphasize the importance of the Army's peacetime role. It features theatrical personalities and top-ranking Army officers. ▼

2:30 p.m. **HOLLYWOOD STAR TIME (C)** Adaptations of films crammed into a half-hour space and featuring movie stars. Fairly routine. ▼

3:00 p.m. **OPEN HOUSE (M)** A musical variety show that won't quite have you sit on the edge of your chair, but is pleasant enough on a hot Sunday afternoon. ▼

3:00 p.m. **ELMER DAVIS (A)** The expert commentator gives his very worth while views on what's happening in America. ▼▼

3:00 p.m. **CARMEN CAVALLERO (N)** You'll get a pleasant dose of Cavallero's music with a commentary from Max Hill thrown in. ▼▼

3:00 p.m. **SUMMER SYMPHONY (C)** The CBS Symphony Orchestra replaces the N. Y. Philharmonic for the summer months. Music lovers will have the opportunity of hearing several premiere performances of contemporary works as well as the masterpieces of standard symphonic repertory. ▼▼▼

3:30 p.m. **ONE MAN'S FAMILY (N)** American family life is here portrayed at its finest. Expertly devised scripts featuring some of radio's very finest performers. Good listening for all ages. ▼▼▼

4:00 p.m. **COLUMBIA WORKSHOP (C)** Wonderful new experiments in radio drama featuring really expert acting and directing. You never know what to expect but are rarely disappointed. ▼▼▼



Mr. LaGuardia travels a lot but manages to make his broadcast dates.

EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIME INDICATED. DEDUCT 1 HOUR FOR CENTRAL TIME—3 HOURS FOR PACIFIC TIME. NBC IS LISTED (N), CBS (C), AMERICAN BROADCASTING CO. (A), MBS (M). ASTERISKED PROGRAMS (*) ARE REBROADCAST AT VARIOUS TIMES; CHECK LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

4:30 p.m. **TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES (M)** Actual cases of criminal goings-on dramatized moderately well. ▼

4:30 p.m. **SUMMER HOUR (C)** Young baritone Robert Shanley and Anne Jamison, soprano, do the pinch-hitting for Nelson Eddy. Robert Armbruster's orchestra stays with the show. ▼

4:30 p.m. **DEEMS TAYLOR (N)** The nationally known composer and critic jousts amusingly with Kenny Delmar over the relative value of symphony and swing. Guest stars also appear with Raymond Paige's orchestra. Robert Merrill, baritone, is featured. ▼

5:00 p.m. **SYMPHONY OF THE AIR (N)** The accomplished music of the NBC orchestra with guest conductors. ▼▼▼

5:00 p.m. **FAMILY HOUR (C)** Semi-classical music is the drawing card on this restful program with different soloists each week. ▼▼

5:30 p.m. **ABBOTT MYSTERIES (M)** The adventures of this rather charming couple are sufficiently breezy and light to keep you on your toes. ▼▼

5:30 p.m. **COUNTERSPY (A)** David Harding is still chasing those old spies with great effect. ▼▼

5:45 p.m. **WILLIAM L. SCHIRER (C)** The former European war correspondent is one of the softer spoken and more qualified of the news analysts. ▼▼

6:00 p.m. **STAIRWAY TO THE STARS (A)** Paul Whiteman and Martha Tilton are the host and hostess of the sparkling summer show. Two new candidates for stardom in the entertainment world are featured each week. ▼▼▼

6:30 p.m. **SUNDAY EVENING PARTY (A)** An uninspired but pleasant enough half-hour of music by Phil Davis and orchestra with vocalists. ▼

7:00 p.m. **LET'S GO TO THE OPERA (M)** Opera fans who have been rooting for their favorite arias to be sung in English will get their way here as Lawrence Tibbett and Marie Rogndahl are heard in selections from popular operas. ▼▼

7:00 p.m. **DREW PEARSON (A)** One of the liveliest and most controversial of the commentators. ▼

7:00 p.m. **FRANK MORGAN (N)** The droll rogue replaces the Benny gang and seems to have a riotous time in the process. ▼▼

7:00 p.m. **THIN MAN (C)** Nick and Nora Charles are a young couple who can never seem to keep their noses out of intrigue, romance or murder. The cosiness of this pair's conversation will occasionally make the listener squirm. ▼

7:30 p.m. **BANDWAGON (N)** Cass Daley is the raucous mistress of ceremony presiding over a different guest band every week. ▼

***7:30 p.m. THE QUIZ KIDS (A)** The junior brain trust continues to startle America with their knowledge of anything and everything. Very entertaining as a rule, with pleasant Joe Kelly in charge. ▼▼▼

***7:30 p.m. BLONDIE (C)** Each week Blondie gets Dagwood or the young one out of some scrape. Routine entertainment. ▼

8:00 p.m. THE AMAZING MRS. DANBURY (C) The amazing Agnes Moprehead directs her unusual talents to a new characterization—a sharp-tongued, soft-hearted widow. Good. ▼▼

8:00 p.m. MEDIATION BOARD (M) Mr. Alexander does his best to settle the woes of the general public aided by experts in the human relations field. ▼▼

8:00 p.m. SUNDAY EVENING HOUR (A) Alfred Drake is a regular on the hour-long musical show. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. CRIME DOCTOR (C) Some pretty bright criminals turn up on this show but Doctor Ordway manages to trip them up. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. TOMMY DORSEY'S ORCHESTRA (N) The tunes of the popular music man manage to fill the gap left by the Fred Allen Show rather neatly. ▼▼

9:00 p.m. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND (N) A musical variety with a long list of entertainers but not too original in content. ▼

9:00 p.m. EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN (M) An interesting and different scientific program which is very well done and deserves attention. ▼▼

9:00 p.m. MEET CORLISS ARCHER (C) Janet Waldo resumes the role of Corliss Archer, who would seem to be the most popular adolescent since "Anne of Green Gables." Fairly amusing. ▼▼

9:30 p.m. F. H. LAGUARDIA (A) New York's former mayor holds forth on his views of what's wrong with the world for fifteen entertaining minutes. ▼▼

9:30 p.m. DOUBLE OR NOTHING (M) Ho-hum, another quiz show. ▼

9:30 p.m. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC (N) Old and new songs beloved by Americans are featured by the Haenschen Concert Orchestra with Evelyn Mac Gregor of the deep voice as a regular and guests. ▼▼

9:30 p.m. STAR THEATRE (C) The almost too ebullient James Melton with guests and a comedian. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. HOUR OF CHARM (N) Well, it's the all-girl orchestra determined to get on your nerves or charm you, depending on you. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT (C) Phil Baker keeps this quiz show fairly lively with his quips. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. MYSTERY SHOW (A) The summer replacement for the "Theatre Guild" show will be an hour-long adaptation of outstanding mystery novels, featuring Hollywood stars. Should be exciting. ▼▼▼

10:30 p.m. WE, THE PEOPLE (C) A sometimes amazing show which tries to bring a cross-section of the American people and their activities to the mike and often succeeds. ▼▼▼



Preston Foster and Roddy McDowell seem calm, Rita Johnson had jitters before "Radio Theatre"

MONDAY

8:00 a.m. WORLD NEWS ROUND-UP (N) James Stevenson reviews the morning news and calls in staff correspondents from Washington and abroad. ▼▼

***9:00 a.m. BREAKFAST CLUB (A)** Jaunty, entertaining early morning program, with Don McNeill emceeing for a surprisingly talented and wide awake cast. ▼▼

9:45 a.m. DANNY O'NEIL SHOW (C) The popular tenor emcees a musical variety show which features lots of sweet singing by Sally Stuart and himself. A 45-minute diversion from your dusting. Monday through Friday. ▼▼

9:45 a.m. FACTS AND FACES (N) Colorful stories by Robert St. John about people you'll be interested in hearing about. ▼

10:00 a.m. VALIANT LADY (C) High-tensioned soap opera for housewives who want to start off their day with a sigh. ▼

10:30 a.m. HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES (A) All kinds of familiar and unfamiliar church music. ▼

10:45 a.m. ONE WOMAN'S OPINION (A) Lisa Sergio analyzes the world news in her crisp, precise accent. ▼▼

***10:45 a.m. BACHELOR'S CHILDREN (C)** Dr. Graham solves his personal problems, and those of his patients, five days a week. Very popular morning serial, better written than most. ▼▼

10:45 a.m. MARY SULLIVAN (A) Wait, now, it's not a soap opera. It's the dramatized actual experiences of the former head of the Policewomen's Bureau. Gives you a good picture of what keeps a lady cop busy. ▼▼▼

11:00 a.m. FRED WARING (N) The genial band-leader presides over a show that is so good it can hold its own with the best of the evening programs. Every week-day. ▼▼▼

12:00 p.m. KATE SMITH (C) According to the Hooper polls, one of the top daytime programs in America. And there's a reason why. ▼▼▼

12:45 p.m. MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE (N) 15 minutes of stylish chatter by another one of these gals who seems to know just everybody and do everything. ▼

1:15 p.m. CONSTANCE BENNETT (A) The film star hands out tips on grooming, new gadgets, Hollywood gossip and some rather brittle philosophy. ▼

1:30 p.m. YOUNG DR. MALONE (C) The highly traveled young medico is the central character in this entertaining daily serial. ▼▼

2:00 p.m. THE GUIDING LIGHT (N) Early afternoon love story heavy on pathos, light on humor. ▼

2:15 p.m. ETHEL AND ALBERT (A) Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce dramatize very humorously the small problems that upset the domestic tranquility of a young married couple. ▼▼

2:15 p.m. TODAY'S CHILDREN (N) A long-time favorite with daytime radio listeners. A melodramatic rendition of the problems that face the younger generation. ▼

2:30 p.m. QUEEN FOR A DAY (M) From an hysterical studio audience each day a new Queen is selected and crowned, and given 24 hours in which to do whatever she wants to do. The tuner-in doesn't have half as much fun as the contestants. ▼

3:30 p.m. CINDERELLA, INC. (C) Mrs. America gets another chance to brave mike fright and haul off some goods. Four housewives per month receive self-improvement courses and tell you all about them. Well, it's constructive, anyway. ▼

4:00 p.m. HOUSE PARTY (C) Everything happens on this 5-day-a-week program of audience-participation stunts. Great fun, some days. ▼▼

5:15 p.m. SUPERMAN (M) Children love this fantastic serial, and its flamboyant hero—a guy who gets in and out of more tight squeezes than you'll care to remember. ▼

5:30 p.m. CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT (M) The fearless World War pilot and his adventures with spies and children. Fun for children. ▼

7:00 p.m. MYSTERY OF THE WEEK (C) The little Belgian detective, Hercule Poirot, has popped up again with his usual deductive genius for solving crimes. ▼▼

7:00 p.m. FULTON LEWIS, JR. (M) Fifteen minutes of the latest news, with interpretive comments. ▼

7:15 p.m. NEWS OF THE WORLD (N) John W. Vandercook in New York, Margan Beatty in Washington, and correspondents around the globe via short wave. ▼▼

***8:00 p.m. LUM 'N ABNER (A)** The old Pine Ridge pair are as rustic as ever. ▼

8:00 p.m. FOREVER ERNEST (C) A comedy-drama starring the former famous child star, Jackie Coogan, who turned out to have a very good voice for radio. ▼▼

***8:15 p.m. HEDDA HOPPER (A)** From the West Coast comes 15 minutes of lively chatter from the highly-read movie gossip columnist. ▼

8:30 p.m. FAT MAN (A) Dashiell Hammet's latest creation manages to mix wit, romance and mystery-solving into a half hour show for detective fans. ▼▼

9:00 p.m. RADIO THEATER (C) One of radio's top dramatic shows: smooth, professional adaptations of the better movies. ▼▼▼

TUNE IN'S LISTENING POST (continued)

***9:00 p.m. TELEPHONE HOUR (N)** One of the best of the Monday evening musical programs; with Donald Voorhees conducting the orchestra, and a new guest star each week. ▼▼▼

9:30 p.m. GUY LOMBARDO (M) The "sweetest music this side of heaven" as Lombardo fans describe it, is on for a half-hour. ▼▼

9:30 p.m. FOREVER TOPS (A) Paul Whiteman and ork featuring tunes that never die and anecdotes about the songs by Whiteman himself. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. FIGHTS (M) All summer long, the men-folks can enjoy a ringside seat at the boxing matches right at home. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. CONTENTED PROGRAM (N) Light and semi-classical music, sung by guest stars with the orchestra conducted by Percy Faith. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS (C) Good radio plays adapted from outstanding movies; featuring Hollywood stars in the leading roles. ▼▼

10:30 p.m. DR. I. Q. (N) A quiz show that's apt to get on your nerves. ▼

11:00 p.m. NEWS AND NEWS ANALYSIS (C) Two experts—John Daly and Larry Lesueur—combine their talents to bring you the latest news and interpret it. ▼▼▼

TUESDAY

10:00 a.m. MY TRUE STORY (A) Human interest stories built around real-life incidents, pretty dull and routine. ▼

10:00 a.m. LONE JOURNEY (N) Soap opera with a Montana Ranch locale. Stars Staats Cotsworth and Charlotte Holland. ▼

10:15 a.m. LORA LAWTON (N) Radio's Washington story, with its young heroine facing bureaucrats and personal problems with equal fortitude. Daily except Saturdays and Sundays. ▼

11:00 a.m. ARTHUR GODFREY (C) Godfrey in his insouciant way, is as refreshing as can be as he kids his way through the morning news. ▼▼

11:15 a.m. ELSA MAXWELL'S PARTY LINE (M) The professional party-thrower and columnist turns her vast supply of energy to radio. Limited appeal, but more stimulating than many daytime shows. ▼▼

12:00 n. GLAMOUR MANOR (A) Cliff Arquette and his own cast of characters take up part of the week, an audience participation goes on the other two days. Pretty funny—sometimes. ▼

***1:15 p.m. MA PERKINS (C)** Another one of radio's self-sacrificing souls, who likes to help other people solve their problems. ▼

2:30 p.m. WOMAN IN WHITE (N) Soap opera with a hospital background; more entertaining than most. ▼▼

4:00 p.m. JACK BERCH SHOW (A) Fifteen minutes of popular tunes sung and whistled by the genial Berch. ▼

6:30 p.m. SKYLINE ROOF (C) Gordon MacRae is the emcee and baritone soloist of this five-day-a-week variety which is presented in a night-clubbish sort of atmosphere in spite of the early hour. ▼

6:45 p.m. LOWELL THOMAS (N) The late news delivered in a smoothly professional style by this well-liked newscaster. ▼▼



"Listen to a Love Song" is what Tony Martin invites you to do every Saturday evening at CBS

***8:00 p.m. BIG TOWN (C)** Murder, kidnapping, and other varied forms of violent activity are day by day occurrences in this fast-paced series of melodramas. ▼▼

8:00 p.m. FOLLIES OF 1946 (N) Singers Johnny Desmond, Margaret Whiting, humorist Herb Shriner. The "Follies" idea is represented by a chorus of 16 girl vocalists! ▼

8:00 p.m. NICK CARTER (M) The Master-Detective of long standing chases the underworld characters with a great deal of zest. Children will like it. ▼

8:30 p.m. DATE WITH JUDY (N) A light-hearted saga of teen age troubles taken very seriously by the adolescents. Younger listeners will like it. ▼

8:30 p.m. THEATER OF ROMANCE (C) Hit movies condensed into a fairly entertaining half-hour of radio entertainment. The big-time movie stars recreate some of their famous roles. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. ADVENTURES OF THE FALCON (M) James Meighan is the radio "Falcon," and is almost as smooth and polished as George Sanders in the cinema version. ▼▼

***8:30 p.m. DARK VENTURE (A)** This is a series for the psychology student to get a work-out on. The dramatizations are full of suspense and now and then a murder. ▼▼

9:30 p.m. AMERICAN FORUM OF THE AIR (M) The oldest forum program on the air. Four guests discuss controversial topics. Theodore Granick is moderator. ▼

9:30 p.m. FRED WARING (N) You get everything that you hear on the morning show, glee club, orchestra, soloists and all, and furthermore, you get a half-hour of it. Excellent. ▼▼▼

9:30 p.m. THIS IS MY BEST (C) Expert adaptations of good short stories and novels, well-acted by Hollywood guest stars. Superior entertainment. ▼▼▼

10:30 p.m. SIGMUND ROMBERG MUSIC (N) The romantic music of the distinguished composer to match your summertime mood. ▼



This girl had loads of fun playing like Sammy Kaye on show "So You Want To Lead a Band"

WEDNESDAY

***10:45 a.m. THE LISTENING POST (A)** Dramatized short stories from a leading national magazine; well-written and acted; a superior daytime show. ▼▼▼

11:30 a.m. BARRY CAMERON (N) Serial based on the emotional difficulties of a discharged soldier, a soap-operatic treatment of a problem that deserves more serious consideration. ▼

11:30 p.m. TAKE IT EASY TIME (M) A clever program idea that advises the housewife to take her sit-down tasks (silver-polishing, etc.) to the loudspeaker to hear the Landt Trio sing and "Helpful Dan" deliver housekeeping hints. ▼▼

12:15 p.m. MORTON DOWNEY (M) Songs and ballads by the perennially popular Irish tenor. ▼▼

1:45 p.m. JOHN J. ANTHONY (M) Mr. Anthony dispenses advice to members of his bewitched, bothered, and bewildered studio audience. ▼

2:30 p.m. BRIDE AND GROOM (A) It seems that people want to get married over the air now. That's what this one's all about. ▼

3 p.m. AL PEARCE AND HIS GANG (A) A variety show of long standing and considerable popularity, which features certain characters which many listeners will recall with pleasure, like Elmer Blurt, the "low pressure salesman." Fun for all. ▼▼

3:00 p.m. YOU'RE IN THE ACT (C) Veteran entertainer Nils T. Granlund allows members of the studio audience to do anything they please before the mike in this Monday through Friday show. Pretty funny. ▼

3:30 p.m. PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY (N) Very entertaining afternoon show—the story of an average American family told without the unhealthy emotionalism of most daytime serials. ▼▼

***5:15 p.m. DICK TRACY (A)** The adventures of the square-jawed detective among a group of the most unsavory criminals ever conceived. For children only. ▼

***7:00 p.m. SUPPER CLUB (N)** Good fifteen-minute variety, starring Perry Como and Jo Stafford. Martin Block as M.C. ▼▼

***7:30 p.m. LONE RANGER (A)** This Western is popular with children, and Poppa might be mildly interested too. ▼▼

7:30 p.m. ELLERY QUEEN (C) Ellery doing the unusual in crime detection, aided by Nicki, Inspector Queen and Sergeant Velie, is as fascinating as ever. ▼

7:45 p.m. H. V. KALTENBORN (N) The professorial news analyst in a leisurely discussion of the day's headlines. ▼▼

8:00 p.m. JACK CARSON (C) The ace movie comedian has developed a very slick microphone technique. Randy Stuart is the latest addition to a crack cast of stooges that includes Arthur Treacher, Dave Willock and seven-year-old Norma Nilsson. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. FRESH-UP SHOW (M) Second-rate variety show, with comedy by Bert Lahr, songs by Ruth Davy, music by Russ Cates. ▼

8:30 p.m. FISHING AND HUNTING CLUB (A) Informal discussions of some of the joys and tribulations that confront the sportsman. ▼

***8:30 p.m. DR. CHRISTIAN (C)** Jean Hersholt stars in this saga of a country doctor; good entertainment, if you don't take it too seriously. ▼▼

9:00 p.m. SPORTS PARADE (A) All the sports news of the nation is interpreted and highlighted for you each week by a staff of experts. ▼

9:30 p.m. SO YOU WANT TO LEAD A BAND (A) Sammy Kaye gives out that familiar swing and sway music, then gets members of the audience up to do a little stick-waving. Generally good fun. ▼

9:30 p.m. BOB CROSBY (C) The Town Criers, Jeri Sullivan and the popular Crosby orchestra as well as a guest comedian are featured here. Good. ▼▼

9:30 p.m. MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY (N) Jay Jostyn and Vicki Vola star as the D.A. and his pretty girl Friday, and get in and out of tight squeezes week after week. Probably the top radio action thriller. ▼▼▼

9:30 p.m. XAVIER CUGAT (M) The maestro's latin rhythms will make you take up your rumba practice in no time. ▼

10:30 p.m. HOLIDAY FOR MUSIC (C) Curt Massey and Kitty Kallen are the vocalists with the orchestra of the talented David Rose. ▼▼



Globe-trotting story spinner Ted Malone interviews Army wives bound for new overseas homes

THURSDAY

9:30 a.m. DAYTIME CLASSICS (N) A fifteen-minute interlude between the soap operas featuring Ben Silverberg and the NBC Concert Orchestra in light classics. ▼▼

***10:30 a.m. ROMANCE OF EVELYN WINTERS (C)** Each day a new chapter in the lady's complicated love life. ▼

11:45 a.m. TED MALONE (A) A short recital of human interest tales and incidental thoughts in Malone's soothing voice. ▼

5:45 p.m. TOM MIX (M) Stock cowboy characters and situations slanted towards the after-school trade, particularly the boys. ▼

***7:30 p.m. PROFESSOR QUIZ (A)** The ubiquitous quiz show again by the man who's brave enough to claim to be radio's original quiz master! ▼

8:00 p.m. CARRINGTON PLAYHOUSE (M) An interesting experiment which is designed to bring forth new script writers. Original prize-winning dramatizations are featured. ▼▼

***8:00 p.m. SUSPENSE (C)** Radio's psychological thrillers, one of the finest mystery shows on the air. With different movie stars as guests each week. ▼▼▼

***8:30 p.m. AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING (A)** Usually stimulating, four-part discussions on subjects of note, with the studio audience pitching in afterwards to ask questions. ▼▼▼

9:00 p.m. MUSIC HALL (N) Edward Everett Horton and Eddy Duchin share the honors on this uniformly good musical program, assisted by Milena Miller, singer and the King Cole Trio. ▼▼▼

9:00 p.m. GABRIEL HEATTER (M) A favorite American commentator interprets the news and the condition of your teeth almost in the same breath. ▼

9:30 p.m. TREASURE HOUR OF SONG (M) A program of light, pleasant music with Lucia Albanese and Francesco Valentino. Alfredo Antonini conducts.



