

TUNE IN

OCTOBER, 1944 FIFTEEN CENTS

20¢ IN CANADA



I'M NOT AFRAID
OF TELEVISION

by

ALLAN JONES

THE NATIONAL RADIO MAGAZINE

ANC



Official U. S.
Signal Corps Photo

Let these guys start it!

There's a day coming when the enemy will be licked, beaten, whipped to a fare-thee-well—every last vestige of fight knocked out of him.

And there's a day coming when every mother's son of us will want to stand up and yell, to cheer ourselves hoarse over the greatest victory in history.

But let's not start the cheering yet.

In fact, let's not start it at all—over here. Let's leave it to the fellows who are *doing* the job—the only fellows who will *know* when it's done—to begin the celebrating.

Our leaders have told us, over and over again, that the smashing of the Axis will be a slow job, a dangerous job, a bloody job.

And they've told us what our own common sense confirms: that, if we at home start throwing our hats in the air and easing up before the job's completely done, it will be slower, more dangerous, bloodier.

Right now, it's still up to us to buy War Bonds—and to *keep on* buying War Bonds until this war is completely won. That doesn't mean victory over the Nazis *alone*. It means bringing the Japs to their knees, too.

Let's keep bearing down till we get the news of final victory from the only place such news can come: the battle-line.

If we do that, we'll have the *right* to join the cheering when the time comes.

Keep backing 'em up with War Bonds

TUNE IN
NATIONAL RADIO MAGAZINE

"TUNE IN"

for

COMPLETE RADIO ENJOYMENT



THE RADIO MAGAZINE
FOR EVERY MEMBER
OF THE FAMILY



IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Because of transportation problems and present day paper conservation policies you can avoid disappointment by having "Tune In" sent to your home regularly every month. Coupon, below, for your convenience.

only \$1.50

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Please enter my subscription for one year to "Tune In." My money order for \$1.50 is attached.

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VOICE OF THE LISTENER

BOUQUET FOR CHICAGO SHOWS

To the Editor:

I am writing to say how much I enjoy your magazine, TUNE IN. It really gives radio fans what we want—the "inside" on the programs and personalities we listen to and enjoy. I was especially pleased when your magazine presented the "Breakfast Club" program with the citation for the fine work it is doing to keep us cheered up these nerve-straining days.

I am a constant follower of the programs and entertainers who are heard from Chicago. It seems to me they give more enjoyment than the much publicized Hollywood and New York shows. There is one young man in particular who, I feel, rates some space in your magazine—Curley Bradley. His fine work as m.c. and singer on "The National Farm and Home Hour" is making it one of the outstanding daytime shows.

BERNICE WIGGINTON

Pittsburgh, Pa.

WEEP NO MORE, MY LADY

Dear Editor:

Why don't writers of the soap opera, "Young Dr. Malone," do something to cheer Mrs. Malone up a bit? She is always bawling—I admit she is just about the best crier in the business, but it would be a relief to hear her laugh occasionally.

Maybe the sponsor would let her sing a commercial now and then. Even that would be preferable to hearing her cry all the time.

Then there is "Portia Faces Life." I feel so sorry for that poor woman! For the love of Walter, why don't they leave her face it, once and for all, and get it over with? I do not see how she can stand much more. Anyhow, I can't.

SUSAN GORDON

El Cerrito, Calif.

FRED WARING

Gentlemen:

In answer to Mrs. C. L. E.'s lament, I see by the papers that Fred Waring's expected back on the air again real soon. He and his Pennsylvanians are much too good and much too popular to stay off the air for long.

ROBERT BURTON

Brooklyn, N. Y.

MYSTERIES O. K.

Dear Sirs:

I believe that the letter by Broderick Morris in the July TUNE IN was an insult to the youth of America. Just because radio thrillers try to be entertaining doesn't mean that the listeners get crazy ideas from them. I have heard "Mr. and Mrs. North" a number of times and still do not believe that gangsters ride through the streets shooting everybody in sight—or that officers of the law are "flat headed and thick skulled."

B. B.

Boston, Mass.

TUNE IN TELEVISIONS

Dear Editor:

It certainly was a pleasant surprise to see all the TUNE IN editors taking part in a televised quiz show. As a steady reader of your magazine, I had become almost as curious about you people as I am about the radio headlines you write about. And you looked like a bunch of good scouts, too. Do it again sometime.

MARY ALEXANDER

New York, N. Y.

VAUGHN MONROE JACKPOT

Dear Sir:

Just a note to thank you for the article on Vaughn Monroe which appeared in your July issue. Vaughn is my favorite bandleader and I appreciate all the material that is published about him.

I'd also like to compliment you on your choice of adjectives to describe Vaughn. He certainly is that "good natured, likeable chap" you mentioned. I've had the pleasure of meeting Vaughn a few times and there's no one like him. I've yet to meet the person who doesn't think he's tops as a person, if not as a bandleader.

Thank again for the article—and keep 'em coming. That's the kind of stuff we want to read.

ALICE MARGULIES

Bayonne, N. J.



RADIOQUIZ

ED EAST
GUEST QUIZARD

JOVIAL QUIPSTER OF BLUE'S "LADIES BE SEATED"



1 Maestro Harry James' newest vocalist is attractive brunette: (A) Kitty Kalten (B) Helen Ward (C) Betty Brewer



2 This jokester and master of dialect is redheaded: (A) Al Pierce (B) Milton Berle (C) Peter Donald



3 Nick Charles' better half in the Thin Man stories is: (A) Alice Frost (B) Joan Blaine (C) Claudia Morgan



4 Blind Dates are made under the watchful eye of emcee: (A) Arlene Francis (B) Hildegarde (C) Ina Ray Hutton



5 Master of the ivories and well-known musical wit is: (A) Victor Borge (B) Alec Templeton (C) Zero Mostel



6 Feeding vitamins to Bugs Bunny (Mel Blanc) are: (A) Durante & Moore (B) Amos & Andy (C) Abbott & Costello



7 This' cute little youngster is now the famous: (A) Lucille Manners (B) Jessica Dragonette (C) Lily Pons



8 Busily signing autographs is handsome swoon-crooner: (A) Perry Como (B) Sunny Skylar (C) Dick Haymes

ANSWERS ON PAGE 45

GLADYS SWARTHOUT

Dear Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to say how great your magazine TUNE IN is. I have not found any magazine quite like it. In previous years it was very difficult to get to know and understand the personalities behind the voices heard on the air. Today, thanks to TUNE IN, it has become one's duty to be able to rattle off the name of Joan Davis' husband, the latest report on the Sinatra-Crosby war, and the number of digits in Dunninger's income.

I hope some day soon to see a story on my favorite of favorites, Gladys Swarthout. I wasn't always so fond of her, for when she was just beginning her career she used to stay at my Grandfather's hotel—and I was made to behave when she was around. By the time I was seven, however, her fresh, lovely voice thrilled me and inspired me to learn all I could about music. Though I didn't have a voice myself, ten lively fingers took a liking to the keyboard. In the years of study that followed, Gladys Swarthout gave me, though unknowingly, the needed encouragement to continue.

I am sure that there are thousands of others who have been deeply moved by the beautiful voice of this great singer, and would like to know more about her.

LYNDA OVRIL

New York, N. Y.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH LOVE?

My dear Editor:

In the July issue of TUNE IN, Lawrence Altoon objects to too much unadulterated love on the daytime radio programs. After all, isn't it love that makes the world go round?

He must have received some satisfaction out of those so-called "soap operas" while he was recovering from his accident. It at least took his mind off his own troubles.

Furthermore, it takes only a second to change the dial on the radio and get some other program on. Not every station is broadcasting love stories—there are many other programs on the air which one can listen to.

Perhaps my favoritism is so great towards these "soap operas" because I have high hopes of acting in one some day.

ANN ALLEN

St. Louis, Mo.

ANTI-RED BARBER

Dear Sir:

Every year in early October, the Mutual Broadcasting System airs the World Series ball games. And every year they have the same sportscaster—Red Barber. If I recall correctly, Mutual has always stated that they are happy to present America's favorite sportscaster, when referring to Red Barber.

It seems to me that Mutual could get a different announcer once in a while. No doubt, Pittsburghers would rather hear Rosy Rowswell than Mr. Barber all the time, and Clevelanders would rather hear their announcer, Jack Graney, describe the games.

I doubt very much if Red Barber is America's favorite sportscaster. Maybe New York's, but certainly not the United States'.

I may be wrong about this, but it seems to me that whenever there is a choice of announcers of any kind, the New Yorkers are chosen. Why? Because "good old New York" is the largest city in the world. Every October when the World Series begins, it just makes me burn to think that an announcer, hardly known outside of New York, is chosen, just to satisfy the New Yorkers.

CONRAD ROTHRAUFF

Cleveland, Ohio

BABY SINATRA APPROVED

Dear Sir:

We Sinatra fans just adored that baby picture in your September issue. He certainly was a cute little tyke—and I wonder what The Voice sounded like then.

We don't think, however, that you put in enough stories and pictures of Frankie. After all, he's still leading the popularity polls and there hasn't been a story on him for months.

ALICE MERIDAN

Chicago, Ill.

TUNE IN

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ON THE COVER

ALLAN JONES, who forecasts what the television future may mean to performers like himself—on page seven.

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AROUND THE NETWORKS



CBS maestro Mark Warnow is winning praise in musical circles for his policy of encouraging promising young composers by giving them needed jobs as part of his orchestra.



Though her "Screen Test" audition has not won Kay Lorraine (with Mutual Pres. McClintock and MGM's Altman) movie stardom, new radio contracts have resulted.

Eddie Cantor's shows during the coming season may sound pretty much the same to listeners at home, to the studio audience. The NBC comedian plans to prepare for television now by airing programs without scripts, in costume and perhaps even with stage settings. With television definitely on its way, Cantor feels that "the guy who is not ready for



it will lose out." Moreover, he believes that having the actors memorize their lines and fit suitable action to the gags will add a new realism to the show. Another innovation will be the use of mikes placed around the studio instead of two centrally-located ones as in the past. This will permit much more freedom of action for the dramatic parts.

The cast of "Bachelor's Children" (Patricia Dunlap, Hugh Studebaker, Marjorie Hannan and Olan Soule) celebrate the tenth anniversary of the veteran CBS serial this month.



Pianist-comedian Victor Borge has become a Blue fixture. His original guest appearance on "Basin Street" won him not only a spring contract, but an 8-week fall renewal.





Roslyn Silber, who plays Rosalie in Columbia's "The Goldbergs," helps an enthusiastic member of New York's East Side Peniel Club plant the seeds she donated for their Victory gardens.



Bonnie Baker, guesting on Bob Crosby's NBC show, took time out to knit for Bob, Junior, Singers Lorraine Burton (wife of violinist Al Burton), Bob himself, and Jo Stafford are admiring onlookers.



"Fly Season" meant insect-catching to radio actress Marilou Neumayer—hence the sticky paper!—until actor Frank Dane showed her his home-made "flies" at NBC's Chicago studios.



Real Locomotive inspired the first—or "Streamliner"—movement of Dr. Roy Shield's "Union Pacific Suite," as premiered over NBC. Human desk is pretty Nancy Foster of network's music department.

Along Radio Row



Keyboard Conference is held by Morton Gould and Vladimir Golschman over the "Symphony of Marching Tunes"—which was commissioned by the Y. M. C. A., composed by Gould, conducted by Golschman.



The Coast Guard convoys NBC Comedienne Joan Davis—William Houdlett, New York City; James Swift, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Frank De Pietro, Chicago, Ill.; and Cameron Duff, New York.



Even a Sick Bed couldn't keep Jimmie Fidler from telling the world—via his broadcasts over Blue—about the many scoops and near-scoops he unearths while covering Hollywood beat.



"World on a Panel" is this special control board which Paul White, Director of News Broadcasts for CBS, uses for monitoring the quality of overseas-originated programs, last-minute instructions to Columbia's far-flung foreign correspondents, signals to announcers and engineers.

OF MIKES AND MEN

By
LAURA HAYNES

Most people would appreciate a FRANK SINATRA signature—but how would you like to have it on a check? That's what happened to one now-happy soldier in Los Angeles, who had lost his wallet with all the money he'd saved for a furlough with his family. Frankie read about it in the papers, then proved his heart was as golden as his voice, by sending an autograph the lad could cash.

★ ★ ★

Look for a changed JOAN DAVIS on her program this fall! Chances are that she'll have herself a beau in the new set-up, since audience reaction to the clown princess's genuine good looks has been so favorable that "Sealtest Village" may no longer be able to present her as a desperate wallflower.

★ ★ ★

So many guest concert artists have been rather condescending toward radio music and musicians that it's a pleasure to report FRITZ KREISLER's reaction to his NBC "Telephone Hour" appearances. After making his all-time air debut on that program, the violin virtuoso can't speak too highly of conductor DONALD VOORHEES for his fidelity to the classics "as written" and the precision he gets from his orchestra.

★ ★ ★

Silly Statistics: Mutual commentators and technical staff at one of the Chicago political conventions consumed no less than 300 cokes and 200 hot dogs—yet FULTON LEWIS lost 25 pounds, WALTER COMPTON 15, TOM SLATER 14, CECIL BROWN 8, and MRS. RAYMOND CLAPPER 3!

★ ★ ★

GROUCHO MARX's farewell to his past-season Saturday night program over CBS didn't mean that his sponsors were dissatisfied. It was just that they had an eye on television and figured that photocomic DANNY KAYE—who will take over the program in December—should be a "natural" for the new medium. Groucho then asked for early release from his contract, to consider other offers in time for fall schedules. Meanwhile, singing KENNY BAKER carries on with the show, in the absence of both comedians.

Shortage Shorties: VICKI VOLA, "Mr. District Attorney's" long-time assistant, finally got a maid — by taking her on a guided radio tour and letting her sit in on rehearsals . . . DUNNINGER, Blue's mental marvel, got a room in Washington, D.C.—by reading the number of the only vacancy from the mind of a clerk who had just told him there wasn't a bed left in the hotel . . . BOB HAWK of "Thanks to the Yanks" is now giving thanks to the Old South for rare commodities he found in a Louisville, Kentucky store while on tour—two pairs of precious rubber panties for his small nephew back home!

★ ★ ★

The song, "Someone Somewhere," proves there's no feud between PHIL BAKER and MILTON BERLE, even though they headline on different networks for the same sponsor. The quipmaster of "Take It or Leave It" (CBS) composed the music, and the emcee-comic of "Let Yourself Go" (Blue) penned the lyrics.

