

# TUNE IN

SEPTEMBER, 1944

FIFTEEN CENTS

20c IN CANADA



I SEE STARS  
by  
EDDIE CANTOR

THE RADIO LISTENER'S MAGAZINE

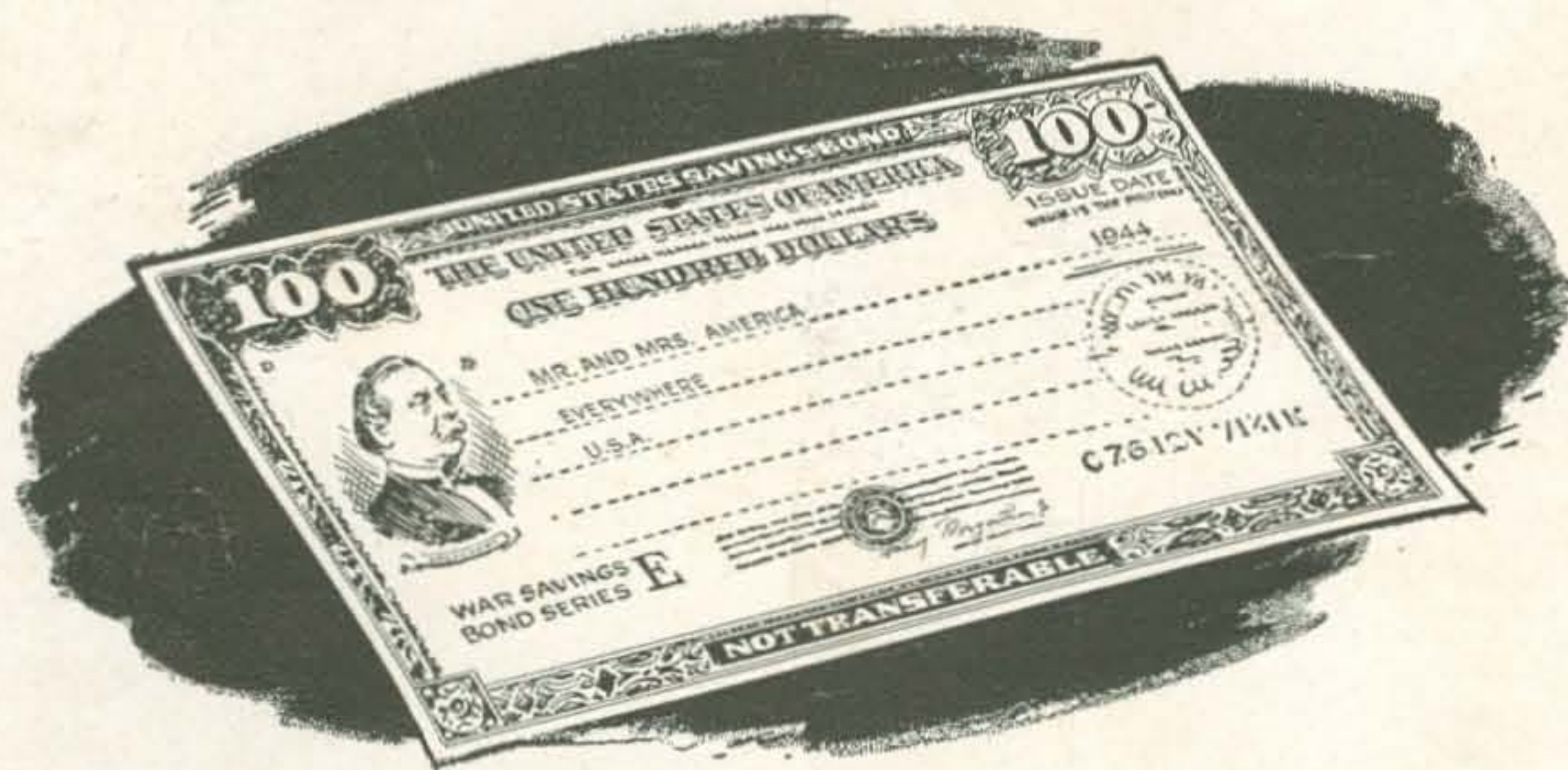
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A N C

# He won't dodge this-



# Don't you dodge this!



The kid'll be right there when his C. O. finally gives the signal . . .

There'll be no time to think of better things to do with his life. THE KID'S IN IT FOR KEEPS—giving all he's got, *now!*

We've got to do the same. This is the time for us to throw in everything *we've* got.

This is the time to dig out that extra hundred bucks and spend it for Invasion Bonds.

Or make it \$200. Or \$1000. Or \$1,000,000 if you can. There's no ceiling on this one!

The 5th War Loan is the biggest, the most vitally important financial effort of this whole War!



## *Back the Attack!* - BUY MORE THAN BEFORE

TUNE IN  
NATIONAL RADIO MAGAZINE

# TUNE IN

VOL. 2, NO. 4 AUGUST 1944

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## ON THE COVER

EDDIE CANTOR, who tells how he discovered such stars as Deanna Durbin, Dinah Shore, Nora Martin—page 7.

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# AROUND THE NETWORKS



Dunninger's new book, "What's on Your Mind," answers many questions that have occurred to the Blue wizard's listeners. In addition to an autobiography of the master mentalist, the volume includes experiments which individuals may undertake to test their own thought-transmission powers.

Long considered one of radio's top singers, Bea Wain displays another side to her talents by acting as comedienne foil for Alan Young in her Wednesday NBC series. The warbler's dramatic gifts were discovered some months ago, when she appeared as guest mistress of ceremonies on "Report to the Nation."



CBS maestro Mark Warnow is hard at work rehearsing for a Victory Jubilee Concert to be presented at midnight of the day Germany surrenders.



The "Hit Parade" musical director is shown signing a contract with Milton H. Bergerman, president of Carnegie Hall, reserving the auditorium for that night—even though the date is uncertain. Plans for the celebration call for special numbers by contemporary composers, performed by every available artist in New York, plus the largest orchestra and choir ever to be assembled in Carnegie Hall. All preparations are being made at once, so the concert can be put on with an hour's notice.

Mutual announces that its regular series of international symphonic concerts, featuring the Mexico Symphony Orchestra, will be heard each Sunday evening throughout the summer. The network feels that the cordial reception accorded these programs here and in Mexico is promoting good will.



"The Goldbergs," veteran CBS serial, is conquering two new fields this year. In June, Mrs. Gertrude Berg's famous family made its comic-strip debut in the New York Post. And, this fall, a play featuring the characters heard in the radio drama will be produced by John Golden.

The "College of Musical Knowledge" maestro is fulfilling a long-time ambition with his present 8-week overseas tour. Having traveled over 150,000 miles to bring entertainment to camps in this country, Kay Kyser was eager to use the experience gained abroad. While the comic is on leave of absence from his NBC show, Phil Harris substitutes for the home-front listeners.





**CALL THAT BELLOW COMPETITION?** sneers Sinatra as he harkens to the chest tones of well-padded Metropolitan Opera star, Lauritz Melchior. The aria-singer isn't slow to pay back Frankie in his own coin, however, by insinuating that the crooner's musical notes are just as thin as his frame. Actually, the long-haired versus bobby-sox-style singing duel was all in fun, on Columbia's "Frank Sinatra Show."

**AMERICA'S FAVORITE SINGERS**, Dinah Shore and Ginny Simms, show that their rivalry for first place in the public's affections hasn't made them enemies as the two eye-catching warblers star in guest shots on each other's programs—and networks.



**SARTORIAL SPLENDOR** greets the eye at this rehearsal as Bob Hope's "Great Sylvester" costume competes with Bing Crosby's jacket.



# ALONG RADIO ROW



**ORCHIDECKED AND SMILING**, RKO player Dawn Kennedy and young dramatic actress Kim Hunter chat with lucky Larry Keating at the Blue program, "Luncheon with the Stars."



**VICTORY GARDENING** is uppermost in the minds of NBC's comic team, "Fibber McGee and Molly," as they pore over the seed catalogue. The stars hope to increase their vegetable output by 25 per cent this year.

**NOSTALGIC MEMORIES** of radio's early days were brought back when old-timers attended a "Palmolive Party" in New York's Rainbow Room. Here Joseph M. White, the original "Silver Masked Tenor" of the early twenties, poses for a photo with Mrs. White.



**IDENTICAL COSTUMES** worn by pretty pianist Alice Patton and 4-year-old daughter, Brenda Lee, make a big hit at NBC's Chicago studios.



*He Proposed last night!*

**-how lucky that I wore my lovely**

*Evening in Paris*  
**face powder**



Face Powder \$1.00  
Perfume \$1.25 to \$10.00  
(All prices plus tax)

**BOURJOIS**  
NEW YORK

Tune in "Here's to Romance," starring Dick Haymes, with Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra—Thursday evenings, Columbia Network.

## OF MIKES AND MEN

By

Laura Haynes

FANNIE BRICE won't come East, after all, for that super-duper BILLY ROSE musical . . . GROUCHO MARX, also announced for a starring role in the same show, won't be able to make it, either. His "Blue Ribbon Town" air series would keep him out of both matinee and evening performances on Saturdays.

★ ★ ★

Rumors persist that BASIL "Sherlock Holmes" RATHBONE will come back to the stage as star of a Shakespearean revival . . . Meanwhile, NORMAN CORWIN is said to be rewriting three of his radio scripts, as broadcast over CBS, for production on Broadway.

★ ★ ★

That well-known mayor of Northridge, California—GINNY SIMMS—was having lunch with the equally renowned civic head of New York City—FIORELLO LA GUARDIA—when he asked her: "Who's the most important mayor in all the communities that make up Los Angeles?" Quick as a flash, Ginny came back with: "METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER, of course!"

★ ★ ★

The song, "Nancy with the Laughing Face," which was dedicated to 3-year-old NANCY SINATRA and sung by papa FRANK SINATRA, was written by JIMMY VAN HEUSEN—who thus broke a long-time precedent of writing exclusively for BING CROSBY.

★ ★ ★

TOM HOWARD, now established as "the poor man's CLIFTON FADIMAN," was surprised to see a certain distinguished gray-haired gentleman attending a rehearsal of Columbia's "It Pays to Be Ignorant." It was JOHN KIERAN of NBC's "Information Please," just taking a look at the slap-happy program which has been kidding the book-jackets off quiz shows. "I tuned in one Friday night," he explained to Howard, "and couldn't believe anything so wacky actually went on. Now I've seen everything!"

★ ★ ★

Rising so rapidly that he was chosen "outstanding radio tenor of the year" at the New York Newspaper Guild's Front Page Ball this summer, ALLAN JONES has had to nix any number of other offers because of his CBS Wednesday night show with FRANKIE CARLE and his orchestra . . . WALTER WINCHELL is reported to have

turned down almost twice his current \$5,000 fee, in order to remain with "Jurgen's Journal" (his sponsor for 11 years) and the Blue Network . . . FRED ALLEN swears that his summer "vacation" marks the end of all his radio activities for 1944. He won't return to the air until 1945—if then.

★ ★ ★

There are plenty of big-time stars today who can sell something besides personality, songs and snappy chatter . . . FRANK MORGAN, for instance, used to be one of those door-to-door Fuller Brush salesmen . . . MORTON DOWNEY used to sell ties . . . and WILLIAM "Life of Riley" BENDIX was once a grocery clerk. Latter proved he hadn't lost his touch when his charity booth at a San Fernando Valley fund-raising bazaar outsold all the others.

★ ★ ★

LUCILLE MANNERS, soprano of the NBC Friday night concert series, added another few thousand to her 70,000 miles of touring, when she visited her husband, LT. WILLIAM J. WALKER, at his post in Alabama.

★ ★ ★

A lot of people seem to confuse three of the most popular colored "maids" heard over the airwaves. *Benlab*, of "Fibber McGee and Molly" fame, is unmasked on page 22 of this issue. But *Birdie* of "The Great Gildersleeve" and *Lily* of "Abie's Irish Rose" are actually portrayed by two distinguished Negro actresses—sisters. LILIAN RANDOLPH impersonates the former, from the Coast. It's AMANDA RANDOLPH who plays *Lily* from New York.

★ ★ ★

The eerie voice of Mutual's "Mysterious Traveler" belongs to MAURICE TARPLIN—who is also much in demand for vocal impersonations of WINSTON CHURCHILL on other air shows . . . and the same CAMERON ANDREWS who portrays 16-year-old *Jughead Jones*, in "Archie Andrews," often gives voice to such mature personalities as GENERAL BERNARD MONTGOMERY and KING GEORGE of England.

★ ★ ★

Long as they have been married, GEORGE BURNS had never written a single letter to GRACIE ALLEN—until this year, when he visited Palm Springs. It was the only time they'd been separated long enough for postal service . . . Gracie, incidentally, is typically all-mother when rising to her children's defense. George, lecturing son RONNIE about his marks in history, proclaimed: "When I was your age I could reel off the names of the Presidents just like a breeze." "Oh, but George," Gracie cried undiplomatically, "there are so many more now!"



## I SEE STARS

by **EDDIE CANTOR**

### THE ACE COMEDIAN TELLS HOW HE DISCOVERS NEW TALENT FOR RADIO

**I**N the past 10 years, I have auditioned at least 5,000 persons to find new members of what I like to call my "radio family"—and, looking over the results, I think I have the right to do a bit of bragging about my "children." Look 'em over: Deanna Durbin, Rubinoﬀ, James

Wallington, Gracie Allen, *Parkyakarkus*, Bobby Breen, Bert (*Mad Russian*) Gordon, Dinah Shore, and now my latest, Nora Martin.