Tommy Riggs looks at an artist's conception of his Betty Lou, the little girl who isn't there

FRIDAY

9:00 a.m. FRAZIER HUNT (M) The former magazine correspondent in a daily series of comments on the news. ▼▼

10:30 a.m. ROAD OF LIFE (N) The day to day happenings in the life of a Chicago family; less of an emotional strain and better written than most serials. ▼

11:00 a.m. BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD (A) Tom Breneman asks the studio audience their names; insults them, and makes them laugh. Very brisk and chipper show. ▼▼

4:30 p.m. LORENZO JONES (N) The story of the small-town inventor and his wife Belle, told with more comedy than most daytime serials. ▼▼

***5:00 p.m. TERRY AND THE PIRATES (A)** All the characters of the comic strip come to life in this serial, a favorite with kids. ▼

5:30 p.m. JUST PLAIN BILL (N) Good, kindly Bill Davidson dispenses advice on mortgages, love affairs, and other sundry matters. ▼

5:45 p.m. FRONT PAGE FARRELL (N) The story of David and Sally Farrell and their journalistic adventures in Manhattan. Well-written, well-acted serial. ▼▼

7:30 p.m. TOMMY RIGGS AND BETTY LOU (C) Tommy always did Edgar Bergen one better with "Betty Lou" the little girl who isn't there. He provides good entertainment. ▼▼

8:00 p.m. HIGHWAYS IN MELODY (N) Paul Lavallo and his orchestra in an excellent half hour of music; guest star. ▼▼

8:00 p.m. THE ALDRICH FAMILY (C) There is a tendency to let good old Henry's situations coast along on past credits. A little staleness creeps in now and then. ▼

8:00 p.m. PASSPORT TO ROMANCE (M) Variety show with Mitzi Green, Larry Brooks and Eddie Nugent. A light plot is used with much rather nice singing of popular tunes. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. A VOICE IN THE NIGHT (M) The international singing star, Carl Brisson blends music with mystery as he plays a singing sleuth. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. KATE SMITH (C) Kate returned to her old network with less drama and more of her songs. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW MUSIC (M) Music lovers will be amused and interested to hear guest experts toss around some intricate questions. ▼

***8:30 p.m. THIS IS YOUR FBI (A)** More spy stories but these are based on actual facts from FBI files. Sometimes exciting. ▼

9:00 p.m. BREAK THE BANK (A) The audience participation which features handing out money by the fistfuls is the replacement for Alan Young. Bert Parks and Bud Collyer are starred. ▼

9:00 p.m. PEOPLE ARE FUNNY (N) Unfortunately only sometimes are people really funny. ▼

TUNE IN'S LISTENING POST (continued)

9:00 p.m. **IT PAYS TO BE IGNORANT (C)** And sometimes it pays to listen to this completely mad group of folks who have more fun than anybody by just being dumb. ▼▼

9:30 p.m. **THE SHERIFF (A)** Another western, but with a definite appeal for adults. The Sheriff's Cousin Cassie is always good for more than one laugh. ▼▼

9:30 p.m. **HARRY JAMES (M)** There's not much to be said about this man's orchestra. He is pretty darn polished. ▼▼▼

9:30 p.m. **WALTZ TIME (N)** A nice dreamy session of tunes with deep-voiced Evelyn MacGregor singing. ▼▼▼

9:30 p.m. **WAYNE KING (C)** Smooth music with Nancy Evans on the vocals and Franklyn MacCormack as narrator. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. **MOLLE MYSTERY THEATER (N)** Geoffrey Barnes narrates another thriller series to chill your blood. ▼

10:30 p.m. **MEET THE PRESS (M)** A forum of four newspapermen toss questions at one outstanding personality in the news each week. Quite interesting. ▼▼

11:30 p.m. **VIVA AMERICA (C)** A Latin American musical review that's very nicely done. ▼▼

11:15 p.m. **IN MY OPINION (C)** A series which goes on nightly and features opinions of people in the fields of science, sports, public affairs, and journalism. Here is the line-up: Mon. and Thurs.—Columnists and correspondents on World News, Tues.—Frontiers of Science, Wed.—Word From The Country, Fri.—Report from Washington, Sat.—Sports Arena, Sun.—Report from UN. ▼▼

11:30 p.m. **TALES OF THE FOREIGN SERVICE (N)** The files of the foreign service are incorporated into a dramatic series that is fascinating "cloak and dagger" stuff. ▼



An important part of the Fred Waring gang is this friendly foursome, "Honey and the Bees"

SATURDAY

10:00 a.m. **EILEEN BARTON SHOW (N)** Directed to the teen-age group, this has Art Ford as emcee, Warde Donovan as the singer. Much screaming and yelling. ▼

10:30 a.m. **ARCHIE ANDREWS (N)** Very funny adventures of teenage Archie and his high school pals. ▼▼

11:00 a.m. **TEEN TIMERS CLUB (N)** Another show for the teen agers but this one may catch on and become a nation-wide organization. Johnny Desmond is the singer; a well-known person delivers tolerance message each week. The idea is a good one. ▼▼

11:05 a.m. **LET'S PRETEND (C)** A children's program of long standing specializing in putting on rather original productions of familiar fairy tales. ▼▼

11:30 a.m. **LAND OF THE LOST (M)** A delightful fantasy for children; all about a wonderful kingdom under the sea. ▼▼▼

11:30 a.m. **BILLIE BURKE (C)** Some of Billie's comedy situations are rather strained but she is rather cute when the script permits. ▼

12:00 n. **HOUSE OF MYSTERY (M)** Hair-raising psychological stories for consumption with lunch. Indigestion is warded off at the end of the show when some simple scientific explanation is given for the strange doings. ▼

12:00 n. **THEATER OF TODAY (C)** The productions are certainly not good theater but it is a switch from soap operas. ▼

12:30 p.m. **SNOW VILLAGE SKETCHES (M)** Parker Fennelly and Arthur Allen provide homey, rustic amusement in this old time setting. ▼▼

1:00 p.m. **FARM AND HOME HOUR (N)** One of the better public service programs, this one dealing with some of the problems that confront the American farmer. ▼▼

1:00 p.m. **GRAND CENTRAL STATION (C)** Slick, professional dramatic series, featuring stars from the big Broadway plays. Some of the stories are corny, but the show is always neatly produced. ▼▼

2:00 p.m. **OF MEN AND BOOKS (C)** Reviews of the new best-sellers, a program designed for the bookworms. ▼▼

4:00 p.m. **DOCTORS AT HOME (N)** Timely dramatizations of interesting new discoveries in medicine. ▼

5:00 p.m. **MATINEE AT MEADOWBROOK (C)** A variety program featuring emcee John Tillman and comedian, Art Carney as regulars and whatever big name band happens to be playing at the Meadowbrook. An hour long show with lots of dance music. ▼▼

5:00 p.m. **PHONE AGAIN, FINNEGAN (N)** A comedy-drama starring Stuart Erwin as the manager of "The Welcome Arms," a zany hotel. ▼▼

5:45 p.m. **TIN PAN ALLEY OF THE AIR (N)** A lively variety show with singing and all kinds of carrying on. ▼

6:00 p.m. **QUINCY HOWE (C)** One of the better news analysts discusses the state of the world. ▼▼

6:15 p.m. **AMERICAN PORTRAIT (C)** Biographical dramatizations of lives of great Americans. ▼

6:15 p.m. **PEOPLE'S PLATFORM (C)** Forums on some of the topical problems of the day; guest speakers; usually very good. ▼▼▼

7:00 p.m. **OUR FOREIGN POLICY (N)** Outstanding statesmen and government officials discuss each week some current issue in America's world diplomacy. You'll have to be interested to enjoy this. ▼▼

7:30 p.m. **TONY MARTIN (C)** The popular singer is heard with Al Sack's orchestra. ▼

8:00 p.m. **DICK HAYMES (C)** The team of Helen Forrest and Dick Haymes are tops for vocal numbers. ▼▼

8:00 p.m. **THE LIFE OF RILEY (N)** William Bendix in a fair-to-middling comedy series about life in Brooklyn. ▼

8:00 p.m. **TWENTY QUESTIONS (M)** Bill Slater interviews a panel of guest stars in an amusing version of the old question game. ▼

8:30 p.m. **FAMOUS JURY TRIALS (A)** Court room dramas that really happened are aired using fictitious names and places, of course. Pretty good cast and usually quite interesting. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. **TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES (N)** A fast-moving quiz show that will be funnier when it's televised. Ralph Edwards is the impresario. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. **MAYOR OF THE TOWN (C)** Lionel Barrymore and Agnes Moorhead in an uneven dramatic series. Miss Moorhead is just about radio's top dramatic star, however, and is well worth listening to. ▼▼

8:30 p.m. **HARRY SAVOY (M)** A routine comedy show with Vera Holly as vocalist. The gags are rather stale. ▼

9:00 p.m. **LEAVE IT TO THE GIRLS (M)** Paula Stone and other leading glamor girls have a half-hour hen-fest over the air with entertaining results usually. ▼▼▼

9:00 p.m. **NATIONAL BARN DANCE (N)** Saturday night vaudeville with a rural flavor. With Lulu Belle and Scotty heading a large cast. ▼

9:00 p.m. **YOUR HIT PARADE (C)** The nations top ten tunes, well played by Mark Warnow and his band and sung by Joan Edwards and Dick Todd. ▼▼

9:00 p.m. **GANGBUSTERS (A)** A show that dramatizes actual crimes, naming names, dates, places. Good listening. ▼▼

9:30 p.m. **JONATHON TRIMBLE, ESQ. (M)** Donald Crisp, noted movie actor, plays a newspaper editor with a message in the good old days of 1905. ▼▼

9:30 p.m. **BOSTON POPS ORCHESTRA (A)** Arthur Fiedler conducts this traditional summertime series of "Pops" concerts which is wonderful to hear. ▼▼▼

9:30 p.m. **CAN YOU TOP THIS? (N)** Peter Donald, Harry Hershfield, Senator Ford and Joe Laurie, Jr., try to outshine one another, while the Laugh Meter gauges the results. For those who like their fun frenetic. ▼▼

9:45 p.m. **SATURDAY NIGHT SERENADE (C)** Sentimental tunes, hit songs, light classics, carefully blended, well played and sung. ▼▼

10:00 p.m. **CHICAGO THEATER OF THE AIR (M)** Pleasant, well-done condensations of the famous operettas. With Marion Claire. ▼

10:30 p.m. **GRAND OLE OPERY (N)** Red Foley and company in another Saturday night slanted toward the hill-billy trade. This one is more authentic than most; many of the featured songs are authentic American folk ballads. ▼▼

MUSIC FROM THE MOVIES: All you

have to do these days is flop a record on your phonograph, sit back and close your eyes to relive moments you've enjoyed at the movies. For example, you can enjoy a really pleasant hangover from "The Lost Weekend" with the Victor 12-incher on which Al Goodman and his orchestra have poured melodic excerpts from the Academy Award film. "Missouri Waltz," a favorite of President Truman, winds its plaintive way through the turnover . . . Frank Sinatra does full justice to the lovely "Centennial Summer" score for Columbia. Axel Stordahl lushly backgrounds "All Through the Day" and "Two Hearts Are Better Than One." The latter gets a different kind of treatment by the Three Suns on a Majestic platter backed up with "I Love an Old Fashioned Song" from "The Kid From Brooklyn." Artie Dunn's pleasant vocals add zest to the soft arrangements of the trio . . . "Cornish Rhapsody" (Victor), from the British film "Love Story," features pianist Vladimir Sokoloff with Henry Rene and orchestra. Reminiscent music, but it has several good themes . . . Bob Chester returns to the wax (Sonora) with a danceable "I Didn't Mean a Word I Said" from the movie "Do You Love Me?" Larry Butler does the lyrics. "Azusa" is the novelty on the flipover. Lora Jamison punches the words while the band beats out the tempo. It's good Chester.

* * *

CURRENT & POPULAR: Gene Krupa (Columbia) uses the Jimmy Dorsey dual rhythm technique to good advantage with "Gimme a Little Kiss." Buddy Stewart and Carolyn Grey deliver fine vocals. The flipover opens with an intriguing tenor sax bit, modulating into Stewart's pleasant lyricizing of "We'll Gather Lilacs," an average ballad with better than average performance by the Krupa entourage . . . More "Lilacs" are plucked by guitarist Alvino Rey (Capitol), back from the wars, while Jo Anne Ryan and a quartet do the lyrical gathering. Turn it over and "Cement Mixer" comes pouring out in a quasi-jazz beat that doesn't make the grade. What are supposed to be lyrics don't make sense. Tain't fair, but they love it in the

By **HAL DAVIS**

Hollywood juke boxes

. . . Ray McKinley (Majestic) also devotes time to "We'll Gather Lilacs." It's a pretentious arrangement and Ann Hathaway's vocal doesn't sell the lyrics. The under side "Have Ya Got Any Gum, Chum?" spots maestro McKinley with wacky words wrapped in a bright tempo, novel and likeable . . . Georgie Auld, the unpredictable of the tenor sax, leads his new band through exciting paces with "Blue Moon" (Musicraft). "Seems Like Old Times" holds the reverse with neatly styled vocals by Lynne Stevens. Recommended as disc fare that's better than most current releases . . . Ted Martin sings two standards pleasantly, with excellent backing by Mac Ceppos (De Luxe)—"Temptation" and "Stardust"—always good bets . . . Vaughn Monroe's "Josephine, Please No Lean on the Bell" (Victor) will be acceptable only to dyed-in-the-wool Monroe fans. Ziggy Talent's "Katinka" might make Mr. Gromyko take another walk . . . Big Art Lund sings with the Benny Goodman Sextet (Columbia) in a slight piece titled "Don't Be a Baby, Baby." Coupled is "All the Cats Join In," with sparkling clarinetting by Maestro Benny and some of his throatiest baritoning. Rhythmic, exciting, fine big band jazz . . . Noro

Morales is given a good send-off by Majestic. His "Maria, My Own," "Tambo," "Walter Winchell Rumba" and "Without You" are neatly packaged in attractive envelopes with dance directions by Arthur Murray. The tunes are easy on the ears and stimulating to heel-toe addicts . . . Svelte Margaret Whiting continues her series of big league waxings with "Come Rain or Come Shine" and "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man" (Capitol). Catch this up-and-coming vocalassie . . . "September Morn" (Musicraft) doesn't lend itself to the talented Phil Moore Four's treatment. Back-up of "Danny Boy" is a happier mating of talent and tune . . . Pianist Johnny Guarnieri, bassist Bob Haggart and drummer Cozy Cole toy lightly and politely with "Make Believe" and "Jealous" (Majestic). Worth adding to your library . . . Buchanan Brothers enshrine "Atomic Power" in hillbilly tempo for Victor. "Singing an Old Hymn" takes up the reverse, complete with fiddle and upchuck tempo.

* * *

RIFF RIFF: Columbia has issued an album of "The Desert Song" as a Masterworks set—which shouldn't scare away those who like the ever lovely melodies and lyrics from the recent revival of the great show of the 20's. Dennis Morgan, the handsome screen tenor, is backed by a lusty chorus and Edgar Roemheid's orchestra as he sings "The Desert Song," "One Flower Grows Alone in Your Garden," "One Alone" and "The Riff Song." Morgan doesn't have a great voice by any means, but you can understand what he's singing.



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OF MIKES AND MEN

By
TERRY WALSH

LEN DOYLE, the D. A.'s assistant on "Mr. District Attorney," has a magic little phrase that can get him through police lines at parades or allow him to park his car anywhere he likes. He can simply say, "Harrington of the D. A.'s office," to an irate policeman and never be questioned further. It sounds so authentic somehow!

★ ★ ★

There's a woman in Baltimore, Md., who is richer by a hundred dollars because the radio comedian, Parkyakarkus has a stern conscience. The lady always listens to "Meet Me At Parky's" and read somewhere that Parky was an avid coin collector. She sent him thirteen old coins which had been "gathering dust for years." One of the coins was an 1865 small American penny, worth \$100—the rest were only worth their face value. The honest comedian sent his generous but naive fan a check for \$100.

★ ★ ★

This little vignette about the "first four typical housewives" who were the guests of "Cinderella, Inc." is particularly endearing. During their month's sojourn at a New York hotel, they all formed the habit of having a glass of milk before retiring. The same bell boy always served them each evening and became intensely interested in their Cinderella adventures of the day. He always lingered to hear a recital of their experiences. One night, fatigued from a long day of self-improving, they skipped the milk and fell into bed. Soon there was a knock at the door—the bell boy with four glasses of milk. "But we didn't order any tonight," protested one weary Cinderella through the door transom. "I know," said the bellhop, "but I won't be able to sleep tonight unless I find out what happened to you today."