★ ★ ★

Almost as soon as he was signed for his songfest on Mutual, velvet-voiced DICK BROWN got word that he already had three fan clubs—in the South Pacific area. The darkly handsome 24-year-old with the unusual vocal range was piloting an Army plane out there—until he got involved with a couple of Jap Zeros, was hospitalized and returned to civilian life and a new career.

★ ★ ★

Some future day, NBC's "Dr. I. Q." will be giving up his professorial title for the rank of "Reverend." JIMMY McCLAIN has matriculated at Seabury Western Theological Seminary in Evanston, Ill., to study for his ministerial degree. Meanwhile, he'll continue with his quiz show — by commuting to school.

★ ★ ★

FANomena: Maestro RAY BLOCH of CBS shows has a fan club in Atlanta composed exclusively of grandmothers . . . Bandleader LES BROWN boasts one in Brooklyn which enrolls only lady welders . . . VICTOR BORGE of Blue's "Basin Street" has one made up of Danish refugees who are now taking out citizenship papers . . . and ALLAN JONES, who once mined for coal in Pennsylvania (see story on opposite page), has one whose enthusiastic members are all coal-miners in that state.

★ ★ ★

RONALD COLMAN'S return to "Everything for the Boys" this fall makes monks of the rumor-mongers. It's true that writer-director ARCH OBOLER bowed out of the series, when baritone DICK HAYMES took over for the summer, but Ronnie signed a new contract.



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 Larry Douglas, with Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra—Thursday evenings, Columbia Network.



FAMILY CIRCLE: MRS. JONES (ACTRESS IRENE HERVEY), ALLAN, THEIR 6-YEAR-OLD SON JACKIE, AND DOG "SPOOKIE"

I'M NOT AFRAID OF TELEVISION

by **ALLAN JONES**

THE SINGING ACTOR TAKES A LOOK AT THE FUTURE IN A NEW FIELD

SHOP talk among actors these days sooner or later gets around to television. Some speak of it with anticipation, almost with impatience. Others view it with indifference, as something belong-

ing to the far-away future—while still others are apprehensive and unduly pessimistic about it all.

"Television's coming," this last group agrees dismally, "as surely as the end

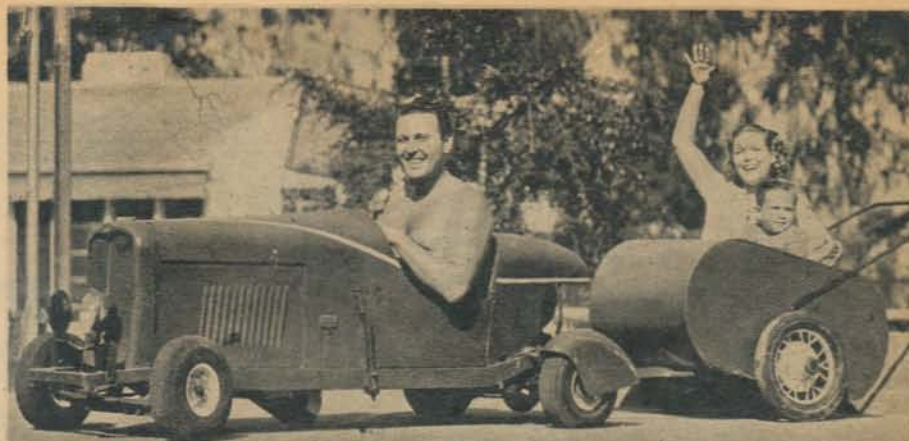
of the war. Then what's to become of us? Remember what sound pictures did to veteran Hollywood stars!"

I think that's the wrong attitude. Frankly, I'm looking forward to tele-

vision as something pretty wonderful and something of which I very much want to be a part. I remember well when talking pictures first made their appearance and what they did to a lot of the big names of the silent films. But I'm convinced that the same thing will not happen to players when pictures and sound merge in radio. Or, at least, if it does, it will be our own fault. Realistic, ambitious, wide-awake actors have time to prevent its happening to them.

Radio actors who tore out that page of movie history and read it carefully are already insuring themselves against a similar fate. For more than fifteen years now, engineers have been experimenting with television, authorities have been writing about its possibilities, and people engaged in radio, movies or any of the allied arts have been discussing it. Today, a number of radio studios are actually producing live television shows on a regular schedule.

Two years, or a year, or even six months before the first "talkie" was produced in Hollywood, screen actors



PLEASURE JAUNT: THE FAMILY GOES RIDING IN A CAR AND TRAILER WHICH ALLAN BUILT!

were going on about their business, scarcely giving a thought to the new invention. There was little or no discussion of sound pictures among the actors of those days. Most of them, in fact, were oblivious to the threat—or the promise—of the sound track. Those who were aware of the experiments engineers were making with synchronization of sound

and pictures preferred to play ostrich, finding it more comfortable to believe that talking pictures were just an engineer's dream and could never become a practical actuality.

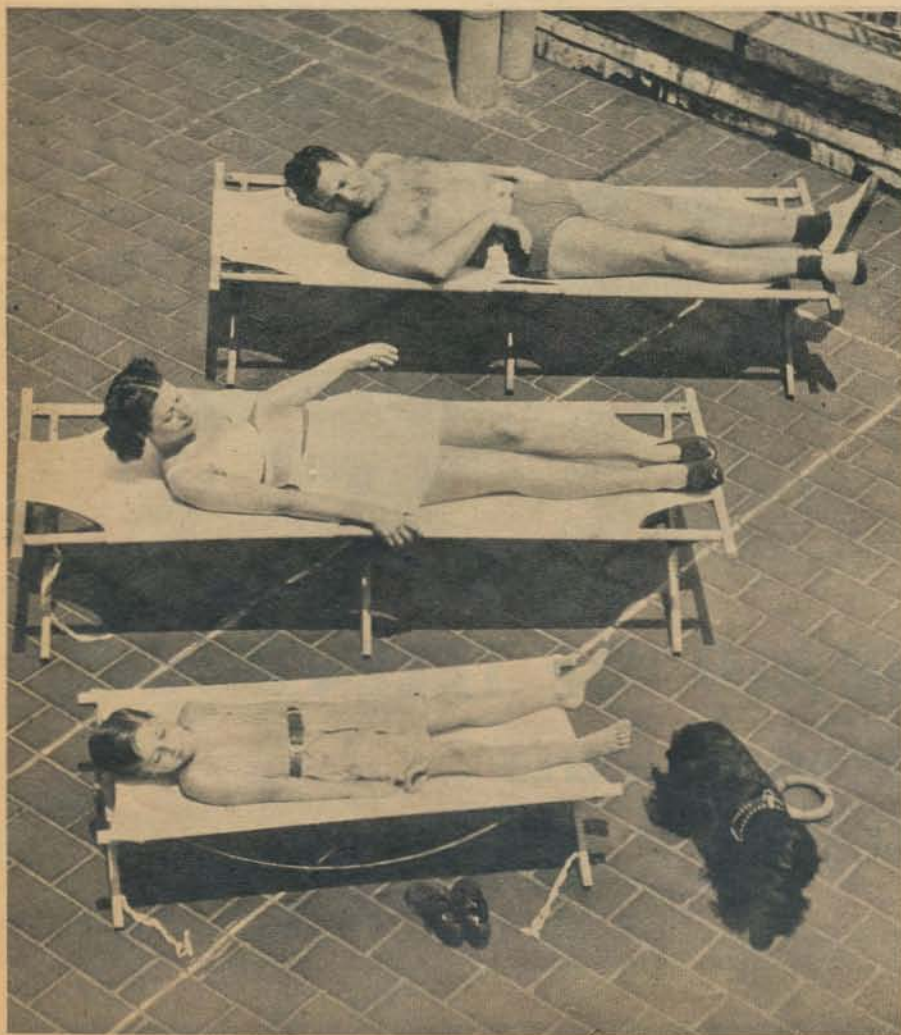
So, in 1929, when the first sound film was released and the handwriting was visible on the cutting-room wall, actors frantically faced the alternative of mastering diction, voice control and dramatic dialogue—or abandoning their careers. Many of them just weren't equal to the task. They accepted defeat without a struggle.

Well, that's not the way I'm built. I've been working and fighting all my life, ever since—as a child of eleven—I earned money after school as a delivery boy so I could take singing lessons. I learned even more about competition when, having completed my high school course, I donned a miner's garb, tossed a pick over my shoulders and went to work in the Scranton coal mine where my father was a foreman.

I was happy in that work, but I knew even then that I wanted to become a singer—so, when the doctors told me that breathing in the coal dust might harm my vocal chords, I quickly abandoned the underground work and turned to running a steam shovel.

My mother helped me save my money, and the only money I ever spent was for my singing lessons. At the age of eight, I had begun singing in the St. Luke's Episcopal Church choir in Scranton, and at nine I had become soprano soloist. Perhaps the greatest thrill of my life was when I won the tenor solo competition at the National Welsh Eisteddfod at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, where I competed with singers from all over the United States, many of them much older than myself.

But, getting back to television, experts are pretty well agreed that it



EAST: THE JONESES SUN-BATHE ON THE TERRACE OF THEIR APARTMENT IN NEW YORK CITY

is far from perfected and that its acceptance will be a gradual process. Nevertheless, when studio shows can finally be seen as well as heard by an audience sitting at home from Maine to California—whether it happens next year or five years from now—any actor who is caught unprepared for the demands of television has no reason to complain to anyone but himself. What he does about it today will undoubtedly determine the future direction of his career curve on the entertainment chart. I, for one, don't expect to be caught unprepared.

Some actors are more fortunate than others. I admit that it's my good fortune, rather than my good sense, which makes me unafraid of television. As I look back on my career, I find it has been, in a sense, all a preparation for this new field. And I'm sure that the same holds true for many other actors of stage, screen and radio.

For years, there has been a constant interchange of talent in these three forms of entertainment. Today, there are probably as many stars on Broadway who made their reputations in Hollywood as there are well-known legitimate actors on the screen—and a host of stars of both stage and screen are heard over the air, and vice versa.

Such motion-picture players as Annabella, Ralph Bellamy, ZaSu Pitts and Conrad Nagel have all been appearing in Broadway productions recently, and they are frequently heard as guests on radio programs—as are such well-known Broadway stars as Helen Hayes, Raymond Massey, Fredric March, Tallullah Bankhead, Gertrude Lawrence and Paul Muni. Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Agnes Moorehead, Orson Welles and Bob Hope first became big-time stars on the radio, but today their names are just as familiar to movie-goers.

I myself have made dozens of motion pictures, played on the stages of theaters, in countless cities all over the country and am not unknown to concert audiences abroad. As I contemplate television, I am deeply thankful for my varied career, for I know that what I have learned in each of these fields will contribute to my hoped-for success before the television cameras.

Those years in Hollywood taught me to be camera-wise. I know which are my best camera angles and how to protect myself from uncomplimentary shots. Cameramen riding in for close-up shots, so disturbing to novices, have long since lost their terror for me. The bright lights under which all Hollywood actors must work will be a necessary evil

of television, too, and actors who have worked under them for long hours on the movie lot will find it a valuable preparation for the new field.

Another important lesson I learned in Hollywood is to sing without distorting my face. It's not an easy lesson, but once learned it's yours for keeps. I learned a great deal about make-up in both my screen and stage work and this, too, should be helpful in any television work I may do.

My years on the stage, especially those years on the road and in summer stock, taught me to memorize lines quickly. It frightens me, sometimes, as I think back on the days when I appeared in 11 different operettas in 12 weeks. Often I was learning one part while I played another. The lyrics of hundreds of songs had to be memorized. But, when I think about television, how thankful I am for that experience, for all parts there will have to be memorized. Scripts, of course, will be taboo. Operettas should lend themselves readily to this new medium and just think how well

prepared I'll be! So much of stage technique will be incorporated into television that actors with theatrical experience will have a great advantage.

Television necessarily must draw upon much of the technique of radio, as well. The microphone, for instance, is equally important in both, and those of us with radio experience have learned naturalness before the mike. We have learned to portray a great deal with our voices alone and this, too, will prove valuable in television work. In television, as in radio, there are no retakes. What you do in front of that microphone is what goes out over the air. You don't have a second or third chance, as you do in motion pictures.

Any actor who is not ready for television—who is not thinking of and training for it—is unrealistic and preparing for his own downfall. Just as radio opened up fresh fields for actors, so will television. It will give new impetus to stage, screen and radio.

I, for one, say expectantly: "Bring on television. I'm ready and waiting."



WEST; THE JONES' HOME IN CALIFORNIA IS A FAR CRY FROM ALLAN'S COAL-MINING DAYS



BILL BENDIX LOOKS AS MUCH LIKE WAR-WORKER "CHESTER RILEY" AS HE SOUNDS—BUT HE'S A LOT SMARTER AT FIGURING THINGS OUT!

"THE LIFE OF RILEY"

THE PAST WASN'T ALWAYS SUCH EASY LIVING FOR STAR WILLIAM BENDIX

TUNE IN SUN, 10 P.M. E.W.T. (Blue)

RADIO plays some strange tricks in casting its heard-but-not-seen characters, yet it has nothing on fate as a freakish casting director. Actually, radio did quite an appropriate job in assigning big, amiable William Bendix to the fictional role of hard-muscled, soft-hearted *Riley*. It was fate that incongruously cast the harsh-voiced Hercules as—a real-life *Cinderella*!

Two years ago, Bill was virtually unknown to national audiences. It was just last year he proved himself to be a big-time movie star. This year, he became a radio star in "The Life of Riley," his first regular air series.

But the *Cinderella* story goes back much further. Less than ten years ago, Bill was one of the great army of unemployed. Like many other small business men of those depression days, chain store manager Bendix found himself out of work—and on relief. Unlike most of the others, he took a strange way out. Bill Bendix became an actor.

It's a queer quirk of fate that takes a man from a store full of groceries to a stage full of hams and, finally, to an air show sponsored by the American Meat Institute. But Bill, who loves to talk—particularly about his early struggles and his attractive wife—doesn't give fate the credit. He swears he owes it all to Mrs. Bendix.

Acting was far from the New Yorker's thoughts, when he was a lad. His heart belonged to baseball. And, though he specializes today in portraying Brooklynites, it wasn't the Dodgers who filled his dreams. Born in mid-Manhattan, schooled there and in the Bronx, he tagged along with the Yanks and Giants.

Just 13, the husky kid wangled a job as turnstile boy (for 50c a game, plus free admission) at the Polo Grounds, then headquarters for both teams. Next year, having quit high school forever, he was promoted from clubhouse boy to general mascot.