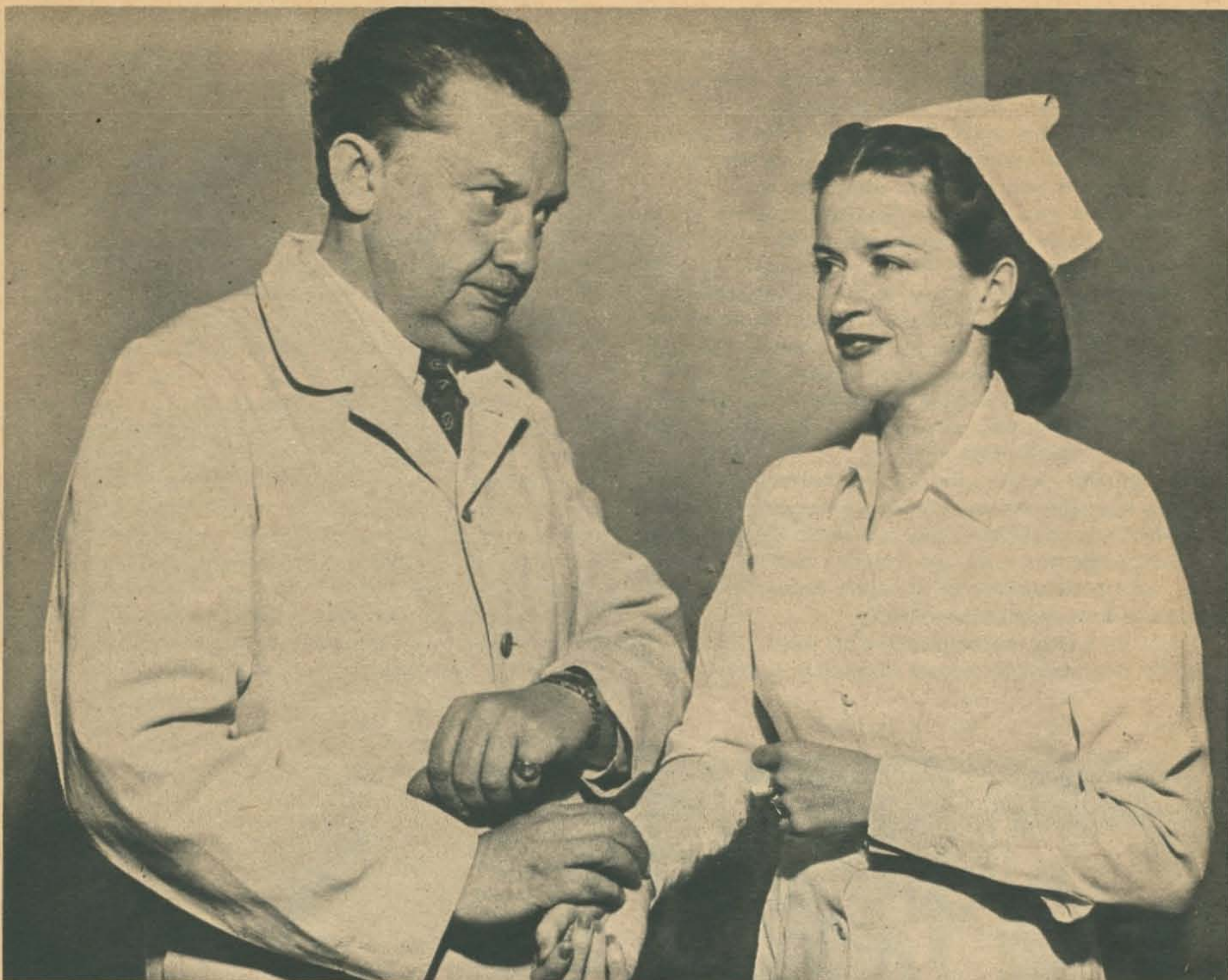
In finding new stars of such magnitude as these, I have had experiences both humorous and tragic. It's tragic,

for instance, when some doting mother thinks her child is another Dinah, Deanna or Nora, even while it's obvious that the mother is making up in love what the youngster lacks in talent. Before I delve into my memory book for anecdotes about my "foster children's"



OFF-DUTY, BOTH AS ACTOR AND AS MAKE-BELIEVE DOCTOR, JEAN HERSHOLT RELAXES IN HIS GARDEN WITH HIS HANDSOME CHOW DOG





NURSE JUDY PRICE (PLAYED BY ROSEMARY DE CAMP) WORKS SO HARD FOR DR. CHRISTIAN (HERSHOLT) THAT HE WORRIES ABOUT HER HEALTH

## *Dr. Christian*

**JEAN HERSHOLT PORTRAYS A COUNTRY MEDICO WITH SINCERITY AND SKILL**

TUNE IN WED. 8:30 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

**E**VEN though it's still around that postwar corner, television looms large in radio program plans. Some long-popular shows are already lining up new players who will be more "telegenic" or look more like the characters they enact. But no such qualms beset the producers of "Dr. Christian," which stars Jean Hersholt—who has been portraying that very role for years, in both radio and movies.

Something would have to be done, of course, about the two *Judy Prices* who now act as *Dr. Christian's* loyal office nurse. At present, Rosemary De Camp plays the part for most of the year, from the West Coast, but Helen Claire takes over for 6 to 8 weeks at a time, when the program visits New York twice a year. Both are pleasant-voiced, extremely personable young ladies, yet no one would take them for twins!

The important fact remains that the stellar role of *Dr. Christian* himself fits its portrayer like a surgical rubber glove. Not that Jean Hersholt is either physician or surgeon, but the young-looking veteran has impersonated both so often—in more than 30 years on the screen—that he must be given credit for having at least passed his pre-medical course. He knows a stethoscope from a lancet and is as familiar with hospital corridors as with his own home.

Still vigorous and high-spirited—with twinkling eyes, fresh pink skin and baby-soft brown hair belying his 58 years—the Copenhagen-born actor has been busy in Hollywood almost ever since he came to America, back in 1912, with Danish film experience. Even as a young man, Hersholt specialized in character portrayals—frequently brutal villains.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 11)

## DR. CHRISTIAN (continued)

Those sinister days were put behind him forever, when Hersholt played the fictionalized counterpart of the real-life Dr. Dafoe, obstetrician *par excellence* to the Dionnes, in "The Country Doctor." Three Quintuplets pictures in a row established him as a medico, and nothing but a medico. Henceforth, to the public, Hersholt was a country doctor, ministering to sick souls as well as ailing bodies.

It was Jean's own idea that the characterization would make a good air series and, when radio rights to the Dafoe impersonation proved unavailable, "Dr. Christian" was born—a name chosen mainly because of its meaning, partly because it was Scandinavian (fitting his accent), partly because Hans Christian Anderson is a Hersholt favorite. The actor owns rare letters of the Danish fairy-tale fabricator, has written much on the subject, and has even authored an impressive tome about him, as well as a more recent popular book called "Dr. Christian's Office."

Practically without precedent in the broadcasting industry, the series was sold without an audition, sheerly on the basis of Hersholt's screen performances. It has been zooming along ever since, under the sponsorship of the Vaseline manufacturers, with movie versions of life at the mythical village of River's End being produced by RKO.

Part of its success, in the past 3 of its some 7 years, undoubtedly stems from the way in which "Dr. Christian" has

kept its fingers on the public pulse through its script contests. About 90% of the playlets performed (a majority by amateurs) come from the almost 10,000 entries annually, with a \$2,000 grand prize going to the winner.

But most of its appeal stems from the qualities of the good doctor—qualities which have helped real children undergo operations and get well, when assured that they would meet their hero—qualities Hersholt himself has in abundance.

Fond of good food and fine arts, seldom seen without one of his beloved pipes, not averse to an occasional highball, the long-time star is hardly a small-town type. He is truly a cosmopolite, but one with an honest sincerity, a strong regard for the simple things and a marked sense of responsibility toward his fellow men.

An American citizen since 1918, Hersholt has an enviable record of public service. Right now, he is president of the Motion Picture Relief Fund (which he helped establish), vice-president of the American Federation of Radio Artists and president of the National America-Denmark Association, making frequent shortwave broadcasts for the O. W. I.

And his sense of duty is just as strong as any hard-working country doctor's. In his first 7 years as *Dr. Christian*, he has never missed a performance—though he gave one from a sick-bed, with actors and sound engineers crowding his hospital room, and made the next show only by ambulance!



HERSHOLT IS A MAN WHO LOVES A GOOD PIPE—IN ABUNDANCE



HE COLLECTS BOOKS, PAINTINGS AND THESE CURRIER & IVES PRINTS

# "Meet Corliss Archer"

RADIO'S JANET WALDO IS ONE  
OF MANY VERSIONS OF AUTHOR  
HERBERT'S TEEN-AGE HEROINE

TUNE IN SUN. 7 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)



THE cordial invitation to "Meet Corliss Archer" (followed by an equally pressing invitation from the sponsor to "meet Anchor Hocking—a great name in glass") is most misleading, to those in the know. For them, the obvious reply is: "Which Corliss Archer?"

The one referred to on the air is, of course, the bubbling bobby-sock heroine played by Janet Waldo of the soft brown hair, big dark eyes and trim figure (as demonstrated at the head of this column). But there also happens to be

any number of other *Corliss Archers*—in theaters, in book and magazine pages, and even in real life.

When author F. Hugh Hubert picked this name at random, for his sub-deb character, he thought he'd invented something quite unique. Fan mail has since proved how wrong he was. Real-life namesakes range from a 79-year-old Miss Corliss Archer of Oregon to a young Mr. Corliss Archer of Florida!

All of which pains the smiling, sentimental writer to the core, for who

knows better than he what confusion of identities can mean? Having lived and worked in Hollywood for years, he has spent months of that time explaining to callers that he *isn't* Hugh Herbert, the screen's "woo-woo" man.

The smooth-skinned, tiny-moustached smallish writer bears little resemblance to the droll-faced, hand-fluttering character comedian, but that means nothing to the small-cash customers of the Los Angeles phone booths.

Actors have long since learned that they'll have no peace except with private numbers, but authors usually rejoice in a comparative anonymity which makes listings in the public directories perfectly safe—for all save F. Hugh Herbert. Many's the midnight the latter has been summoned to the phone by eager strangers who expect him to give them a personal "Woo-woo!"

If the phone situation is bad, the fan mail situation's worse. Author F. Hugh Herbert is constantly getting actor Hugh Herbert's letters, and vice versa. Old friends by now, the two have become accustomed to calling each other up with bits of news gleaned from each other's correspondence.

It's no rare occasion when the actor calls the author to report: "I had a very nice letter from London today—your Aunt Edith. She's fine and sends her love." As for the author's reaction to the actor's correspondence—"Well," he says, "you'd be surprised what romantic letters that chap gets from his unseen but admiring fans!"

Author Herbert needn't be so wistful about fan mail. He's been getting plenty of it, ever since he brought forth *Corliss Archer*—first in a series of magazine stories, then in radio's "Meet Corliss Archer," and finally as the sub-deb heroine of his Broadway hit play, "Kiss and Tell."

Added to this are the many messages he receives from all the actresses now playing the character he created. While he was in New York, for instance—for the opening of his more recent and more serious drama, "For Keeps"—he got letters almost every day from Janet Waldo, still playing the role out at the West Coast CBS studios.

Besides lovely little brunette Janet, there are no less than 7 other *Corlisses* on various stages—in New York, Chicago, London, Honolulu, Australia, and American "road" companies of "Kiss and Tell"—as well as three U. S. O. versions touring the Army camps!

He keeps up a correspondence with them all, remembering their birthdays



AUTHOR HERBERT IS SURROUNDED BY "CORLISSSES"—DAUGHTER DIANA, JUNE DAYTON (STAGE), JANET WALDO (RADIO), DAUGHTER PAMELA

and congratulating them on theatrical anniversaries—and they reciprocate in kind. The Herberts have a scrapbook devoted solely to such missives, lovingly pasted in place by daughters Diana, 15½, and Pamela, 14.

In fact, F. Hugh's "fatherhood" has grown on such an extensive scale that a bit of jealousy has crept into the Herbert home. Working on the scrapbook one day, Diana looked up and asked wistfully: "Which do you love best, Dad—your *Corlisses* or Pam and me?"

"Why, you girls, of course," the startled father answered instantly. "You'll always come first."

They did come first, too, for they are the original *Corlisses*. In Herbert's recent volume, "Meet Corliss Archer"—including both magazine stories and fictionalized radio scripts—the dedication reads: "Through these pages walk the most wonderful girls in the world—my daughters, Diana and Pamela—whose

endearing struggles with adolescent problems have given me most of the material for this, their book."

Papa Herbert swears that there's never yet been an *Archer* incident on the air which didn't originate in his own household. Should the girls talk incessantly about buying a parrot, next week a parrot appears in *Corliss's* home—and just as quickly disappears, as a warning to young bird-fanciers.

When the Herbert springer spaniel, Dexter, was lost, strayed or stolen, the *Archer* pooch, *Moronica*, was immediately dognapped in the script, to the accompaniment of *Corliss's* sobs. Dexter—who, fortunately for the happiness of two weeping teensters, was recovered two days later—was, of course, named for "the boy next door" in the radio series. His real-life predecessor was actually called *Moronica*, so-named by Pamela because of a distinctive patch of hair over one eye.

On the air, *Corliss* has already agon-

ized her parents by going through all the throes of rehearsing a school play around the house. This comes straight from the pages of Herbert history, for both girls have been stage-struck for years and are constantly enacting little dramas with the portiered dining-room as their theater.

They think their dad's "mean" for not giving them a chance to play *Corliss*—whether on radio, stage or in the future movie version. But Herbert says frankly he loves them too much to be able to tell whether or not they have real talent. He hopes they have.

If he has any favorite among the play-acting *Corlisses*, it's undoubtedly Janet Waldo, since she lives and acts the radio role in his home town of Hollywood, where he gets to see her almost as often as his own girls.

Little Janet is almost old enough to vote but still has all the natural girlish qualities which make her teen-ishly perfect for the role of *Corliss*—who is only

15 but will be flattered to pieces if you take her for a "mature" 17. For an actress, Janet lives very quietly—doesn't smoke, drink, or have late dates. And she approaches her career with all the seriousness of Di and Pam themselves.

Legend has it that Janet was "discovered" by Bing Crosby himself. The actual facts are somewhat less dramatic. The young brunette—born in Grandview, Washington—was a star pupil in the University of Washington's Little

Theatre and gave such outstanding performances, her first year in college, that she received a special award. Bing—who just happened to be on hand for a homecoming celebration in his native state—made the presentation.

It was a Paramount talent scout in the Great Groaner's party who signed little Miss Waldo for the movies. It was as simple as that. But, once in Hollywood, Janet discovered that she preferred the airwaves to the silver screen—and radio

itself showed marked preference for newcomer Janet Waldo.

She got her first big break with Cecil B. DeMille in the "Lux Radio Theatre" and later had prominent parts in "Big Town," "Dr. Christian" and "Mayor of the Town"—as well as playing opposite Bing on "Silver Theatre."

But dearest of all to her heart is *Corliss Archer*—the lovable teenster whom Papa Herbert created from the dreams and follies of his own two daughters.



CORLISS'S PARENTS ARE PLAYED BY FRED SHIELDS AND IRENE TEDROW



HER "BOY FRIEND," DEXTER, IS PORTRAYED BY DAVID HUGHES



# Sally...

THE "TOP OF THE EVENING" SOLOIST IS SURROUNDED BY ADMIRING MALES

TUNE IN MON., WED., FRI. 10:15 P.M. E.W.T. (Blue)

THEY say that every girl's secret dream is to be surrounded by a chorus of fascinated males. If this is true, "Top of the Evening's" Sally has certainly gained her heart's desire. As the only feminine singer on the program, the chanteuse is just naturally the center of all eyes—and ears. Not that she wouldn't hold her own on any show, for the lass possesses long blonde locks, an enchanting smile and a tiny-but-curved size-12 figure that spell a high degree of appeal.

Sally remembers very well the first time anyone said she was pretty. In those days, she was a gangly youngster, completely snowed under with freckles—and compliments were few and far between.

She was no slouch at music, however, even then. While going to high school in Orange, California, Sally studied the ballet, piano, organ and voice—all in addition to the regular secretarial course. Her actual "career" began at the age of four, when (with the encouragement of her pianist-mother and movie-projectionist father) she ambled out on a stage to sing "Tittle, Tittle, Tattle Tale." At eight, the cash began to roll in—in the form of three crisp new dollar bills for a song and dance act with her sister in some "amateur" theatricals.

Real financial returns came considerably later, when, as a smartly-tailored young lady, Sally devoted her talents to radio. For a time she was the "miss" in "Six Hits and a Miss" which appeared on the "Burns and Allen" and "Abbott and Costello" shows. The movies, too, became interested in a natural gift for mimicry which enables her to watch a singer's mouth and then duplicate her vocal mannerisms exactly. As a result, the versatile star has sung on the screen for Joan Fontaine in "The Constant Nymph," for Eleanor Powell in "Sensations of 1944," and for Joan Leslie in "Rhapsody in Blue." On one occasion, Sally even managed to substitute for the top tenor of "The King's Men," when the regular male singer fell ill.

Though Sally is undoubtedly the queen bee of the "Top of the Evening" hive, there's a lot to be said about the masculine contingent, too. Ken Darby, leader of "The King's Men" quartet for the past thirteen years, is known to listeners for his novel arrangements and bass singing. Both members of the piano team of Ted Saldenberg and Edward Reber are distinguished composers and share a great enthusiasm for American music. In addition, the feminine soloist is backed by the entire Westinghouse chorus—exclusively male.