★ ★ ★

You remember those tender moments in a dramatic sequence when the script calls for a kiss. Most unromantically, the actors accomplish the effect by kissing their own hands. But not Andy Russell! He insists on the real thing, claiming he's a stickler for authenticity.

John Charles Thomas, in addition to being an eminent baritone, is the owner of one of the biggest chicken farms in California. Each Saturday afternoon after his rehearsal, the NBC personnel from directors and actors down to page boys line up at his station wagon and buy eggs from him at sixty cents a dozen. His broadcast doesn't lay eggs but his hens are experts.

★ ★ ★

Years ago, when Don Wilson was job-hunting at station KMTR, Hollywood, he was interviewed by the station's manager, Harry Von Zell. Von Zell listened sympathetically to the young man's story but didn't hire him. It was a long time after when both had become top announcers that Harry confided to Don; "I had to turn you down, Don. I was expecting to be fired myself any minute."

★ ★ ★

Lewis J. Valentine, ex-police commissioner who was heard on the "Gangbusters" show until he went overseas to reorganize the Tokyo police system, boned up on the Japanese language for the trip. Now he can spout all the traffic regulations in Nipponese.

★ ★ ★

Owen Jordan took his small daughter Alice on a long plane flight. Alice became a bit restless during the trip and attracted the notice of a gentleman who volunteered to read the funnies to her. The obliging fellow passenger was the most accomplished funny-paper reader of them all, Fiorello La Guardia.

★ ★ ★

The days of fancy show titles, it seems, are over—at least temporarily. Glancing through the network schedules, we see the somewhat stark listings of "The Bob Hawk Show," "The Agnes Moorehead Show," "Ginny Sims Show," "Danny Kaye Show," "Alan Young Show," and countless others. "The Fred Allen Show" used to be "Town Hall Tonight." Bob Hawk's used to be "Thanks to The Yanks." Who's responsible for the change in policy, the sponsors, the stars themselves, or the listeners who want to know just whom they are tuning in?



COMIC ALAN YOUNG WOWS STUDIO AUDIENCE WHEN HE GETS TANGLED IN CLOTHING SECONDS BEFORE AIR TIME. P.S. HE MAKES IT

AUDIENCE HOT FOOT

ANYTHING GOES WHEN SHOWS START WARMING UP STUDIO GUESTS

THIS Irish setter," the radio straight man is saying, "is worth one thousand dollars!"

"Don't be thilly," lispes the ether comic, "no dog could save that much money!"

Your radio leaps into a St. Vitus, practically jumping off the table from the vibrations set off by the wild roar of laughter. It elicits only a restrained snicker from you, snuggled comfortably in your armchair, but—to coin a cliché—it laid the audience in the aisles. No joke could be that funny. But—brace yourself—this one was. All because the studio audience had been "warmed up."

By **SAM JUSTICE**

"Warming up" the visible listeners prior to going on the air is one of the most vital preparations for a broadcast depending on audience participation or reaction. If the studio audience doesn't react audibly to stunts or laugh at jokes, the chances are listeners won't laugh either. Laughter is contagious. And no laughs—no Hooper. No Hooper—no sponsor.

To get studio guests into a collectively humorous frame of mind rendering them vulnerable for any alleged funny business that follows, the laugh-seeking

shows often spend from ten to twenty minutes, and a lot of that long green stuff, prior to going on the air.

Several programs consider the pre-broadcast period so important that special comedians are hired solely for softening up funny bones. Take the Detect and Collect quiz, for instance. While assistants are combing the studio for contestants to fit the prizes, a white-coated comic dashes down the aisle from the back of the theater, waving a box of candy. Resting one foot on the steps leading to the stage, he turns to the audience and in best burlesque-theater fashion goes into his pitch:

AUDIENCE HOT FOOT (continued)

"Now, frents, while you're waitin' for da big goily show t'begin; I'm gonna offer for the foist time the latest candy sweet sensashun—a dee-lishus box of double-dipped chocolate covered bon-bonts—wid th' nuts inna side . . ."

The burlesque candy butch is Sid Stone, a legitimate thespian, who originated this candy butch routine years ago for some Broadway productions of Kaufman and Hart, and Georgie Jessel. After the routine, which leaves the audience a little startled but amused, Sid comes back to run through a gag routine with Emcee Lew Lehr. By air time, the audience is definitely in the mood. To the air audience, Sid Stone does not exist, but he's a vital adjunct to the pre-broadcast show.

The Blondie show is another that employs a warmup specialist. Rodney Bell, an old-time friend of Arthur (Dagwood) Lake, goes out ten or fifteen minutes before air time and does a Hellzapoppin' routine, abetted by audience plants who heckle performers. The audience is a set-up for the Blondie and Dagwood comedy that follows on the actual broadcast. Bell, who does not appear on the air show, is a vaudeville

hooper who worked overseas on USO tours, inaugurated the warmup show on the Blondie program.

The most uninhibited and unpredictable warmups occur on the ever-increasing ridicule - but - reward - 'em type shows of which Truth or Consequences is the slap-happy standard bearer. These shows, which demonstrate what can happen to a quiz program that slips its straight-jacket, capitalize on the average American's willingness to be made a fool of, provided there is sufficient reward. To set the audience and contestants up for the insanities that follow on air time, the emcees often knock their brains out, or those of anybody within reach, during the warmup, which to be successful must reduce the spectator to a giggle-happy psychopathic.

Ralph Edwards, like most of his fellow ringmasters, utilizes the warmup to select the guinea pigs who will sacrifice dignity, if not life and limb, on stunts to follow. Meanwhile, stooges fall all over themselves running on and off stage with ludicrous gimmicks. Edwards, who considers himself quite a devil, invariably manages to have his

audience in a state of slap-happy subjection when the show goes on the air.

Johnny Olsen, like Edwards, uses his pre-broadcast time to pick participants for his "Ladies Be Seated," an across-the-board afternoon zany slanted for extroverted women. After a little funny business on stage, Olsen, who does the show in costume, grabs a hand mike and dashes around the studio handing dollar bills to anybody he interviews. He is watching out for talent slanted for the day's show. After the audience gets into the mood, he begins calling for types: singing housewives, fat men, stenographers from small towns, brides and grooms. Highlight of the warmup is the picking of the singing housewife to appear on the show by studio applause, just before air time.

The audiences on Jack Bailey's "Queen For a Day," another petticoat matinee, take care of the warmups themselves by screaming to attract the attention of Bailey and Producer Bud Ernst as they push through the audience, choosing six possible "queens" who will vie for a fantastic array of prizes. Bailey has had to call in police to keep the girls in check on some of the show's



DUD WILLIAMSON WATCHES ART FULTON "RUN OVER THE SCRIPT" IN GAG WARMUP FOR "WHAT'S THE NAME OF THAT SONG?"



RED SKELTON FINDS DRUNK ROUTINE SURE-FIRE FOR LIMBERING 'EM UP, BUT SOMETIMES HE WRECKS THE STAGE

road appearances. On broadcasts in New York and Chicago the screeching, would-be queens proved themselves anything but ladies, but everybody seemed to have fun.

On Art Linkletter's "People Are Funny" and his "House Party" everybody gets into the act before air time. On "People Are Funny," Art does cales-thenics, kids the cast and technicians, and goes in for a lot of gags. His friendly, open approach does as much as anything to woo the audience into a mood for air time co-operation. On "House Party" he has a standard stunt with balding Producer John Guedel, who strolls on stage and busies himself looking for something as Art talks to audience. After many whispered "where-is-it-s," it turns out he was looking for a bottle of hair tonic. The bottle is located and Guedel backs off stage. As Linkletter continues, Guedel strolls back sporting a beautiful head of hair, and replaces the bottle. He walks off, poker-faced, and then takes a bow from wings, with wig on sideways. This draws a roar of laughter as show goes on air.

The dignified father of these screwballers is the straight quiz show. The quizzers use the warmup period for a double purpose—to select contestants and to get both the audience and contestants into a receptive mood. Where contestants are chosen by ticket stubs, they are usually hustled to the stage in a hurry and the accent is on the warmup. Other emcees, however, have slanted their questions for red-headed housewives, bachelor servicemen, single sales girls, etc., and hand-pick their

contestants with fine-tooth-comb methods. On these, the warming up gets a lick and a promise.

Phil Baker's "Take It or Leave It" rests on its laurels as top quiz favorite as far as warmup goes. Participants are picked by ticket stub and Baker limits warmup to taking off singing commercials, abetted by his accordion, if there's time. The show's \$64 question suspense angle is considered sufficient to get most spectators into the "You'll be sorry" mood.

Todd Russell, who emcees "Double or Nothing," puts the emphasis on selecting contestants, which he hand-picks. Most of it is done on a try-out basis. He will call for housewives and a hundred hands will shoot up. When he specifies "housewives who sing," the hands thin out. Finally four are picked who sing "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" while they pretend to wash, iron, hang up, and put away imaginary laundry. Todd also tries gags on audience. He did use tongue-twisters until he ran up against a Yankee school teacher who could out-twist him.

Professor Quiz, daddy of the quizzers, turns his pre-broadcast period into a warmup for contestants, who are drawn by ticket number. Fifteen are brought on stage and these are eliminated to five by a warmup quiz similar to that staged during air time. Although the Professor maintains a more dignified and restrained air than most of the ask-its, he sometimes unbends enough on the warmup to mystify his audience with some of his clever magic and card tricks.

Bob Hawk utilizes the pre-broadcast period for his Camel quiz to hand-pick

contestants. What time remains before going on air is devoted to interviewing a soldier and sailor picked at random from the audience.

The true gag warmup is a standby on Dud Williamson's musical "What's the Name of That Song!" When the curtain is lifted, a tic-tac-toe board is on stage, with just one "X" needed to complete the winning line. From the back of the studio, Soundman Art Fulton screams, "I can't stand it!" and dashes on stage to chalk in the remaining "X". Sometimes Fulton will stroll on stage holding a sandwich in one hand and a candle in the other. When Williamson demands what the idea is, Art replies: "I'm just doing what you told me to do—eating a light lunch."

The "Smile Time" boys depend on much the same sort of stunts. An ear to a blotter covered with ink blotches is "listening to the Ink Spots." Doing a headstand proves to be because "the doctor told me to stay off my feet for awhile."

It rains dollar bills on the generous "Break the Bank." Two stooges dash through the audience in a half-hour warmup, dozens of bills clutched in their hands, and half a hundred questions on their tongues. Everybody quizzed wins, right or wrong. This business helps Emcee Bert Parks spot likely candidates for the air show.

Ken Roberts puts the emphasis on picking contestants on "Quick as a Flash." He has guiding questions to land specific type contestants: A soldier from a town of less than 200 population—a man with seven children—a woman from North Dakota. Usually he

AUDIENCE HOT FOOT (continued)

gets 'em. When Roberts herds them up on stage, he runs through a pre-quiz, which is almost as generous with cash and prizes as his air show.

The warmups on the variety shows, which mix music and comedy, usually follow the style of the air show. If it is gag-type comedy such as Bob Hope's, the warmup usually is built around gag routines. Hope, for instance, introduces the cast and then runs through five min-

utes of fast gags. This usually is ample for his audiences, who arrive with the idea that anything Hope may say is going to be funny.

Combining his pantomime skill with some of his old vaudeville material, Red Skelton gives a warmup that is perhaps even funnier to the studio audience than the actual air show. Wearing his hat upside down, Red does a drunk routine in which he attempts to sell patent medi-

cines. His sales persuasion becomes so intense at times that he smashes into stage props. He once crashed into a stand holding the evening's script and only a frantic reassembling of the scattered sheets, plus his ad lib talent, saved the air show. This was good for an extra laugh.

The Jimmy Durante-Garry Moore show starts off tamely enough on its warmup, but it is a three-ring circus by air time. Garry takes charge and introduces all of cast, save Durante. Then he excuses himself to make last-minute script revisions. About that time there is a terrific commotion in back of the studio and down the aisle rushes Durante. Jimmy tells a joke, then rushes to the piano and starts to sing a song. But in the meantime, Garry has taken the drummer's place, and the louder Jimmy sings, the louder Garry beats the skins. Jimmy goes berserk and rushes over to attack the sound effects man, who has been contributing to the bedlam. Howard Petrie, the announcer, glances at the clock—a minute until air time. The confusion continues. Jimmy's old partner, Eddie Jackson, sings off stage. The audience is wild because Petrie is going crazy by the clock. Producer Phil Cohan, visible in the control booth, is tearing his hair. Neither Jimmy nor Garry pay the slightest attention. It's pandemonium, or, as Jimmy would say, "It's catasprotic and pammamium resigns supreme." Suddenly, the red hand hits the minute and everything is quiet as death as Petrie says, "Rexall presents . . ."

Alan Young, another air comic who doesn't depend on Joe Miller for laughs, loosens audiences up with a lot of funny business in the same vein. He comes out asking to be allowed to read some of the lines from the script so the audience will get to know the funny parts and laugh at the right time on the air. Alan reads three gags from a dummy script, each gag being a ten-karat dud. When only a couple of people titter, Alan, with a show of great reluctance, tears the page from the dummy script and throws it away. Then he goes into a monologue explaining that they'll be on the air in a minute and not to get nervous. He wants the show to go on with a professional touch. During his spiel one of his suspenders drop and he off-handedly tries to tuck it out of sight. The more he tries, the more he becomes entangled and next thing the audience knows, Alan has his coat off and is wound up pretzel-fashion in it and his suspenders, all the while continuing his



DURANTE SLAYS 'EM WHEN HE ATTACKS SOUNDMAN FOR CUTTING IN ON HIS PIANO SOLC



QUIZ FANS FIND CANDY BUTCH DIVERTING



FREEMAN (AMOS) GOSDEN WARMS A GUEST

CLAGHORN'S THE NAME

BUT CALL HIM KENNY — DELMAR, THAT IS

THAT grinning
whirlwind whip-

By **TWEED BROWN**

ping in and out of Radio City isn't a refugee from the sound effects cabinet. On closer inspection it will prove to be a bushy-haired young gent out of Boston by name of Kenneth Frederick Fay Howard, attempting to keep up with his radio commitments.

This bustling Bostonian has ample reason to rush, for under the professional name of "Kenny Delmar" his actor-announcer talents are in such demand as to require would-be sponsors to queue up for considerable distances. Not only is Delmar sought for more announcing chores than he can shake a Social Security card at, but his brain-child, "Senator Claghorn" (That's a joke, son!) is currently the "hottest" thing in radio. If you don't immediately identify "the Senator" as the unreconstructed tenant of Allen's Alley—on the Fred Allen program—then he is the person responsible for normally sane citizens from Wenatchee, Wash., to Puxatawny, Pa., speaking in this fashion:

"Claghorn's the name—Senator Claghorn. Ah'm from Dixie—Dixie, that is. Ah represent the South—the South, you understand. Ah don't travel any place Ah can't get to on the Southern Railroad. And Ah won't patronize—Ah say, Ah won't patronize any restaurant that serves Yankee Pot Roast!"

In addition to appearing as Claghorn on the Allen show, Kenny handles the announcing chores for that Sunday RCA broadcast, the Saturday night Hit Parade, and puts the Jack Benny show from Hollywood on the air from New York every Sunday night, which also is nice work if you can get it. His weekly earnings fluctuate between \$700 and \$2,000 depending on how many extra shows he handles, and the trend has the Treasury Department rubbing its hands anticipatorily.

For a young gent whose name meant nothing to radio listeners a year ago, Kenny Delmar is doing very nicely for

himself. Both Hollywood and Broadway have beckoned to him. Kenny was all set to appear as a quick-change comic detective in the Orson Welles-Cole Porter musical, "Around the World," but had to withdraw because of conflicting commitments. He also has received picture offers, but to date has not figured how he can go to Hollywood and still be on hand to fulfill his contract on the Hit Parade in New York every Saturday.

Delmar, who comes of a theatrical family, is a pleasant, heavy-set young man (five feet ten inches, 185 pounds) who wears thick-lensed glasses in enormous black frames. He has an unruly strand of curly, black hair and a velvety olive skin that can be attributed to a Greek grandfather. A hasty glance gives the impression of a composite Harold Lloyd-Ed Wynn, while his soft, confidential voice belies its Boston origin. He is beginning to worry about a "corporation" that is forming around his belt-line, but friends assure him that on Claghorn it looks good. Thirty-four-year-old Kenny will never be mistaken for one of the Radio City fashion plates, and when his clothes are a little more rumpled than usual he could easily pass for one of the Columbus Circle boys.

An interview with Delmar is an experience. His sudden success amazes him. "I go around pinching myself," he confides, staring out the window at a pretty girl in an office on the other side of the building.



AH SAY, THERE OUGHT TO BE TWO PRESIDENTS — ONE FOR THE REPUBLICANS

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE) 17

CLAGHORN'S THE NAME (continued)

"What was that you said, son?" he says with a start, several moments later.

One minute he is the soft-spoken announcer who leans forward and mouths ingratiating remarks on the Allen show as: "In case you want to invite me to your birthday party, my name is Kenny Delmar."

The next he is the bombastic Senator, reared back, feet braced, fist waving: "Yessir, Ah'm goin' into business foh myself. Ah've just organized Delmar Productions. Delmar, that is."

Some one sticks his head in the door and grins, "Hello, Senator Claghorn, suh. Hello, that is."

Kenny beams and waves back. "Hello, son. Don't forget—Ah say, don't forget to vote the straight ticket!"

Between interruptions Kenny explains that Delmar Productions will offer dramatic and comedy radio package shows. These come with the cast, announcer, and script wrapped up in one bundle.

Right now Kenny runs into Claghorn everywhere he goes—even while dialing in other programs. But he lives in fear that listeners will wake up some morning and collectively decide that the Senator isn't funny any more. Fred Allen thinks differently, however, and has

given the Senator a long-term lease on the Alley.

When Delmar unleashed the repetitious rebel over the air waves last fall, he was afraid the Senator would offend Southern listeners—particularly, those of unreconstructed fabric. To his surprise, the bulk of his fan mail originates south of the Mason & Dixon and to date he has yet to receive an unfavorable missive.

"I guess they realize the Senator is not a vicious character—just a harmless guy with a big mouth," Kenny explained.

Claghorn's fan mail outnumbers that of any other tenant on the Alley and it became necessary for him to hire assistants to handle his average of a hundred letters weekly, not to mention a lot of gifts and gadgets. Every letter is gratefully answered and then filed away. Kenny prizes his mail collection very highly and probably some day will have assembled enough Claghorniana to open a small museum.

Some writers consider the Senator the long-awaited Messiah of the Confederacy, but most of them take him less seriously. Practically all writers like to play the Claghorn game and contribute dialogue, most of it of questionable merit. Sometimes ambitious free-lancers contribute entire scripts, but these are politely turned down, as Allen will not accept free-lance material. Very few contributed gags get past the hypercritical Allen blue pencil. One did, however, from a Southern belle who ate only eels, because that was "Lee" spelled backwards.

Although a lot of Claghorn contributions come from south of the border—Mason and Dixon, you understand—many of them are from either pseudo or homesick Southerners. A Brooklyn rebel wrote: "I understand you'd defend any felon, as long as he has confederates." Another asserted that when sailing he sat only on the lee side of the boat. A New Jerseyite professed to like birds at only one time of year—when they were headed south.