Remember the day home-run king Ruth was rushed to St. Vincent's Hos-

pital practically perishing from indigestion? Well, Bill was the muscular young Mercury who went out and got the Babe 30 hot dogs, 12 bottles of pop, 8 bags of peanuts and ?? chocolate bars!

That wasn't what trumped the Bendix career in diamonds, however.

It was Mother who firmly vetoed the bid he got to go South for spring training. In the ensuing years, he did have his innings at semi-pro ball—but also tried out as a file clerk, office boy, hole-digger and pole-planter for a telephone company, football player and also as football coach



PEG RILEY (PAULA WINSLOWE) GIVES JR. (CONRAD BINYONI) A MOTHERLY "ONCE-OVER"

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

"THE LIFE OF RILEY" (continued)

His nose had been broken three times when he decided to marry Theresa Setffanotti—just in time to save what was left of his profile. The pretty brunette was no new infatuation (Bill had known Tess for 21 years, since their families had been next-door neighbors), but she soon persuaded her blond, 22-year-old bridegroom to settle down under steadier working conditions.

Bill became, successively, clerk in a New Jersey A. & P., manager of a National chain store, and proud papa of a daughter named Lorraine. Came the depression, and Bill was out of a job. One day in 1935, he came home from pounding the pavements to find that Tess—who had staunchly refused to take the baby and go home to her parents—had applied to the relief agency.

That was too much. Bill would rather have crooned ballads in a honky-tonk—which is just about what he did next. At least, he took to warbling and emceeing in various local night clubs, where he also functioned as unofficial bouncer. Bill was worth his 5'10", 186-

pound weight in gold, when it came to scaring off drunks and deadbeats.

This first trial of his talents still didn't cash in sufficiently to keep Bendix from landing on the W.P.A., where he dutifully counted the cars crossing a bridge near Newark—until the ever-cheerful Tess, encouraged by his night-club work, went to the Federal Theatre Project and had him transferred to the entertainment field.

For months, it was Tess and Tess alone who believed in Bill's future as an actor. Eventually, however, the theatrical tyro won himself regular assignments in no less than six Broadway plays—all flops, but rich in the professional training he badly needed.

Then came that historic night in November, 1939, when he opened in the Theatre Guild's production of William Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life." The play was a hit and so was the burly chap who enacted *Policeman Krupp*. From then on, Tess definitely wasn't the only one who believed Bendix was an actor.

Finally, the movies beckoned. Most of Bill's first scenes came to rest on



Uncle Baxter bowed out of the radio family when actor Hans Conried left for the Army.



JUNIOR AND BABS (SHARON DOUGLAS) EYE THEIR NEW UNCLE BUCKLEY (CHARLIE CANTORI)

the cutting-room floor. But, meanwhile, Hal Roach had looked him over and decided that here was just the chap to handle the not-so-slick "city slicker" role he'd envisioned for a *McGuerrins of Brooklyn* series. He promptly signed Bill to a nice 7-year contract which has become even nicer as option-and-revision time came 'round. Only three of the streamlined 4-reelers were finished when Roach went into service as a Colonel, but Bendix has been playing pretty much the same kind of role on loan to other studios. Usually, he's a wise-cracking, brave but not-too-bright Marine from Brooklyn. One of the very few exceptions was his recent stellar performance in Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape."

Nothing could be further from the real Bendix character. Back in grade school, young Bill averaged 94.6—second highest in the whole district. Today, co-workers describe the 38-year-old star as "shrewd," "foxy," "not easily fooled." They also freely use such adjectives as "lovable," "co-operative," "easiest guy I ever worked with."

A real family man, he enjoys taking his 13-year-old daughter to prize fights and ball games, treats her so much like a son that Tess is afraid they're raising a tomboy. He also likes to climb into some fancy pajamas, crawl into bed and read adventure stories, work crossword puzzles—and keep up with the latest baseball scores.

LOUIS PRIMA

MUSICAL COMMOTIONS MAKE THE ZANY BANDEADER A ONE-MAN RIOT

IF Louis Prima ever gets tired of band-leading, he won't have to look far for another career. Every circus sideshow in the land would be sitting on his doorstep, waiting to sign him up as the "human pretzel."

Of course, there's always a musical background while the rubber-jointed contortionist is onstage. But, half the time, patrons are much too busy watching rhythm-drunk Louis clapping, stomping, shrugging and mugging his way across the floorboards to pay much attention to melody. Most remarkable part of the whole performance, to less energetic observers, is that the hip-slinging, jelly-shouldered comic manages to end up all in one piece after each frenzy.

Seen offstage, the perennially adolescent Mr. Prima doesn't seem nearly so strange and exotic a creature as he does in the glare of the footlights. As

fans know, Louis has no pretensions to being a glamour boy. The thirty-two-year-old's heavy features, tawny coloring and high cheekbones make him look like an American Indian, and his curly black hair has a bald spot in back the size of a silver dollar. Nearly six feet tall, the proportions of the athletic jivester's figure are pretty well lost sight of in the voluminous folds of the sport clothes and modified zoot suits he favors.

Instead of the practical joker and robust quipster one might expect, Louis emerges a rather quiet personality, who expresses his friendliness through a toothy grin rather than words. Strangely enough, when he does talk (in that well-known voice which sounds as if a frog had taken up permanent residence in the Prima throat) his speech smacks more of the avenues of Brooklyn than of the

twisting streets of his native New Orleans.

According to the maestro's own account, "whooping it up" is confined to performances, and the amusements of his outside life are surprisingly mild. He likes riding horses—but not betting on them; never takes a drink; plays a round of golf occasionally; and likes listening to records in his unostentatious "average American home" in California. Chief interests are his wife, former Paramount starlet Alma Ross, and 11-year-old daughter Joyce May, who is following her father's footsteps by studying piano and dancing.

Louis was born not far from the Basin Street "cradle of jazz" in New Orleans, where his father sold and delivered soda by mule truck. Though neither parent was musical, his mother early decided that her young hopeful



LOUIS PRIMA'S PRETTY WIFE, ALMA, GAVE UP A MOVIE CAREER TO ACCOMPANY THE CLOWNING MAESTRO ON HIS CROSS-COUNTRY TOURS



VOCALIST LILY ANN CAROL TAKES A LOT OF KIDDING FROM THE PLAYFUL LEADER

LOUIS PRIMA (continued)

should be a concert violinist, and started him out with a serious professor at the age of seven. By the time he reached Jesuit High School, the lad was doing fine at football, track and baseball—but decided his hands were too big for the violin. Music was in his blood by that time, however, and instead of dropping the idea entirely, he switched to the trumpet—and hot licks. (The torrid trumpeter is still fond of Bach and Beethoven, though he listens to them now instead of trying to play them himself.)

That grated-gravel voice (which fans find so entrancing) had made its appearance by this time, too. It seems that when Louis was twelve years old, he was a baritone and was advised to have his tonsils and adenoids removed to improve his voice. He did—and has sounded like a candidate for a pneumonia-clinic ever since. The bandleader doesn't mind, though—he's turned that cracked cackle into an asset—and gets a big laugh out of faithful followers who write in to say

they prefer it to "the great" Sinatra's.

By the time he was seventeen, the ambitious youngster was already drawing in the New Orleans crowds with his combination of nonsensical clowning and groove-y jazz trumpet. But the road to real fame was far from clear ahead of him. After losing all his savings in the '29 crash, Louis tried his novelty arrangements and original numbers in New York but was soon back home again.

A few years later, Guy Lombardo "discovered" Prima in the Shim Sham Club, and persuaded him to have another try at the big town. This time the versatile jump-and-jam kid stayed, and started cutting the discs that have made him so many friends all over the country.

It wasn't till 1935, however, that the jitterbug maestro hit his stride—when columnist Louis Sobol boosted him to overnight fame with a rave review. Since then the wacky maestro of musical double-talk has never lacked an audience to appreciate his rhythmic antics.



THE "CHAMP" WOULD RATHER RISK A DUCKING THAN LOSE A PRE-WAR GOLF BALL

BATONING FOR THE BAND IS JUST



THIS FLYING MOTION IS A WARM-UP FOR HOT JIVE TO FOLLOW



HERE THE MAESTRO'S GETTING ON THE BEAM WITH ALL HE'S GOT

A SIDELINE WITH LOUIS PRIMA



LOUIS GETS A BIG KICK OUT OF WORKING HIMSELF INTO A LATHER



EVERY MUSCLE, NERVE AND FIBRE ASSISTS IN THE TRUMPET SOLOS

LIMPID blue eyes and long blonde tresses may give "The Hour of Charm's" soprano soloist the illusion of being a statuesque angel. Actually, however, the girl maestro Phil Spitalny calls "Vivien" leads a *triple* life! As Hollace Shaw, she was born in Fresno, California, graduated from Pomona College, defeated 5,700 other aspirants in a West Coast singing contest, then came on to New York—where she has run a remarkable gamut from introducing Jerome Kern hit tunes, in a big Broadway musical, to singing Brahms waltzes with Toscanini and the NBC Symphony. As Vivien, she has be-

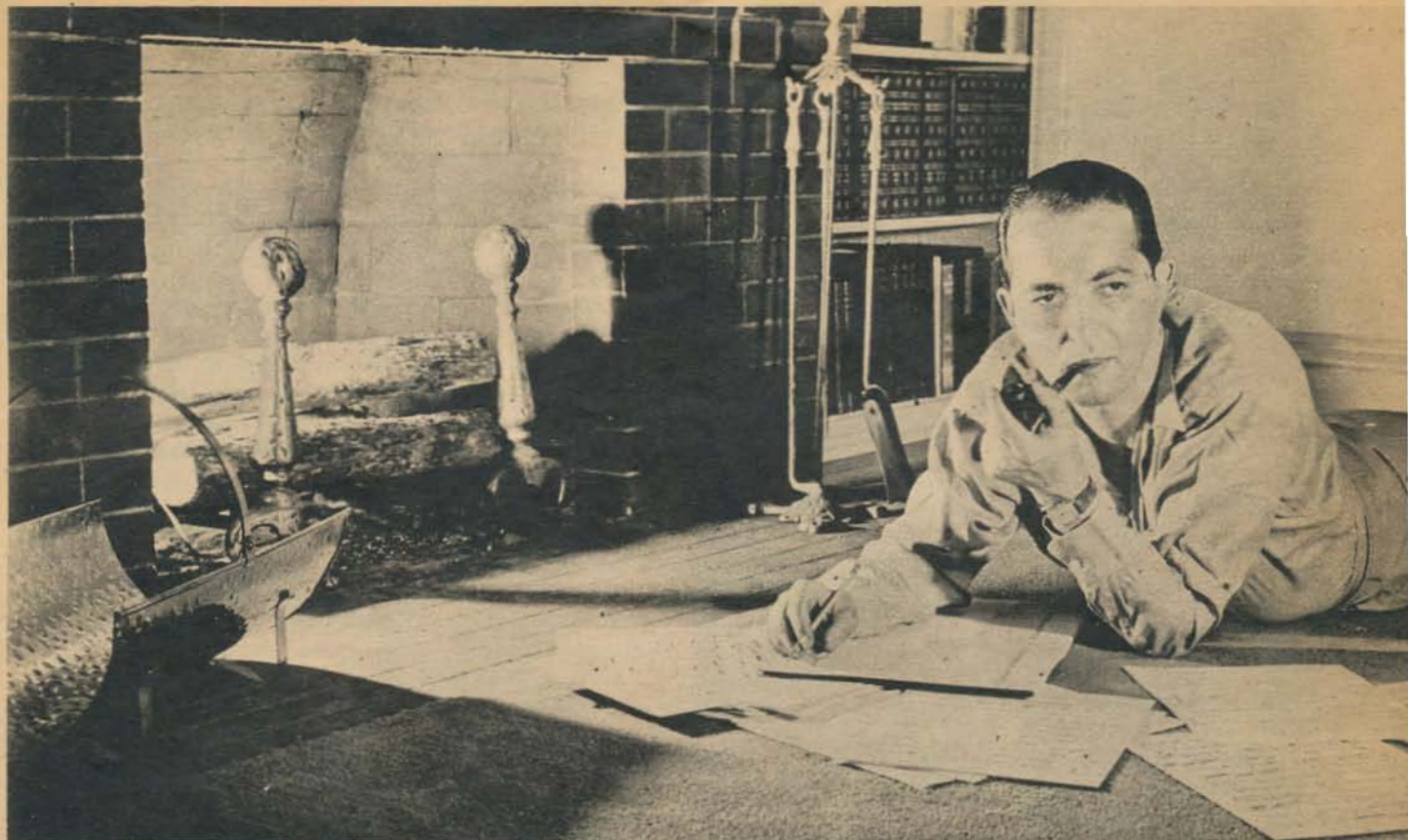
come probably the top charmer of Spitalny's all-girl troupe, been voted the best-dressed woman in radio, and won the heart of an Army Air Transport Command captain—by her air voice alone. A subsequent meeting face-to-face with the officer-fan proved to be mutual love at first sight. And now, as Mrs. C. Turner Foster, the lady with many names is living the life of a typical Army wife for most of the week, keeping house in Virginia—near Washington, D. C., where her husband has been stationed recently—and making mad weekend dashes for New York City and her regular "Hour of Charm" show broadcasts.

VIV I E N

THE SINGER HAS HAD A TRIO OF CAREERS

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





MOST OF THE MAESTRO'S "LEISURE" MOMENTS—AT HOME, IN STUDIOS, ON TRAINS—ARE SPENT FIGURING OUT MUSICAL ARRANGEMENTS

Percy Faith

THE "CARNATION CONTENTED" CONDUCTOR LEADS A HAPPY, BUSY LIFE

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

WHEREVER there's Faith—Percy Faith, in person or on the air—there's confusion. More jokes have been made, more misunderstandings created, over this conductor's simple one-syllable name than ever happened to any other non-comic radio personality. For instance, when the young Canadian got his first big network break with "Music By Faith," he found himself getting letters from indignant clergymen who had believed that the program title promised hymns!

Since the music Percy composes, arranges and conducts couldn't be more "pop" in its appeal, it's easy to see why lovers of sacred songs were disappointed. But the name of Faith wasn't its owner's fault. He didn't pick it out. An immigration inspector did that, when Percy's father first came over from Austria and had trouble explaining in English that the family's real name was spelled *Feit*.