It's not only over the air that Sally finds herself surrounded by masculine attention, either. In private life, she has a constant admirer in husband Lee Sweetland, to whom she was married on December 11, 1939, in Houston, Texas.

EXOTIC DRAPED GOWNS HIGHLIGHT SALLY'S LUSH BLONDE BEAUTY



CONGRATULATIONS FROM GREAT SINATRA



DICK HAYMES BIDS A WELCOME TO A RISING STAR



WORD OF PRAISE FROM SPIKE JONES



TALKING THINGS OVER WITH BING CROSBY



FRANK MORGAN IS AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE



SAIDENBERG & REBNER LISTEN, TOO



KEN DARBY (IN THE CENTER) AND HIS ALL-MALE CHORUS GRIN THEIR APPROVAL OF SALLY'S VOCAL TALENTS — AS WELL AS EYE-APPEAL

# Eric Sagerquist

THE VIOLINIST-CONDUCTOR IS A "FIRST NIGHTER" VETERAN OF 14 YEARS

TUNE IN WED. 9:30 P.M. E.W.T. (Mutual)

THE play may be the thing, once the imaginary curtain goes up on "The First Nighter," but the incidental music has an importance all its own. It's the orchestra, tuning up for an overture or playing between the acts, which gives listeners the illusion of actually being in a "little theatre off Times Square" — thanks to Eric Sagerquist.

In the veteran drama program's 14 years so far, the middle-sized, mid-fortyish violinist-conductor has followed its career

over three successive networks. But Sagerquist has been used to moving about, ever since he was born in Sweden and brought to this country as a 3-year-old.

It was in New Jersey, at the age of 9, that Eric started studying violin. At 12, he made his first \$5-a-week fiddling in a Texas movie house. Tours with name bands have taken him to most of the other United States — but now he's settled in Chicago, where "The First Nighter" originates.







DR. JIM BRENT AND JANET MERCER HAVE A FRIENDLY CHAT WITH JANET'S UNCE, "BIG BILL" WILEY, INFLUENTIAL TOWN POLITICIAN

# ROAD OF LIFE

MEDICAL AND FAMILY PROBLEMS HOLD THE INTEREST OF LISTENERS

TUNE IN MON. THRU FRI. 11 A.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

JUST about eight years ago, successful radio-writer Irna Phillips was looking around for a new angle on which to build a serial, and it occurred to her that a doctor, more than any other person in the world, has the opportunity to know and understand human nature. And so she created the character of *Dr. Jim Brent*, a young interne, through whose eyes the listeners could see the absorbing pageant of people and problems which pass in review behind hospital walls.

*Dr. Jim* is now an experienced and respected surgeon, and, in addition, has become something of an expert on the

personal and romantic difficulties to be met on the "Road of Life." So real has this character become to many dialers that Kenneth Griffin, who plays the leading role, is quite accustomed to hearing himself called *Jim* by friends and fans alike. Strangely enough, however, Ken has never shown any interest in things medical. He does like to take things apart to see what makes them tick, but has always confined himself to mechanical contrivances—not people.

As a matter of fact, Ken's domicile on Chicago's North Side is a kind of factory-apartment, complete with wood

and metal-working shops, where the brawny, brown-haired actor hobbies industriously away in every spare moment he can find. Such activities as cabinet-making, photography, chemical experimentation and even blacksmithing fill him with joy.

In peace-time the ingenious 200-pounder can usually be found reconstructing his racing yacht or experimenting with his auto—a strange-looking hybrid which he created himself by "crossing" a Mercedes with an Austin. Needless to say, all this mechanical and engineering talent didn't just "come"

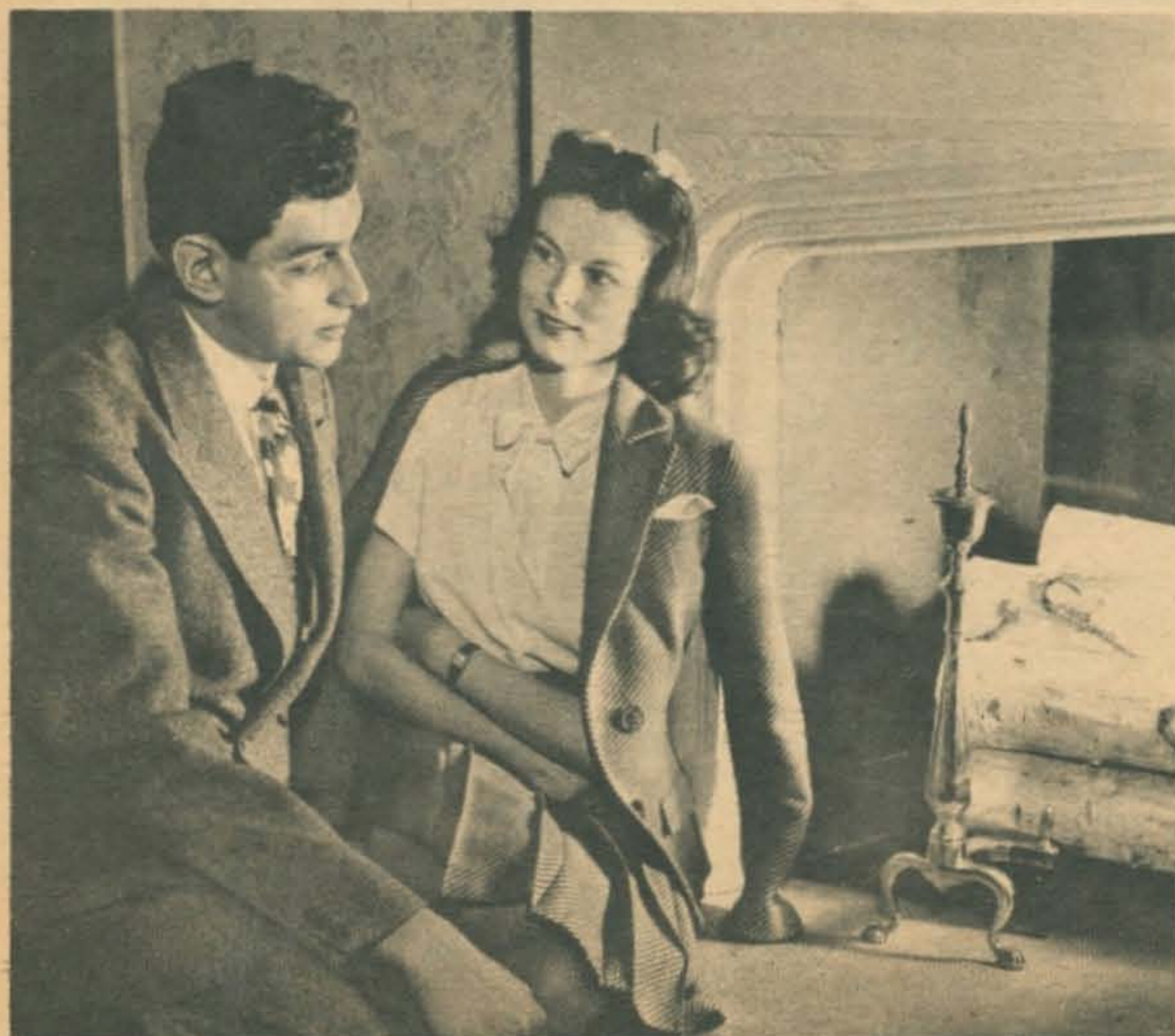


**KEN GRIFFIN** takes the leading role of *Dr. Jim Brent*, a prominent Chicago surgeon. The 37-year-old six-footer started his broadcasting career as an amateur "ham" operator back in 1919, but has made his greatest financial success since switching over entirely to acting.

to our stalwart hero. Ken studied radio engineering at Harvard, and was for a time engineer for KDKA. Then, tiring of buttons, plugs, wires and dials (commercially at least) he turned to announcing, and eventually to acting.

There is one member of the cast, however, whose own life story is very like some of those told on the "Road of Life." Nannette Sargent (*Elizabeth* in the serial) was once a very gifted dancer, having been voted a membership in the Dancing Masters of America when only twelve years old. In 1931, the petite star fell during a rehearsal and suffered injuries which prevented her from dancing for three years. Instead of bemoaning her sad fate, Nannette decided to try dramatics. She was so successful that by the time she could resume her interrupted career, the actress no longer wished to do so.

Author Irna Phillips does not pretend to be a medical authority, any more than the members of the cast do. Nevertheless, she believes that the success of the serial depends largely on accuracy and consults her own personal physician on medical matters. In addition, many of the plot incidents are based on the life experiences of this diagnostician.



**DAVE ELLIS AND BERYL VAUGHAN** play "*Butch*" Brent and *Faith Richards*, schoolday sweethearts in the script. In real life, 21-year-old Dave expects to devote himself to acting, not medicine, and British-born Beryl has already enjoyed a considerable success in this field.



**WILLARD WATERMAN** portrays the villainous *Dr. Grant Frazier* each morning and then works a full shift each night in a war plant.

# NOT EVERY MAN'S "ROAD OF LIFE" IS STARRED WITH SUCH BEAUTIES



**BARBARA LUDDY** is *Carol Evans Brent*, *Dr. Jim's* wife. The lass is so tiny that she stands on a box to reach the mike.



**BETTY ARNOLD** has the part of *Adele Corlis*, mysterious woman in the life of *Dr. Frazier*. Originally, Betty started out to be a singer.



**BERYL VAUGHAN** plays *Faith Richards*, whom *Dr. Jim* has restored to health. Beryl traces her ancestry back to Mrs. William Shakespeare.



**ELOISE KUMMER** is heard as *Janet Mercer*. The actress spends her spare time writing letters to her husband in Iceland.



**ANGEL CASEY** is the possessor of the familiar signature voice, which sets the mood for each day's program with: "Dr. Brent, call surgery."



**MARNETTE SARGENT** has the role of *Elizabeth*, aunt of *Faith Richards*. The tiny blonde star began her mike career as the result of a dare.

# MEET BEULAH... SURPRISED?

THE MCGEES' BUXOM AUNT JEMIMA IS REALLY AN ADONIS—MARLIN HURT

TUNE IN TUES. 8:30 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

**D**ID you ever wonder what causes those gales of mirth when *Fibber McGee* announces, "Here comes Beulah?" Take a look at this pin-up photo for the answer. For — instead of the fat, jolly colored cook in voluminous skirts that the audience expects to see — out steps a young, dapper, and oh-so-handsome male!

Marlin Hurt first started developing that fruity falsetto chuckle for the old "showboat" broadcasts. Even before that, the brown-haired six-footer had felt a profound admiration for Negro dialect — its colorful, dramatic expressions and

casual, happy quality of voice. Favorite stage personality of the 39-year-old character actor's childhood was the great Bert Williams, who gave him the inspiration for a foot-light career of his own — plus the sage advice, "Son, as you go through life, never lift anything heavier than a dollar bill."

Rollicking *Beulah* (and *Beulah's* boyfriend, too) came to life while Marlin was *Dick* of the "Tom, Dick and Harry" radio trio. Now she's taking care of the *McGees*. But is she a lady? As *Beulah* says, "On the con-positively-trairy!"





NEW THIS SUMMER, THE SHOW IS AN OFFSHOOT OF THE "METROPOLITAN AUDITIONS OF THE AIR"—WHERE ITS SINGERS GOT THEIR START

## World of Song

**"METROPOLITAN AUDITIONS" GRADUATES TAKE AN ENCORE AS GUEST STARS**

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

**N**OVELTY shows in summertime are anything but rare — the broadcasting business has long used "summer replacement" shows to test new ideas and personalities as to their fitness for "official" winter spots of their own. But "World of Song," following in the footsteps of "Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air," sets a new high in novelty.

Its parent program, heard throughout the regular radio season for the past nine years, is the one which gives new singers a trial by air — and "World of Song" is the development. For the stars who guest each week, during the sunshine months, are graduates of "Met Auditions."

The result is a summer holiday for both listeners and performers. Listeners get a chance to hear some of the best-trained voices in America singing the simple songs America loves best. Performers get a chance to prove they can handle popular airs as well as operatic arias.

More than that, the new between-season program is a long-deserved tribute to the success of its much older winter

partner, a success made possible by two ultra-human factors: The sponsoring Sherwin-Williams Company — which has spent a sizeable fortune, awarding scholarships as well as grand prizes to contestants each year — and Wilfred Pelletier, Metropolitan conductor who guides the destinies of both the "Auditions of the Air" and "World of Song."

Together, this combination has done much to foster the careers of hitherto-unknown musicians in this hemisphere. Records show that, out of some 30 contestants who have signed opera contracts because of their participation in the Auditions, the only ones who aren't singing regularly at the Met are those now serving in the armed forces.

It is from these contestants that the summer's guest stars are chosen — from the first winners back in 1935-36 to those who qualified last spring. A very American group it is, too. This year's crop alone came from all over the continent, both cities and rural districts. Their parents were tailors, critics, professional musicians, doctors, ministers and dentists.

(continued)

## World of Song

They themselves had been animal-trainers, ballerinas, sketch-artists and former gridiron heroes. Some had studied under such famous former operatic stars as Tito Schipa and Rosa Raisa in their native Chicago, others had traveled as far as 150 miles from their tiny home town for each and every singing lesson. Some had never won anything but amateur contests for children, others had become proteges of such notables as Mary Garden.

Two things they all had in common — a worthy voice and a chance to use it on "Auditions of the Air." For them, all roads led to the office of Wilfred Pelletier, guiding light of the program and, for these moments at least, master of their musical destinies.

Fortunately for them, Pelletier is peculiarly fitted, by both temperament and training, for the job he has been doing the past nine years. Reverently referred to as "Maestro" around the Blue Network studios during rehearsals and broadcasts of the series of which he is undisputed czar, the cherubic, slightly chubby conductor is probably the only one at the Met who is invariably addressed by nickname. Among his dignified colleagues at the barn-like opera house, he's universally known as "Pelly."

Pelly was probably picked to originate and guide the Met Auditions because of his knowledge of a vast repertoire. Maestros at the Met are apt to specialize in operas of a given type or language — or even of a single composer — but Pelly is unique in that he knows virtually all the operas, or at least the principal selections from them. As long-time director of the company's popular Sunday night "gala concerts" — in which a variety of stars each week sang their best and rarest numbers, solo or in groups — he had to know the scores of everything.

Also, at that time, he had more radio experience than most, both through guest-conducting with the major symphony orchestras on the air and through his directing of a season of condensed operas in English over the ether. In addition, he is that rarity among operatic musicians—a native of this continent. Pelly was born in Montreal, some 46 years ago, and his soft but marked "foreign" accent is simply that of a loyal French-Canadian.

Whatever reasons the powers-that-be may have had for picking Pelly, no choice could have been happier for young contestants. Not only does he have a natural desire to see American artists get every opportunity (he is the founder of the only government-sponsored conservatory of music on this continent, up in Québec), but he loves his winter program for what he calls its "human quality."

"When the program began," he says with his amazingly fluent though accented English, "some people doubted that we could make it interesting. Actually, it couldn't help but be interesting. Just knowing what's going through these youngsters' minds — that it's the struggle of their lives so far — is exciting in itself!"

He means it, too. No newcomer has more enthusiasm, no contestant is more eager-eyed, than Pelly himself as he prepares the program. And, if they're not all winners, it's not for lack of Pelly's trying. The dynamic little man with the baby face and nondescript graying hair spends an incredible amount of time in preparation.