There are few days when Kenny's mail does not contain some unusual gifts. One fan sent a Southern compass—with no north on it. Another fan sent a box of Confederate violets, which Kenny enthusiastically planted on the south side of his house. A Kansas fan sent a huge yoke for oxen with the notation: "That's a yoke, son!"

The prize contribution, however, came when Kenny went to Washington to attend the annual brag dinner of the



AH REFUSE TO RIDE IN A SHERMAN TANK



AH'M FROM TH' SOUTH — DIXIE, THAT IS



AH ONLY KISS BABIES WITH GREY EYES



ALWAYS USE SOUTHERN PINE TOOTHPICKS



THERE'S NO CLAGHORN HERE AS KENNY PONDER SUGGESTIONS FROM THE MASTER OF SUBTLE COMEDY, BOSS FRED ALLEN

Texas Citrus Growers. They presented Kenny with a very much alive mama rattlesnake. Thinking the reptile to be harmless, he left it in his hotel room covered only by crating and a thin netting. When Kenny got no room service and his bed went unmade for three days, he became perturbed. Then he brought the snake back to New York and kept it at home while negotiating with the Bronx Zoo to take it off his hands. Finally the zoo took the snake and when a note came from the zookeeper thanking Kenny for the very venomous species of rattler, he almost had heart failure.

Although Senator Claghorn is a newcomer to radio as far as most listeners are concerned, Kenny got the idea for the blowhard character as a result of a hitch-hike trip to California eighteen years ago. A Texas rancher gave him

a ride that lasted a couple of days and made an impression on Kenny that has never worn off. The rancher spoke with a loud, booming voice and was given to repetition. As they rolled across the Texas prairies, he would turn suddenly to Kenny and shout:

"Son, I own five hundred head of cattle—five hundred, that is. I say, I own five hundred head of fine cattle."

Long after he had said good-bye to the repetitious rancher, Kenny found the Texan's words bouncing around in his brain. It was no time until he was entertaining friends with his impersonation of the rancher, who over the years came to be known as "The Senator". So the Senator, actually, is a Texan, although the Allen script would have you believe that Claghorn is too big for one state and represents the South in general.

Kenny practically grew up in a theatre and as a youngster attended the famous Professional Children's school that numbered such thespian prodigies as Milton Berle and Helen Chandler. As a boy Kenny appeared in D. W. Griffith thrillers filmed by Paramount at Astoria, L. I.

Kenny was forced to drop out of show business in his youth when a run-in with a thug left him with a broken jaw. He went into business with his step-father importing olives. But acting was in his blood and it cropped out at gatherings where he became the life of the party.

In 1935 Kenny broke into radio in New York portraying a twelve-year-old boy. For several years he played uncredited roles in radio on "The Shadow," on "Gangbusters," "March of Time," and other dramatic programs.

TALENT LOUNGE



HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL HERE. ACTORS AWAITING CALLS THAT MAY OR MAY NOT COME—IN THEIR BUSINESS OFFICE, THE RCA LOUNGE

THOSE nameless voices that come out of your radio, do you know who they belong to—and where they come from? The stars, you know about. But these anonymous actors—depicting the cop on the corner, the hero's landlady, the waitress who serves the hungry heroine, the street urchin who is befriended by the program's star—who are they?

Bit players, they are—the extras of radio. They're essential to all dramatic programs, and the roles they play are pretty essential to them. Even the briefest part may mean the long hoped-for break, and more important, pay. Small parts, well done, bring actors to the attention of directors, and so can lead to major parts, even to Hollywood. Orson Welles and Joseph Cotten rose to fame by way of radio's supporting roles. Robert Walker and Jennifer Jones had similar starts.

Because of the opportunity offered through day-time serials and evening dramatic programs, would-be radio actors are attracted to New York magnet-like from all sections of the country. They settle in cubbyholes, hall bedrooms, anywhere. Living is secondary; acting comes first.

Between parts, aspiring actors congregate on the third floor of Radio City's RCA building, home of NBC and ABC. This western portion of the floor is known as the Actor's Lounge. It is the distributing center for practically all of

radio's acting talent for all the networks.

The Lounge is unquestionably the most comfortable place of its kind in show business. It is a large, air-conditioned room, amply supplied with commodious plush sofas, over-stuffed chairs, upholstered benches, food dispensing machines, telephones, and a receptionist.

Here actors receive calls for work, meet directors, talk with stars, discuss parts, and analyze the programs that go out over the networks. It is their business office.

The Lounge has become an institution. It is the one place in radio where stars hobnob with nobodies. No one is too important to encourage a newcomer. This genuine friendliness probably stems from the fact that today's stars were yesterday's nobodies. Today's nobodies will be tomorrow's stars.

To the producers and directors the Lounge is the supply depot for acting talent. It is here that they phone or come personally to select new actors for shows. It is here, too, that directors send calls for many of their featured players. While the Lounge has been the starting point for many of radio's biggest names, it has not always proved to be the springboard to success. Talent sometimes wilts there. A few years ago an attractive girl visited the Lounge week after week, with seldom a call. Discouraged, she turned to other avenues of show business. Today she is doing very

well for herself in Hollywood—as Lauren Bacall.

Bit actors must resort to vigorous self-promotion to get parts, which may be accomplished by hounding directors at their offices or buttonholing them in the Lounge. Many also sign up with Registry and Exchange, actors' agencies which have direct wires to the Lounge. There they can be contacted by the agency which keeps profiles on the actor, handles his calls, and notifies him of openings.

Because of long waiting periods, many Loungers take jobs as ushers, receptionists, and tour guides. Gregory Peck began as a studio page boy.

In the Lounge may be found actors who will find their talents abegging when television takes over. For instance, you may find Lon Nellis, tallest man in radio (six feet, seven inches), waiting for small boy parts. Fat men Jack Smart and Craig McDonnell are called at the Lounge for similarly contradictory roles. Another you might see is an actor called to impersonate crying babies. He happens to be completely bald and 60.

Despite the uncertainties, every day finds new hopefuls in the Lounge. Daily new voices go out over the air waves—voices of new supporting actors. Each feels that success is just behind the studio doors—that tomorrow, maybe, he will be the reason the program has a listening audience.

HERE'S MORGAN!

RADIO'S BAD BOY MAKES SPONSOR-SPOOFING COMMERCIALS PAY-OFF

HISTORY three times has known the name of Morgan—Morgan the pirate, Morgan the financier, Morgan the sponsor-baiter. The pirate and the financier are of yesterday. Today's Morgan is in 100,000 ears, poking 100,000 ribs and sending cash over 100,000 counters.

For Morgan's faithful listening audience, 6:45 p. m. EST, is the most refreshing radio-time of the day. Before Morgan went to war, his program was on at 5:45. Now he has a better spot, when most families are at their evening meal.

Probably the most popular lines in Morgan's broadcasts are those in which he ribs his sponsors. It is a pleasant relief from the usual commercial harangue to hear Morgan make light of his products and gibe at his sponsors. People enjoy the unusual in his humor and gasp at his daring.

For example, he played a commercial recording for a wine company. During the playing he kept up an uncomplimentary commentary. At the conclusion he asked, "Now where do they expect to get with that? It might sell one bottle—in forty years. Why don't they let me do it my way? But no, some agency sold them that, so they think it's good."

Morgan's system is very effective. His commercials are never tuned out. They're too funny to be missed. They come in unexpectedly. They are never long. They do their job because they get the product into the consciousness of the listener by tickling his funny-bone. There's good will for Morgan's products because of Morgan's wit.

People buy what he sells even if they don't need it. One New Jersey man, after listening to Morgan's program for a week, went out and bought eighteen of Morgan-advertised razor blades, this though he uses an electric razor. His wife, a dignified middle-aged woman, has become a confirmed after-meal gum chewer. During last year's basketball season, an average height player asked in a shoe store if Morgan's "Old Man" Adler sold elevator gym shoes.

Though Morgan is tremendously popular with his listeners, he is in constant trouble with his sponsors, naturally.

By **GORDON D. BUSHELL**

They vacillate between fear of what his gibes may do to sales and knowledge of what they've done in the past. They resent his occasionally almost forgetting to mention a product he's paid to discuss for one minute. Some quit him. Some quit and return. Adler shoes quit twice. Now they are a Morgan steady—and there are no more complaints.

Morgan used to listen to sponsor's complaints, then go right on in his own way—now he doesn't even listen. He has devised a fool-proof system of avoiding angry sponsors. He moved, keeping his new address and phone

number a secret. The only way a sponsor can get a message to Morgan is to call their agency, which in turn calls the network, which in turn calls the only person who knows Morgan's number. She then calls Morgan, if the complaint hasn't died out, and relates the sad story to his unsympathetic ear.

Morgan has his own philosophy about radio commercials. "What do people care about where and how a product is made?" he asks. "They just want to know if its good. My stuff is good, so I tell them that—that's all." Morgan continues, "The trouble with the average sponsor is that he is just average. I know more about radio advertising than



"H-MM! NOW WHICH OF MY SPONSORS SHALL I BLAST?" THINKS RADIO'S BAD BOY, MORGAN



MORGAN CARRIES THAT "FEET ON THE DESK" FEELING RIGHT OVER TO HIS COMMENTS

the guys in the business." The fact that Morgan's line was taken on, copied by other announcers during his absence in the army proves that there are those who agree that his style is effective.

Complaints about Morgan, who is known as radio's bad boy, also come from another quarter—the network officials. Morgan takes them collectively and individually over the coals on the air—next day reports their protests to the public. His remarks about public characters or American institutions bring floods of boiling letters to harassed officials, often threatening suit. Angry listeners, never able to locate Morgan, barge in and berate officials.

Morgan does not bring on these complaints intentionally or out of sheer perversity—he's just himself, unpredictable. His humor is not restricted to the commercials. From the moment he comes on the air, the zany is in order. He may introduce his program by blowing into the mike, or by announcing a campaign which he is backing—"Equality Week—a week when men must be considered equal to women." He urges women during this week to remove their hats in elevators, to offer cigarettes to men, to give up their seats to men in subways, to blame all auto accidents on men drivers.

Inane records have an important place on "Here's Morgan." They are played at any point in the program for no reason at all. He has the most unique collection of records in the

world, and he conducts a never ending search for new ones. But, he never plays a record through because whole records bore him.

It is not unusual for fans to send him crazy records. Recently he received an Arabic record from a G.I. who heard he was back on the air. Morgan, himself, doesn't know what this one is all about. "It might be a couple of foreigners swearing at each other for all I know," he says.

Morgan has originated a hundred different days, weeks, towns, products and schools. On one program he introduced "Unknown Mother of Her Country Day"—the day they take nylons and make coal out of them. He is the discoverer of the town of *More*. "There are only two housewives in that town so when you see an advertisement that says 'More housewives recommend—,' you know it's these two women who live in *More*, Nebraska."

Morgan started a school for doctors who don't practice medicine—they just pose for ads. "Incidentally," says Morgan, "one of my doctors has invented Gonfalon's Enormous Liver Pills, because he discovered that there are some large livers—they're not all little."

Occasionally Morgan entitles his program "Time Marches Sideways." That night is devoted to reading and "analyzing" newspaper clippings which completely contradict each other. He also has "political night" and "Children's Advisory Service" night. Once Morgan

told all frustrated children to bang their heads against the wall.

One night as Morgan read fan mail, a P.S. on a fan letter said "Please excuse pencil, but they don't allow any sharp instruments around here." A few months later (Morgan's always late with mail) he wrote back "Please excuse typewriter, I just ran out of blood."

Another time a listener sent in a petition to Morgan asking him to have it signed by all the people he knew in order to have Avenue of the Americas changed back to 6th Avenue. Over the air Morgan explained, "I dragged your petition to various saloons around town and everybody I talked to said 'Oh, for Pete's sake! Then we'd have another beer. Well, you know how it is.'"

Henry Morgan is not strictly a gag man; a fact which causes his employers to have graying hair. It is not unusual for him to discuss some very ticklish subject. Officials tell him to lay off, but Morgan is seriously concerned about current happenings, so occasionally he sneaks a little philosophy into his humor.

He attacks the army for commissioning incompetent men, he urges that Brotherhood Week be a year-around enterprise, he suggests that people try to understand Russia and work toward international cooperation. This last has lost him some listeners—people immediately accused him of being a communist. "Today you're either a communist or a fascist," sighs Morgan. But he shrugs it off and goes on advocating what he believes is right. While he discusses the 10-cent subway fare and labor



HE INTERVIEWS A TYPICAL GUEST STAR

problems, his mail proves that his audience listens to his humorous philosophy.

Henry Morgan was born in New York City in 1915 of mixed parentage—man and woman. His radio career started at 17 when he was hired as a pageboy by WMCA at \$8 a week. In a few months he applied for a job as announcer. "Much to my surprise they hired me." At seventeen and a half he became the youngest announcer in radio. He received \$18 a week.

Shortly, he was engaged as a network newscaster, but was fired within five weeks because he could never reach a broadcast on time. From then on Morgan covered many radio jobs in many cities. His innate humor, his free lancing at the mike drew the attention of New York officials who decided to try his line out at nothing a week on part of Superman's time. Morgan had three nights and Superman had three nights a week. "Imagine me with that big lug" he groans. When Superman moved to an earlier hour Morgan took over the full six nights, acquired sponsors, and began to draw money—\$100 a week. At this point, war and the army broke in.

"Here's Morgan" returned to the air less than a year ago, after over two years' absence. Currently on the air five nights a week at 6:45 with two shots on Thursday (the second at 10:30 p.m.), he makes considerably more money than he used to—"not yet a \$1000 a week."

Morgan's script, if it can be called that, is written by Morgan about four hours before he goes on the air. It is always two pages in length. Sometimes he finds himself a few minutes short,



EX-GI MORGAN HAS A HEALTHY APPETITE



NOTE THAT "JUST WAIT, BROTHER" EXPRESSION AS HE SIGNED WITH THE LATE JESSE ADLER

or a few minutes over his allotted 15 minutes. This always confuses him. "Getting off the air is the toughest thing I have to do. When people ask me how I do it, I answer, I don't know—they think I'm kidding."

Most of Morgan's scripts are merely a series of notes and reminders, but his interviews are carefully written out. "Interviews require a good deal of precision and I haven't time to pause to think of questions and answers." So when Morgan interviews Negative Sam, the Reality Man, or the housewife who is worried because her husband *does* come home early, it's thoroughly rehearsed.

Morgan is often asked where he gets his interviewees and how large a staff of actors he employs. His stock answer is "I have a staff of 20, each of whom gets \$100 a week." Actually he has no staff; does all the voices himself.

Morgan claims that no one except kids will admit to listening to his program. Adults when asked usually pass the buck, "My little boy listens and of course I overhear some of what you say." But an examination of Morgan's mail reveals dentists, doctors, lawyers, engineers and business executives as well as kids among his listeners.

When not criticizing or praising, fans ask Morgan what he looks like and "do you act like that off the air?" Some express a desire to see Morgan in television. To this Morgan grimly shakes his head. "I want television the other way 'round. I'd like to see my listeners

in action; batting their kids around, chewing gum, or shining their boots with a polish I plug.

Morgan is good looking, of average height and weight, and is abounding in restless energy. He doesn't sit still two minutes consecutively. An intense person, Morgan works hard on his program. He never permits a studio audience. The few times he did allow this, he felt that it hurt his show—he just couldn't let go and be himself.

A meticulous dresser, Morgan goes daily to the Astor barber shop. There he has corralled the only silent barber in the business, John Hindenberger. "He talks German and I don't," says Morgan explaining the blissful barber shop silence. "Furthermore, I like the *er* on his name. If he ever drops it, I'll quit him."

Morgan has a girl friend, "the ninth most beautiful girl in New York," but she's smart so they argue too much. "That's the trouble with getting married. If they're smart you argue; if they're dumb you can't stand them. I guess I'll stay a bachelor," he explains.

But this Morgan, Henry Morgan, sponsor baiter, is entrenched in the ears of his listeners—he makes them laugh and he makes them buy. He is a hair raising, nerve wracking, indispensable boon to his sponsors, who have found that there's good will for Morgan's products because of Morgan's wit. So everybody's happy over Henry Morgan—even the sponsors.

BRIDE AND GROOM

One of the most surprised couples to be married on ABC's program "Bride and Groom" were film player Forrest Dickson and Irving Moore, motion picture assistant director. As their principal wedding present, they received a B-17 bomber, gift of an aeronautical firm. This climaxed a dizzy avalanche of gifts showered on them by emcee John Nelson, calculated to launch them auspiciously on the uncertain sea of matrimony.



FEATHERY CHAPEAU of bride failed to interfere with the traditional wedding kiss, following the brief ceremony in chapel.



BACK ON SHOW, after chapel service, Irving and Forrest display the automobile sign given to each newly-wedded couple on program.



TOUR OF PLANE holds no fascination for Groom Irving who spent 700 hours on combat missions during war as acting command pilot.



THE VIEW IS GOOD, judging by Forrest's smile, from their Fort, which always can be home, in case housing situation gets tough.



HONEYMOON TRIP is given all couples on program. The Moores check in at Pebble Beach, Cal., hotel for one-week bridal stay.



TENNIS GETS THE NOD and the Moores head for the courts to begin the rounds of athletic activities offered them at the resort.

THE HEAT IS ON!

IT'S NO PICNIC WHEN
SUMMER REPLACEMENTS
TAKE OVER TOP SPOTS

By

JIM CUMMINGS



ANN (MAIZIE) SOTHERN WENT ON AS A 1945 REPLACEMENT AND SHE'S STILL THERE

TO RADIO listeners, summer means the time when the big programs go off the air, but to up-and-coming radio artists this vacation time is synonymous for chance of a lifetime. To them, it means as much as a Broadway chance does to the tank-town vaudeville team, or a major league contract to a bush-league baseball player.

Every summer a score or more actors who have not arrived—as far as big-time radio is concerned—get that big chance. When the top-ranking musical and variety shows take a vacation to rest, refurbish, and recreate during the hot months, these would-be stars get their opportunity. They move into the choice spots in radio—those with the most listeners—ready-made audiences in the millions.

They have thirteen weeks—more or less—to make good. If they don't, it's back to the tank towns, back to the bush leagues of radio—independent stations, network sustainers, or as supporting actors on name shows. Their big chance is over—at least for another year. The

odds always are against their making good. Not only will they play to thinning audiences, but they will have to compete for the listener's approval with the show which they replaced. And for a virtual unknown to buck for laughs against Hope, Benny, Allen, and Skelton is strictly no laughing matter.

Now and then—perhaps once in a season—one of them makes good. It depends chiefly on that vital Hooper rating. If the rating of the replacement plummets, as it does on most summer shows, then it's licked. But if the substitute can hold anything approximating a fair percentage of the regular's rating, the chances are it won't be long until it has air time it can call its own.

To give an indication of what the replacers are up against, here are some contrasting ratings supplied by C. E. Hooper, Inc., which specializes in measuring the listening-pull of radio programs:

The Bob Hope show, which had the largest audience of the 1944-45 season, had a rating of 31.5 on April 30, 1945.

On May 30, his last show of the season, Hope's rating stood at 27.8. Hope was replaced by "The Man Called X," starring Herbert Marshall, who was by no means unknown to radio listeners. But the very best Marshall could do all summer was a rating of 13.5 on June 30, with a low of 9.3 on August 30.

Fibber McGee and Molly, which was second most popular show, stayed on the air a month longer than Hope. Their rating of 25.4 on May 30 dropped to 18.6 by June 30, demonstrating that even the top programs can't hold the listeners when hot weather arrives. The Victor Borge show, which replaced, dipped as low as 7.3 on hot August 30, but by September 30 had climbed to 12.2.