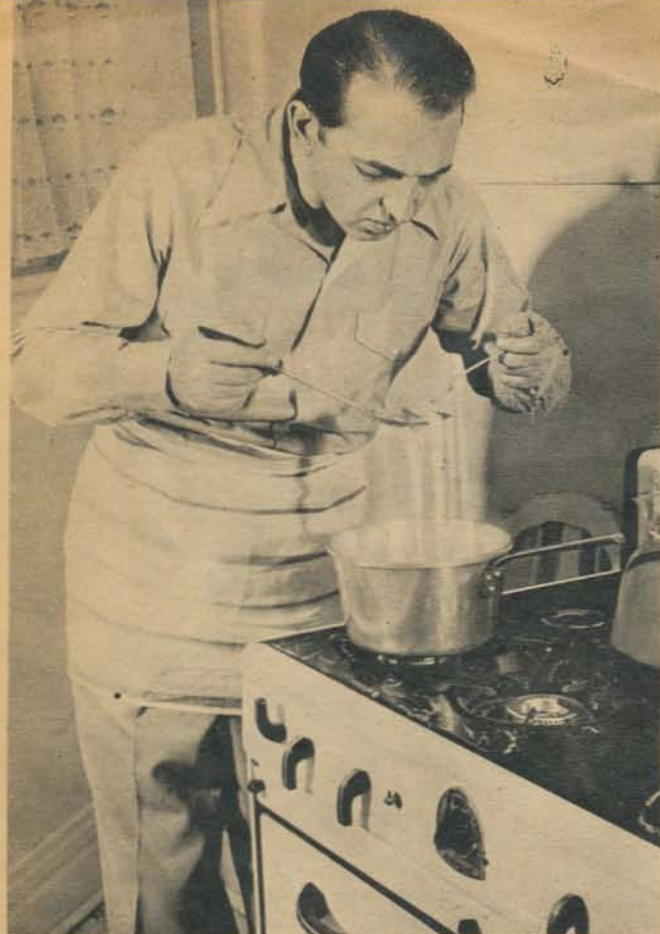
That was up in Canada, some years before Percy himself made his terrestrial debut—in Toronto, April 7, 1908. Almost from the start, precocious Percy was banging out tunes on anything handy. He progressed from the family glassware

(played with the table silver) to the violin (until the odor of resin made him ill) and finally to the piano, which proved to be his real forte (pun intended).

In fact, the little boy with the big brown eyes was such a thumpingly good pianist that he was playing accompaniments for silent movies in a local theatre, at 11. He hadn't as yet achieved his present almost six feet in height and had to be built up with phone books to reach the keyboard, but he was harvesting all of \$3 a night, plus carfare.

That wasn't the first money Percy had earned—he'd already done part-time work in a suspender factory the previous year—but it was enough to convince him that making music was both more fun and more profitable than making suspenders. Also, though he didn't realize it then, adapting and improvising appropriate themes for those silent films was excellent training for a future composer-arranger.

At 15, Percy made his concert debut at the Toronto Conservatory, then went back to the movie houses, this time as part of an 8-piece orchestra. At 18, he was arranging for a



FAITH TAKES TIME OUT TO INDULGE HIS TASTE FOR HOME COOKING

number of well-known bands. At 19, he was touring with a small concert group. At 20, he was introduced to radio—and the first etherized puns about his name. That initial program of music and mirth was called "Faith and Hope." Faith, of course, provided the music under his real name. But the comedian who provided the mirth under the cognomen of Hope was no relation to our Bob. He was Joe Allabough, later manager of a radio station in Chicago.

The darkly handsome musician's own expanding career eventually took him to Chicago, as maestro of the "Carnation Contented" program. That was four years ago, and Faith is still doing the same show, still comfortably quartered in an old 3-storey stucco 22 miles north of the city proper, in Willmette, and only 2 blocks from Lake Michigan—which means fine swimming for 12-year-old Marilyn and 7-year-old Peter, but doesn't mean much to their too-busy father.

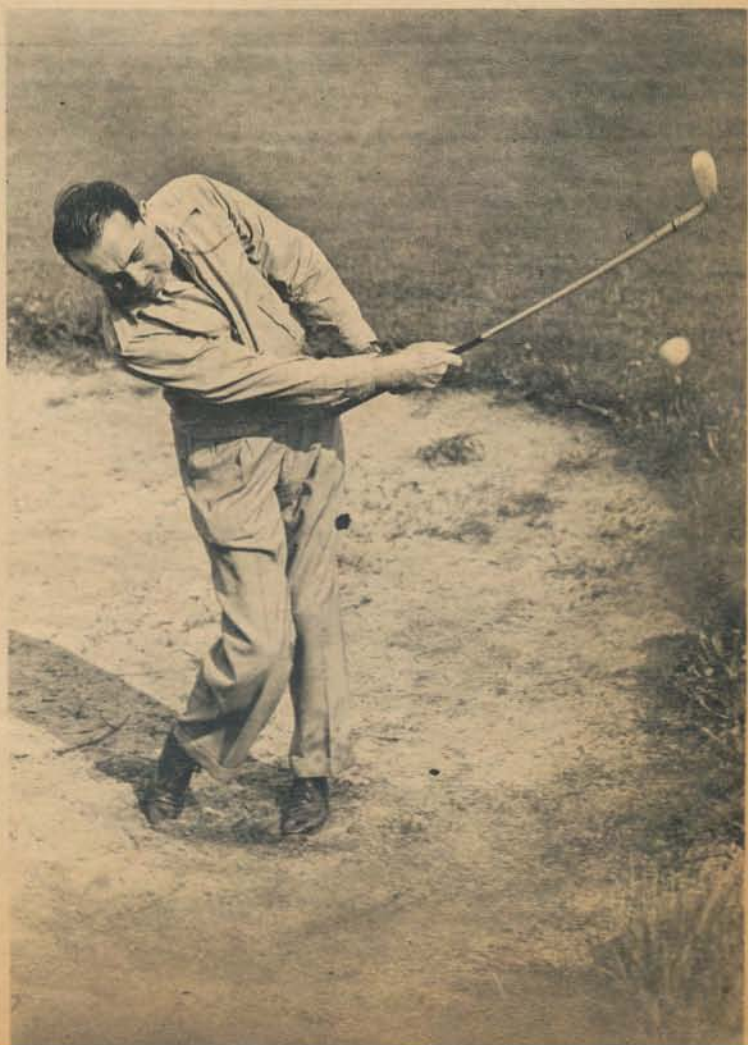
The stalwart young maestro adores his family, the great outdoors and a whole index of hobbies which he has small leisure to indulge now. In the old days, his attic studio was filled with fun—developing the many pictures he took with his prized Zeiss Ikonflex, running off the self-made movies which he tried (not too successfully) to synchronize with home recorded dialogue. But recently this huge office-study has been used almost exclusively for work.

Faith is used to hard labor. For years, Sunday has been anything but a day of rest for the chap with the religious-sounding name. For one thing, it's the day before his Carnation broadcasts. For another, it's the day on which he inexplicably get most of his outside assignments—like "The Pause That Refreshes," on which he substituted for Andre Kostelanetz this past summer. As a result, Percy's quiet little



NO TIME FOR TRIPS, BUT PERCY KEEPS HIS FISHING TACKLE READY

GOLF IS A FAVORITE GAME—WHEN HE GETS A CHANCE TO PLAY



June, July and August weekends ran something like this: Late Friday—catching the Century from Chicago, composing and arranging on the train overnight; Saturday—program conference and meetings with soloists and staff in New York; Sunday—up at 7:30, orchestra rehearsals from 9 to 12:30, orchestra, chorus and solo rehearsals from 1 until air time, broadcast at 4:30, train at 5:30!

Monday, back on the job for "Contented," after a workout and shower at the gym in his studio building. More rehearsals and broadcasting, then time out, towards midnight, for his favorite after-dark pastime. That's listening to jam sessions in some hot night spot—for, if there's one thing this long-serious student hates, it's musical snobs.

Some day, when he feels that his family is financially secure, he'd like to tackle pure symphony. Meanwhile, he'll stand no nonsense about "lowbrow" popular music. "Let's not talk about 'Art for Art's sake,'" he implores. "Music should be done artistically, but done for the benefit of people rather than Art. If people are afraid of Beethoven's Ninth and want 'A Kiss in the Dark,' give them 'Kiss in the Dark'—but in symphonic style. Then they have both the music they want and music done in good taste."

Faith believes that the work he and others are doing in this direction is getting the average hearer accustomed to the classical idiom and thus they're listening to more and more symphony. At the same time, he thinks jazz-haters need as much missionary work as symphony-haters—because years of improvisation without adequate arrangements gave jazz a bad name with solid citizens. "But give them 'St. Louis Blues' and others in concertized form," he says confidently, "and they'll find out that jazz isn't really hard to take, after all!"

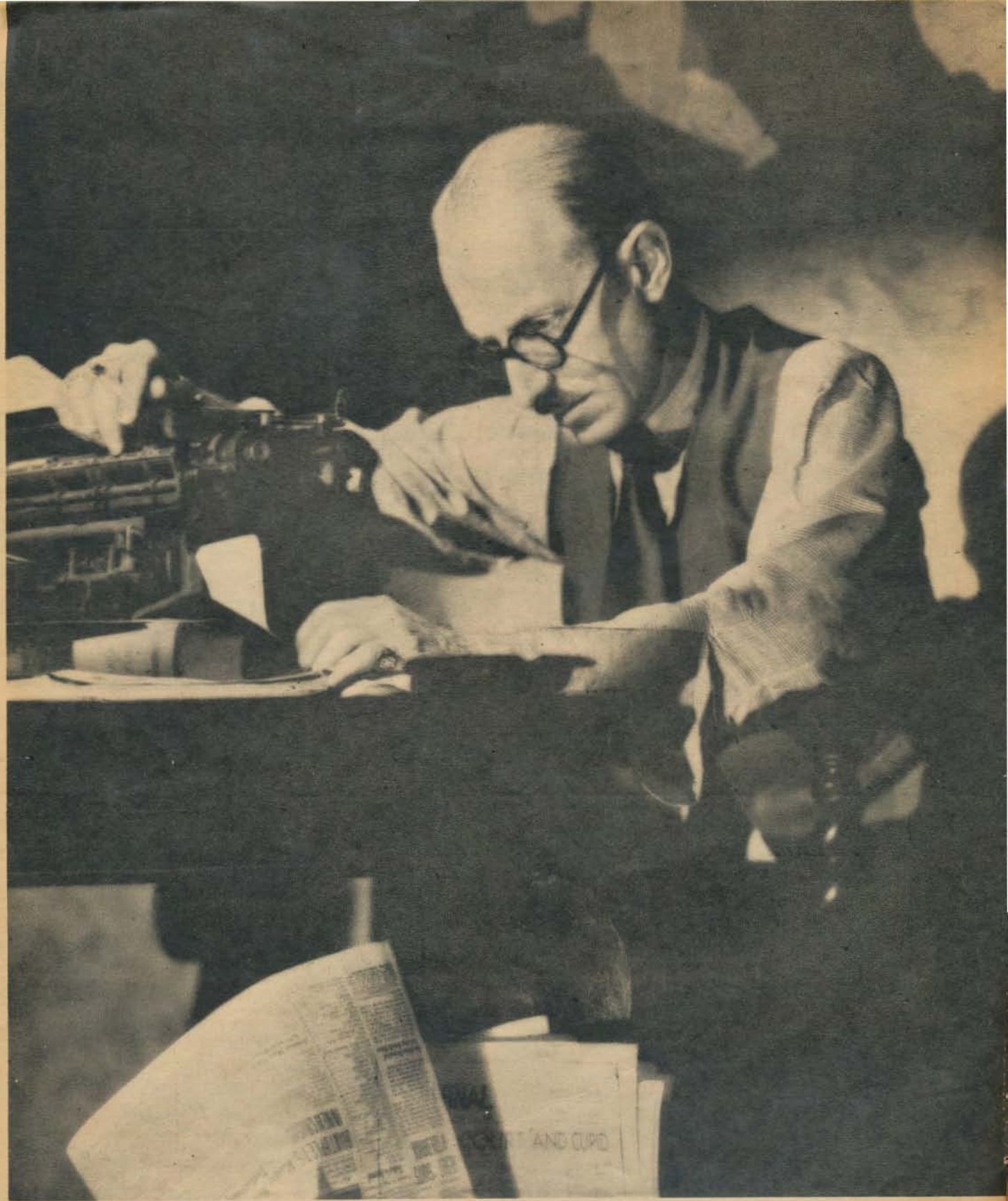


AN OUTDOOR ENTHUSIAST, HE NOW EXERCISES INDOORS IN A GYM

CAMERA FAN FAITH DEVELOPS AND ENLARGES HIS OWN PHOTOS



GARDENING GIVES HIM A CHANCE TO GET OUT IN THE OPEN AIR



LOUIS SOBOL

'BRIGHT LIGHTS' EMCEE IS A BROADWAY HIGHLIGHT HIMSELF

TUNE IN MON. 7:30 P.M. E.W.T. (WOR, New York)

THERE'S very little about the great—the near-great — of the theatrical world that Louis Sobol doesn't know. Now well in his second decade of hobnobbing with celebrities, the Broadway Boswell has become a standard fixture of the Main Stem, and his name has a drawing power which compares favorably with those of the high-wattage

stars whose lives he chronicles. With all this experience and savoir-faire to recommend him, it's no wonder that his "Bright Lights of New York" show has met with immediate success. Most of the footlight elite who grace the broadcasts can "just call him Louis," and many owe their first leap into the spotlight to a favorable mention from the columnist's prolific pen. As a result, the program has an ease and informality, to say nothing of a gleeful irreverence toward entertainment bigwigs, which sets it apart from other—more deferential—variety shows.

This isn't the first time that the 48-year-old paper and ink man has dropped his role of observer for a personal whirl in the amusement arena. Back in 1932, he succeeded Walter Winchell on NBC's "Lucky Strike Hour," telling gossip and stories, and acting as emcee three times a week. Even before that, he'd had a half-hour show with guest stars on a local station, carrying the program along with his newspaper duties for nearly a year.

Radio's just one of the fields in which the versatile entrepreneur has demonstrated his skillful hand. Louis Sobol has had the thrill of seeing his name blazoned in lights over New York's Loew's State Theatre, when he put on a series of vaudeville acts. At one time, too, he worked on a number of shorts for Universal Pictures called "Down Memory Lane," and even did a newsreel which has been called the forerunner of "The March of Time."

It is as a writer, however, that the energetic virtuoso has made his biggest splash. At present, his syndicated column appears not only in the *New York Journal-American* but in 70 newspapers throughout the country, with a reading public that he estimates at somewhere near 10,000,000.