First of all, he hears an average of a thousand operatic aspirants each year, for this program alone. Anyone can get



MAESTRO PELLETIER IS PROUD OF HIS "AUDITIONS" ALUMNI — AND THEY ARE PROUD OF PELLY! ON HIS TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY AT THE MET, THEY PRESENTED HIM WITH A BIG AUTOGRAPHED SILVER TRAY

a hearing, by simply writing in and making the necessary arrangements. Every Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon, from 2 o'clock until 5, Pelly sits patiently listening to their efforts, giving nervous youngsters (and oldsters, too, for there are some) a chance to sing their arias over again — or to try another number — choosing those who will appear on the actual "Auditions."

And, every single day, he sees every singer thus chosen — no simple task, when one realizes that each contestant prepares

for broadcasting, three weeks in advance. That means that Pelly is rehearsing three programs at once, in various stages of development — a record which probably couldn't be matched by any other half-hour show on the air.

Pelly's devotion to his musical charges throughout all these preparations is equalled only by their devotion to Pelly after they make the grade. When the distinguished conductor — who began his own career at the Met at the ripe age of 20 — celebrated his 25th year in those sacred halls last December,

his airshow graduates presented him with a handsome tray. It was shining silver, in honor of that silver anniversary, and engraved with the signatures of every one of his adoring "Auditions" alumni.

Characteristically, Pelly — whose own wife, attractive Rose Bampton, is a Metropolitan prima donna — turned the occasion into a tribute to the givers themselves. "Someday," he smiled, "this tray is going to be worth twice its weight in gold — for here are the future great of opera in America!"



GROUCHO MARX FINDS DOTTIE LAMOUR AN INSPIRATION TO THE WALTZ



BUT LUCILLE BALL BRINGS OUT ALL THE DIXIE PIXIE IN HIS FEET

## “SHALL WE DANCE?”

GROUCHO MARX'S SLOGAN IS THE SIGNAL FOR SOME FANCY WRESTLING

TUNE IN SAT. 8 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

**T**AGLINES are the trademarks of radio comedians — a sort of verbal copyright, constantly infringed by the stars' own fans. From "Why, Daddy?" to "I dood it," they sweep the nation, sabotaging the conversation of average citizens. Now and then, however, a catch phrase comes along of such simplicity, such usefulness, that the originator should be rewarded with a medal of mirth.

Such a phrase is Groucho Marx's "Shall we dance?" — meaningless at first glance, perhaps, but a guaranteed situation-saver when the layman learns to handle it with all the finesse of the master himself. For Groucho, those three little words can be the squelch sublime for high-hat visitors to the "Blue Ribbon Town" program, the graceful acknowledgment of a pretty compliment, the subtle way of changing the subject when said subject is getting out of Marxian hands.

If tenor Bill Days, for instance, is so bedazzled as to praise Groucho's unique sartorial effects, the Great Mustache can reply offhandedly: "Oh, yes. This is my Eton jacket — moth Eton! Shall we dance?" Should music director Robert Armbruster congratulate him on his alleged rendition of a song, he can respond graciously with: "Indeed, Robert, my friends assure me that when I sing I'm a howling success. Shall we dance?" In either case, the Beau Brummel of airy buffoonery sets his admirers' minds at ease — and successfully forestalls any possibly disastrous elaboration.

But there is still another practical application of the phrase, which is a source of considerable gratification. When glamour girls guest on the show, Groucho turns his favorite adage into a genuine adagio and gives the lucky ladies a real twirl in his manly arms. And not even the presence of Ginger Rogers' well-armed husband (Marine Private Jack Briggs, in the candid photo on the opposite page) can keep Marx from fitting appropriate action to the lilting words of "Shall we dance?"



VERONICA LAKE'S FANS PROVE TO BE A STUMBLING-BLOCK



EVEN THE SENTRY CAN'T STOP HIM WHEN HE SPOTS GINGER ROGERS



FAY MCKENZIE AND CAROLE LANDIS MAKE IT 3-ON-A-DANCE



ONLY FAY, AS HIS VOCALIST, DARES SHOW HIM HOW SHE REALLY FEELS!



# My Blind Date

by FRANCIGENE SHERIDAN

## TUNE IN'S ASSOCIATE EDITOR APPEARS ON BLUE NETWORK SHOW

**A** WELL-DEVELOPED sense of adventure is part of any reporter's stock in trade. Mine is always leading me into meetings with strangers—especially that goldfish-bowl variety known as "celebrities." Some of these ships-that-pass-in-the-night encounters have been very interesting indeed, but others were "let-downs," to put it mildly.

So it was with some misgivings that I accepted an invitation to appear on the "Blind Date" program, not knowing which pattern this particular adventure would follow. The fact that two glamorous models were to be my companions on the broadcast didn't boost my morale a bit, even though I kept telling myself that nobody would expect a magazine writer to compete (pulchritudinously speaking) with professional beauties. As I trudged through a blue Monday pouring rain with newspapers held over my newly-coiffed locks, I fervently hoped that the downpour would bring us together with a common bond of stringy hair, if nothing else.

Of course, I was doomed to disappointment. Upon arriving at the Ritz Theater, drenched, I opened my bedewed eyes to find the girls even lovelier than anticipated. (Later, I discovered that beauties are a regular feature of the program.)

After a few moments of chatting with dynamic Arlene Francis, both lank locks and fears of disillusionment were forgotten. The friendly manner of this gracious mistress of ceremonies would have soothed the most timid novice. In fact—though I hate to confess it—I found myself reacting

just like a fan to the thrill of the program and the lure of choosing my own "blind date," sight unseen.

At last the three damozels were led to one side of the divided stage to await introduction. Just before tripping gaily into public view, we paused for a moment to rubberneck—hoping for a sneak pre-view of the six service men who were to compete for our favor. It was no use, however, for the experienced powers-that-be—no doubt wise to the ways of womankind—had hidden them securely.

Promptly at 8:30, a sudden burst of applause heralded our entrance, and I mentally thanked announcer Jimmy Wallington for not saying, "Tonight we have two lovely models and a magazine writer." As we sat in solitary glory on three separate sofas, we were all caught up in the festive mood which emanated from the audience, and nervousness vanished completely. Claps and laughs greeted the boys as they were ushered to their half of the stage, and we all sat up expectantly awaiting the tinkle of the telephone bell.

I was to make my choice first, and before I knew it, a sailor with an engaging line of conversation was asking me for a date. This was great fun, and I was sorry when the gong sounded and we could banter no more. After I hung up, Arlene chatted with my second unseen prospect—then another call for me—this time from a Marine. We had something in common immediately, as he was frank to confess that he too had been duped by blind dates before—his last



**1** Final touches of make-up applied in a backstage dressing room make sure that no shiny nose mars the perfect big moment.



**2** Hostess Arlene Francis shows each girl where she will sit on the stage, and outlines the plan of the "Blind Date" program.

"venture" having had such buck teeth that she could "eat corn on the cob through a picket fence!" That did it. I chose the Marine—Pfc. Bob Rose, of Lexington, North Carolina.

Then came the climax—a knock on the door (which is set into the partition running down the center of the stage). I opened it—and there stood a big grin holding an orchid. Here I was, pleased as punch, and the evening just beginning. Bob and I went back to our sofa, and I couldn't help glancing smugly at the other two girls, still waiting their turns. They, however, got confidence from seeing my "catch," and approached the phone with great nonchalance.

While they were making their decisions, Bob and I chatted in undertones, and most of our conversation dealt with the momentous problem of whether to put on the gorgeous orchid now or later. We both felt there would be too many pricked fingers if we tried to pin it on with all the excitement, and felt it was much wiser to wait. (By this time I was just about as flustered as a sixteen-year-old with her first date—but that was part of the fascinating fun of the program.)

It seemed just a moment till two other grinning escorts appeared on our side of the stage and the program was over. The losers were introduced, too, and our regrets at leaving them behind vanished when we found out how well Arlene Francis had taken care of them. They'd won money prizes, plus tickets to Radio City and to a current play on Broadway. So we wished 'em a good time, and were on our way.

Even the weather was in our favor, for there wasn't a trace of rain as our gallant swains escorted us to waiting hansom cabs for a leisurely drive to the Stork Club. There, lovely coatroom girls helped us park great bottles of hand lotion (presented by the sponsor) as well as our coats and hats. Orchids were finally adjusted satisfactorily, and the genial head-waiter led us to a large, beautifully-set table right smack in the middle of the room.

No one who saw the way that bountiful dinner disappeared



**4** Boy meets girl at last. A gift of gab won Marine Bob Rose his lady—and a spectacular evening he will remember.



**3** Telephone dating is a lot of fun, but these eager conversation-alists would love to peek at the other side of that door.



**5** Driving to the Stork Club in a horse-drawn hansom cab, complete with silk-hatted driver, is an adventure in itself.



6 The Stork Club, scene of the "Blind Date" party, is a mecca for tourists and favorite night spot of stage celebrities.

could have believed that most of us had been suffering from the nervous jitters less than an hour before. I asked Tom Wallace, the producer (who was with us all evening), if he'd ever seen such a hungry, happy, congenial group and he nonchalantly answered: "Sure, this happens every week."

As if there hadn't been enough excitement to talk about for weeks, we were told that Sophie Tucker and Ted Lewis were coming to be our host and hostess for the evening. How wonderful! When they arrived with Arlene, after their theatrical engagements, their spontaneous friendliness took our hearts by storm and made everyone feel completely at ease. We were the center of gaiety and the envy of all.

In addition, our table was a magnet for other celebrities, and incredulous gasps arose on all sides of me. Eddie Cantor, Tyrone Power and Annabella, Margaret Sullavan, Adolphe Menjou, were just a few of the names to be tossed at friends later. Pictures were taken and countless autographs collected as proofs for unbelieving friends and families. It certainly was a gala occasion.

Time broke all records for speeding, and reluctantly we gathered up our belongings at last. Tom Wallace and the six of us crowded into one cab, and we were a strange-looking group as we tried to keep all the pictures, lotion bottles and autographs straight. Morning papers were added to our collection, too, but we made no attempt to read them in our crowded quarters. Instead, voices were raised in song as three wonderful boys, three happy girls and a tired but game producer bowled along homewards.

As one by one we were deposited at our doors, my reporter's instincts came to the fore, and I realized that this is indeed a rare program, enjoyed so thoroughly by participants as well as listeners. Perhaps some day the individual stations will adopt the idea, thus giving many boys and girls all over the country a chance at a grand evening of fun.



7 Time for chow — but what a whale of a difference from the mess hall! Elegant service, gay music, dancing, sparkling companions—who could ask for anything more?



8 Hail and farewell. Thanks for a grand time are exchanged as the lady is escorted home.



THE CAST ASSEMBLES—FRED WALDNER, JACQUES RENARD, KAY PENTON, LARRY ANDREWS, BRAD REYNOLDS, COTSWORTH, MARY ANN MABEE

## Friday On Broadway

HIT TUNES AND TOP VOCALISTS CAPTURE GLAMOUR OF THE MAIN STEM

TUNE IN FRI. 7:30 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

**T**HERE'S no street in the world quite like Broadway — for glamour, for excitement, for fun and frolic. And that's the atmosphere that "Friday on Broadway" attempts to capture for Main Street.

They've got the cast to do it, too. Genial 200-pounder Jacques Renard, who leads a 30-piece orchestra and a chorus of 14 voices, is already well known to radio listeners as the maestro of many important air-shows. The smiling, double-chinned rhythmic whiz has good cause to know a lot about music. From the time the chubby youngster's fingers were able to hold anything at all, his mother insisted that he learn to play the violin — and stood over him while he practiced. The result was that he was soon doing solo work and, by sixteen, had secured an engagement to tour South America as a violinist for the famous dancer, Anna Pavlowa. Many were the times that young Jacques would have preferred to clasp his hands around a baseball bat, but, "Father never spared the rod if I grew lax with the bow."

It was many years later that the gifted musician decided on piloting his own orchestra and started out in a double venture by opening up a supper club known as "The Coconut Grove." This was followed by the "Club Mayfair," from

which he made his first broadcast, soon to be followed by regular radio contracts.

The vocalists on the program have had long and interesting careers, too. Brad Reynolds started out as a trumpet-player, largely because a musician happened to arrive in town who could teach that instrument. It wasn't till the lad attended junior college that he discovered he could sing. The 31-year-old tenor remembers some hard days in New York, when lessons had to be paid for by acting as chauffeur for the teacher, but that's all in the past now.

Mary Ann Mabee made her first success in serious music, on the West Coast, but found that she had to start all over again in the chorus after coming East. Twenty-year-old Kay Penton, on the other hand, zoomed to fame by marching right up to George White and asking him for an audition.

The rugged individualist on the show is emcee Staats Cotsworth, who spent years studying art — only to decide that he preferred good food and security. After that, he made a notable success on the stage, and has now turned to radio, where he manages to put his varied talents to use by turning out quick sketches in odd moments. For pictures of the cast, plus Cotsworth interpretations, just turn the page.



**JACQUES RENARD**

is not content with merely leading an orchestra, but can also handle six or seven instruments himself.



**WARREN SWEENEY**

is a composer as well as announcer, and the proud father of six youngsters—all musically gifted.



**MARY ANN MABEE**

has two main interests—her singing career and her husband, now on duty with the U.S.N. in India.



**STAATS COTSWORTH**

spends all the time he can spare from emceeing, drawing unflattering caricature of fellow-artists.





# DUKE ELLINGTON

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS SLIPPED A WHITE TIE ON JUNGLE RHYTHM

**G**RRR-OWL! Thump, thump, thump! Wail and cackle, quiver and scream. It's a madhouse frolic of syncopation and cacophony when the Ellington jive boys get going on the beam.

The Duke's rehearsals are like nothing else in this world—except perhaps a boiler factory forging full steam ahead. Amidst all this confusion of unrelated noise and blaring crescendo, the Aristocrat of Swing sits: calm, smiling and satisfied. For the Duke is among the last

of the believers in true jazz—jazz based not on one man's ideas, but on the improvisations of a whole group of highly skilled and torrid musicians, each pouring out his own soul into the part he will play. With a regal indifference to written-down notes, the portly maestro tosses a fragment of melody at his attentive coterie of jazz maniacs, listens to them fool around with it for a while—and presto, another selection has been added to the already bulging album of

nearly a thousand items of Ellingtonia.

That this method pays commercial (as well as musical) dividends is proved by the record. For more than twenty years the Duke has rated royal attention both here and abroad, and has even crashed into the stronghold of the longhairs with two sell-out concerts at New York's Carnegie Hall.

The repercussions of that first European tour, in 1933, haven't died down yet. Instead of dancing to his music, the



RAY NANCE PUTS A NUMBER IN THE GROOVE



WINI JOHNSON JUST TINGLES WITH RHYTHM

critics of the continent sat down and listened to it seriously, in concert halls ranging from England to Switzerland. The *London Times*, for example, was overwhelmed by the exciting effect and commented, "It is not an orgy, but a scientific application of measured and dangerous stimuli." It was in England, too, that Edward Kennedy Ellington got the title that has stuck to him ever since: "The Duke of Hot." This phrase was first invented by the then Prince of Wales—a long-time Ellington fan—when he introduced the composer to admiring members of (genuine) royalty.