Jack Benny, who has been in the top ratings for years, had a listening pull of 15.7 when he went off for the summer on May 30. But his replacement, Wayne King, the Waltz King, dropped to a low of 6.0 on June 30 against a high of 10.1 on June 15.

With all radio's front and fanfare,

not many programs start off full-blown. Most of the big ones grow into their grandiose states. The costs for putting on a variety show worthy of competing with Bob Hope or Jack Benny could easily cost a sponsor a million a season. With no guarantee of success, or returns, not many sponsors are willing to gamble that kind of money on untried shows or unproved actors. And no network can afford to run them long as sustaining programs.

As Charles C. Barry, national program director for the American Broadcasting Company, pointed out, "Radio works on the theory that it's better to use shows and characters that have been proved than to gamble on the untried and the unknown."

That's where the replacement shows get their chance. Young talent has an opportunity to test its big-time calibre on the substitute spots. Then when sponsors start looking for talent for fall shows, those with replacement experience have the advantage—provided they made good. Plenty of budding young replacers need only the sponsor's midas touch to blossom into a full-going network show. That these are a much safer gamble than the untried, was recently discovered by one network.

Back in 1932, Canada Dry got a chance to put a young comic on the air during the summer lull. He was a serious fellow who had some new ideas for radio comedy. Up to then comedy pro-

grams had been handled pretty much like vaudeville, with each portion presented as a separate unit. When he got on the air he started thinking of the program as a whole. It was his idea that the orchestra leader, the announcer, and everybody on the program was good for dialog and that music should fit into the script rather than be an element that would interrupt it. Instead of telling jokes, he got himself in a lot of funny situations. He built himself up as a pinch-penny who had trouble getting dates. The audience thought he was pretty funny. He got a regular show on CBS in the fall, after his summer show for Canada Dry had ended on the NBC Blue. By the spring of 1933 he was on the NBC Red network. He's been there ever since and in the intervening years a lot of radio comics have made their reputation using the same formula that Jack Benny so successfully initiated back in 1932.

Perhaps the most recent comedian to break his way into big-time radio via the summer replacement route was Alan Young, the Canadian comic who got his chance replacing Eddie Cantor's "Time To Smile" in the summer of 1944. Alan, who got his opportunity at the suggestion of Cantor, made such a favorable impression that Cantor's sponsor gave him a contract for a year for a show of his own on ABC. Both Radio Daily and Billboard Magazine picked Young as radio's "Star of Tomorrow,"

while Motion Picture Daily's fame poll named him the outstanding new star of 1944-45. But he would never have garnered these bouquets if it hadn't been for his chance as a summer replacement.

Being replacement for Cantor, incidentally, appears to be the surest springboard to a program of one's own. Three of the shows that were replacements for Cantor now have sponsors of their own. In addition to Young, the popular Sunday night Blondie show got its start back in 1939 as a replacement for Cantor. And in 1943 "A Date With Judy," starring Louise Erickson, was selected to replace Cantor. "Judy" had replaced Bob Hope in 1941 and again in 1942 without attracting a sponsor, but after appearing for Cantor in 1943 landed a sponsor which it has retained ever since.

Harry Einstein, who developed his character "Parkyakarkus," on the Cantor show, got a chance for a show of his own when he replaced "Comedy Theatre" in the summer of 1945. The cigaret sponsor decided that "Meet Me at Parky's" was better than the show it replaced, so at the end of the summer period, Parky was retained in place of "Comedy Theatre."

Mr. District Attorney started his crusade against crime as a NBC Red network sustainer in 1939 and in June, 1939, went on as summer replacement for the Bob Hope show. The performance so pleased Hope's tooth paste sponsor that Mr. D. A. was retained



ALAN YOUNG GOT HIS BIG BREAK SUBBING FOR EDDIE CANTOR

BUMSTEADS AND DITHERS CELEBRATE SUCCESS ON "BLONDIE"

THE HEAT IS ON! (continued)

after the summer hiatus for a show of his own on the Blue Network. Then in 1940 Mr. D. A. changed sponsors and moved over to NBC, where he still is tracking down criminals every Wednesday night.

In the summer of 1945 when the Milton Berle Show went off, Ann Sothern got her radio break with her light-headed but curvesome character "Maizie." The sponsors were so pleased with the summer subber that they kept it on when the winter season came and now it is in the enviable position of having its own summer replacement.

Hildegard got her incomparable opportunity as a replacement for Red Skelton in the summer of 1943. Then in June of 1943 when Red went into the Army, the sponsor put Hildegard on in his place with her "Raleigh Room" program. Last winter when Red returned from his tour with the Army, the sponsor retained Hildegard, but shifted her show from Tuesday to Wednesday night and changed it from the "Raleigh Room" to the "Penguin Room."

Henry Aldrich uttered his first "Coming, Mother," as a replacement for Jack Benny in the summer of 1939. The Aldrich Family struck the fancy of radio listeners, so the show was set for the replacement for Benny the next summer. After two weeks, the Aldrich Family went off, but Benny's sponsor brought them back in October with a program of their own. They kept it until July, 1944, and in September of that same year, Henry and his partner in crime, Homer Brown, moved to CBS, their present home.

In the preferred spot in the choice of summer replacements are personalities who have become established on network shows. Phil Harris never would have gotten the chore of replacing Kay Kyser on the summer school session of Kollege of Musical Knowledge, if he hadn't been built up as a personality on the Jack Benny show. Harris was able to take his braggart, personality-kid gags right over to the Kyser show and do an enviable job of substituting for the Professor.

The air personality of Joan Davis, CBS Queen of Comedy, was well established long before she got her own show. Joan's man-repulsing personality took shape back when she appeared with Rudy Vallee and the late John Barrymore and captured listener's fancy with her unsuccessful male-chasing. It would have taken her a long time to have built up this personality, had she started off unknown as star of her own

show—long time and a lot of bumps.

Fibber McGee and Molly have developed several personalities on their show who later have done well on their own. Hal Peary moved his tremulo chortle over to Sunday night where his "Great Gildersleeve" has become a star in his own right. Marlin Hurt, whose "Beulah" ("I love that man") became a favorite with Fibber McGee listeners, had succeeded in establishing Beulah on her own before his untimely death. Bill Thompson, who plays the "Old Timer" character on Fibber McGee, now has a show of his own on ABC.

Agnes Moorehead, who made her radio reputation as a supporting actor on Lionel Barrymore's "Mayor of the Town," now stars in her own show, "The Amazing Mrs. Danbury." Jack Smith made such a hit as the singer on "Glamour Manor," that he got his own show on CBS, where he is now one of the popular early evening highlights.

Mingled with the established personalities replacing the top twenty shows this summer are several newcomers who are getting their first big break in radio. Maybe one of them will make good and become a top star of five years hence.

One getting his first big radio opportunity is Jackie Coogan, child movie star of twenty years ago, whose "Forever Ernest" replaced Vox Pop. Alfred Drake, singing star of "Oklahoma," heads the summer edition of "Ford Symphony Hour" on ABC. Tommy

Riggs with his female Charlie McCarthy, Betty Lou, has appeared on other shows for several years but never has quite made the grade with a show of his own. He is getting his chance this summer replacing the Ginny Simms show.

The King Cole Trio will knock themselves out on the Kraft Music Hall replacement this summer, hoping that it will net them a spot on a regular show. Henry Morgan, who has won a following with his unpredictable antics on his nightly quarter hour on ABC, will emcee a Saturday afternoon musical variety half hour replacing a segment of the ABC airing of the Metropolitan Opera.

Some of the better known radio personalities who are doing replacer stints this summer and who wouldn't be adverse to something coming of it include Fred Waring, substituting for Fibber McGee and Molly, Frank Morgan for Jack Benny, Herbert Marshall for Bob Hope, Wayne King for Durante and Moore, Sigmund Romberg for Red Skelton, and Meredith Willson taking over for George Burns and Gracie Allen.

Despite the summer listening lag, lightning may strike and one or more may find themselves with a sponsor of their own come fall. If that happens, their troubles will be over. They'll be right up there on top. Then all they'll have to worry about is being just as funny, just as interesting, and pulling as high a Hooper as any of the top twenty shows in radio.



MEREDITH WILLSON TAKES OVER FROM GEORGE BURNS AS GRACIE LOOKS ON

Forever Snooks

FANNY BRICE'S TERRIBLE TOT THUMBS NOSE AT 25 BIRTHDAYS

WHEN she whines "Wh-h-hy, Daa-d-dy?" over your radio she may sound like a seven-year-old, but Baby Snooks is really a big girl. This year Fanny Brice's terrible tot celebrates her twenty-fifth anniversary. But as far as radio listeners are concerned, she'll remain seven for a long time to come.

Baby Snooks was born way back in 1921 and the birth was pretty much of an accident. Fanny went to a party following her vaudeville stint at New York's famed Palace Theatre. During the course of the party, Fanny was called on for a song. She went to the piano and asked the pianist to play the then popular "Perils of Pauline." As she started to sing, she suddenly switched her voice to that of a small girl.

"I'd wanted to try that voice out for a long time, but my agent said it wouldn't do for a professional routine," Fanny explained.

But the guests felt otherwise. After Fanny finished, the crowd applauded long and loudly, demanding more. The next day during the matinee performance at the Palace, Fanny waited until her last song to do a number a la Baby Snooks. The audience went wild.

"That was the birth of Snooks," Fanny explained. "She was six years old when she was born and has advanced only one year since."

Fanny didn't take her theatrical offspring seriously at first. "At first I kidded the part," she recalled, "making a burlesque of the character, but all the time I knew that wasn't right—not what I meant to do. In the back of my mind I nursed it along—even watched kids for ideas."

Even though Fanny grew up on New York's crowded East Side, she never got a chance at a real childhood. As she put it, "East Side New Yorkers grow up pretty fast." Since Fanny started out



HARASSED 'DADDY' CAN'T KEEP EYE OFF SNOOKS' THROAT AS HE GUIDES KNIFE AT CAKE

to get a job on the stage when she was 14 years old, she felt she had missed something from her childhood. For years she would stop when she saw a group of children playing and listen to their conversation. She was curious as to what normal children talked about.

"Now I do take Baby Snooks seriously," Miss Brice admitted. "I have a great sympathy for the little tyke and I try to do her so other people will see she isn't just a pest. I consider Snooks a real child. There are things she must never say or do. She is a precocious and often naughty child, but never in bad taste, and she never wanders too far from reality."

Snooks became the delight of several editions of the "Ziegfeld Follies" but it was not until 1938 that the American public could generally enjoy the hoydenish character. She became a headline on "Good News of 1938," one of that season's top radio offerings, and after one guest appearance moved in as a regular member of the cast. About that time it was decided that the tempestuous tot had been an orphan long enough and that the strong, guiding hand of a father was needed.

More than thirty actors were auditioned before Miss Brice settled on Hanley Stafford for "Daddy." Stafford, who has played the long suffering father throughout the years since, was selected after Fanny listened to him read only three lines of script.

An eminent university psychologist who made a study of Baby Snooks, called her the "composite American brat." After putting her through many tests, he declared that Snooks has a mental age of sixteen, although she actually is only seven. The drooling, coy insinuating, half-insulting "Daa-d-d-y" and the coy, questioning "Wh-h-h-y, Daaa-d-d-dy" have become standouts of radio.

Baby Snooks is the little girl that Fanny Brice would have been, had she had opportunity to grow up normally.

She is a manic-depressive type as her emotions swing into peaks where she will scissor Daddy's best ties into bits and into downgrades when she will lapse into "Waaaaaaaahh." Incidentally, Miss Brice's laughter like Snooks' crying can be heard three blocks away and constitutes a control man's nightmare in the studio.

MORE THAN

A

CROONER

SINATRA USES WORDS AS WELL

AS MUSIC IN TOLERANCE BATTLE

THERE are people who think Frank Sinatra should climb down off his soapbox and stick to swooning the bobby-soxers. Intolerance, they will inform you, is a hot potato which has no business being kicked around as a publicity stunt by a radio crooner. But let all such skeptics be advised that Frankie Boy's pitch for racial and religious understanding is the furthest thing from a publicity promotion. In fact, any good press agent would have counseled Frank that he's putting his career in jeopardy to mention tolerance either pro or con.

But Frank isn't particularly concerned over the threat to his Hooper rating or box office appeal as a result of his campaign against discrimination. He plans to go right on beating the drums for tolerance and if his career crashes as a result, well, let it crash.

The public got its first inkling that Frankie Boy's emotions ran deeper than casting a romantic spell over teen-age girls when last fall at his own expense he travelled to Gary, Ind., to plead with high school students to call off their strike against the presence of Negroes in their classes. The strike wasn't called off and Frank received some bad publicity as a result of his appearance, but it proved one thing: That he will go to bat for his convictions, regardless of the consequences.

Frank has a good reason for feeling as strongly as he does about tolerance. No youngster growing up in the teeming tenement district of Hoboken, N. J., could ignore the daily racial digs that were hurled back and forth in that melting pot of nationalities and creeds. As an underprivileged son of foreign-born parents, Frank early learned the sting of the address derogative: "Dirty Wop!" and "Little Dago!"

"Those things cut," said Frank, "and cut deeply. Yet none of us is born with any instinct to hate our neighbors. This is something that develops as we grow up and hear men and women or older boys and girls saying 'Stinky Kike' or 'Big Nigger' or 'Dirty Catholic.' Unaware, we absorb a poison. In Hoboken, I used to be called names, too, and I decided to get even. I, in turn, called Protestants, and Jews, and Negroes ugly names."

Then, one night, Frank accidentally happened to witness a meeting of a Ku Klux Klan. Shocked by the ugly, un-American words and plans that he overheard, Frank was appalled that such an organization could exist. His thinking broadened. He realized that he, too, was being un-American

for hating those of a different race and religion from his. He saw that getting even was no solution—or even much satisfaction.

During those boyhood years, he decided that something should be done to keep other kids from suffering the hurts he had suffered. But little did he realize the tremendous influence he would one day wield over the minds of teen-age Americans. As undisputed idol of juvenile America, anything that Frank does or says carries considerable weight with his fans. And he is using this prestige to try and create a happier, more understanding world for them.

Frank admits that his tolerance campaign was largely accidental. Alarmed by the rising tide of juvenile delinquency and aware of his wide influence over teen-agers, Frank began wondering just how he could do something to combat the criticisms being leveled against juvenile America. He wanted to help children appreciate different races and creeds, and in his sincerity started pleading for racial and religious understanding on his radio programs. Thus it was that Frank Sinatra became the first star to utilize the air lanes for the tolerance cause.

Perhaps because he is always on the alert for them, Frank constantly finds opportunity to talk to boys and girls about the advantages of racial good will, and somehow he always seems to hear about districts where intolerance flourishes. Inevitably he turns up there and talks simply and directly about the dangers of intolerance and then—to spice the whole—sings a few songs.

Among Frank's most cherished possessions are a half dozen plaques and letters from Jewish, Negro, radio, and educational groups that were sent in appreciation for his efforts to promote racial understanding. Although singing commitments tax his health Frank always manages to find time to make an appearance in behalf of racial and religious harmony.



FRANK'S TOLERANCE CAMPAIGN ATTRACTS MALE SUPPORTERS



FRANK CONVINCES YOUNGSTERS THAT RELIGIOUS BIAS IS POISON IN THE PRIZE WINNING SHORT "THE HOUSE I LIVE IN"

Now he no longer has to carry on his crusade single-handed. His fellow artists in Hollywood have rallied to his standard and have arranged a series of school rallies to spread the gospel of good will in Southern California.

The first caravan that Frank organized was composed of Jack Benny, Lena Horne, and Earl Robinson, composer. They tackled North Hollywood High School with heart-warming results. Now similar caravans will be going out to schools all over the land, and they are the biggest reward of all to Frank for his efforts in behalf of promoting brotherly understanding. He still works just as hard—maybe harder, for now he talks not only to the boys and girls, but to adults to help them in their approach to the children.

One Wednesday afternoon at the CBS Playhouse in Hollywood—the day of Frank's weekly broadcast—everything was going wrong. A guest trio was fog-bound in San Francisco, a substitute was being frantically sought, and Frankie was practically pulling his hair. He had cancelled all appointments, including an important one with the press. But when the doorman told Frank "a bunch of junior police from Phoenix, Arizona," were at the stage door to speak to him, Frank wasn't too busy to see the boys.

The youngsters—four "English descent" Americans, one Chinese-American and a Mexican who had been awarded a trip to Hollywood for leadership in safety and scholarship—told Frank about a jamboree they were planning to raise funds for vacation recreation. In less time than it takes to write it, Frank had agreed to appear at the gathering and to

arrange practically all other entertainment to make the jamboree a success.

Frank cites the Phoenix Junior Police for its promotion of brotherhood. Organized over six years ago, it numbers approximately 1,000 members, including 250 Mexicans and Chinese. It would cost Phoenix \$82,000 annually to replace the youths with adult policemen.

"But the city of Phoenix can't estimate how much the children are contributing to the future by their emphasis on brotherly understanding," says Frank.

"Most kids," he points out, "think they are being honest when they pledge: 'One nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.' When those Phoenix Junior Police pledge that, I think they do so honestly. They are doing good work."

Frank loses no opportunity to make his plea for tolerance. Through the radio, through the screen, through writings, through meetings, and through casual conversations Frank spreads the gospel. It was a casual conversation with Mervyn LeRoy on a train traveling from New York to Hollywood that resulted in the Academy Award-winning short subject, "The House I Live In," which dealt a blow to discrimination.

Shutting his ears to criticism, Frank plans to go right on sowing the seeds of tolerance, confident that some of it will take root and bear fruit. His followers may be chiefly giddy teen-agers now, but within a decade many of them will be parents—and voters. Frank is gambling that through their influence at the hearth and at the voting booth they may make tolerance a going business in America.

YOU CAN'T HEAR EVERYTHING!

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

TURNING POINT



This is the story of a man who was a miserable failure yet who followed a strange path upwards to the pinnacle of fame! It begins on a black night in the year 1900, in a far-off European city. A solitary figure walks dejectedly down a dark street. He is a young musician, a man with music in his heart and his finger-tips but already he is a failure. The symphony he wrote and the concerto, both failed miserably. And their failure has plunged the composer into a pit of deepest gloom.

He suffers from fits of melancholy and becomes persistently morbid. And so tonight he walks slowly toward the river. The freshly-fallen snow crunches under his feet as he trudges out onto a bridge. He walks to the rail and stands looking down silently at the swirling waters below. His blank eyes stare down at the water. Like a man in a dream he starts to take off his heavy overcoat. But suddenly he feels a hand on his arm. He looks around. Beside him stands a ragged, poorly-dressed passerby. Gruffly, the stranger says:

"I wouldn't do that if I were you, sir. Things will look better tomorrow. You'd better go along home!"

Dazed, the musician nods and stumbles off through the snow. But things don't look much better the next day—he tries to compose but not a note will come.

His friends persuade him to visit the famed Dr. Dahl. As he walks reluctantly into the doctor's office, he looks around in surprise. It's not like any other doctor's office he's ever seen. It is a dimly-lit room, filled with easy chairs and hung with heavy drapes. When the doctor enters the composer says quickly, "Doctor, this is all foolishness. I do not need a doctor. Nobody, nothing can help me! I cannot write music! Can a doctor give me a talent I do not have?"