In the course of a long and colorful career, the human dynamo has had a fling at almost every type of authorship, ranging from a novel called "Six Lost Women," to ghosting for Queen Marie of Rumania, Peaches and Daddy Browning, and the relatives of the murder victim in the sensational Hall-Mills case. Yellowed clippings of the fiction stories and articles he's contributed to numerous magazines fill a virtual mountain of scrapbooks, recording triumphs he's almost forgotten. There are defeats, too, like the time (before he was a drama critic) that he created a play called the "High Hatters" which he now describes as "an awful turkey. It closed in two weeks, but had one distinction—its leading man was Robert

Montgomery and its heavy, Brian Donlevy, then both unknown.

Like many another well-known Broadway wit, Louis Sobol is not a native of the fevered metropolis, but made his original personal appearance before an indifferent world in the comparative quiet of New Haven. Nobody seems to have been much impressed by the budding genius' first literary efforts, when as an awkward 15-year-old-sophomore, he covered high school events, sports and sectional news for the *Waterbury Republican*. Perhaps a certain diffuseness of style had something to do with that, for the pay was five cents an inch—and he became an expert at padding.

Nevertheless, the ambitious scribe was not discouraged, and in his senior year reached the dizzy pinnacle of \$10 a week for a full-time job sandwiched in after school hours. Progress was slow after that, and when the war broke out, Louis volunteered and eventually worked himself up from buck private to second lieutenant.

Success was waiting for the lad after demobilization, in the form of a job as state editor on his old paper. Even \$25 a week began to look pretty small, however, when he eloped with a cousin of Al Jolson's, and young Sobol decided to try New York—the land of opportunity. Living in a furnished room wasn't much fun, though, and trying to sell about half a billion paper drinking cups in order to make \$25, seemed even

less thrilling. With an admirable never-say-die spirit, the undersized but adventure-minded Louis returned to Bridgeport to open a cigar store—backed by the valuable and incontrovertible knowledge that he was a prodigious smoker himself and lots of other people must be also. Just how this venture might have turned out has never been decided, for the city fathers decided to close off that particular street just a week after Louis moved in, and the cigar business was eliminated.

Those early struggles seem a long way back in 1944, now that Louis knows everybody and everybody knows Louis. When the Sobols threw an anniversary party last April, every place else in town was practically denuded of celebrities. J. Edgar Hoover rubbed elbows with Frank Sinatra, and former Mayor James J. Walker with Quentin Reynolds and Adolph Menjou. There was such a turnout that Louis was quoted as saying: "I only wish I had as many readers as I have friends."

Louis Sobol has reached his present eminence through sheer personality and perseverance—unassisted by the pulchritude considered so necessary in show business. A Cyrano de Bergerac beak dominates his meagre frame, and heavy horn-rimmed spectacles add to the owl-like effect. But Louis doesn't mind, and as he points to the gargoyles and parrot-like caricatures adorning the office walls, explains proudly: "Cartoonists always get passionate when they see my face."



GLAMOUR-GIRL ELSIE IS A REGULAR PERFORMER ON THE BORDEN-SPONSORED 'ARTIST SHOW'.



THAT FAMOUS JOE E. BROWN GRIN, SPORTED UNDER AN ANZAC HAT, MAKES THE WELL-LOVED COMIC A WELCOME VISITOR TO AUSTRALIA

G. I. JOE

THE "STOP OR GO" QUIZMASTER NEVER SAYS "STOP" ON A BATTLEFRONT TOUR

NO one knows better than Joe E. Brown what front-line tension means. In the course of three trips 'round the world to bring laughs to America's fighting men, the 52-year-old little comedian has had his share of bombings, of crouching in foxholes while machine-gun bullets whistle past. And he realizes fully the need for a couple of wisecracks to break that battlefront strain.

Joe has brought just that kind of cheer to more than 2,000,000 U. S. boys, scattered over the earth from Alaska to Guadalcanal. It's not the tremendous number of men he's reached, however, nor the 100,000 miles he's traveled on entertainment missions, which have won him the respect and affection of G. I.'s everywhere. What they like about Joe is that he takes his homely familiar face and infectious grin wherever they're needed most—to isolated outposts, to disease-infested jungles, to every place the Army can manage to get him where men are lonesome for a voice from home.

Out in the Pacific, there's a "Joe E. Brown Hill," named after the guy who insisted on stopping there to give a show for the four men on patrol. From January to April, 1942, the radio and screen funnyman gave many such performances, managing to retain his gaiety and spirit of fun under conditions which would have downed many a younger fellow.



GUEST STARS, SUCH AS DOROTHY LAMOUR, LEND THEIR TALENTS TO THE GEOGRAPHICAL MONKEYSHINES OF THE "STOP OR GO" QUIZ SHOW

G. I. JOE (continued)

Even before Pearl Harbor, from February to April of 1941, the monkey-faced quipster had thrown himself wholeheartedly into the morale battle, by playing 132 entertainments all over Alaska and the Aleutians.

On October 8, 1942, the war struck into Joe's own home—when his 25-year-old son, Captain Don E. Brown, was killed in an Army bomber crash in California. This tragedy spurred the indomitable comedian on to greater efforts, and by November of the next year he was on his way again—to India and China, and then to Iran, Iraq, Arabia, Egypt, Italy and Morocco. A total of 202 performances was rolled up for this trip, most of them to small groups and hospital units badly in need of entertainment. Even the discomforts of "Delhi belly" (a form of dysentery) failed to stop Joe, and he wrote home to his wife that a single hospital performance—hearing laughs from men on cots and wheelchairs—more than repaid him for all the effort and difficulties involved.

Joe followed no beaten tracks on any of these tours. He was the first Hollywood star to face the desolate wastes of Alaska, and the first big-name entertainer to reach the South and Southwest Pacific. Similarly, on his latest trip (paid at his own expense), he and his group (adopted son Capt. Mike Frankovich and pianist-composer Harry Barris) were first to go into the innermost reaches of China and meet the appreciation of homesick lads from the States.

Now in the U. S., Joe E. Brown is busy recouping the family finances with his Blue quiz show, "Stop or Go" (Thursday evenings at 10:30 E.W.T.). But he's far from forgetting the boys "over there." At the moment, all the time he can spare from his radio work is going into a huge drive to raise money for equipment to relieve the tedium of life in far outposts. And some day he'll go back again in person.



JOE'S DEN IS A MUSEUM OF SNAPSHOTS AND SOUVENIRS, MARKING BIG EVENTS IN HIS CAREER AS AN ENTERTAINER



THE FUNSTER POSES FOR A PHOTO AT DINJON, INDIA, WITH GENERAL OLDS AND HIS FLIGHT CREW

When the family was complete: Captain Don (later killed in a crash), Mrs. Brown, Joe LeRoy (now a lieutenant), Mary, "Dad" and Kathryn.



JOE HAD A FRONT SEAT IN MANY AN ARMY TRANSPORT



NO ELABORATE EQUIPMENT IS NEEDED TO BRING BELLY-LAUGHS TO FUN-STARVED SERVICEMEN AT JORHOT, INDIA



MEMENTOS: CAPTURED ENEMY WEAPONS



JOSEPH C. HARSCH

A WAR CORRESPONDENT—AND SCHOLAR—
ANALYZES "THE MEANING OF THE NEWS"

TUNE IN MON. THRU FRI. 6:55 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)



HARSCH SPENDS HIS RARE LEISURE MOMENTS DELVING INTO CURRENT HISTORY IN HIS DEN OVER THE GARAGE OF HIS GEORGETOWN HOME

At first glance, Joseph C. Harsch seems to fit his own description of himself as "one of the most colorless men in the business." Slight of stature, fair of skin, straw-pale of hair, modest of approach, Joe has only his remarkably blue eyes and broad, friendly smile to brighten the mild impression he makes on most strangers.

But appearances are double-dyed deceivers. There certainly hasn't been any lack of color in the late-thirtyish reporter-analyst's career. Mild or no, Joe has usually managed to be in a ringside seat whenever news was breaking. He was in London when England declared war in 1939, hastened to Berlin, by way of Paris and Rome—and became the first correspondent to cover both sides of the European front.

He arrived in Pearl Harbor in December of 1941—just four days before the Rising Sun blazed down in its surprise attack. He traveled from Hawaii to Samoa on Admiral Halsey's flagship, to New Zealand on a U. S. destroyer, to Java on the last Dutch plane—and escaped from Java only three jumps ahead of the Japs.

And yet, to hear Joe tell it, he's really just a scholarly little chap to whom nothing exciting ever happens. Such adventures, to him, are only the normal accidents a newspaperman learns to expect on assignments, along with hard beds and bad food. In fact, Joe swears it was purely an accident that he ever became a newspaperman.

The Harsch family was well off financially, and the young Ohioan was halfway through his senior year at Williams before it occurred to him that he should be planning for some business or profession after college. Main point at the moment, it seemed to him, was to postpone that evil day and "protract the academic life of leisure," as he puts it. Journalism got the nod only because he was able to wangle a Boston editor into admitting that extra study in England would be no real handicap to a would-be reporter.

Armed with this dubiously given but undoubtedly professional "advice," Joe persuaded Dad to send him to Cambridge for an additional degree in history. Only catch was that, upon his return to America, crowned with new scholastic honors, he finally had to back up his hasty decision by actually going to work as a cub reporter in Boston. That was on the *Christian Science Monitor*, back in 1929, and Joe's been working for them ever since.

Radio, too, was another accident in the life of the erstwhile fan of higher education. During his many months in Germany, Harsch had occasionally pinch-hit at the mike for his friend, Bill Shirer. Later, when he was forced to backtrack from Java, he had done a bit of broadcasting from Australia for CBS. Since then, the former student of medieval history has proved himself to be as thorough-going a reporter on the air as in ink.

To this day, although he obviously loves his work in both radio and journalism, the newshawk-nosed editorialist still considers himself the quiet, bookish type. Trouble is, the way things are, he can't find time to read—let alone write—all the heavy tomes he dreams of tackling.

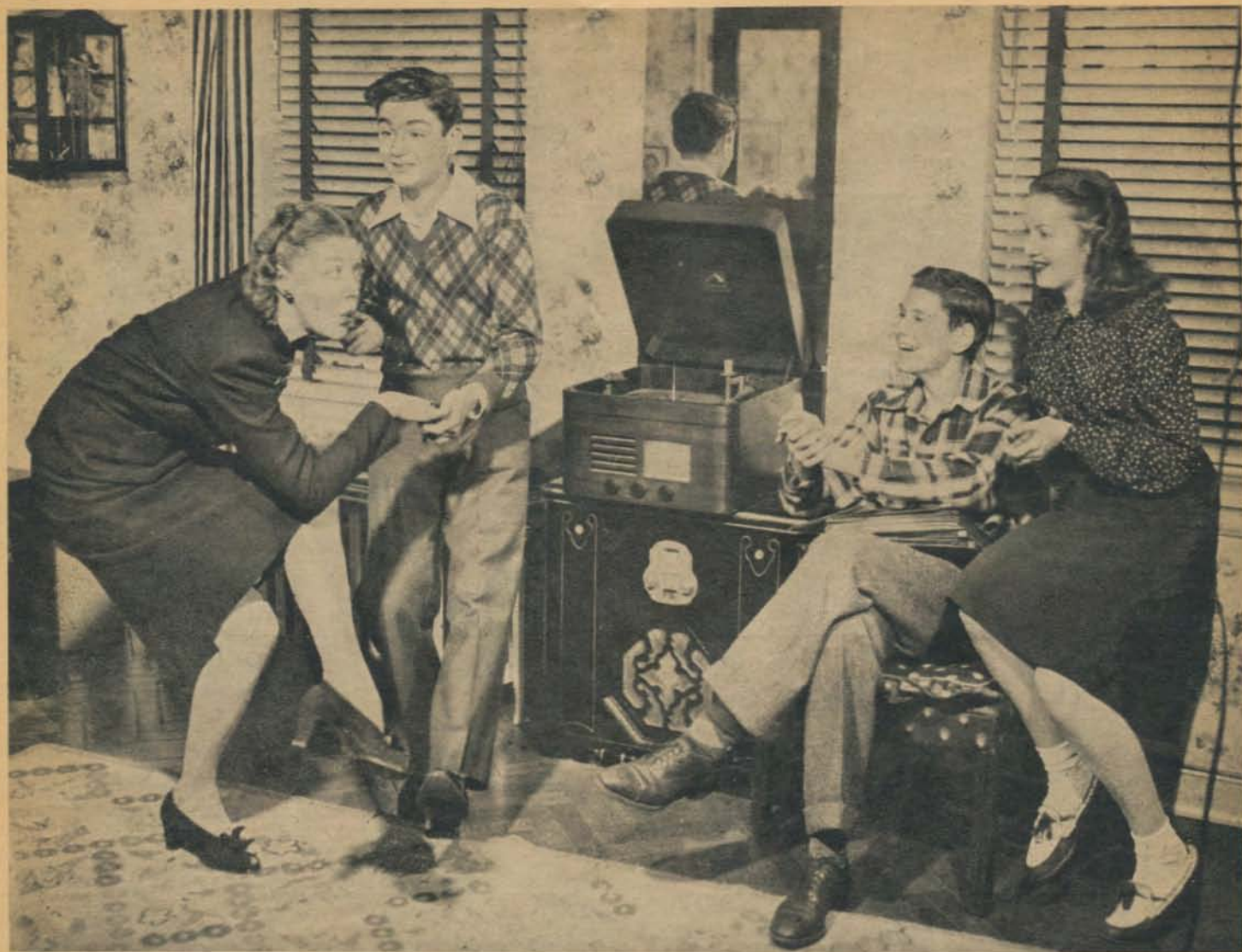
Workdays are spent poring over the steady stream of news-ticker reports, consulting maps, checking by phone call and personal interview with international bigwigs, writing and broadcasting. Rest of his time, if any, is spent playing with his two small sons, working with his wife in the garden of their lovely 1812 home in Georgetown, reading up on current events in the unusual den which he and his father-in-law, Admiral Spencer S. Wood, designed and built atop the garage—by raising the roof!



Personal interviews—such as this one with White House Secretary Steve Early—are all part of Joseph C. Harsch's work in Washington.



Reading bedtime stories to his older son, William Joseph (Bill), is one way of relaxing them both at the end of a long, busy day.



MOM BREWSTER SHOWS PEE WEE A THING OR TWO ABOUT SWING WHILE SON JOEY AND GIRL FRIEND MINERVA LOOK ON APPROVINGLY

THAT BREWSTER BOY

VOICES CRACK AND PUPPY LOVE BLOOMS IN AN ADOLESCENT HEYDEY

TUNE IN FRI. 9:30 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

TROUBLE is the keynote of *Joey Brewster's* life. No youngster, real or fictional, has ever become acquainted with a wider variety of "jams" than "That Brewster Boy." No matter how innocent his plans, or how noble his intentions, fate always steps in at the last moment to ruin everything—and land the effervescent 15-year-old firmly in the soup.