The barrel-chested composer has never let any of this adulation go to his sleek brown head. His only comment is to reply lazily, "What head?" An amiable and witty philosopher, the soft-voiced musician really loves meeting people—all kinds of people—and it makes little difference to him whether they are youngsters from the Colored Orphans' Home or the crowned heads of Europe. Much too good-natured and easy-going for arrogance or artistic temperament, the Duke likes to sit, broad shoulders hunched almost up to his head, listening to other folks talk—so that he can toss in a well-turned crack now and then. Having to carry the burden of a con-



THE DUKE AND LENA HORNE PACK GIFTS WITH TWO CHILDREN FROM THE ORPHANS' HOME



HAZEL SCOTT GETS THE ROYAL ATTENTION

versation himself, however, makes the tall, 200-pounder squirm like a school-boy as he gropes for words to express his thought. On one subject, nevertheless, the Duke grows eloquent—and that is food. Just to hear this gourmet describe a thick, juicy steak is enough to make one drool for days. And he's also willing to tell all about the super-duper de luxe kitchen that he designed himself for his apartment on Harlem's wealthy Sugar Hill.

The heavy-shouldered conductor is quite willing to admit that he eats about as much as Gargantua, and even thinks of the towns his band plays in terms of their restaurant specialties. In fact, the whimsical Duke is always ready to boast of his failings—true or imagined—and doesn't care a hoot if anyone believes them or not. According to his own gleeful statements, he's fat but doesn't own a single muscle; his piano technique is poor; he cuts no ice at all with the ladies; his wardrobe is so scanty that he's practically naked; and, worst of all, he's a hypochondriac, always worried about his health.

Friends hoot at the colorful maestro's admissions, pointing to the raves of the critics, and the galleries of admiring feminine fans who rush to see him play in person. Moreover, the Duke first won the royal nickname by impressing high-school chums in Washington, D.C., with his sartorial splendor—and has lived up to that reputation ever since. Dazzled night club dancers are startled to see him do an Ina Ray Hutton, by appearing in five or six different outfits in a single evening. Before the war, the elegant ivory-tickler was said to have a wardrobe of 150 suits, which he augmented every week. Now the number has dwindled down to about fifty or sixty, but they're still custom made to cover up, as the Duke says, his "bad distribution." Shirts, shorts and shoes are also made to measure, and everything embroiderable carries a swanky monogram with his real initials, EKE.

The hypochondriac angle is something else again. True enough, he practically supports a personal physician who runs in at all hours to take the ducal pulse, oftentimes even while its owner is sleeping. Then, too, a masseur trots in once a day to keep the royal frame in tone. On the other hand, EKE seldom goes to bed before 10 A.M., even if he has to be up again in a few hours, and he's far from subsisting on a diet of graham crackers and milk.

At any rate, the health question does-

n't seem to affect his playing, and it is through music that the Duke really expresses himself. Once he gets in front of that keyboard, he loses himself completely, and a big white-shod hoof starts slapping out the rhythm, slapping it out so hard that the whole well-upholstered Ellington torso gets a workout. Unlike other bandleaders, the 45-year-old maestro never uses a baton, never visibly conducts, never tells the boys what number he's going to play.

Instead, signals are communicated through chords, through movements of the shoulders, the elbows, the head, and even the eyebrows. Perhaps that wispy football moustache (eleven hairs each side) has its innings, too—nobody seems to know. Newcomers to the band complain that they can't follow the system, but there are so few newcomers that it doesn't really matter much.

The real reason that this energetic twitch-control works is that Ellington has built up a band which understands and can interpret his music. Instead of writing for the instruments, he creates for the individual talents of the musicians, using the band itself as an instrument. Thus he is able to get rare and novel effects, impossible to produce

with any other group. These band jazz wizards really rate a story of their own. Soloist virtuosos in their own right, most are Ellington veterans, having been with the Duke from ten to twenty-three years. Consequently, each one is just as enthusiastic about steaming up the atmosphere as is the eminent Duke of Hot himself.



THE URBANE KING OF DELIRIOUS DANSAPATION IS A CLASSY DRESSER—AT HOME OR ABROAD





## PATSY KELLY, "PARTY" GIRL

SHE TAKES A BOW — WITH  
SINGING HOST BARRY WOOD

TUNE IN SAT. 10 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

IT isn't as though Patsy Kelly really needed an introduction to any kind of audience — stage, screen or radio. It's just that singing emcee Barry Wood is still trying to prove that was no April Fool's gag he pulled on the public last spring, when he and the Million Dollar Band first presented her disembodied but definitely distinctive voice as the low-life of their "Palmolive Party." No little stranger by now, plumpish Patsy has been featured in any number of Broadway revues, motion picture comedies, air shows with such old masters as Phil Baker and Bob Hope — and hasn't, begorra, picked up an ounce of glamour yet.

Christened Bridget, when she was born in Brooklyn, the ultra-Celtic Miss Kelly early proved that she was really a "Patsy" (otherwise, "the goat"). It was a couple of cops who suggested that dancing school might be a relief, not only to such an energetic youngster, but to her long-suffering neighborhood. One fancy step led to another, and Patsy was soon on the way to the fame and fortune which have changed her so little. Always hatless, never married, always looking for "bargains," never missing a wisecrack, Patsy is still a confessed "mug" — "but a good one," she adds!

# "DR. MALONE" CAST AIDS WAR EFFORT

**P**OPULAR daytime serials are not only preaching patriotism these days — their casts are practicing it! Nowadays, when the players in "Young Dr. Malone" aren't rehearsing for or performing in their Monday-to-Friday stint at 2:30 P.M. E.W.T., over CBS, they're working on new and improved methods to salvage for victory.

Saving isn't enough, they've found. There are extra bits of effort everyone can put in. *Dr. Malone* (Alan Bunce) and *Dr. Kwan* (Ray Hedge), for instance, believe in doing more than merely hoarding paper and metal. They personally see to it that it's delivered to the proper headquarters, without waiting for collection.

*Nurse Ann Malone* (Elizabeth Reller — who, just this April, married a real-life medico) thoroughly cleans and flattens every tin can she saves, while *Penny* (Tess Sheehan) carefully follows the correct procedure for salvaging fat: Straining it into a clean container, keeping it in a cool place until filled, then taking it promptly to the butcher's.



DR. MALONE HIMSELF (ALAN BUNCE) GETS IN THE SCRAP-PAPER



TESS SHEEHAN STRAINS UN-WASTED FATS



RAY HEDGE TURNS IN PRECIOUS SALVAGE METAL



ELIZABETH RELLER SAVES TIN CANS

# NIGHT-CLUBBING WITH CURT MASSEY

THE BIG BARITONE AND HIS WIFE LOOK  
INTO CHICAGO'S GAY AFTER-DARK LIFE

FEW radio rises have been so rapid in the past year as that of Curt Massey, 34-year-old baritone whose present popularity is attested by no less than three series a week over NBC. There's "Starring Curt Massey," on Saturday afternoons at 5:45 E.W.T. There's "Shaeffer World Parade," on which he does the vocal solos, at 3 P.M. on Sundays. And there's still "Reveille Roundup" — on which he got his start — Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:45 A.M.

Such a schedule, with its crack-of-dawn awakenings, doesn't leave much leisure time for looking into the night life of Chicago, where the 6-foot-2 singer now lives. Curt usually leads a quiet home life with his wife, Edythe, and their 3-year-old son, Steve. But, when the Masseys do step out for the evening, they do it thoroughly — as the camera proves on these pages. The pictures also show how far today's tall, dark and suave "city slicker" has come from the days when he was born in Midland, Texas . . . reared on his father's ranch in New Mexico . . . fiddled for charity benefits in the county jail when he was only 11 . . . and toured chautauqua circuits with his dad, older brother Allen and sister Louise.



FOR CURT, SEEING THE TOWN NOW ALSO MEANS BEING SEEN — AND ASKED FOR AUTOGRAPHS, "BACKSTAGE" AT CHEZ PARIS NIGHT CLUB



Mr. and Mrs. Massey—Curt and Edythe—pause for a pose as they start out for the evening.



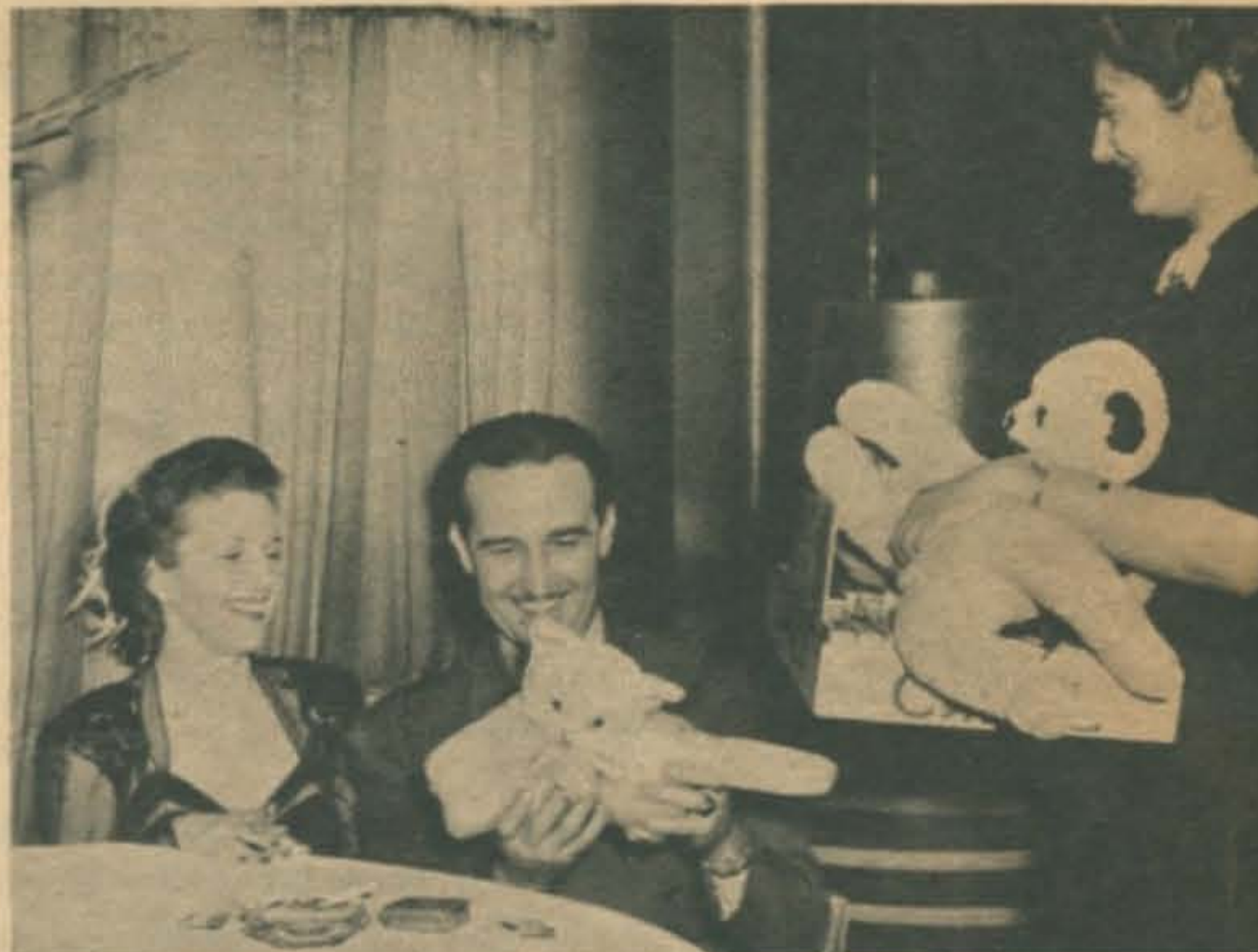
Dancing is a "must," when they catch the music of the orchestra in the Ambassador's "Pump Room."



At the Kungsholm, they "meet" the puppets who "sing" operatic scenes.



Dinner at Jacques', the French restaurant—followed by a palm-reading.



Son Stevie (at home) is not forgotten, as they buy him a souvenir.



The Masseys' last stop turns out to be the Singapore, Chicago's pet late-hour rendezvous.



Time for breakfast—almost—so Curt and Edythe top off the night with a "light" snack of barbecued ribs.



Tired but happy, they wait for the doorman to call a home-bound cab.

# THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

## BEHIND THE BANDSTAND

by BOB EARLE

**STUDIES IN JAZZ:** Few jazz maestri get a chance to speak before University groups on the popular types of music, but Duke Ellington recently followed Igor Stravinsky in delivering a series of lectures at Boston and Harvard Colleges. Ellington illustrated his talk by playing his own compositions and improvisations.

*Kenton Augments:* Bob Hope's bandleader, Stan Kenton, has added stellar vocalist Anita O'Day to his orchestra personnel. Anita won her fame in Gene Krupa's orchestra, where she made such excellent records as "Let Me Off Uptown" and "A Little Bit South of North Carolina." Stan has also added Gene Howard as male vocalist and arranger Dave Matthews on the solo tenor saxophone.



**Add Young Bands:** With so many "name" bandleaders going into service, orchestraland is seeing the rise of several newer ones who threaten to become the big names of tomorrow—or even today! Though far from unknown, Hal McIntyre now has the greatest band to arise in years. But he's closely followed by Frankie Carle, Sunny Dunham, Boyd Raeburn and Bobby Sherwood. It's going to be a close, hard race!

*Rey in Navy:* When Alvino Rey, young guitar-playing orchestra leader, was inducted into the Navy, he requested that he be assigned to Radar studies rather than musical chores. He's now on duty at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

**Dots Between Dashes:** Raymond Scott deserves a bouquet for his sincere efforts to vary the staid pattern of radio bands. Ray constantly strives to get away from the stiff style of most studio ensembles . . . It's a mystery that Nan Wynn has never achieved the prominence she merits. She is still one of the best "fem" singers in the business . . . Sergeant Jack Leonard, formerly vocalist with Tommy Dorsey (before Sinatra), writes a hearty "hello" from England . . . In the same locale is the Navy band once conducted through the South Pacific battle areas by Artie Shaw, before his honorable discharge from the service. The group is now under the baton of bandleader Sam Donahue.

### TUNE IN'S SELECTION OF THIS MONTH'S TEN BEST POPULAR SONGS

(in alphabetical order)

#### AMOR

GOODNIGHT, WHEREVER YOU ARE

HOW BLUE THE NIGHT

I'LL BE SEEING YOU

I LOVE YOU

#### IRRESISTIBLE YOU

LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

SILVER WINGS IN THE MOONLIGHT

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY

### Latest Popular Recordings

**FEATHERHEAD**—Johnny Long (Decca): Johnny's treatment of ballad material is always above par. Petite Patti Dugan sings the refrain on this one, sings it well, and helps Johnny and his left-handed violin to make the arrangement one of the best on the shelf.

**MY LITTLE BROWN BOOK** — Duke Ellington (Victor): In the past two years, the Duke has been receiving the acclaim he so long deserved. His latest record—backed by "Someone"—is sincere Ellington music, aided by such artists as trumpeter Rex Stewart, saxophonist Johnny Hodges, trombonist Lawrence Brown and vocalist Herb Jeffries.

**BASKET WEAVER** — Glenn Miller (Victor): Glenn's civilian band returns to disc counters with another tune, recorded before Glenn went into the Army. Vocalist Ray Eberle sings the lyrics to both this side and the flipover, "On a Little Street in Singapore." P. S. Don't forget the Miller Album (below), which was also issued by Victor recently.



**LONG AGO (AND FAR AWAY)** — Jan Garber (Feature): The new Feature record company gets the benefit of Jan Garber's new swing band for their first releases. Genial Jan plays another song from "Cover Girl"—"Once Too Often"—on the reverse side of this one.

**HOLIDAY FOR STRINGS** — David Rose (Victor): This number has stepped into the limelight as one of the most interesting contributions ever made to popular music styling. Composer David Rose's interpretation, recorded more than two years ago, is still one of the best.