The doctor only answers, "Your

friends are certain you have that talent. Here, lie down on this sofa! Close your eyes and relax."

Muscles tense, the musician lies down and in a few minutes he closes his eyes, his arms fall limply to his sides.

The doctor sits down in an easy chair beside him and begins to speak softly. "You will begin to write a concerto. You will work easily. Your concerto will be great! You will begin to write a concerto! You will work easily."

For twenty minutes every day, the gaunt musician lies motionless on the sofa while Dr. Dahl repeats those words softly. And in only a few weeks, something like a miracle takes place! He actually does begin to write a concerto! He works at it with new vitality and freshness. His gloom and melancholy disappear, his outlook brightens, he takes a new lease on life! Ideas come to him quickly, easily and as he writes his pen seems to fly in his hand.

And when the concerto is finished and performed for the first time, it meets with instant success! That Second Piano Concerto is a musical composition that takes a high place among the modern classics. And from then on, just as his friends believed he could, that composer wrote great music. Today, he is rated among the immortals of modern music.

The strange power of auto-suggestion turned that musician from a miserable failure to a triumphant success. From his pen has flowed some of the finest music of the 20th century—music that might never have been written but for the murmured words of the Viennese doctor.

For you see, this has been the story of the turning point in the life and career of the great Russian pianist and composer—Sergei Rachmaninoff!

—Johnnie Neblett on
"So The Story Goes" (WBBM, Chicago)

LONG DISTANCE

TWELVE years ago, Walter S. Gifford, President of the Telephone Company, put in a long-distance call around the world to talk to T. G. Miller who was

in a room in the same building from which Mr. Gifford was making the call. It's certainly amazing the way these long distance operators can find people—I suppose they tried to reach Mr. Miller in London and the London operator said he was in Paris. So the Paris operator checked and found that he'd gone on to Budapest and the Budapest operator said he was in Shanghai and the Shanghai operator said he was in San Francisco and they finally located him in New York. Mr. Gifford placed that call knowing that he was making history for it was the first round the world two-way telephone conversation ever held.

—"Margaret Arlen"
(WABC, New York)

THE MINIMUM

NOBODY will deny that even the poorest citizen should be able to live in a home that at least is not a fire trap, at least is not a breeding place for germs, at least is heated in the winter.

—Hon. Robert F. Wagner, Jr., on
"Housing and Veterans"
(WMCA, New York)

LOOK WITHIN

THOUGH we can learn from our own experience and that of others, there are no sure guide posts to happiness. We find our right to happiness within ourselves—in our minds, our consciences, and in the dictates of our hearts.

—"Right to Happiness" (NBC)

MUSTN'T LOSE OUR HEADS



The atomic bomb is here to stay. The question is, are we?

All the world has been shocked by the release of atomic energy. Why not? A force

so great that 500 atomic bombs could in one night wipe out every industrial city in America—no wonder we're frightened a little.

But we mustn't lose our heads and forget the things we know. The most important of all—civilian control, the cornerstone of our form of government. We mustn't let fear rob us, shut us off from a whole new life. We mustn't let fear create conditions which will make war inevitable.

—Helen Gabagan Douglas on
"America's Town Meeting" (ABC)

ANGELS INCORPORATED

THEATRE, INC. started with a desire to produce really fine plays and to steer clear of the sheer commercialism that characterized so much of what happens on Broadway. Fundamentally all of us believe that if the American theatre is to get the support of the public after the current boom ends, it must offer something truly worthwhile.

We found that thousands of people wanted good theatre enough to contribute money—and we found out that most of the nation's top ranking actors and actresses wanted to do good plays. Theatre, Inc. hasn't backers in the ordinary sense of the word. No one can put money into this project with the expectation of taking out a fortune.

We operate as a non-profit organization. All of us who are doing everything from sweeping out, to lining up plays and the actors to work in them, are working for small salaries—and the profits of the organization will go into promoting new talent in acting and playwriting—and doing experimental theatre.

Right now our plan is to do perhaps three revivals of really good plays and one outstanding new play every year. Those will be our Broadway productions but somewhere else, we'll carry on the experimental theatre supported by the profits from the Broadway productions, we hope. That's great news for young playwrights and actors if it works and we believe it will.

—Beatrice Straight
President of Theatre, Inc.
on "Margaret Arlen" (WABC, New York)

THE TOKYO BEAT



The difference between the average Japanese policeman and the magnificent members of our 720th Military Police Battalion, commonly known as the M. P.'s, is particularly obvious.

They are so kindly, courteous and tactful toward the Japanese people in contrast to the old attitude of the average Japanese policeman that it is a revelation to the people here. And the appearance of our boys, none of whom is less than 5 feet, ten inches tall, has made a great impression on the populace. If only the mothers and fathers of our boys could be here to see them in action and the respect tendered them by the Japanese people they would be as happy as I am. Every state in the

union is represented in this extraordinary group of military police.

—Lewis J. Valentine, former N. Y. Police Commissioner, now in Tokyo
"Gangbusters" (ABC)

MAN TO MAN



will destroy himself.

From now on, man will be compelled, by the fact of abundance, to organize for the benefit of man—not the exploitation of man. Otherwise, man

—Henry A. Wallace
(WMCA, New York)

DEALER'S CHOICE

IFIRST became interested in card manipulation when I was twelve. One day at a get-together out in Jersey, a highly-respected man in the community opened my eyes to the fact that there are people who will cheat even their own friends in a card game. This fellow was palming certain cards out of the deck and hiding them under his knee. I was the only one who saw him do it, and being a kid, naturally I was interested in learning a stunt like that to show the other kids. So I went home and started practicing. By the time I was fourteen there wasn't a person in town who'd play cards with me. And by the time I was nineteen I was so expert at card tricks that I decided to make a profession of it.

Cutting directly to an ace looks simple but actually it's one of the hardest tricks in the world to perform if you're using an honest deck. A few years ago one of the biggest gangsters in New York hired me to do an exhibition for him. I went up to his hotel room. It turned out to be filled with the toughest looking bunch you ever saw in your life. There were more guns in that room than cigar butts. The big shot said: "Okay, Scarne—let's see you do that ace trick." As I started to shuffle the cards the gangsters moved in on me. They watched every move I made. As I cut directly to each ace, it wasn't hard to figure what was on their minds. If they knew how that trick was done, they could clean up millions of dollars a year gambling.

They made me do it over and over again. I stayed there almost all night doing the same thing, but the mob still couldn't figure out how I did it. Finally

the boss said: "Okay, Scarne, let's talk business. If you show us how to do that trick, you can name your own price." I put on my hat and walked out.

The trick wasn't for sale to them or anyone else. Most of those guys are dead today. Which means, as every gambler knows, that you live longer being honest.

—John Scarne
on "We, The People" (CBS)

DOCTOR KNOWS BEST

THE American public has taken enough pills to make its joints ball-bearing ones. It is dangerous and foolish to use most commercial obesity cures. Most of them promise to effect a reduction without diet or exercise. Such cures have no value unless harmful drugs are used in their manufacture. I remember not too many years ago a capsule that sold for \$25.00 and was guaranteed to reduce your weight.

The Bureau of Investigation of the American Medical Association looked into this and found that each capsule contained the head of a tapeworm. It did everything the manufacturer promised, plus. Then, several years ago we had an epidemic of people going blind taking dinitrophenol for purposes of losing weight. Benzedrine sulphate and glandular extracts, particularly those from the thyroid gland should be used only under the competent guidance of a physician. Products like reducing soaps, creams, salts, powders, garments, rollers, or foods, are useless, if not dangerous. The useless ones, that are not dangerous, only obtain results when you follow the directions that go with them and those directions invariably advise you to restrict your diet and increase your exercise.

—"Tell Me Doctor" (ABC)

LIP SERVICE

THE ball can be a mile from the plate, And still he'll call it strike three. You can tag a player with seconds to spare, And he'll swear he's safe as can be. If you bunt toward third, he'll yell, "It's a foul." If you don't like his ruling, he'll dare you to howl. So you might as well give up and shut your mouth tight, 'Cause, brother the umpire is always right!

—Leo Durocher on
"We, The People" (CBS)

CLEANING HOUSE



Most women have a tendency to shrink away from politics, because they take the view that politics are unclean and will always remain un-

clean. Secondly they feel that they know too little about politics to enter the contest for public offices, thirdly women are not at all certain of being able to get the support of the other women. If politics are unclean even the average housewife ought to know that the only way in which to remove dirt from a place is by sweeping it out. No woman tries to clean her house by wishful thinking or remote control. Politics cannot be cleaned by remote control or wishful thinking, either. In either case you must roll up your sleeves and go to it! As to the second point, women need not be ignorant about political problems, any more than they wish to remain ignorant about child care when they have children. If we feel that ignorance holds us back, let us make it our business to learn all there is to know about political matters in our community, in our city, in our State, and in our nation.

—Lisa Sergio on "One Woman's Opinion" (ABC)

EXPLODING A FALLACY

MOTHERS once believed that serious impairment of the eyes might follow an attack of measles. Perhaps the medical profession has contributed to this belief because doctors advised the use of dark glasses and restraining the child from reading while the measles were in progress. Actually, the doctors advise these things for a matter of comfort. The eyes are inflamed and irritated during the course of measles and if you can relieve this irritation, it makes it easier to take care of the child. Actually, it is not a provision for protecting the child.

—"Tell Me Doctor" (WJZ, New York)

NEVER TOO OLD

I was 77 when I started painting. Only reason I took to it was because I got a touch of arthritis in my fingers and I couldn't sew any more. And it don't do a person any good to sit around doin' nothing. One of my daughters said I should take up painting pictures. So I sent away to the mail

order house and got some oil paints and I started right in.

After I finished some paintings I brought them down to Miss Thomas' drug store here in the village. Well, a man from New York was drivin' through the village and it seems he got a belly-ache. So he went into the drug store for a potion. He bought them all and took them back to New York with him. Next thing I knew I was havin' one of these one-man exhibitions at the St. Etienne Art Gallery in New York.

That funny man in the movies, Bob Hope, he bought one. And Brenda Forbes came up to visit me and she bought some. And Cole Porter who writes all those songs, he came up here too, and bought some. Oh, and Greer Garson, Katherine Cornell, and a lot of folks like that.

I like to paint old-timey things best. So I just think back real hard till I think of somethin' real pretty and then I paint it. And when I get stale I just go out and look for something new.

I like pretty things the best. I always say—What's the use of painting a picture if it isn't something pretty? I keep my mind on what I'm going to paint next. I've got a lot of catching up to do too, because all this week I've been cleaning.

—Grandma Moses on "We, The People" (CBS)

HITTING HOME



Careless driving is a disease—a disease that's killing off our children faster than tuberculosis or infantile paralysis. Every 15 minutes of every day in the year, a man, woman, or child is killed by an automobile. National safety campaigns must start in your own neighborhood, in your own car. Before the tragedy of motorized murder hits home, do we have to wait until it hits our home?

—Eddie Cantor (NBC)

OLDER AND WISER

THERE are four rules for the formula of happiness. Get as little sleep as possible, so don't waste your time pounding the pillow. Eat and drink everything in sight. Avoid hobbies and people with hobbies. Fun should be the real thing not just a sideline. Do as little work as possible and never have an office hour. Most important, if you

can't have fun making money, forget it and enjoy yourself.

Now take me for example. I've ended up just where I started—happy, broke and not any wiser. I'm the rolling stone that gathers no moss but who wants moss? I've cultivated every bad habit in the business and I feel wonderful. All my life I've been in the smoky city. I hate the great outdoors. When you go to the country, kick a tree for me.

—Norman Anthony, author of "How To Grow Old Disgracefully," on "We, The People" (CBS)

GOOD INVESTMENT



If children are well educated and cared for when they are young, they will bring achievement and credit to the community when they grow up. If they are cheated as children, they will cheat the community itself when as adults they acquire the chance. Education is bread thrown on the waters by a city; it will return a hundred fold.

—J. Raymond Walsh (WMA, New York)

MATRIMONY DEFINED

MARRIAGE is that relationship between a man and a woman in which the independence is equal, the dependence mutual and the obligation reciprocal.

—Durward Kirby on "Honeymoon in New York" (NBC)

IN GRATITUDE

AMERICA has been good to me beyond imagining. I have seen my son become a highly respected, sincere and faithful public servant. I have seen men with whom I worked when social reforms were just beginning, write those reforms into the law of the whole nation. I think I can say that today even though we are just coming out of a terrible war, that today the world is a far better place than it was when a ten-year-old boy first saw New York harbor, without the statue of Liberty.

I am thankful I have lived to see all this. I am thankful to this great land of ours, to our laws and ideals, for the opportunities I have been granted. I hope, from the bottom of my heart, that I have, in some small way, repaid part of the debt I feel I still owe to this wonderful United States of America.

—Henry Morgenthau, Sr., on "New World A-Coming" (WMA, New York)

GHOST VOICE

Girl

YOU'VE probably heard her intimate, sensuous voice on the screen dozens of times, coming out of the mouths of Hollywood's less musically gifted actresses. Songbird Louanne Hogan has a contract at 20th Century-Fox, but the only part of her yet to reach the screen has been her voice. But things are looking up and she's getting her chance via recordings and radio. Perhaps before too long you'll hear Louanne's sultry voice on the screen coming out of her own lovely lips.



IN THE GROOVE! That's the reaction of Alfred Newman, 20th-Century Fox music director, on hearing one of Louanne's recent recordings.



OVER AND OVER the rehearsal goes until Director Newman decides that Louanne, right, and orchestra are ready to "press a platter."



HER BIG CHANCE to sing in her own right instead of as a ghost voice came when she was signed for summer Ford Sunday Evening Hour.



SOLID, SISTER! Luscious Louanne gives out for the crucial recording and the result doesn't seem to displease Director Newman.

UP AND DOWN THE SCALES

**NEW JO STAFFORD FIGURE
HARMONIZES WITH VOICE**

JO STAFFORD now looks as glamorous as her blue velvet voice sounds—when she steps up to the mike to thrill the largest listening audience any feminine vocalist can claim. Time was, not so long ago, when she didn't. There was a little matter of 51 pounds between her and the Petty girl vision conjured up by GI's when they heard her—their favorite girl-singer.

For auburn-haired Jo's success story doesn't follow the usual pattern whereby the youthful singer from Keokuck, who has penthouse and mink aspirations, decides first to take care of that most important requisite—a glamorous exterior. She does a general renovating job on face, figure and hair that makes her hometown friends wonder if this can really be little Susie. Then she starts to scale the heights, hopeful that even if her voice doesn't make the grade, her looks will.

That wasn't the way it was with Jo Stafford of Long Beach, California—current singing star of "The Chesterfield Supper Club" program. No, not at all. Singing was all Jo cared about—how she looked was incidental. As the shy one of the four Stafford girls she had a full-fledged inferiority complex due largely to her well-cushioned contours. Parties and dances weren't included in



AFTER RIGOROUS SLENDERIZING JOB, JO CAN QUALIFY AS ANYBODY'S DREAM GIRL

Jo's high school curriculum. And, despite a beautiful mane of burnished copper, gray-green eyes and a peaches-and-cream complexion, she became more or less reconciled to taking a back seat where appearance was concerned.

So she concentrated on her singing. And that proved a very adequate consolation prize, indeed. In six short years Jo Stafford had become a name that bobby-soxers, GI's and swing-minded music lovers speak with reverence. Her disc sales, which took a phenomenal spurt upward with her recordings of "Long Ago and Far Away" and "There Is No You" were out ahead of those of all other feminine songbirds. Her network soloist debut with Johnnie Mercer on "The Chesterfield Music Shop" had won millions of Stafford radio enthusiasts. Her night club engagements and theatre appearances had packed in cafe society and worshipful teensters respectively. The bobby-soxers mooned over her as they swooned for Frankie.

Jo Stafford had reached the top and

she weighed 186 pounds which even for her five-feet-seven-inches was considerable. She had gotten there because she could sing the way folks like to hear a girl sing—not because she looked like a magazine cover girl.

That should have been a big source of satisfaction to her. After all, hadn't she long ago given up hoping to look like a red-headed Lana Turner? Hadn't she decided that fame as a singer was enough? Being all woman, in spite of her tomboyish name, it wasn't. Those high school dateless days still rankled. And other events only served to irritate an old, still sensitive wound. GIs who did Jo the honor of according her first place in their music-hungry lives, began writing back for her pictures. Jo sent them—but with misgivings: they were definitely not A-1 pinup material. Then she made her second public appearance at a big New York theatre and a number of Broadway columnists, while kind to her vocalizing, were not so generous to her physical charms. Jo began to have

doubts about the nation-wide public appearance tour she hoped to make—and the tempting movie offers that were coming. Good heavens, did the screen really make you look pounds heavier than you were? Mike Nidorf, Jo's astute and wise-cracking manager gave it to her straight—she would have to reduce. It was a hard blow. She had never realized anything so drastic. "I'm naturally lazy," she will tell you, smiling a quiet lazy smile, "and exercise always seemed a special sort of punishment to me. As for eating, that's what I like to do next best to singing—especially chili beans and chocolate sundaes."

She had always secretly believed that there must be some other means of getting a sylph-like figure—wishful thinking, perhaps. Under constant pressure from Mike, however, and her own conscience which kept telling her how wrong it was to disillusion all those GI's who believed she looked as romantic as her songs sounded, she gave up her pleasant dreams and went to a doctor.

From then on fatty meats, starches and sweets were as taboo in Jo's life as exercise. For on that latter point, Jo has never given in—she may eat only two meals a day, brunch and dinner, and no mouth-watering snacks in between, but she still doesn't waste any time on a bowling ball or any similar repulsive objects. To her amazement, the diet worked like a charm. Her descent down the weight scale was as rapid as her climb up to fame. The first week she lost five pounds and, in eight weeks all told, she was down to a beautiful 135. And we do mean beautiful. For once the extraneous padding was sloughed off, lo—Jo in a sweater and skirt was something to behold.

It was all too wonderful. Nicest part is that holding the line, or lines, so to speak, is not nearly so difficult as she expected. Her tightly-packed schedule makes for a nervous tension that isn't conducive to gaining. Then, there's her very active social life to further help the cause. For, with her metamorphosis from plump prima donna to curvaceous sweater girl came a new social confidence. She goes everywhere—and loves it.

And last but not least, Jo finds it isn't hard to keep the scales tipping 135 because she wants to do so and, in case you don't know, where something she wants is concerned, Jo is a girl with a will. It's in everything she does—in the firm line of her chin and mouth. In her quiet composure, her refusal to be hurried, and it's in her singing—though perhaps unconsciously. For Jo is what is

called a "musician's singer." Every note is exact and true without straining. And every word reflects sincerity and concentration. If she dislikes the lyrics of a song she refuses to sing them.

Frank Sinatra who has been a pal and admirer of Jo's from the time they were both comparative unknowns on the Tommy Dorsey program says of her, "There isn't a singer of ballads or popular music in the country who couldn't learn something by listening to her."

Note-warbling came as natural to Jo as to her other three sisters although their mother and father have only an appreciation rather than a talent for music. As soon as Jo had earned her high school diploma she and her two sisters formed a trio for radio and night club work throughout the Golden State. A year or so of that and then Jo joined the Pied Pipers—a group of seven boys. When the group had dwindled to a quartet, including Jo of course, Tommy Dorsey signed them for a two year stint. On the same program was a scrawny but likeable young singer named Sinatra who was about ready to go it alone. He felt he had enough on the ball, and how right he was. When, in 1941, Jo finally followed his example Frankie was on hand at her first solo engagement to

give her an encouraging "I told you so."