In spite of this black-sheep radio role, Dick York, who takes the part of irrepressible *Joey*, manages to remain quite normal off the air. This September is a real milestone for the fun-loving Chicago lad, for it marks not only his sixteenth birthday (September 4th) but also his first anniversary as a network star (September 10th). Dick's had more than one year of acting experience, however, for in 1941

he was accepted as a member of the famous "Jack and Jill Players" in Chicago, which provides radio stations in that city with many child actors. A natural gift for memorization and ability to take direction gained him leading parts, and it was through this group, too, that Owen Vinson, producer of "That Brewster Boy," first discovered him. Before becoming *Joey*, Dick had made only occasional appearances on the air. Now that he's started, however, he's sure that he wants to make radio his permanent career — and is taking his work much too seriously to attempt any private-life re-creations of *Joey's* famed antics.

Side-kick *Pee Wee*, on the other hand, is played by Jerry Spellman, a radio veteran who has spent six of his fifteen



Report cards spell trouble for Joey Brewster (Dick York) as he tries to explain all those red marks to his irate Dad (Hugh Studebaker).



Records are all right as a time-killer thinks Minerva (Jane Webb) as she waits for the inevitable nightly phone call from faithful Joey.



A woman-to-woman chat with Joey's sympathetic Mom (Constance Crowder) sometimes helps in solving Minerva's teen-age problems.

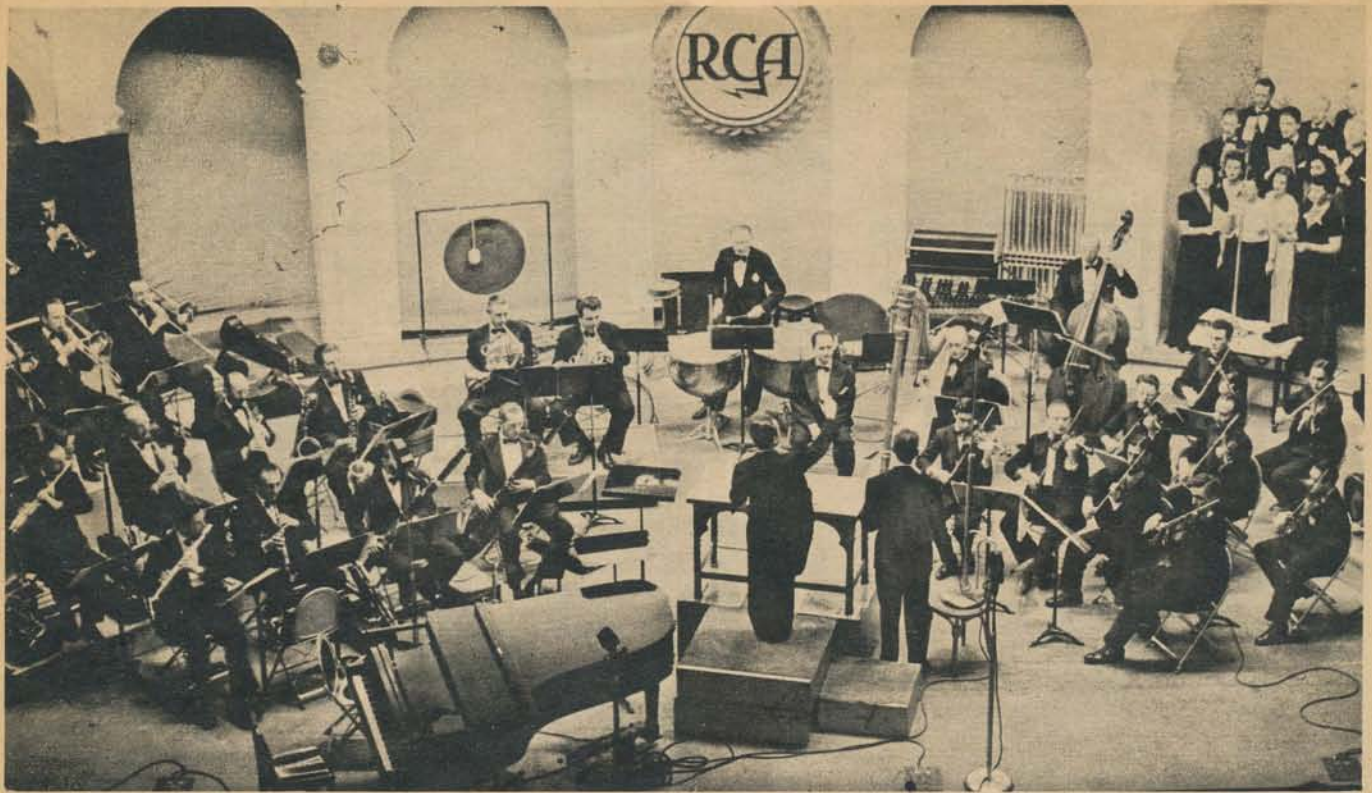


"Oh, to be glamorous!" sighs Nancy Brewster (Patricia Dunlap) as she gazes longingly at the sophisticated gowns in fashion magazines.

years hanging around studios. The miniature wise-cracker refers to the high-pitched cracking tones he spouts on "That Brewster Boy" (not on his other air shows) as his "bread and butter voice"—for obvious reasons. Among his numerous life ambitions, the most vital are to grow up to be 18 so that he can follow his brother into the Marines; to learn to jitterbug; and to have a radio program of his own on which he will do nothing but ad-lib. (In preparation for this last, Jerry constantly totes around a book entitled

"10,000 Jokes, Toasts and Stories" with which he entertains the girls at school during lunch periods.) At present, studies don't interest Jerry very much, and radio's just a pleasant avocation. The real business of life right now is basketball, football, baseball and checkers (even though he hasn't won a game in the last four years).

No two boys could be more different than Dick and Jerry—but they're good pals in real life as they are on the program. And, as radio listeners know, they make a swell team.



A STAGE FULL OF INSTRUMENTALISTS AND SINGERS (NOT TO MENTION THE SOLOISTS!) DEMANDS MAESTRO JAY BLACKTON'S FULL ATTENTION

JAY BLACKTON

CONDUCTING "THE MUSIC AMERICA LOVES BEST" IS NO LAZY MAN'S JOB

TUNE IN SAT. 7:30 P.M. E.W.T. (Blue)

ANYONE who dreams that orchestra-conducting is a simple form of exercise is building castles in the air—and we don't mean a royal suite in radio! Look at Jay Blackton. The small, smiling 35-year-old didn't get where he is today, as maestro of RCA's "Music America Loves Best," by just standing up there and waving a stick at the boys.

For that matter, Blackton doesn't even use a baton. He discarded it, back in 1937, while conducting for the St. Louis Municipal Opera. An ace pianist who had played his first Brooklyn Academy recital at 12, Jay banged out rehearsal accompaniments with such vigor that he sprained a wrist—and had to mount the podium, the opening night of his first season in Missouri, with his left arm in a cast.

Since conductors normally use the right hand for beating out time with the baton, depending on the left to indicate the expression wanted, this was a distinct handicap. But the dark-haired, dark-eyed little dynamo—who weathered infantile paralysis as a baby and still has a pronounced limp—doesn't acknowledge handicaps. He merely tossed his baton aside and used his right hand to indicate both tempo and expression. He never picked it up again, after his wrist healed. With 50 men spread out some 25 feet on either side, he found he could give them quicker cues all around, with both hands free—and get almost twice as much expression.

Blackton believes that conductors must be psychologists as well as musicians. Years of study both here and abroad made Jay a musician. Long experience with the St. Louis Opera and later as conductor of "Oklahoma!" for its first year on Broadway—with full orchestra, chorus, principals and ballet troupe to worry about—made him a psychologist.

Now, on his RCA program alone, Jay has up to 36 instrumentalists, 14 choral singers and 2 different soloists to handle at one time. Maybe a singer's heart is racing with excitement, maybe a violinist's responses are slowed down with grief. It's Jay's job to weave all these individual reactions into a harmonious ensemble once more, with just the kind of sign language illustrated on the opposite page.

The result is that, after broadcasts, the energetic maestro has to cool off for half an hour or more in his dressing room, limp as a dishrag and twice as wet. Then he gets violently hungry—which is back to normal for Blackton, who eats almost constantly, always has a fourth meal before going to bed, still sleeps like a top and is never ill.

Despite all his hard work and heavy eating, Jay's weight never varies from a trim 125 pounds—even though his typical midnight snack consists of half a grapefruit, cereal, can of salmon, fresh pear, frozen strawberries with cream, and a Vienna roll to dunk for his own version of a shortcake!

HOW TO CONDUCT - WITHOUT A BATON



Blackton silently calls for the orchestra's attention, ready to give them the down beat for the number's opening notes.



His face expresses satisfaction as he signals to the strings—right thumb and forefinger pressed together demanding exact precision.



His hands "pull" for more expression from the strings. Left hand, close to his heart, literally calls on them for more "heartthrob."



Soft notes are summoned by keeping left hand close to chest. The closer the hand, the softer he wants the music.



Directing his attention to the other side, he listens intently for balance in the woodwinds, with his right hand beating out the time.



Left thumb gestures to individual player for "a little more oboe, please," while his right hand keeps the rest of the orchestra firm.



Both hands reach out and his whole body tenses, as he pulls the entire group of instruments into a crescendo.



Clenched fist signals the brass section to get ready for a full burst of power, as both brass and winds prepare for a mighty effort.



Vigorously he plunges forward and down, with faster-than-camera speed, as he calls on every man for a fortissimo crashing finale.

IT'S FUN TO BE TELEVISED

THE NEW ART REQUIRES A COMBINATION OF MOVIE, STAGE AND RADIO TALENTS

OF all the twentieth century marvels, none is more exciting than television. What could be more thrilling for a sports fan than to see and hear the World Series, right in his favorite chair, while the home runs are actually being made? And what more pleasing to milady than to lounge at her ease while choosing a fall suit from a bountiful collection demonstrated by Fifth Avenue models?

A visit to WCBW, the CBS television station in New York, proves that those happy days are not very far off. Such difficult programs as ballet dancing, badminton contests and roller skating shows have already been successfully transmitted. A boxing match, recently telecast from the studio, might well have aroused envy in the breasts of newsreel cameramen who regularly photograph such events for the movies. In contrast to the stationary newsreel cameras which must "take" the entire bout from the same angle, the mobile television cameras were able to dart around the ring for spectacular shots, even to peer through the ropes to show the sweat dripping from a pugilist's brow. At the same time, sound mikes suspended overhead on movable booms caught the boxers' surprised grunts and the crack of bone on bone.

Of course, putting a television show on the air—even a simple solo performance—is far from easy, and requires a large and experienced crew of technicians. During the pro-

gram the director cannot communicate with the actor, as his words would be picked up by the mikes, but gives constant instructions to the cameramen and a "floor manager" through earphones. The cameramen change their angles on the subject according to these directions, while the floor manager signals simple orders (such as "Face Camera 1" or "Talk louder") to the performer when necessary.

The director and his assistant are seated in a separate room which commands a full view of the stage. Four technical operators are also necessary—one audio (sound) engineer, two video (sight) engineers and a supervisor. One video man is called a "shader," because he is concerned with light and dark in the picture, and the other a "switcher" because he switches the image which is being broadcast from one camera to another on the director's cue.

Whether the performers come from stage, screen or radio, they all have adjustments to make to the new medium. Television demands that an actor learn to work without a script, pay attention to camera angles and voice technique, and play to a live audience at the same time. The fact that no "re-takes" (as in the movies) or long rehearsals (as for plays) are possible means that programs lack polished perfection, but they more than make up for this by a freshness and naturalness which is quite different from the other art forms.



1 Betty Jane Smith appears at the entrance to the CBS television station, WCBW, in New York. As a specialty dancer who has appeared in theatres throughout the country, she is eager to try her talents in this field.



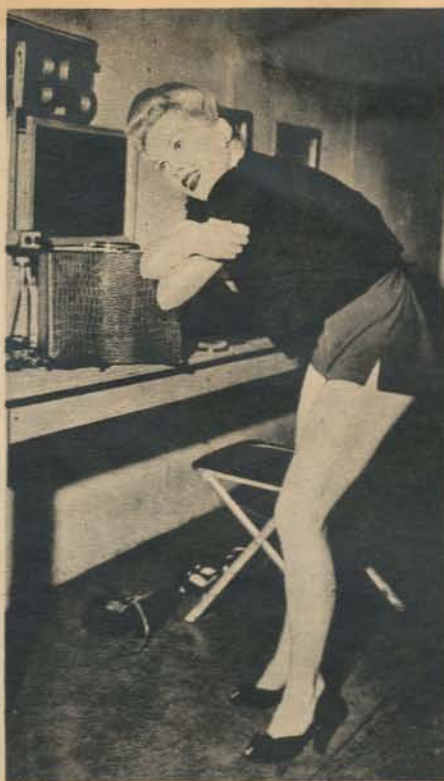
2 Beauties are no novelty in the life of WCBW's receptionist. Nevertheless he is dazzled by Betty's blonde locks and glamour-cut gown, as she turns on her brightest smile and asks for the television casting director.



3 Casting director Amy Chandler interviews Betty, talking over her qualifications and experience, and then discusses the type of program in which the dancer will make her appearance.



4 Successful and happy, Betty is on her way to the dressing room to get ready for her act, when she passes the CBS news map artist, busy preparing a war map for an illustrated lecture.



5 Dressing rooms are a familiar scene to Betty, so she doesn't waste a moment looking around at this one. Accustomed to quick changes, she's out of her dress in a jiffy so that she'll be ready for the cameras.



6 CBS maid, Blanche, has helped so many stars into their costumes that she's rapidly becoming something of an expert on television herself. Newcomers often ask her friendly advice on how best to make up for the show.



7 Special television makeup has been found unnecessary. Betty is carefully applying ordinary theatrical makeup, slightly darker than is used for street wear, with a heavy shading of lipstick.



8 After a short rehearsal, the show goes on. Unlike the movies, television permits no "cutting" and no "re-takes," so it is every performer's earnest desire to be letter-perfect before the program finally goes on the air.



9 The show is over and Betty is rewarded by a ride on the "dolly" or movable truck under the camera. This large camera, handled by two men, is highly maneuverable and can easily follow the action around the stage.