# ON THE SERIOUS SIDE

## NEWS AND PREVIEWS

The New York Philharmonic-Symphony Association — which broadcasts regularly on Sundays, over CBS — has signed one musical director, three cellists,



PIERRE MONTEUX

four guest conductors, ten pianists and eleven violinists for next year's Carnegie Hall concerts. Musical director for the season will be Artur Rodzinski, who will be assisted by Pierre Monteux, George Szell, Igor Stravinsky and Leonard Bernstein as guest conductors.

The violinists signed for special appearances with the Philharmonic-Symphony at Carnegie Hall include Zino Francescatti, Jascha Heifetz, Fritz Kreisler, Yehudi Menuhin, Nathan Milstein, Erica Morini, Ricardo Odroposoff, Isaac Stern and Joseph Szigeti. Pianists are Claudio Arrau, Alexander Brailowsky, Robert Casadesu, Rudolph Firkusny, Leon Fleisher, Josef Hofmann, Eugene Istomin, Wanda Landowska, Artur Schnabel and Rudolf Serkin. Cellists are Gregor Piatigorsky, Joseph Schuster and

Leonard Rose. The symphonic season will open on October fifth.

At the invitation of the Soviet Government, Mischa Elman has made a presentation to the Tchaikovsky Museum at Klim, Russia, which is now being restored after its partial destruction by the Nazis. The gift consisted of all Elman's own recordings of the great Russian composer's music.

It was the thrill of a lifetime for John Wooldridge — a Wing Commander of the Royal Air Force — when he heard the New York Philharmonic give a before-rehearsal reading of his own tone poem, "The Constellations." Veteran of 91 night missions over Europe, the flyer wrote the work during his 3½ years in the R. A. F. The orchestra may play the opus during the coming season, as a tribute to the composer.

Serge Koussevitzky is celebrating his twentieth year as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. On the actual date of his anniversary, Dr. Koussevitzky was honored at a testimonial dinner which was attended by the most outstanding figures of musical America, in appreciation of his many contributions to the field of music in the New World.

## RECORD RELEASES

**CONCERT FAVORITES — JOHN CHARLES THOMAS** with **CARROLL HOLLISTER** at the Piano (Victor Album M 966): For its latest Red Seal album, Victor has selected six of the most requested numbers sung by baritone John Charles Thomas—including such perennial favorites as "In the Gloaming" and "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes." Recording is the usual good Red Seal quality.

**BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY No. 9 IN B-MINOR (CHORAL SYMPHONY)—FELIX WEINGARTNER** and the **VIENNA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA** and **VIENNA STATE OPERA CHORUS** (Columbia M 227): Recorded in Europe before the war but held for release because of difficulties in getting the masters out of Europe, the drama of this score is admirably brought out by both orchestra and chorus. Recording is good and performances above par.

**STRAUSS: LAUGHING SONG** from "DIE FLEDERMAUS"; **PARDAVE: THE NIGHTINGALE—MILIZA KORJUS** and the **VICTOR CONCERT ORCHESTRA, ERNEST ROEMER, Conductor** (Victor 11-8579): Here is a preview of Miss Korjus' first American concert tour this fall. Her lovely soprano voice seems especially well suited to light selections like these.

**OTHERS: Werner Janssen** has conducted the Janssen Symphony of Los Angeles in the overture to "School for Scandal" (Barber) for Victor—a light and witty interpretation. Columbia has released an excellent single recording of Schubert's "Der Doppelgänger" and "Die Junge Nonne," sung by Lotte Lehmann, the famous soprano, with the accompaniment by Paul Ulanowsky.



### Army Wife Wins Writing Success After 2 Months' Training

"After only two months of N. I. A. Training, I became a reporter on the Columbus Enquirer. In four months, I have had two raises. Also I have over 75 'by-lines' to my credit, and the prospects of becoming City Editor look very promising."—Mrs. Marion M. Blondel, Columbus, Ga.

## "How do I get my Start as a writer?"

### ... HERE'S THE ANSWER ...

First, don't stop believing you can write; there is no reason to think you can't write until you have tried. Don't be discouraged if your first attempts are rejected. That happens to the best authors, even to those who have "arrived." Remember, too, there is no age limit in the writing profession. Conspicuous success has come to both young and old writers.

Where to begin, then? There is no surer way than to get busy and write.

Gain experience, the "know how." Understand how to use words. Then you can construct the word-buildings that now are vague, misty shapes in your mind.

O. Henry, Mark Twain, Kipling, Ring Lardner, just to mention a few, all first learned to use words at a newspaper copy desk. And the Newspaper Institute Copy Desk Method is today helping men and women of all ages to develop their writing talent . . . helping them gain their first little checks of \$25, \$50, and \$100.

### Learn To Write by WRITING

The Newspaper Institute of America is a training school for writers. Here your talent grows under the supervision of seasoned writers and critics. Emphasis is placed on teaching you by experience. We don't tell you to read this author and that author or to study his style. We don't give you rules and theories to absorb. The N. I. A. aims to teach you to express yourself in your own natural style. You work in your own home, on your own time.

Each week you receive actual newspaper-type assignments as though you worked on a large metropolitan daily. Your stories are then returned to us and we put them under a microscope, so to speak. Faults are pointed out. Suggestions are made. Soon you discover you are getting the "feel" of it, that professional touch. You acquire a natural, easy approach. You can see where you are going.

When a magazine returns a story, one seldom knows the real reason for the rejection; they have no time to waste giving constructive criticism.

The N. I. A. tells you where you are wrong, and why, and shows you what to do about it.

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# RADIO HUMOR

● Garry Moore: Jimmy, what I'm trying to find out is what you are doing to improve your health?

Jimmy Durante: Well, I drink four quarts of milk a day. I take 18 different kinds of vitamins and last week I took enough iron to build a battleship.

Garry Moore: You did?

Jimmy Durante: Yeah, and the last time I saw Henry Kaiser, he hit me over the stomach with a bottle of champagne!

—*Moore-Durante Show (CBS)*

● Frank Morgan: I discovered how to dehydrate water itself. As you know, water is H<sub>2</sub>O. I simply removed the 2 and the O.

John Conte: How did it taste?

Frank Morgan: Like H.

—*Maxwell House (NBC)*

● Hans Conreid: What a swimming pool! It's big enough to play water polo in!

William Bendix: Nothin' doin'! I ain't gonna have horses in my pool.

—*Life of Riley (Blue)*

● Billie Burke: I love England. To this day I drink tea the way the English make it.

Louis Sobol: What's the matter with the way we make it here?

Billie Burke: Well, I simply can't drink it. The hot water goes down all right, but the bag—well, it just simply won't.

—*Louis Sobol Show (Mutual)*

● Eddie Cantor: When I think how poor I was, it frightens me.

Harry Von Zell: You mean, if you hadn't become an actor you'd have had to steal?

Eddie Cantor: No. If I hadn't become an actor I might have had to go to work.

—*Eddie Cantor Show (NBC)*

● Fred Allen: Those Russians are wonderful dancers.

Portland Hoffa: They're jitterbugs too.

Fred Allen: What makes you think the Russians are jitterbugs?

Portland Hoffa: They're certainly sending the Nazis.

—*Fred Allen Show (CBS)*

# WITH THE NATION'S STATIONS

**W**E'VE heard tell for a long time now that things are looking up at the local stations, but never expected to have pictures to prove it. Nope, it's not an optical illusion, folks, and those aren't midgets. We were a bit confused ourselves for a while, thinking that maybe the heat had gone to somebody's head and we were getting some advance circus posters by mistake. But it turned out, at second glance, that these human skyscrapers were really in our own bailiwick after all.

John Barclay is heard regularly on "The Chicago Theater of the Air," "First Nighter" and "The Human Adventure," and acts as narrator for "The Chicago Theater of the Air Symphony Hour." After twenty-five years as a singer and actor in this country and abroad, the virtuoso has decided to try his towering talents at the problems of radio production.

The fellow with the appropriate monicker, Hy C. Geis, claims to be the world's tallest professional organist. Not content with that distinction, this perambulating flagpole descends from the clouds now and then to compose a tune for ordinary mortals. His latest song was dedicated to WCKY's pretty blonde soprano, Elaine Bauer, with whom he's shown below. It's never-ending beanstalk Jack Earle, however, who gets the most attention when he goes a-walking, as WBIG people could tell you. Not only the station itself but the streets all around were mobbed when Jack and his seven-league boots (or reasonable facsimiles) appeared on the scene.



**BIG** six-foot-five John A. Barclay of Chicago Station WGN gets the low-down on production from veteran Eddie Kahn, all of five-feet-three.



**MAMMOTH** organist Hy C. Geis (6'8") talks over high C's on his own level with WCKY Cincinnati soloist, Elaine Bauer.

# RADIO FACTS

◆ Phonograph records are now being produced on a mass scale by the Army Special Services Division. Each month, a "Hit Kit" (which provides four hours of musical entertainment contributed by the country's top talent) is sent out to the various places in which the Armed Forces are stationed. It is estimated that by the end of 1944, more than 2,000,000 of these special lightweight discs will have been distributed.

◆ According to the WPB, the lifting of restrictions on the production of civilian radio receiving tubes resulted in shipment of more than 4,000,000 during the first quarter of 1944. Figures for the second quarter of the year will probably be even higher, because of carry-overs of tubes.

◆ CBS estimates that the average cost of radio advertising to the sponsor is less than one cent per listener. Though an evening half-hour show on a coast-to-coast network may total as much as \$15,000 to put on the air, the tremendous number of people who hear it make the price seem low in comparison with other forms of advertising.

◆ Such various industrial uses of television as supervising port movements of ships and city traffic control are predicted by Ralph R. Beal of RCA Laboratories. Experts will also be able to watch the progress of work in factories through television cameras set up at strategic points, thus eliminating factors which slow up production.

◆ Statistical tables compiled by the trade paper, "Radio Daily," indicate that the number of radio homes in the United States this year has reached a new high of over 31,000,000. This total (based on War Ration Book registrations) shows an increase of 3,000,000 families of listeners over the official Census figures for 1940.

## RADIOQUIZ ANSWERS

(Quiz on page 2)

1—(B) Bob Hawk. 2—(A) Dunninger. 3—(C) Georgia Carroll. 4—(C) Dagwood and Blondie. 5—(A) Vic of "Vic and Sade." 6—(A) Raymond Johnson. 7—(C) Fred Allen, aged seven. 8—(A) Holmes & Watson.



**COLOSSAL** is the only word for Jack Earle, who tops 'em all at eight-and-a-half-feet. He's being interviewed by Alice Birkhead, five feet short, and Wally Williams, 5' 6". Jack couldn't have picked a more suitable station to appear at—WBIG, in Greensboro, North Carolina.



# TUNE IN'S SELECTION OF OUTSTANDING PROGRAMS

EASTERN WAR TIME INDICATED. DEDUCT 1 HOUR FOR CENTRAL TIME — 3 HOURS FOR PACIFIC TIME. NBC IS LISTED (N), CBS (C), BLUE NETWORK (B), MBS (M). ASTERISKED PROGRAMS (\*) ARE REBROADCAST AT VARIOUS TIMES; CHECK LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

## SUNDAY

9:00 a.m. World News (N)  
 9:15 a.m. E. Power Biggs (C)  
 10:00 a.m. Nat'l Radio Pulpit (N)  
 10:00 a.m. Church of the Air (C)  
 10:30 a.m. Wings Over Jordan (C)  
 11:00 a.m. Your War Job (B)  
 11:00 a.m. Rhapsody of Rockies (N)  
 11:05 a.m. Blue Jacket Choir (C)  
 11:45 a.m. Marion Loveridge (N)  
 12:00 noon War Journal (B)  
 12:00 noon Tabernacle Choir (C)  
 12:30 p.m. Stradivari Orchestra (N)  
 12:30 p.m. Transatlantic Call (C)  
 1:30 p.m. Sammy Kaye's Orchestra (B)  
 2:00 p.m. Those We Love (N)

2:00 p.m. Bid For Victory (C)  
 2:30 p.m. Westinghouse Program (N)  
 3:00 p.m. Life Of Riley (B)  
 3:00 p.m. Shaeffer World Parade (N)  
 3:00 p.m. N. Y. Philharmonic (C)  
 3:30 p.m. The Army Hour (N)  
 4:00 p.m. Fun Valley (B)  
 4:30 p.m. Pause That Refreshes (C)  
 4:30 p.m. World of Song (B)  
 5:00 p.m. General Motors Symph. (N)  
 5:00 p.m. Family Hour (C)  
 5:00 p.m. Mary Small Revue (B)  
 6:00 p.m. Catholic Hour (N)  
 6:00 p.m. Silver Theatre (C)  
 6:00 p.m. Philco Show (B)  
 7:00 p.m. Corliss Archer (C)  
 7:00 p.m. All Time Hit Parade (N)

7:30 p.m. Walter Pidgeon Show (C)  
 7:30 p.m. Fitch Bandwagon (N)  
 8:00 p.m. Gracie Fields (N)  
 \*8:30 p.m. Crime Doctor (C)  
 8:30 p.m. Keepsakes (B)  
 8:30 p.m. One Man's Family (N)  
 8:45 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)  
 9:00 p.m. Man. Merry-Go-Round (N)  
 9:15 p.m. Lower Basin Street (B)  
 9:30 p.m. Texaco Theatre (C)  
 9:30 p.m. American Album (N)  
 10:00 p.m. Take It or Leave It (C)  
 10:00 p.m. Hour of Charm (N)  
 10:30 p.m. Thin Man (C)  
 10:30 p.m. Blue Velvet (B)  
 10:30 p.m. Bob Crosby Show (N)  
 11:15 p.m. News of the World (N)

## MONDAY

8:00 a.m. World News (N)  
 8:00 a.m. News of the World (C)  
 9:00 a.m. Mirth & Madness (N)  
 9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)  
 \*10:00 a.m. Valiant Lady (C)  
 \*10:30 a.m. Open Door (C)  
 \*10:45 a.m. Bachelor's Children (C)  
 11:00 a.m. Road of Life (N)  
 11:00 a.m. Breakfast at Sardi's (B)  
 11:15 a.m. Vic & Sade (N)  
 11:30 a.m. Brave Tomorrow (N)  
 12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (C)  
 12:15 p.m. Big Sister (C)  
 12:30 p.m. Nat'l Farm & Home (B)  
 1:45 p.m. The Goldbergs (C)  
 2:00 p.m. Guiding Light (N)  
 2:15 p.m. Joyce Jordan, M.D. (C)  
 3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)  
 3:00 p.m. Mary Marlin (C)  
 3:00 p.m. Morton Downey (B)  
 3:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (N)  
 3:30 p.m. Pepper Young (N)  
 4:00 p.m. Broadway Matinee (C)  
 5:30 p.m. Just Plain Bill (N)  
 5:45 p.m. Captain Midnight (B)  
 6:00 p.m. Quincy Howe (C)  
 6:15 p.m. Serenade To America (N)  
 6:30 p.m. Arthur Godfrey (C)  
 6:45 p.m. The World Today (C)  
 7:00 p.m. Song Shop (N)  
 \*7:00 p.m. I Love A Mystery (C)  
 \*7:30 p.m. Blondie (C)  
 7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)  
 \*8:00 p.m. Calvalcade of America (N)  
 \*8:15 p.m. Lum 'n' Abner (B)  
 8:30 p.m. Voice of Firestone (N)  
 8:30 p.m. Gay Nineties Revue (C)  
 \*8:30 p.m. Blind Date (B)  
 8:55 p.m. Bill Henry (C)  
 \*9:00 p.m. Telephone Hour (N)  
 9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter  
 9:30 p.m. Spotlight Bands (B)  
 9:30 p.m. Vacation Serenade (N)  
 10:00 p.m. Carnation Program (N)  
 10:15 p.m. Top of the Evening (B)  
 10:30 p.m. Showtime (C)  
 10:30 p.m. "Dr. I. Q." (N)  
 10:30 p.m. Horace Heidt (B)