Johnnie Mercer also comes in for a share of Jo's gratitude for furthering her career. Besides arranging her radio debut on his program he signed her to record for Capitol records. Last spring in order to make her first album of Stafford favorites, she hopped a plane in New York for a week's stay in Los Angeles. And, being a native after the Chamber of Commerce's own heart, it was with great reluctance that she came back east. Christmas she bought her mother and father a home in Long Beach, and if and when her work ever allows she would like to share it with them, and own a dog or two—a frustrated desire. Not that the Central Park apartment she shares with her sister Chris, her personal secretary and companion, isn't spacious enough. It is—though Jo finds little time in which to enjoy it.

When she does have a few minutes to herself she likes light reading, the movies or some delightfully lazy occupation like sleeping. "I'm not domestic—I've never been home enough—and I'm not intellectual," she explains with candor. Be that as it may—she's as lovely to look at as to listen to which, for the Stafford fans' money—is enough.



WHEN THE NO. 1 GIRL SINGER FIRST SCALED HEIGHTS, SHE TIPPED THE SCALES AT 186



BEN GRAUER AND LESLIE MITCHELL PAUSE OUTSIDE OF UN MEETING

\$69,300

FRIENDSHIP

BRITON AND YANK BECAME FRIENDS

VIA NBC TRANS-ATLANTIC BROADCAST

FRRIENDSHIP may be priceless but there are two men, both prominent in radio work, who maintain that a price tag of \$69,300 should be attached to theirs. The story goes back to January, 1944 when Ben Grauer of New York was introduced to Leslie Mitchell of London. The energetic NBC announcer and the popular British movietone narrator shook hands (figuratively, of course) across 3,000 miles of cold, gray, choppy ocean and went on to do the first broadcast of "Atlantic Spotlight." As co-emcees of the show, for over two

years they talked to each other each week on an international hookup and came to be fast friends. They figure that it cost BBC and NBC about \$69,300 to put on the joint program that brought about this friendship.

With the chimes of Big Ben, a few bars of "London Bridge," and the answering strains of "Yankee Doodle," Ben and Leslie would exchange greetings and get all set for a bit of good-natured kidding before they introduced their guest stars on both sides of the Atlantic. Their "Hello Ben," "Hello, Leslie," routine was so familiar to the English and to American GI's in Europe that it would often pop up in army shows or in English vaudeville acts.

Of course, it wasn't all fun and frolic or beer and skittles, as Leslie would say—international broadcasting during wartime is a ticklish business, at best. They can recall vividly those painful moments when the scripts would foul up or reception would be poor. Now and then, one would find himself reading the other's lines. Once Ben had stolen two of Leslie's speeches without realizing it. Left without a word to say until his next cue, Leslie paused, then said smoothly, "Well, Ben I'll leave it all to you" and listened gleefully while Grauer struggled his way out of the tangled lines.

Another time, the NBC announcer had his revenge when part of the New York show had been cut and the remaining sketches, rearranged. In England, reception was off for a few minutes so that, while London was still on the air, Leslie could not hear what was going on in New York. When the line trouble had been cleared up, Leslie's calm British voice was heard introducing the sketch that had just been on the air from New York. Ben, taking fiendish delight in his friend's bafflement, unwound this situation gracefully.

There were other worries too. Luckily, the BBC studio, located in a converted newsreel theatre was in a fairly safe position underground during bombings. And by some miracle the transmitter was never hit either. But Leslie can often kid Ben about the luxury and ease of his large, modern NBC studio as compared with makeshift appointments in London.

Ben and Leslie always had a good time too in spite of their worries and mixups, and they learned no end of new gimmicks through the show. For instance, Leslie can boast that he was tutored in American slang by a recognized authority—Bob Hope. While in England on a USO tour, Bob appeared on a Spotlight show. Before even rehearsing for it, Leslie had Bob off in a corner, attempting to find out the meaning of all those mysterious phrases he'd been using of late. "What's 'solid'?" and "Who in the world is this 'Jackson'?" he wanted to know. Somehow, the ski-snooted comedian was able to translate this strange language to Leslie's satisfaction and had him spouting it like a bobbysoxer.

Well, after all that brisk chatter every Saturday afternoon, and through reports of mutual friends, Ben Grauer and Leslie Mitchell thought they had a fairly good picture of each other. They had corresponded and exchanged gifts, found out each other's foibles and knew they had a great many ideas in common. But they had actually never met. Suddenly, one day, Ben, who had been ordered to take a complete rest from work, received word of Leslie's arrival in a few days. Ben had only time to cable England offering Mitchell the use of his New York apartment before he whisked off to Mexico. When Ben returned to the city after two weeks of complete seclusion, cut off from all communications, he had no way of knowing whether Leslie had arrived or had ever received the cable.

But as he put his key in the door of his apartment he heard a familiar voice say, "Is that you, Ben?" The door opened and the two old pals met face to face at last.

COAST-TO-COAST COMPOSER

AFTER S. F. VALLEY HIT, GORDON JENKINS DOES OPUS ON NEW YORK

NEW YORK means different things to different men. To one who has been hurt by it, Gotham may mean aloofness, confusion, and rudeness. To another who has fared more fortunately, it may be synonymous for opportunity, high living, comradeship. Its mention to one may inspire nostalgia for quaint spots and old acquaintances. By it another may be inspired to literary creation. For composer-conductor Gordon Jenkins it inspired his most recent symphonic composition, "Manhattan Tower."

It was a trans-continental vacation jaunt that inspired the glorifier of "San Fernando Valley" to compose a musical narrative about New York. Three weeks of celebrating in his favorite city with old friends left Jenkins with enough memories to enable him to outline the theme of "Manhattan Tower" on his train returning to the West Coast. Once he reached Hollywood, Jenkins lost no time putting his inspiration on wax, using a 45-piece orchestra and narration by Elliot Lewis.

Combining the composer's musical impressions of New York and poetic narrative written by him, "Manhattan Tower" tells the story of a three-weeks' holiday in Gotham. The "Tower" is the composer's suite in the fabulous Ritz Towers. It was there that he and his wife spent a belated honeymoon. But it turned out to be more of a reunion with old friends. Their suite was so constantly filled with people that it moved Jenkins to comment, "it was Grand Central Station with free drinks."

This party is described in the recording. "It was really a

three-week affair," Gordon says. "Some one was always dropping in, from eight in the morning on, and some nights there were forty or fifty people there. Also, there was Noah. He was a wonderful guy and a sensational waiter, who came to the first gathering and stayed on by mutual consent of all hands. All in all, it was a field day for me, since I was surrounded by people whose love for New York was as great as mine. And would you believe it," he added with a twinkle in his eyes, "not one of them mentioned that California sun once!"

Jenkins was carried away by his tower suite. "We had a sensational view from the apartment, and as I stood by the open window, listening to the traffic and the ever-changing sounds below, I could hear all kinds of music in my mind. Right then and there I conceived the idea for 'Manhattan Tower', outlined it on the train going back to California and completed it shortly after I returned home."

The work has four central themes: "The Statue of Liberty," "The Party," "New York City," and "Love in a Tower."

Jenkins is identified with some of the finest musical arrangements in radio. Now only 36 years old, he has been staff musical director for NBC, Hollywood, and since 1944 has been musical director of the Dick Haymes show. Although he has composed several popular song hits, Gordon Jenkins perhaps never had more inspiration for a composition than for his opus dedicated to that mecca of inspiration and despair, New York City.



COLLABORATION: WORKING OUT ARRANGEMENT WITH DICK HAYMES



PROUD COMPOSER HEARS ORCHESTRA PLAY 'MANHATTAN TOWER'

RADIO HUMOR

● Joe Laurie told it on "Can You Top This?" Mrs. Goldberg, trying on all the hats in a millinery shop, complained, "Mr. Rappaport, I don't like these hats." He said, "What's the matter with them?" "Well, I think they're last year's style." He sputtered, "Mrs. Goldberg, don't forget you're wearing last year's face."

● Bob Burns says: "My Uncle Slug must have been born under the sign of Pisces, the fish. He's always had a whale of a time, he's quite a card shark and he's a little hard of herring."

● Phil Baker has a habit of taking old proverbs and giving them a radio twist. Such as: One man's food is a radio announcer's business to advertise . . . Early to bed and early to rise means that you're on a morning sustainer . . . He who laughs last listens to the rebroadcast of a comedy program . . . Two is company and three minutes is too long for a commercial plug . . . People who live in glass houses are called control men . . . Hitch your "waggin'" to a star and you earn the name of stooge . . .

● "If you don't mind my asking," said Ginny Simms to Humphrey Bogart, "Why do you have your hair cut so short?" Replied Bogey, "I think my barber used to work at San Quentin. Every time he cuts my hair, he reaches down and cuts a slit in my trouser leg."

● When Hal Peary was suffering from an eye irritation, he wore dark glasses to the "Great Gildersleeve" rehearsal. Cast members placed a tin cup beside his chair and dropped coins in it as they passed. Hal pretended not to notice but finally picked it up, counted the change and announced, "A very good day's work . . . now I think I'll try another network."

● "My sister met a fellow last week and while he was taking her home after their first date, he popped the question," related Jackie Kelk on "Celebrity Club." "No kidding!" said John Daly, "What did he say." "'Next time we go out, mind if I bring my wife?'"



VERSATILE ART, DIALECT EXPERT, CAN BE CHARACTER ACTOR OR MIMIC

ONE OF A KIND

ART CARNEY IS THE ONLY NETWORK STAFF ACTOR

ART CARNEY is a young man with a job that many a free-lance actor would give his eyeteeth and ten years of his life to have. It is the only position of its kind existing in any of the four large networks. Art is the only actor who is a regular salaried staff member of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

As anyone who has gone through the exhausting throes of becoming a radio artist can tell you, the hardest part of attaining prominence is getting established with the network producers. It is a long tale of auditioning, getting interviews with producers and directors, and beating out a shoe leather symphony between advertising agencies and network offices. After some small encouragement, you spend all your time and ingenuity reminding the producers that you do exist and are available for a little work. When you are in demand there is a vast amount of dashing about to be done to cover your assignments at the networks. You worry about your pub-

licity or lack of it. In some cases, an expensive item in your budget is a publicity agent who gets a fat fee for keeping your name in print.

That, in brief, is largely what the radio artist faces as he strives for success. Only Art Carney of all the legions of actors has succeeded in by-passing all that struggle.

Art has a seven year contract with CBS which requires him to appear on any of the network's sustaining programs (that is, unsponsored shows) as he is needed. For this, he is paid a regular weekly salary. In addition to this, his contract permits him to accept and be reimbursed for any roles on CBS commercial shows as long as they do not conflict with his assignments on sustainers. So he has not only the regular weekly paycheck of which all actors dream, but also a chance to make extra money and an assurance that he will be heard with enviable regularity on the radio.

How did he get this way? Well, the secret of Art's success lies in his versatility. First of all, he is a first class mimic. His impersonations of Roosevelt, Willkie, Eisenhower, Fred Allen, Winston Churchill are masterpieces. He can master a voice imitation in as brief a space as half an hour. He actually had to do this once with a recording of Elmer Davis' voice for a role on "Report To The Nation." Then, he is a competent straight actor—from the beginning of his career—a natural for radio. He is accomplished at dialects and character roles.

How does he do financially as compared with free lance artists? Better than most of them, not quite as well as the top-flight ones. But don't forget this point—there are very few at the top and even those few have no definite static income. After all, everyone has slow weeks. Art can have a slow week and still bring home the bacon. If he does a lot of commercial shows in a week, he says, "It's just gravy for me."

Art began his career in high school. His excellent imitations merely amused his classmates but gave an elder brother Jack, a radio producer, the idea that this young fellow was meant for show business. Jack had him audition for Horace Heidt in 1937, soon after Art was graduated from high school. He toured with the band for about four years with his own comedy act. The next two years he spent in announcing for the "Pot O' Gold" program and acting in vaudeville

and the theatre in and around New York.

CBS gave Art his big break when he was hired to do an imitation of Roosevelt's voice on "Report To The Nation." Following this initial appearance, the CBS directors formed the habit of using him regularly on various shows. One October day in 1943 the attractive seven year contract was flashed before him and he wasted no time in signing it.

One of his frequent assignments was on the program called "Man Behind The Gun." Coincidentally, a man behind a gun was just the role the Army had in mind for him too, and in January 1944 he landed in the infantry. He returned to civilian life and his unique contract in November of the following year.

"Columbia Workshop," "School Of The Air," and "Behind The Scenes at CBS" are a few of the sustainers which keep Art busy. When not broadcasting he is making recordings which are put to good use in his study of voices. Newsreels, movies, and radio shows are also used as references to perfect the Carney impersonations.

Art is a fairly happy man. Only once in a while (perhaps because all actors have roving souls) does he cast a mildly envious eye at the fat roles that free lance actors can land by being available to all four networks. At present, though, he's content to be a familiar part of the CBS scene and enjoy the rare security he has attained.



WALTER VAUGHAN, ART CARNEY, BUY REPP, CARL EASTMAN ON "REPORT TO THE NATION"

RADIO ODDITIES

◆ Announcer Charles Lyon and commentator John W. Vandercook were heard on the same program (News of the World) for five years before they ever met each other. Vandercook who is heard from New York made a point of looking up Charles Lyon who does his commercials from Chicago, when he went to Chicago on business.

◆ When posing for a photograph, Hildegard sings the first phase of "Take It Easy" and holds the note "That's how I get the smile to appear natural," she says.

◆ Robert Merrill started his professional career as a singer in a summer resort hotel. Bob used to double as a comedy stogie during the hotel's Saturday night musical revues, for a man who has also come up in the world since those days. His name—Danny Kaye.

◆ The imaginary town of Centerville where the Aldrich Family makes its imaginary home has enough facts and figures compiled about it to fool a census taker. Script writer Clifford Goldsmith has a card index which includes the names, professions, relationships, phone numbers, addresses and exact locations of houses and businesses of more than 400 of the fictional characters who have appeared in the scripts.

◆ Comedian Jack Kirkwood has been collecting gags for over thirty years and will take a bet with anyone that he can trace any joke back to its origin. Hundreds of current gags can be traced back to the 1890 Alaskan Gold Rush days, he says, or to the early vaudeville shows.

◆ Professional Debut Division: Joan Davis in a recital of "Twas the Night Before Christmas" at the age of three. Orson Welles as a rabbit in "Alice In Wonderland."

◆ Ginny Sims uses three mikes for her weekly broadcasts. She uses one for her speaking lines, another for her solo work and a third for her appearances with the chorus.

AUDIENCE HOT FOOT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

"Let's not be nervous" monologue. It's only a couple of seconds until air time and audience is in a panic over his antics, fearing he'll never get on the air. Just as the "On the air" light comes on, Alan makes with a trick flick and his clothes fall in place and the show opens.

Fred Allen handles his own warmup, launching into a droll dissertation on the internal complications that can result from stifling a laugh. Allen advises audience that a frustrated laugh sulks its way down the intestinal tract where it pickets all passing traffic. He also touches on the value of hearty hand-clapping as an antidote for bloodshot hips. All of this is Allen's clever way of saying: "Don't sit on your hands."

Fibber McGee, who usually is the butt of his own questionable ingenuity on his air show, is likewise on the warmup. He comes out with a stop watch, pretending he is producing a radio show. His instructions and comments to technicians, members of cast, and the audience limber up the funny bones for the program with the top Hooper rating.

Jack Benny does typical Benny gags, while Burns and Allen run through one of their routines, with George, as usual, playing the straight man to Gracie's zany

humor. Edgar Bergen squares off with Charlie McCarthy for verbal insults as the highlight of their warmup, while Joan Davis exchanges salaams and repartee with Announcer Harry Von Zell and cast.

Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll get the studio audience into the mood for their blackface Amos 'n' Andy comedy—which they do in white face—with a special routine designed to establish the illusion. They open up by introducing themselves and the characters they portray. This routine finds Gosden conducting a rapid, three-way conversation between his characters—Amos, Kingfish, and Lightning; while Correll gets his characters—Andy and Henry Van Porter—into an argument in which he threatens to hit himself in the nose. After clowning with the orchestra, Gosden and Correll rush down into the studio audience where they kiss newcomers and reward them with samples of the sponsor's product.

Even some of the dramatic shows feel the need for a warmup. On Radio Theater Producer William Keighley handles the pre-broadcast period himself, during which he relates personal recollections of his own extensive stage experience. When actors appear on the pro-

gram, who in the past worked on the stage with Keighley, the studio audience finds itself in for a wealth of anecdotes and reminiscences.

On many of the more serious type programs, a pre-broadcast session with the studio audience is utilized to explain the purpose of the show and to request those present to refrain from laughing during air time. On mystery shows, such as "The Shadow," where sound effects or gestures of actors may appear comical to the studio audience, laughter over the air would shatter the effect the producer is attempting to create.

There is one show in radio on which it was found that not only are warmups unnecessary, but that a pre-broadcast heating might prove catastrophic. So on the Frank Sinatra show, Announcer Marvin Miller subjects the studio audience to a "cool-off." Just before introducing Frankie Boy, Miller cautions the audience against sighing, screaming, stomping, yelling, and swooning. At last report, studio audiences were behaving better, but Miller lives in constant fear that some swoon-happy lass will let go with a mike-devastating scream for Frankie Boy during a broadcast.

So in the future, dial-twisters, if the jokes don't sound funny or enthusiastic applause hardly seems justified, just remember that the studio audience is one up on you. It's sizzling from enough warming up to give old Joe Miller, himself, a hot-foot.



RALPH EDWARDS' WARMUP USUALLY HAS AUDIENCE IN AISLES



LOU COSTELLO KNOWS WHAT IT TAKES TO LOOSEN UP LAUGHS

THE ANSWER MAN



Albert Mitchell

Tune In presents some of the most interesting questions and answers selected from this highly entertaining and enlightening program. Its evergrowing popularity can be attributed, in part, to the wide variety of questions and the authenticity of all answers.—The Editors

Are the pack rats people talk about really thieves?

No, swappers. The pack rat has an insatiable desire to carry off everything it finds. But it believes that fair exchange is no robbery—and so whenever a pack rat takes anything, it replaces it with some other object, usually trash.

Does a sea horse swim or walk?

The sea horse swims—but with its body upright and its grasping tail—the only prehensile tail amongst fishes—hanging down. Most of the time the sea horse lives among eel-grass and sea weed and clings to it with its tail.

Who was Sheba's Bob? I seem to remember having read somewhere that he tracked down almost two hundred criminals. Was he a fictional detective—I mean, the Sherlock Holmes type?

Well, not exactly of the Sherlock Holmes type. Sheba's Bob was a dog—one of the Asix bloodhounds that the Long Island Railroad—beginning with the year 1909—imported from England to protect its property. Besides catching nearly two hundred law breakers, he located over twenty missing children, all within a period of three years. Sheba's Bob and the other bloodhounds lost their jobs between 1915 and 1916 when local police agencies were organized in Nassau and Suffolk counties.

How much tobacco do you suppose the average pipe smoker consumes in one year?

Well, it's been estimated by the Gallup Poll that there are about 20 million pipe smokers in this country and in 1941 about 224 million pounds of pipe tobacco were manufactured. On this basis there is available for each pipe smoker in a normal year eleven and two-tenths pounds of tobacco.