A PILLOW HELPS MADELEINE PIERCE TO MUFFLE HER NORMAL VOICE SHE GETS SOME STRANGE EXPRESSIONS IMPERSONATING BABIES!

Cry Babies Of Radio

THESE ACTRESSES READ THEIR
SCRIPTS IN REAL "BABY TALK"

BEING a "cry baby" doesn't sound like much of a guarantee for getting ahead in the world, but Dolores Gillen and Madeleine Pierce are making a good living just that way—the former by portraying such howling successes as the twins in both "Abie's Irish Rose" and "Pepper Young's Family," the latter by impersonating such infant phenomena as the 9-months-old son in "Front Page Farrell" and 4-year-old granddaughter in "Stella Dallas."

Age and sex have little to do with their juvenile assignments. Both have frequently "grown up" with characters of both genders, though real boys usually take over when male babies get old enough for baseball and black eyes. Both got into their unusual specialty quite accidentally—Philadelphia-born Madeleine by imitating her own son so well that friends persuaded her to audition for radio, Illinois-born Dolores by substituting when "baby cry" records got lost while she was playing an adult in a serial.

HANKIES ARE DOLORES GILLEN'S STAND-BY FOR INFANT COOINGS HER FACE GETS WORKOUT, TOO, WHEN DOING HOWLS OR WHIMPERS!



ELAINE VITO

**YOUNG HARPIST IS A BELLE WHO
CAN PLAY BOTH SWEET 'N' SWING**

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

STARTLING feature of "Mildred Bailey and Company's" jump-and-jive broadcasts is the presence of a big gold harp—accompanied by a slim silver blonde. The girl's there because she's Elaine Vito, brown-eyed, fair-haired hope of America's preeminent harp-playing family. The instrument's there because this has been a great year for harps, whether classics or "pop." Elaine, who has studied with her father for years, can play both.

At 21, the Chicago-born beauty has been second harpist—Dad (Edward Vito) is first—in the NBC Symphony Orchestra for the past four years and also plays regularly on some of the biggest variety shows of all four networks. Now movie talent scouts are after her, tipped off by an item Walter Winchell wrote when he caught sight of her close-ups in a Toscanini musical short for O.W.I. And, after one look at her cameo features and whistle-evoking figure, Hollywood doesn't care whether Elaine brings her harp or not!





HI BROWN'S "OFFICE" IS A ROOM IN HIS MANHATTAN APARTMENT—WHERE HE CAN WORK WITHOUT BOTHERING TO IMPRESS VISITORS

AT HOME WITH HI BROWN

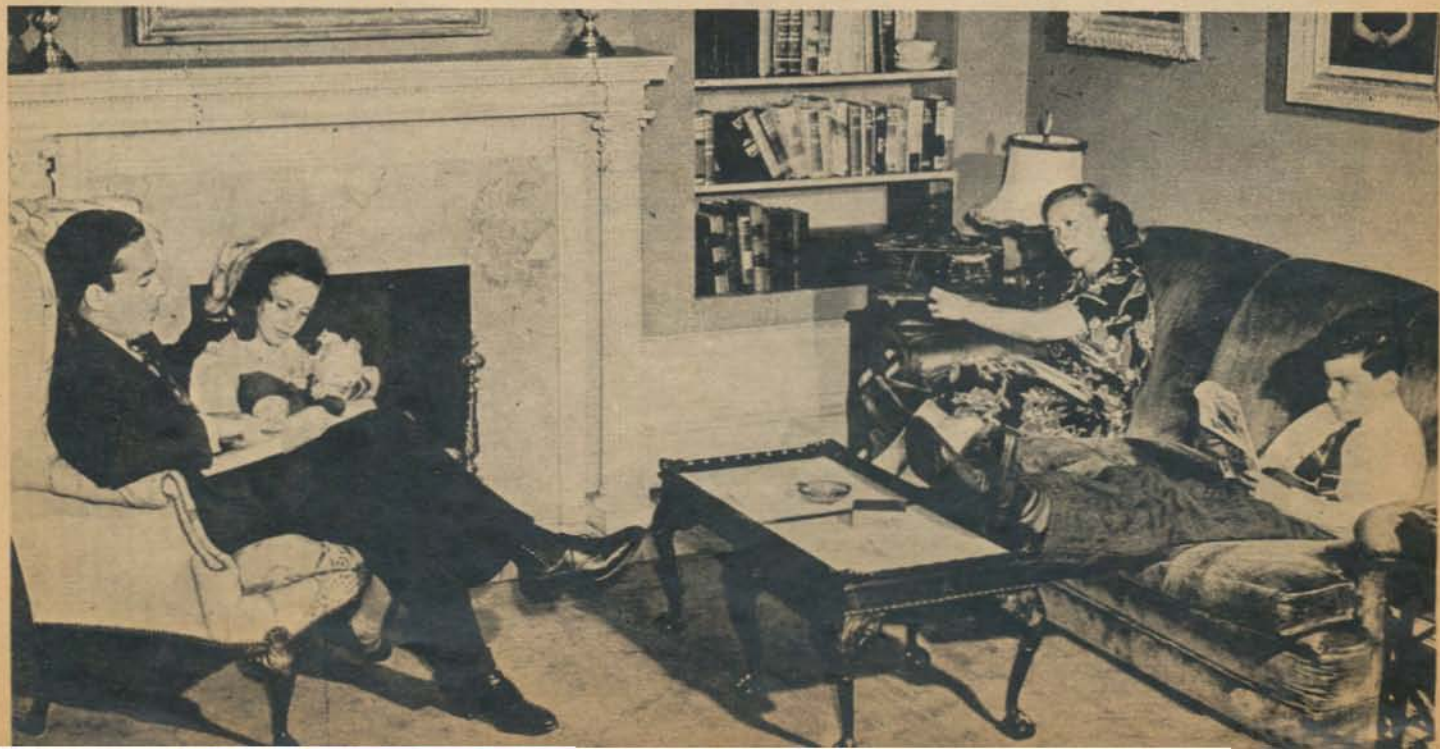
THE VERSATILE YOUNG PRODUCER
FINDS TIME FOR MANY INTERESTS

The astonishing thing about Hi Brown is not that he puts on five different air shows—all big network hits—but that he manages this colossal task with such incredible ease. There's nary a sign of the harassed and over-burdened big-business executive about him. Instead, the busiest producer-director in radio gives the impression of being delighted with life and with his work, of enthusiastic boyishness which belies his 34 years.

Hi says that it's all a matter of organization, of deciding what's essential and then doing that and nothing else.

For example, the brown-eyed and freckled whiz has never bothered with an office. An office is just a place where people you don't want to see can conveniently find you—or where you can impress clients with your own importance. Since Hi is not interested in either of these objects, he does his work at home—or in restaurants, subways and elevators—wherever he may happen to be when an idea strikes him. Many a stolid luncher in the Rockefeller Center area has been startled to hear murder being cold-bloodedly plotted at the next table, as Hi

THE NUMEROUS PAINTINGS ON THE LIVING ROOM WALLS FORM PART OF HI'S SIZEABLE COLLECTION OF MODERN, IMPRESSIONISTIC ART





WIFE MILDRED ACTS AS A NURSE'S AIDE



BARRY AND HILDA PUT ON THEIR OWN RADIO PROGRAMS AT HOME—UNDER DAD'S DIRECTION

and one of his writers get their teeth into an "Inner Sanctum," "Bulldog Drummond" or "Thin Man" plot.

Hi's two other shows, "Joyce Jordan" and "Green Valley, U.S.A." seldom lead him into such embarrassing situations, but the dynamic and talkative director admits that he's almost walked under a taxicab several times while reading their scripts. He's particularly interested in "Green Valley" because of its social implications, because of its definite attempt to pave the way for a better peace and a better life to come. The sincere and earn-

est producer has been interested in such problems ever since he majored in history and economics at City College years ago, and believes firmly that radio has a vital role in solving them. "Radio—with its 60,000,000 sets—is the greatest weapon in the world."

Somehow, in spite of the fullness of his workaday schedule, Hi Brown has managed to find time and energy for a multitude of private interests. He can proudly display a law degree from Brooklyn College—but has never used the specialized knowledge for anything but drawing up radio contracts.

Similarly, early training in musical theory and harmony have won him many compliments on the freshness of the music on his shows. An excellent color sense has led him to do his own interior decorating, and during the last five years he has gathered together a collection of 70 oil paintings. Foreign foods are another hobby, and Hi likes to try new, exotic dishes.

In spite of complete contentment with his present work, Hi has one thwarted ambition—to do a play or movie, so he'd have months instead of a week to put his ideas into effect.

HI IS AN ACCOMPLISHED MUSICIAN, HAVING PLAYED AS AN AMATEUR WITH SYMPHONIC AND JAZZ GROUPS BEFORE HE WAS SEVENTEEN





JOHN LOVES TO RESTORE THE ORIGINAL GLEAM OF FINE OLD WOOD



THE MAESTRO DOES ALL THE REFINISHING OF HIS ANTIQUE FINDS

JOHN SCOTT TROTTER'S HOBBY IS FURNITURE

EVER since John Scott Trotter studied architecture at the University of North Carolina, he has dreamed of building and furnishing an 18th Century home near his native town of Charlotte. Even while working clear across the continent, the "Kraft Music Hall" maestro has made that dream come true. Eight years ago, the 6'1" 190-pounder started buying up antiques, soon had Chippendales, Sheratons and such overflow-

ing from his apartment into the warehouses. Then, in 1939, he drew up his own plans, built the house by remote control, installed his parents and sister Margaret, began shipping them his collection. Today, the home is virtually complete, but the bachelor—now fondly looking forward to opening an antique shop "some day"—still spends every spare moment happily working over his latest precious finds in his garage workshop.



FIRST, HIS FURNITURE GETS THE MOST THOROUGH OF RUBDOWNS



SPRAYING ON THE FINAL COAT IS THE LAST STEP TO RECOVERY

Young Widder Brown

SMALL-TOWN CHARACTERS FACE THE PROBLEMS OF WAR AND PEACE

TUNE IN MON. THRU FRI. 4:45 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

THERE'S at least one "Young Widder Brown" in every town in America. For the character of *Ellen Brown* is an idealized portrait of the struggling young widow, attempting to give her children a good upbringing, and at the same time find some measure of happiness for herself. Like many another conscientious mother, *Ellen* has always believed that the welfare of 15-year-old *Janey* and 12-year-old *Mark* comes first—even if it means waiting years before finding romance and companionship in a second marriage.

Though life has not been easy since her husband's death, *Ellen* is far from being a thwarted or bitter person. Naturally cheerful and friendly, she has managed to build up a successful tea shop in the small Southern village of *Simpsonville*. Her courage and resourcefulness have won wide respect among the neighbors, and many have had occasion to appreciate her kindness in time of trouble. Instead of brooding over the difficulties which beset her own path, she has thrown herself energetically into plans for community betterment, and, since the war, has been a leading spirit in making *Simpsonville* conscious of its home-front obligations.

The role of this typical American woman has been played by the same actress for more than seven years—ever since "Young Widder Brown" made its radio debut in 1937. Like her script counterpart, Florence Freeman is pretty and capable, and takes her responsibilities to both her job and her two young daughters very seriously. Five feet, five inches tall, with a trim figure and lovely complexion, the brown-eyed blonde has been known as a beauty ever since school days, when she was elected Campus Queen at Wells College in Aurora, New York.

Though one of the most prized possessions of this 33-year-old actress is a medal won for dramatics in high school,

she had no early ambitions for the stage. Instead, she accumulated degrees at New York State College for Teachers and Columbia University with the hope of being a successful teacher. Florence did teach English for a while—in a small New York town—but found it dull on the whole, and after a

year and a half began playing summer stock and giving readings of plays. Radio entered her life because a friend scoffed at her acting abilities and dared the ambitious lass to find a job at any station. Florence found one all right—at WOKO in Albany—but also found to her dismay that the hours were so irregular that she sometimes started work at nine in the morning and ended up still in the studio at midnight. Nevertheless, the work (as a member of a sustaining dramatic company specializing in detective-story serials) was stimulating, and Miss Freeman stayed on that murderous schedule for many months.

Far from being content to remain on a local station, however, Florence always yearned for a network show, but didn't know just how to go about getting on one. The same friend who had unexpectedly pushed her into radio in the first place came to the rescue, by suggesting that she make the rounds of the agencies listed in the "Bible"

of show business, the magazine *Variety*. So, with only this idea as her "open sesame" to stardom, Florence optimistically set out for her native town, New York.

Luck—or an uncanny knack of making good first impressions—was on her side again, and the energetic young miss, then in her early twenties, landed a job immediately at the very first agency to which she applied. Since that original role on the "Madame Sylvia of Hollywood" airing, Miss Freeman has been a network regular, demonstrating her talents daily in such shows as "Shell Chateau," "Paul Whiteman's Music Hall" and "Radio Guild," as well as



WIDOW ELLEN BROWN WORKS AS A NURSE'S AIDE IN HER SPARE TIME



ELLEN'S FIANCE, DR. ANTHONY LORING, IS A CAPTAIN IN THE ARMY



JANEY BROWN MAKES VICTORY GARDENING HER WAR CONTRIBUTION

"We Love and Learn" and numerous other daytime serials. Florence still remembers well the inauspicious beginning of the "Young Widder Brown" assignment—for a suspicious bank teller firmly bounced back her first paycheck on the grounds that the word "widow" was grossly misspelled.

Off the air, the young actress is a devoted wife and mother, spending most of her spare time with her family, and managing to sandwich in a bit of tennis and riding now and then. She loves both cats and flowers, but had a hard time keeping them together for a while as her cat had an insatiable appetite for greenery—and calmly nipped off her most precious buds. The cat's a reformed character now, though—ever since Miss Freeman's husband brought home a cactus plant which nipped right back!

Romantic *Anthony Loring* has become as important a "Young Widder Brown" character as *Ellen* herself. As the attractive widow's fiance and friend, he is a sympathetic confidant and advisor; and as staff doctor of the *Simpsonville* health center, he is a leader in community affairs. This

dramatic role is handled by Edward Hooper (usually called Ned) Wever, a veteran trouper who has played all types of parts from juvenile to "heavy." Though his lawyer-father wanted the lad to follow in his footsteps, Ned showed his natural inclinations early in life by putting on a theatrical production at the age of five, with the assistance of his brother and a little girl in the neighborhood.