## TUESDAY

8:00 a.m. News of the World (C)  
 8:00 a.m. World News (N)  
 9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)  
 10:00 a.m. Lora Lawton (N)  
 \*10:00 a.m. Valiant Lady (C)  
 10:30 a.m. Helpmate (N)  
 \*10:30 a.m. Open Door (C)  
 \*10:45 a.m. Bachelor's Children (C)  
 11:00 a.m. Breakfast at Sardi's (B)  
 11:15 a.m. Second Husband (C)  
 11:45 a.m. David Harum (N)  
 11:45 a.m. Aunt Jenny's Stories (C)  
 12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (C)  
 12:30 p.m. Nat'l Farm & Home (N)  
 \*1:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (C)  
 1:45 p.m. The Goldbergs (C)  
 2:30 p.m. Women In White (N)  
 3:00 p.m. Mary Marlin (C)  
 3:00 p.m. Morton Downey (B)  
 3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)  
 3:15 p.m. Hollywood Star Time (B)  
 4:00 p.m. Broadway Matinee (C)  
 4:00 p.m. Backstage Wife (N)  
 4:30 p.m. Lorenzo Jones (N)  
 5:45 p.m. Front Page Farrell (N)  
 6:00 p.m. Quincy Howe (C)  
 6:15 p.m. Serenade to America (N)  
 6:15 p.m. Edwin C. Hill (C)  
 6:45 p.m. Lowell Thomas (N)  
 \*7:00 p.m. Let Yourself Go (B)  
 \*7:00 p.m. I Love A Mystery (C)  
 7:00 p.m. Song Shop (N)  
 \*7:15 p.m. John Nesbitt (C)  
 7:30 p.m. Ronald Coleman (N)  
 7:30 p.m. Melody Hour (C)  
 7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)  
 \*8:00 p.m. Big Town (C)  
 8:00 p.m. Ginny Simms (N)  
 \*8:15 p.m. Lum 'n' Abner (B)  
 8:30 p.m. Romance (C)  
 8:30 p.m. Date With Judy (N)  
 8:55 p.m. Bill Henry (C)  
 9:00 p.m. Famous Jury Trials (B)  
 9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)  
 9:30 p.m. Spotlight Bands (B)  
 10:00 p.m. Presenting Corwin (C)  
 10:00 p.m. Charlotte Greenwood (N)  
 10:00 p.m. Raymond Gram Swing (B)

## WEDNESDAY

8:00 a.m. World News (N)  
 8:00 a.m. News of the World (C)  
 9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)  
 10:00 a.m. Lora Lawton (N)  
 \*10:30 a.m. The Open Door (C)  
 \*10:45 a.m. Bachelor's Children (C)  
 11:00 a.m. Road of Life (N)  
 11:00 a.m. Breakfast at Sardi's (B)  
 11:15 a.m. Vic and Sade (N)  
 \*11:30 a.m. Bright Horizon (C)  
 12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (C)  
 12:15 p.m. Big Sister (C)  
 12:30 p.m. Nat'l Farm & Home (B)  
 \*1:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (C)  
 2:00 p.m. Guiding Light (N)  
 2:15 p.m. Today's Children (N)  
 2:30 p.m. Young Dr. Malone (C)  
 3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)  
 3:00 p.m. Mary Marlin (C)  
 3:00 p.m. Morton Downey (B)  
 3:15 p.m. Hollywood Star Time (B)  
 4:15 p.m. Stella Dallas (N)  
 6:15 p.m. Serenade to America (N)  
 6:45 p.m. Lowell Thomas (N)  
 \*7:00 p.m. I Love A Mystery (C)  
 7:00 p.m. Song Shop (N)  
 7:15 p.m. John Nesbitt (C)  
 7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)  
 \*8:00 p.m. Allan Jones (C)  
 \*8:00 p.m. Mr. & Mrs. North (N)  
 \*8:15 p.m. Lum 'n' Abner (B)  
 \*8:30 p.m. Dr. Christian (C)  
 \*8:30 p.m. Beat The Band (N)  
 \*8:30 p.m. My Best Girls (B)  
 8:55 p.m. Bill Henry (C)  
 9:00 p.m. Alan Young Show (N)  
 \*9:00 p.m. Dunninger (B)  
 9:00 p.m. Frank Sinatra (C)  
 9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)  
 9:30 p.m. Mr. District Attorney (N)  
 9:30 p.m. Jack Carson Show (C)  
 10:00 p.m. Kay Kyser College (N)  
 10:00 p.m. Great Moments in Music (C)  
 10:15 p.m. Top of the Evening (B)  
 10:30 p.m. Report to the Nation (C)  
 10:30 p.m. Soldiers With Wings (B)  
 11:00 p.m. Ned Calmer (C)  
 11:30 p.m. Arthur Hopkins Presents (N)

## THURSDAY

8:00 a.m. World News (N)  
 8:00 a.m. News of the World (C)  
 9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)  
 \*10:00 a.m. Valiant Lady (C)  
 10:30 a.m. Helpmate (N)  
 10:30 a.m. The Open Door (C)  
 11:00 a.m. Breakfast at Sardi's (B)  
 11:00 a.m. Road of Life (N)  
 11:15 a.m. Vic and Sade (N)  
 \*11:30 a.m. Bright Horizon (C)  
 11:30 a.m. Brave Tomorrow (N)  
 12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (C)  
 12:15 p.m. Big Sister (C)  
 12:30 p.m. Nat'l Farm & Home (B)  
 \*1:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (C)  
 1:45 p.m. The Goldbergs (C)  
 2:15 p.m. Joyce Jordan, M.D. (C)  
 2:30 p.m. Young Dr. Malone (C)  
 3:00 p.m. Morton Downey (B)  
 3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)  
 3:30 p.m. Pepper Young (N)  
 3:45 p.m. Right to Happiness (N)  
 4:00 p.m. Broadway Matinee (C)  
 5:30 p.m. Just Plain Bill (N)  
 6:00 p.m. World News (C)  
 6:15 p.m. Serenade to America (N)  
 6:45 p.m. The World Today (C)  
 6:45 p.m. Lowell Thomas (N)  
 \*7:00 p.m. I Love A Mystery (C)  
 7:00 p.m. Song Shop (N)  
 \*7:15 p.m. John Nesbitt (C)  
 7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)  
 \*8:00 p.m. Suspense (C)  
 \*8:15 p.m. Lum 'n' Abner (B)  
 \*8:30 p.m. Aldrich Family (N)  
 \*8:30 p.m. Death Valley Days (C)  
 8:55 p.m. Bill Henry (C)  
 9:00 p.m. Kraft Music Hall (N)  
 9:00 p.m. Major Bowes (C)  
 9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)  
 9:30 p.m. Joan Davis Show (N)  
 9:30 p.m. Spotlight Bands (B)  
 10:00 p.m. Abbott & Costello (N)  
 10:00 p.m. Raymond Gram Swing (B)  
 10:30 p.m. Here's To Romance (C)  
 10:30 p.m. March of Time (N)  
 10:30 p.m. Joe E. Brown (B)

## FRIDAY

8:00 a.m. World News (N)  
 8:00 a.m. News of the World (C)  
 9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)  
 10:00 a.m. Lora Lawton (N)  
 \*10:00 a.m. The Open Door (C)  
 10:30 a.m. Helpmate (N)  
 11:00 a.m. Breakfast at Sardi's (B)  
 11:00 a.m. Road of Life (N)  
 11:15 a.m. Vic and Sade (N)  
 \*11:30 a.m. Bright Horizon (C)  
 11:45 a.m. David Harum (N)  
 12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (C)  
 12:30 p.m. Nat'l Farm & Home (B)  
 \*1:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (C)  
 1:45 p.m. The Goldbergs (C)  
 2:00 p.m. Guiding Light (N)  
 3:00 p.m. Mary Marlin (C)  
 3:00 p.m. Morton Downey (B)  
 3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)  
 4:00 p.m. Broadway Matinee (C)  
 4:00 p.m. Backstage Wife (N)  
 4:30 p.m. Lorenzo Jones (N)  
 5:45 p.m. Front Page Farrell (N)  
 6:15 p.m. Serenade to America (N)  
 6:45 p.m. The World Today (C)  
 6:45 p.m. Lowell Thomas (N)  
 7:00 p.m. Nero Wolfe (B)  
 \*7:00 p.m. I Love A Mystery (C)  
 7:00 p.m. Song Shop (N)  
 7:30 p.m. Friday On Broadway (C)  
 7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)  
 8:00 p.m. Maxwell House (C)  
 8:00 p.m. Cities Service Concert (N)  
 \*8:15 p.m. The Parker Family (B)  
 8:30 p.m. Meet Your Navy (B)  
 8:55 p.m. Bill Henry (C)  
 9:00 p.m. Waltz Time (N)  
 9:00 p.m. Gangbusters (B)  
 9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)  
 9:00 p.m. Pays To Be Ignorant (C)  
 9:30 p.m. People Are Funny (N)  
 9:30 p.m. Spotlight Bands (B)  
 9:30 p.m. That Brewster Boy (C)  
 10:00 p.m. Moore-Durante Show (C)  
 10:15 p.m. Top of the Evening (B)  
 10:30 p.m. Stage Door Canteen (C)  
 10:30 p.m. Sports Newsreel (N)  
 11:30 p.m. Mrs. Miniver (C)

## SATURDAY

8:00 a.m. News of the World (C)  
 8:00 a.m. World News (N)  
 9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)  
 10:00 a.m. Mirth and Madness (N)  
 \*10:30 a.m. Mary Lee Taylor (C)  
 \*10:45 a.m. Pet Parade (N)  
 11:05 a.m. Let's Pretend (C)  
 11:30 a.m. Billie Burke (C)  
 12:00 noon Music Room (N)  
 12:00 noon Theatre of Today (C)  
 12:15 p.m. Consumer's Time (N)  
 12:30 p.m. Nat'l Farm & Home (B)  
 12:30 p.m. Atlantic Spotlight (N)  
 1:00 p.m. Grand Central Station (C)  
 1:15 p.m. Transatlantic Quiz (B)  
 4:02 p.m. Horace Heidt (B)  
 5:00 p.m. Your America (N)  
 5:30 p.m. Mother and Dad (C)  
 \*5:45 p.m. Starring Curt Massey (N)  
 5:45 p.m. Hello Sweetheart (B)  
 6:00 p.m. I Sustain the Wings (N)  
 6:00 p.m. Quincy Howe (C)  
 6:15 p.m. People's Platform (C)  
 6:30 p.m. Harry Wismer (B)  
 6:45 p.m. The World Today (C)  
 6:45 p.m. Leon Henderson (B)  
 \*7:00 p.m. Mayor of the Town (C)  
 7:00 p.m. The American Story (N)  
 7:30 p.m. The RCA Program (B)  
 \*7:30 p.m. Thanks To The Yanks (C)  
 7:30 p.m. Ellery Queen (N)  
 8:00 p.m. Blue Ribbon Town (C)  
 \*8:00 p.m. Abie's Irish Rose (N)  
 8:30 p.m. Boston Pops Orch. (B)  
 \*8:30 p.m. Inner Sanctum (C)  
 \*8:30 p.m. Truth or Consequences (N)  
 8:55 p.m. Ned Calmer (C)  
 9:00 p.m. Nat'l Barn Dance (N)  
 \*9:00 p.m. Your Hit Parade (C)  
 9:30 p.m. Spotlight Bands (B)  
 9:30 p.m. Can You Top This? (N)  
 9:45 p.m. Saturday Night Serenade (C)  
 10:00 p.m. Guy Lombardo (B)  
 10:00 p.m. Palmolive Party (N)  
 10:15 p.m. Correction Please (C)  
 10:30 p.m. Army Service Forces (B)  
 10:30 p.m. Grand Ole Opry (N)  
 11:00 p.m. Maj. Geo. F. Eliot (C)

## SHORT WAVE

CITY	E. W. TIME	STATION	DIAL	CITY	E. W. TIME	STATION	DIAL
Ankara	1:00 p.m.	TAP	9.456	Moscow	7:40 a.m.		15.755
Berne	3:45 p.m. — 4:15 p.m.		10.335		12:00 noon		15.75
	9:30 p.m. — 11:00 p.m.		6.345		6:48 p.m.	RKE	15.1
	9:30 p.m. — 11:00 p.m.		6.165		6:48 p.m.		15.23
	9:30 p.m. — 11:00 p.m.		6.539		6:48 p.m.		11.948
Brazzaville	2:50 p.m.	FZI	11.97		6:48 p.m.		5.44
	4:45 p.m.	FZI	11.97		6:48 p.m.		11.885
	7:45 p.m.	FZI	11.97		6:45 p.m.		9.57
Caracas	Times vary	YV5RN	6.2	Rio de Janeiro	8:30 p.m.	PSH	10.22
Chungking	9:30 a.m. — 3:00 p.m.	XGOY	6.13	Stockholm	2:45 a.m. — 3:10 a.m.	SBP	11.705
	5:00 p.m. — 10:00 p.m.	XGOY	6.13	(Weekdays)	7:00 a.m. — 7:55 a.m.	SBT	15.155
Guatemala	Times vary	TGWA	9.68		7:00 a.m. — 7:55 a.m.	SBP	11.705
Lima	11:30 p.m.	OAX4	6.08		11:00 a.m. — 2:15 p.m.	SBT	15.155
Leopoldville	1:00 p.m. — 7:00 p.m.	OTC	9.785		11:00 a.m. — 2:15 p.m.	SBP	11.705
	1:15 a.m. — 1:45 a.m.	OTC	9.785		2:30 p.m. — 5:15 p.m.	SBP	11.705
London	5:15 p.m. — 8:00 p.m.	GVX	11.93		2:30 p.m. — 5:15 p.m.	SBU	9.535
	5:15 p.m. — 8:00 p.m.	GSC	9.58		5:20 p.m. — 5:35 p.m.	SBU	9.535
	5:15 p.m. — 8:00 p.m.	GRX	9.69		9:00 p.m. — 10:00 p.m.	SBP	11.705
	8:00 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.	GSC	9.58	Stockholm	9:00 p.m. — 10:00 p.m.	SBU	9.535
	8:00 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.	GRX	9.69	(Sundays)	4:00 a.m. — 11:00 a.m.	SBT	15.155
	8:00 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.	GSL	6.11		4:00 a.m. — 2:15 p.m.	SBP	11.705
	8:15 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.	GSU	7.26		12:00 noon — 2:15 p.m.	SBT	15.155
	10:15 p.m. — 11:30 p.m.	GRW	6.15		12:00 noon — 5:15 p.m.	SBP	11.705
	10:15 p.m. — 11:30 p.m.	GRM	7.12		2:30 p.m. — 5:15 p.m.	SBU	6.066
Melbourne	8:00 a.m. — 8:45 a.m.	VLG	9.58		2:30 p.m. — 5:15 p.m.	SBU	9.535
	8:00 a.m. — 8:55 a.m.	VLG2	9.54	Vatican	5:20 p.m. — 5:50 p.m.	SBU	9.535
	10:10 p.m. — 10:40 p.m.	VLG4	11.84		11:00 a.m. (Tuesday)		17.401
					11:00 a.m. (Tuesday)		5.96
					11:00 a.m. (Tuesday)		17.19