What is the ultimate top speed of a bicycle?

The speed record for bicycles is 76.29 miles in an hour.

Can you change the polarity of a bar magnet?

Yes. If you first demagnetize it—then you can remagnetize the bar with the poles reversed.

What country is it whose Parliament doesn't meet in a house but out in the open air?

The Isle of Man. The Manx Open Air Parliament was established by the Norse invaders when they conquered that island back in the Dark Ages. Despite Irish, Scottish and English rule since then, the ancient Norse custom that all laws concerning free men shall be enacted in the open before a full assembly of free men has continued. On July 5, old Midsummer Day, the Parliament meets with pomp and ceremony on Tynwald Hill which is strewn with rushes and has four circular platforms set up providing seats for the lawmakers. On the summit of the hill a state chair is set for the royal governor, George VI of England. The officials move to the hill between a military guard of honor, a band plays a royal salute and the Manx Parliament is in session.

Who were the sponsors of the first Olympic Games ever held?

The first Olympic Games are believed to have been sponsored by Cleosthenes, King of Pisa, and Iphitus, King of Elis, on Mount Olympia in Greece in 776 B.C.

Is quicksand a special kind of sand?

The sand of quicksand is a certain type that has smooth, rounded surfaces and does not cling together to form a compact mass. But this type of sand is found in many other places besides in quicksand holes.

Is it true you can change a blue hydrangea to pink? If so, how?

To make your blue hydrangea pink you simply have to neutralize the acidity of the soil. Work garden lime into the soil around your hydrangea. It may take several applications.

What is the largest animal that ever lived on land?

The Sauropoda, a species of herb-eating Dinosaur, were the largest land animals of any age. They were 80 feet or more in length and weighed as much as 40 tons.

Can you distinguish the water of the Congo River miles out in the Atlantic Ocean?

Yes. The water of the Congo River is distinguishable 30 miles out in the Atlantic Ocean, the reason being that the water of the Congo is distinctly brown and the water of the Atlantic at that point quite blue.

Does it ever snow green like it snows red?

Yes. And like red snow, green snow is caused by tiny live organisms on top of the snow.

Are there fish all the way down to the bottom of the sea—or is the pressure too great down there?

We don't know for sure—but far down as we've gone with nets we've found fish. These fish have adapted themselves to the great pressure and so when brought to the surface—burst.

And what was the largest flesh-eating animal that ever lived in water?

The Sibbold whale—that is, if you count fish as flesh. They average 80 to 95 feet in length, and weigh about 75 tons. In fact, one was caught not so long ago that was 100 feet long and weighed 100 tons.

What is the longest flight ever recorded for a pigeon?

The longest I have found is a record made by a pigeon released in Arras, France, on August 15, 1931. It was found 25 days later in Saigon, Indo-China—having flown 7,200 miles at the rate of nearly 300 miles a day.

Are there as many Chinese people in the world as all other people?

No—but more than one-fifth of the whole human race is Chinese.

Where did umbrellas originate?

In the Orient—in countries like China, Egypt and Assyria where the sun shines hot and bright. This isn't as odd as it sounds, since umbrellas were first used as a protection against the sun, not against the rain. As a matter of fact, the word "umbrella" comes from a Latin expression meaning "little shadow." The first umbrella in the United States was shipped from India in 1772 to Baltimore, Maryland, where it was looked upon as just another bit of feminine frippery.

Tune In to "The Answer Man"			
WOR, New York	M, T, W, T, F, S	7:15 P.M.	E. W. T.
	S	7:45 P.M.	E. W. T.
	M, T, W, T, F, S	12:45 P.M.	E. W. T.
WGN, Chicago	W, Sun.	10:00 P.M.	C. W. T.
Yankee Network	M, T, W, T, F, S	6:30 P.M.	E. W. T.

CLAGHORN'S THE NAME

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)

But Kenny yearned for recognition. Three years ago he gave up his acting roles to become an announcer on the "Hit Parade." Here he was able to get his name mentioned over the air. Also he got his first chance at comedy when he was given the assignment of "warming-up" the studio audience before going on the air.

Then he conceived the idea of getting on a show where he could be both announcer and actor. His chance came last summer on the Alan Young show. He announced the show and introduced the Senator as a character by name of "Counsellor Cartonbranch."

About that time, Fred Allen, who was preparing to return to the air after an absence of over a year, learned of Kenny's character through Minerva Pious who plays "Mrs. Nussbaum" on

the Allen show. Allen immediately detected possibilities in the character and hired Kenny to announce the show and bring the Senator along as a tenant of Allen's alley.

Although the Senator's patented speech mannerisms originated with Kenny, it was Allen who gave him his full-blown personality as a professional Southerner. Allen also contributed the Allenesque sobriquet of "Claghorn." Delmar's "Claghorn" is funny, but—like most radio funny-men—is funniest when mouthing the lines of his gag writer. In this case it happens to be the dean of radio gagsters, Comedian Allen himself.

Mrs. Delmar was never very fond of the Senator because she considered him much too noisy. In his day, Kenny broke several leases entertaining friends with

his Claghorn impersonations. So when the Senator began paying off, Kenny bought a house on East Seventy-Fifth Street, Manhattan, and presented it to his wife—to atone for the noisy Senator. Noisy, that is.

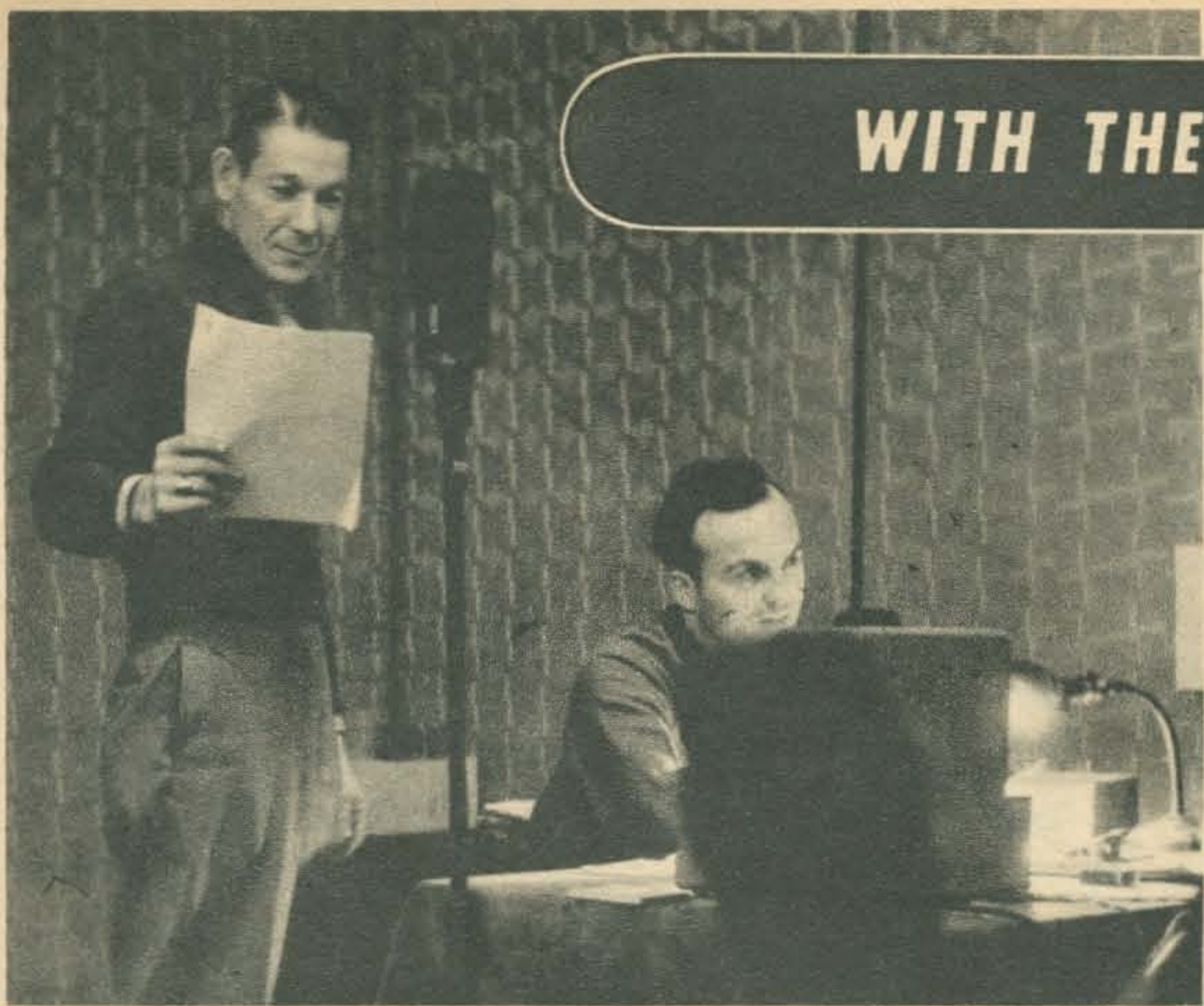
Kenny, Jr., is quite proud of his busy father. But there is an ironic twist to it. He thinks that Daddy is the tobacco auctioneer on the "Hit Parade," which he announces. Whenever Young Kenny hears the auctioneer go into his chant, there is an immediate demonstration. "That's my Daddy! That's my Daddy!" he shouts for the benefit of all within earshot. To date, no one has been able to convince him otherwise. And the Senator leaves him cold.

Kenny feels there is no reason to get excited about Claghorn as long as neither wife nor son are impressed by the bombastic solon. But there are several millions of Claghorn-conscious radio fans who think that Kenny Delmar is a pretty terrific Southerner—from Boston, that is!



ALLEN'S ALLEY GAG DRAWS DISAPPROVAL OF TENANTS FALSTAFF OPENSHAW AND SENATOR, BUT MRS. NUSSBAUM SEEMS TO LIKE IT

WITH THE NATION'S STATIONS



TOKYO, JAPAN—Sgt. Marion Bragg is a GI salesman for America. Here he's shown broadcasting from his post at WVTR, key station for Japan, China, Korea. Prior to service Sgt. Bragg was announcer at station WMAZ, Macon, Georgia, his home town.



NEW YORK, N. Y.—Wordman Wilfred Funk gives pretty Adrienne Ames and her WHN listeners the inside dope on the power of vocabulary.



CINCINNATI, OHIO—Penny Pruden whose popular show is heard over station WKRC gets makeup tips from E. H. Currier, noted beauty authority.

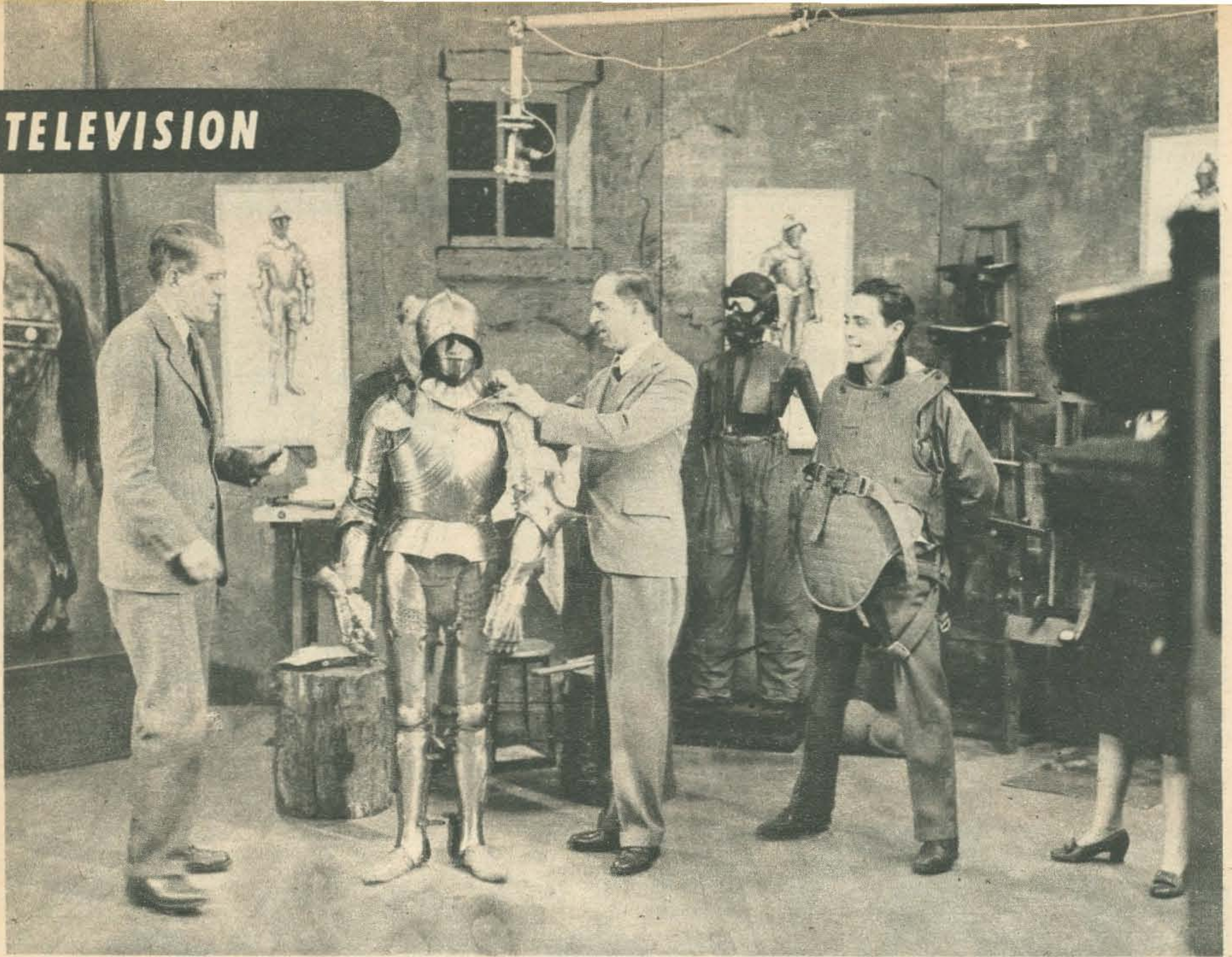


PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Elliot Lawrence, whose orchestra is heard over Station WCAU gets a gift record player from the members of his radio fan club.



CHICAGO, ILL.—Benny Goodman's mother was a big help on a recent visit to Station WGN. She was able to give authentic information to Harry Elders (left) and Ray McKinstry, cast in the speaking and clarinet roles in a dramatization of her son's life.

TELEVISION



CBS RECONSTRUCTED OLD ARMOR SHOP TO COMPARE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM COLLECTION WITH MODERN ARMOR WORN BY FLIER AT RIGHT

NO MORE TIRED FEET

TELEVISION WILL BRING MUSEUM TREASURES RIGHT INTO THE HOME

If you're one who suffers from "museum feet" after strolling through the galleries of our cultural treasure houses, you'll be glad to learn the age of television is going to end all that. CBS demonstrated not long ago, when it televised armor of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, how video will permit you to view museum collections in the comfort of a parlor chair. Taking television cameras into museums gives promise that video will enlarge the nation's cultural horizons and do for art what standard broadcasting has done for music and drama.



GIRDING FOR BATTLE USED TO BE A JOB A SQUIRE AND MILADY LEND A HAND NEW AND OLD LOOK EACH OTHER OVER

EXQUISITE! LOVELY! ALLURING!

24K GOLDPLATED MATCHED CAMEO RING *and* EARRING BIRTHSTONE SET

Here's the most amazing jewelry offer we have ever made! Everyone knows the exquisite, delicate, expensive looking beauty of a fine Cameo and the rich charm of 24K gold. Now, for the first time, you can own a beautiful matched set of these lovely simulated Cameos in your own birthstone color. These beautifully, designed, delicately colored, wonderfully wrought, simulated Cameos are mounted on the finest 24K gold-plated rings and earrings money can buy. What's more, they're guaranteed. Yes, fully guaranteed and warranted for 10 years against any form of tarnish or discoloration. Guaranteed not to lose any of their beautiful polish or luster or your money back.

SPECIALLY FITTED RING AND EARRING

This lovely set is so rich looking, so well made, that smart looking women everywhere are proudly wearing them. The goldplated ring glows with the fine burnished luster that only 24K gold can produce. Its special design makes it instantly adjustable in size to any finger, and once fitted it is set in a comfortable non-pinch fit **SPECIALLY ADJUSTED TO YOUR FINGER**. The delicately made screw-on-type goldplated earrings cling to your ears with the gentle stubborn tenacity of fine jewelry

AN AMAZING OFFER

When you get your set show it to your friends, compare it with the finest jewelry in your local shops, admire it on yourself in your mirror. Then you will know why we say that this is the most amazing offer we have made, and you will agree that it is the greatest bargain you have ever purchased. You can see your set at our risk—get it at our expense—if you act now!

ALL 3 PIECES
1.98
Plus 40c
Fed. Tax

GUARANTEE
If Not Completely
Satisfied, Return
Within 5 Days and
Your Money will be
Quickly Refunded.

SEND NO MONEY!

You need not risk a cent. Send no money just the coupon indicating your color choice. When the postman delivers your set pay him only \$1.98 plus postage and 20% Federal Tax. You can select your birthstone color, or any other color you prefer. If you want two different sets to wear with different outfits, you can have two for only \$3.50 plus 20% Federal Tax. The demand for this wonderful jewelry makes it impossible for us to guarantee a definite supply. You must act now—send the coupon today.

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150 Nassau Street
New York 7, New York

Send me my Cameo Ring and Earring Set at once. Birth month or color.....

- Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage and 20% Federal Tax on delivery
- I am enclosing \$2.38, postage is free, tax included.
- Send two sets. I'll pay postman \$3.50 plus postage and 20% Federal Tax on arrival.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY & ZONE.....STATE.....

PICK YOUR BIRTHSTONE*

- JANUARY GARNET
- FEBRUARY AMETHYST
- MARCH AQUAMARINE
- APRIL WHITE SAPPHIRE
- MAY GREEN SPINEL
- JUNE ALEXANDRITE
- JULY RUBY
- AUGUST PERIDOT
- SEPTEMBER BLUE SAPPHIRE
- OCTOBER ROSE ZIRCON
- NOVEMBER YELLOW SAPPHIRE
- DECEMBER GREEN ZIRCON
- * SIMULATED.

MAIL
THIS
COUPON





COULD THIS BE YOUR HOUSE?

Now that the war's over and a lot more civilian goods are on the market, it's a big temptation to spend just about all you make, and not put anything aside.

But to fall for that temptation is plenty dangerous. It's like trying to live in the house above—a house that might come tumbling down about your ears at the first little blow of hard luck.

Right now the best possible way to

keep your finances in sound shape is to save regularly—by buying *U. S. Savings Bonds through the Payroll Plan.*

These Bonds are exactly like War Bonds. Millions of Americans have found them the safest, easiest, surest way to save. The U. S. A. protects every dollar you invest—and Uncle Sam gives you his personal guarantee that, in just ten years, you'll get *four dollars back for*

every three you put in!

If you stick with the Payroll Savings Plan, you'll not only guard against rainy days, you'll *also* be storing up money for the really important things—like sending your children to college, traveling, or buying a home.

So—anyway you look at it—isn't it smart to buy every single U. S. Bond you can possibly afford!

SAVE THE EASY WAY... BUY YOUR BONDS THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

**TUNE IN
NATIONAL RADIO MAGAZINE**

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