# TELEVISION

## CONTROVERSY IN THE INDUSTRY CONFUSES WAITING PUBLIC

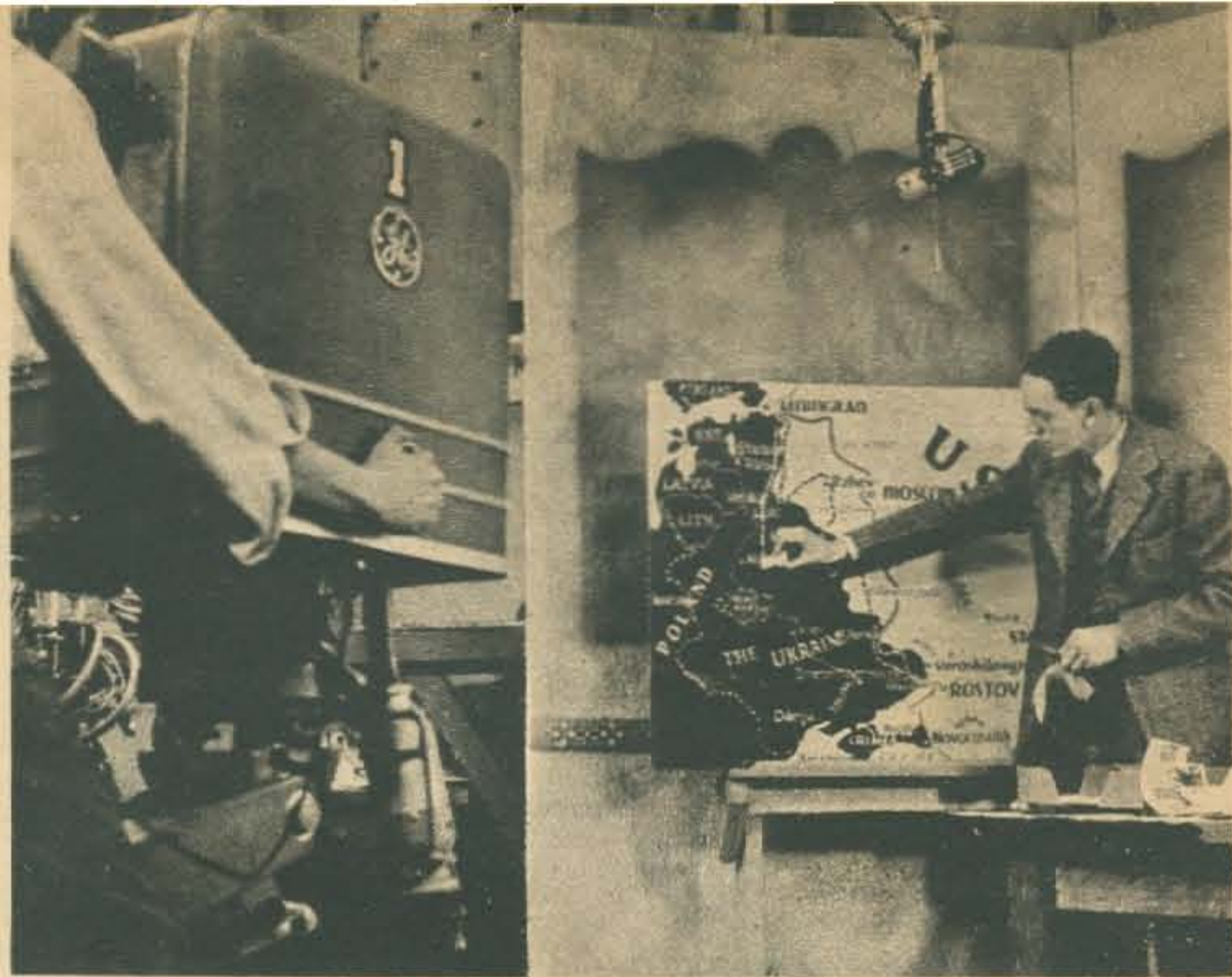
EVERYONE connected with television now agrees that sight-and-sound programs can be presented on a mass-scale shortly after the war. Nevertheless, a bitter controversy rages between various sections of the

industry as to what standards are practicable and how soon television can be put on a sound economic basis. These issues were brought to the attention of the general public when CBS issued the 16-page brochure illustrated at the left. CBS believes that the future of television will be best served by permitting engineers a year of intensive research to examine new



improved television standards. This position is supported by Chairman Fly of the FCC. Others, such as NBC and various television groups, disagree, feeling that television — at pre-war standards — should be made available to the public just as soon as the war ends, and improvements introduced gradually as they are perfected in the laboratory. The question before the public is this: Do listeners want television at pre-war standards immediately, even at the risk of buying sets that may quickly become obsolete? Or would they prefer to wait a year (perhaps several years) while experts perfect the clear, improved pictures already forecast by most of the industry's engineers?

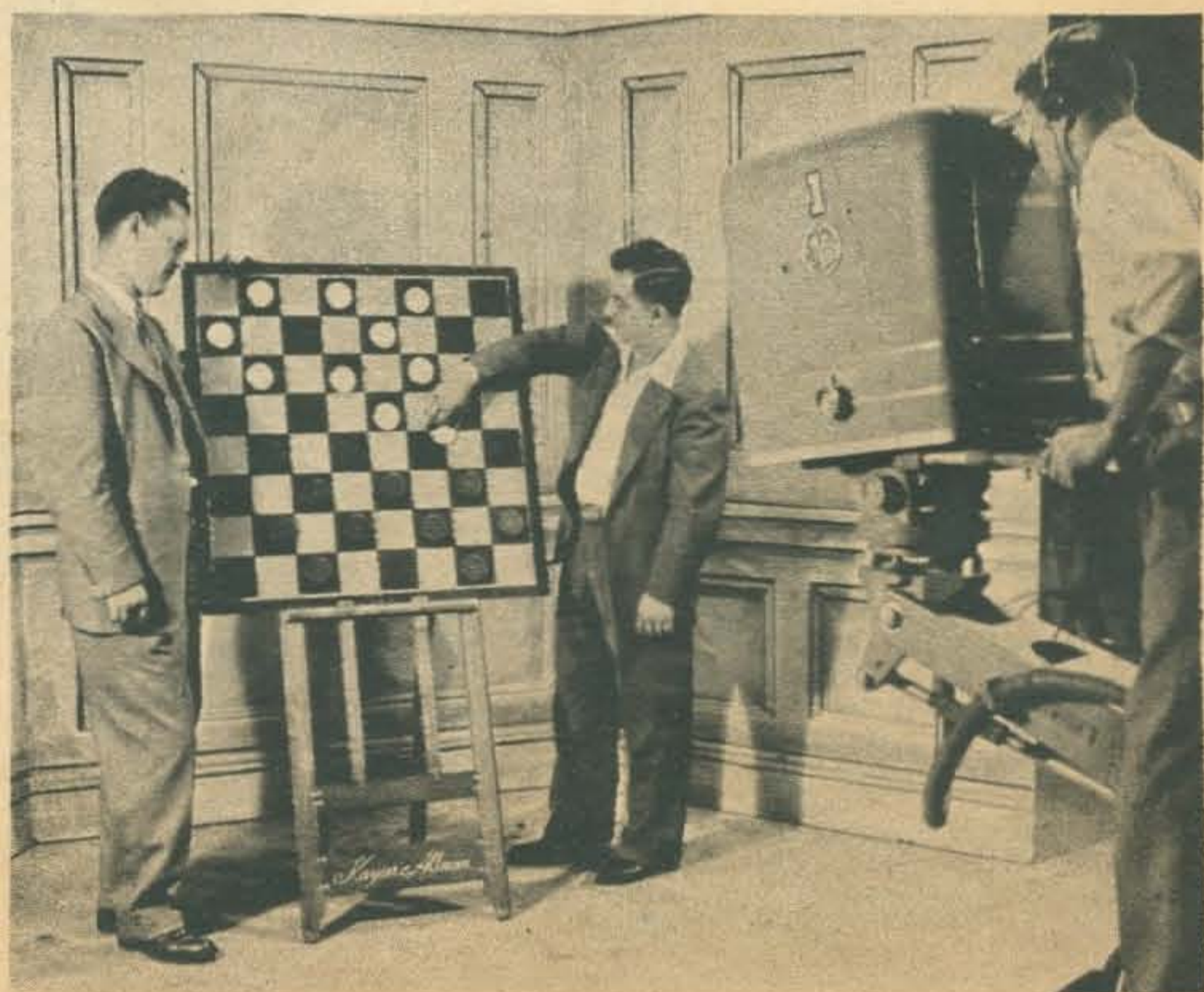
Large-Screen Receiver for home use has been developed by RCA Laboratories. The picture measures 13½ by 18 inches.



Already a Reality are such news telecasts as this one, in which Ralph Turner illustrates shifting battle lines for Station WRGB, Schenectady, dialers.



Ship-Launchings viewed right from the factory provide new inspiration for General Electric turbine-builders, who seldom see the completed product.



A Magnetic Checkerboard which stands upright for televising exhibition games is demonstrated by player Scardino to technician William Blacksher.

## Use it up . . .



That's the thing to do in wartime. Eat every bite of food, save every scrap of soap, make a patriotic habit of stretching all the supplies in the house so they go further, last longer.

## Wear it out . . .



This year old coats, old shoes, are a badge of honor. They show you're sensible enough to know that one way to help win the war, to keep prices down, is to wear your old things out!

## Make it do . . .



Before you spend a penny in wartime, ask yourself, "Do I really need this? Or do I have something now that will do?" As you patch and darn and turn, you're keeping prices down.

## or do without!



When you put your money in War Bonds, savings, taxes, insurance—you're putting your money to work fighting the war and building a sound, stable nation for the peace to come.

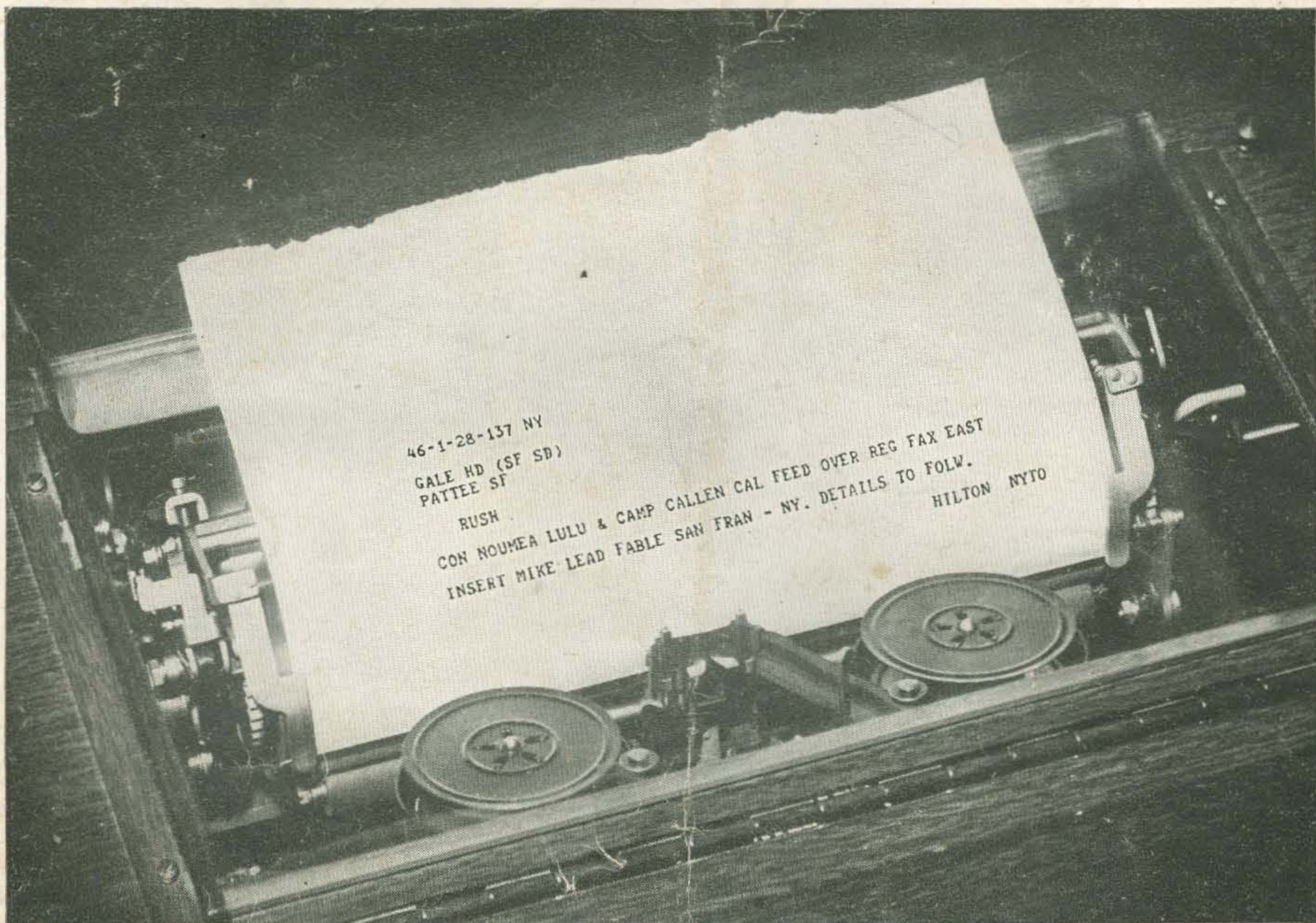
It's **your money** you're saving when you help keep prices down. For it's buying too much when there's too little to buy that sends prices up. And when prices go up—and keep going up—your savings, your future, are in danger.

How can you help keep prices down?

*See that prices go no higher . . . Be a saver—not a Buyer!*

By never spending a thin dime you could turn into a War Stamp. By thinking twice—and thinking "No"—at every urge to open your purse.

By wearing old things out, making makeshifts do. Remember, it's the things you *don't* buy that keep prices down!



## Double talk? No—trouble talk

Or rather the kind of talk that helps NBC *avoid* trouble.

Daily, hundreds of these telegraphic messages, abbreviated into lingo unfathomable to all but the initiated, are handled by the NBC department known as Traffic.

Traffic's teletypes clatter night and day in piling up a staggering total of messages...enough to meet the daily telegraphic requirements of a city as large as Schenectady, N. Y., or Trenton, N. J.

75,000 messages a month... ordering, improving, testing, renting, buying facilities...grinding out a daily mass of operations, business and program details.

Yes, every "fax" and "fable" is

checked and double checked before a program goes on NBC—whether it's a routine studio broadcast from NY, Chi, or San Fran or a pick-up from Algiers, Noumea or "lulu."

What's all this mean to the public—to you? More than most people realize.

Traffic's messages mold the network into a smoothness of presentation which would be impossible without all this advance planning and attention to detail.

\* \*

It's the grand total of all these "little things" which makes it certain that the public can rely on NBC... gives NBC its leadership and popularity... makes NBC "the Network Most People Listen to Most."

**TRAFFIC'S CODE:** CON (correction), NOUMEA (Pacific pick-up point), LULU (Honolulu), CAMP CALLEN CAL (Camp Callen, Calif.), FEED (send), REG (regular), FAX (facilities), MIKE LEAD (one-way circuit), FABLE (high-grade leased wire).

Stay tuned to the

# National Broadcasting Company

It's a National Habit

America's No. 1 Network



A Service of Radio Corporation of America

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