Since that infantile debut, he's played the lead in many Broadway and stock company shows, including Belasco's "Merchant of Venice." The blue-eyed six-footer first set foot on a real stage as a member of the Princeton Triangle Club, of which he was president in his senior year. In college, too, he wrote the book and lyrics for the annual show, "They Never Come Back," and has since kept his hand in by writing short stories, plays and the lyrics for a number of popular songs. Acting didn't seem to pay very well when Wever first started, for he had to gain experience by appearing in a small stock company at the overwhelming



COLLECTING SCRAP PUTS MARK BROWN'S ENERGY TO GOOD USE

rate of fifty cents a performance. Ned has made up for that early disillusionment now, and since 1929 has had all the parts he wants in the lucrative field of radio.

Anthony's domineering sister, *Victoria*, who does all she can to keep *Ellen* and her brother apart, is played by an actress who is far from fearsome in real life. Ethel Remy's most dramatic actual experience was crossing the Atlantic from England before the United States entered the war, on the first liner to try the trip with lights blazing and American flags painted on the sides. She had been in London taking a major part in Clare Booth Luce's overseas production of "The Women" when the Germans marched into Poland. Though standee houses had been the rule, the blitz and blackouts soon ruined the theatre business, and Miss Remy returned to American radio.

Other main characters in the "Young Widder Brown" script are daughter *Janey Brown*, played by Marilyn Erskine,



MINDING OTHERS' AFFAIRS KEEPS GOSSIP MARIA HAWKINS BUSY

and son *Mark Brown*, acted by Dickie Van Patten. Marilyn's a blonde, blue-eyed junior ingenue, a few years older than the adolescent *Janey*. Despite her youth, she has already appeared in several Broadway productions, including Thornton Wilder's "Our Town," and the movies have found her a photogenic subject for shorts. Dickie's a teen-aged youngster who has netted a handsome income from his work ever since he was five years old. He really has to be the man of the family now, for his Dad is away from home on duty with the Marines. Having been so successful himself, Dickie sometimes wonders why some of the characters he delineates don't solve their financial problems by taking up acting.

Last—but far from insignificant—is *Simpsonville's Maria Hawkins*, who manages to make a full-time career out of enjoying other people's troubles. The flat accent and emphatic tones which characterize the part were acquired in upstate New York, where actress Agness Young was born.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

BEHIND THE BANDSTAND

by BOB EARLE

ANIMATED SWING: Hush tones envelop Walt Disney's Hollywood studios, where Walt is now preparing a feature called "Swing Street" in an atmosphere of secrecy. Benny Goodman and a select group of jazz artists have already recorded for the picture, while Dinah Shore is known to be among those signed up, but the form of the music and animation continue to be sketchy.

Housing Situation: Tommy Dorsey, returning from a trip to Washington, D. C., was queried about the room shortage there. "Is it really as bad as they say?" asked a friend. "Is it bad!" Tommy exclaimed. "It's so hard to get rooms that I rented out my trombone case and a pillow for five dollars a night!"



MARTHA STEWART AND LON LEIGHTON

New on Wax: Just signed for solos on Victor-Bluebird discs is Martha Stewart, pictured with recording engineer Lon Leighton, at left. Other newcomers to the same list are singer David Street ("Sealtest Village") and songwriter Phil Moore ("Shoo Shoo Baby"), who will record with his newly-organized quintet of vocalists and instrumentalists.

Heat on Blue: Eddie Condon deserves a nod for the authenticity of his Blue Network jam sessions every Saturday. Eddie rehearses his ad-lib conversation and introductions by muttering "buzz-buzz-buzz" rather aimlessly into the mike, and the written script is scuffed on the floor by the time the show goes on the air. No scored music is used, either, and the jazz is unrestrained.

Dots Between Dashes: Claude Thornhill, who left civilian life when his band was just achieving the success it so richly deserved, has an excellent Navy band in Pearl Harbor. Intimates say that his return after the war will reveal an entirely new style . . . Duke Ellington is writing a book (a sympathetic history of the Negro race) around the theme of his well-known jazz symphony, "Black, Brown and Beige" . . . Harry James' new band is a top-notch: Juan Tizol, from the Ellington trombone section, is featured soloist in the outfit.

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

(in alphabetical order)

AMOR

AND THEN YOU KISSED ME

COME OUT, COME OUT
WHEREVER YOU ARE

I'LL BE SEEING YOU

I'LL GET BY

LII I MARLENE

LONG AGO (And Far Away)

PRETTY KITTY BLUE EYES

SWINGING ON A STAR

TIME WAITS FOR NO ONE

Latest Popular Recordings

TOMMY DORSEY STARMAKER — Tommy Dorsey (Victor): Of all band-leaders in the business, Tommy has probably made the most stars. This album presents eight of them as they



worked with the Dorsey band. Frank Sinatra, Connie Haines, Jo Stafford, Ziggy Elman, Buddy Rich, Sy Oliver, the Pied Pipers and Tommy are featured.

BENNY GOODMAN'S SEXTET — Benny Goodman (Columbia): One of the finest groups ever waxed under Goodman's name was his famous sextet. In these days of scant releases, it's wonderful to see such sets as this between pasteboard. Instrumentation is superb, featuring such artists as Count Basie on the piano, Charlie Christian on the guitar, and Benny with his clarinet.

HOW BLUE THE NIGHT — Bob Chester (Hit): Aided by an excellent ballad, Chester proves his crew's worth as one of the better commercial swing bands on the road today. Betty Bradley sings the vocal over a firm sax section and full, interesting brass.

ARTISTRY IN RHYTHM—Stan Kenton (Capitol): Stan's band offers an elaboration of their powerful off-beat theme song, with intense drive, interesting voicings and unusual rhythms.

I'LL REMEMBER APRIL — Charlie Barnet (Bluebird): Bob Carroll, one of the better bandsingers, handles the vocal chores, backed by a full string section. The entire mood is sentimental, even to Charlie's sax solo. On the flipover: "Don't Take Your Love From Me"—done by Alvino Rey and Yvonne King.

ON THE SERIOUS SIDE

NEWS AND PREVIEWS

Post-war plans of Massimo Freccia, newly-signed conductor of the New Orleans Symphony Orchestra, would bring music to thousands along the shores of the Mississippi. Freccia's first view of the mighty river recalled to him the concerts which Serge Koussevitzky gave in towns along the Volga, travelling with his orchestra on Russian riverboats. Freccia is now laying the groundwork for similar excursions up the Mississippi as soon as the peace is won.

Jose Iturbi is now a major in the Civil Air Patrol. The dynamic pianist and director has piloted his own plane for years, even flying cross-country to appear with the Rochester Philharmonic when he was its conductor.

New compositions by Sergei Prokofieff, distinguished Soviet composer, have been received in this country for early publication. Included in the group are a sonata for flute, a gavotte and six other pieces for piano.

We take off our hat to Pierre Monteux, talented conductor of the San Francisco Symphony, for his aid to promising conductors this past summer.

Each year, Monteux chooses six outstanding young batoneers for private coaching under his tutelage at his summer home in Maine.

It looks as though opera on wax is in for a boom season. Columbia announces the signing of Helen Traubel, renowned dramatic soprano, and Ezio Pinza, lyric basso—both of the Metropolitan Opera.

Patrice Munsel, 19-year-old coloratura who made such a successful debut at the Met last season, has been signed for Victor Red Seal—along with three other sopranos: Nan Merriman, mezzo concert artist, Zinka Milanov, Yugoslavian dramatic soprano heard at the Met for the past few seasons, and Blanche Thebom, 25-year-old mezzo previously heard from the concert stage and motion picture screen.



PATRICE MUNSEL

RECORD RELEASES

RUSSIAN MASTERSINGERS (Vol. 2)—RUSSIAN MASTERSINGERS, Conducted by T. ZARKEVICH (Standard Album T 511): There is no instrumentation—only choral work with occasional solos—on the eight sides of these four records, which include both Russian and Gypsy folk songs. "Dark Eyes," "Russian Lullaby," "Black Hussars" and "Down the River Volga" are among the more familiar numbers. Not widely known, Standard has shown both taste in selecting and competence in recording this set.



ARTUR RUBINSTEIN

PIANO MUSIC OF VILLA-LOBOS—ARTUR RUBINSTEIN, pianist (Victor Album M-970): There are nine selections in this four-sided album by Rubinstein, featuring the colorful works of the Brazilian composer, Heitor Villa-Lobos. The individual numbers are brilliant and exotic, with almost the flavor of a brightly-colored children's book. The subject matter, in fact, is precisely that—topics of most interest to children. There is one of "The Gingerbread Man," another about a "Little Paper Doll." Rubinstein plays them all with extreme sympathy and ability. Recording is of the usual Victor high quality.

BACH: SONATA IN E-MINOR FOR VIOLIN AND FIGURED BASS—ADOLPH BUSCH, Violinist; ARTUR BALSAM, Pianist (Columbia 71582-D): Though not too inspired, so far as Busch's violin work is concerned, this little-played Bach opus is interesting for its own sake. To those who may not be familiar with the term, "figured bass"—so popular in Bach's time—merely denotes that a bass part is written for the keyboard instrument with chords indicated to be played over the movement of that part. Quality of recording is very good.



SELLS STORY AFTER 5 WEEKS OF TRAINING

"After the fifth story-writing assignment, one of my feature stories was published in the Ft. Worth Press. Then Soda Fountain Magazine accepted a feature. By the twelfth assignment I had a short story in the mail."

—Cloyce Carter, 4140 Seventh St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

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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.

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RADIO FACTS

◆ Tires in combat areas are now being repaired with "radio heat." The process was developed by Lieut. Col. C. W. Vogt of the Army Transportation Corps, in response to requests from supply officers overseas for a mobile repair unit which could be used nearer the front lines than other vulcanizing equipment.

◆ According to a survey made by the trade paper, *Radio Daily*, nine out of ten residents of Mexico City would be interested in buying a television receiver after the war. Many felt that such an investment would be economical in the long run, as they could stay at home for entertainment instead of going to the movies, admission to which is very high in comparison with United States standards.

◆ Plans for an international European network have already been drawn up. As reported by Chairman Hubert of the Radio International Maritime Committee, the chief advantage of the scheme is that programs could emphasize listeners' membership in a larger community than the nation to which they happen to belong.

◆ An electronic system of drying penicillin which will speed the production of the infection-killing drug considerably has been perfected by the Radio Corporation of America. Instead of a freeze-drying process, heat generated by radio frequency currents is used, making the operation cheaper as well as faster.

◆ A survey made by the Franklin Square National Bank of Long Island seems to indicate that television sets head the list of products the American family expects to buy as soon as peacetime manufacturing is resumed. Nearly one-fourth of depositors participating in a savings plan for post-war buying have earmarked their funds for tele receivers.

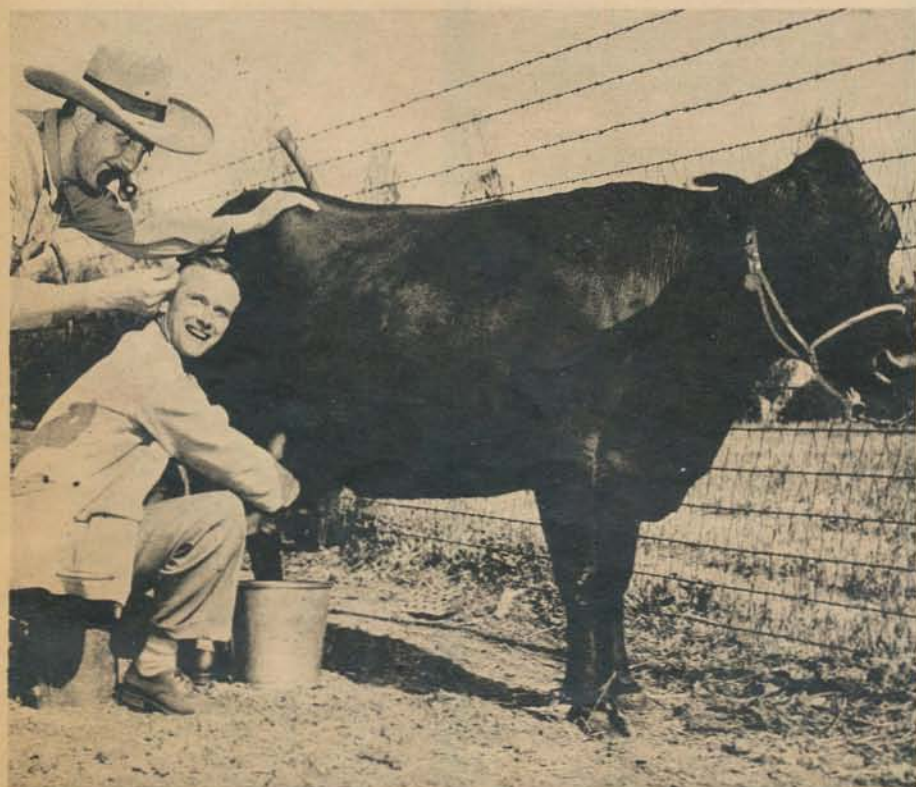
RADIOQUIZ ANSWERS

(Quiz on page 2)

1—(A) Kitty Kallen. 2—(C) Peter Donald. 3—(C) Claudia Morgan. 4—(A) Arlene Francis. 5—(B) Alec Templeton. 6—(C) Abbott & Costello. 7—(A) Lucille Manners. 8—(C) Dick Haymes.



BOSTON, MASS.—Station WEEI—The cast of CBS's patriotic program, "Youth on Parade," takes time out from a rehearsal to pose. The youngsters sing, put on dramas and sketches, and give awards to children on their Saturday morning show, heard over 80 stations throughout the U. S.



LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Station KFI—Nelson McIntosh is busy teaching Long Bill of "Chuck Wagon Jamboree" a thing or two about milking. Long Bill decided to learn when a fan mistook a sound-effects record of a cow being milked for the real thing, and wrote in offering a milker job.

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. News of the World (C)
 9:00 a.m. World News (N)
 9:15 a.m. E. Power Biggs (C)
 10:00 a.m. Bible Highlights (N)
 10:00 a.m. Church of the Air (C)
 10:30 a.m. Wings Over Jordan (C)
 11:00 a.m. AAF Symphonic Flight (B)
 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)
 1:30 p.m. Chicago Round Table (N)

2:30 p.m. Westinghouse Program (N)
 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. Lands of Free (N)
 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)
 6:30 p.m. Great Gildersleeve (N)
 7:00 p.m. All Time Hit Parade (N)
 7:00 p.m. Kate Smith Hour (C)

*7:30 p.m. Quiz Kids (B)
 7:30 p.m. Fitch Bandwagon (N)
 8:00 p.m. Edgar Bergen (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. Life of Riley (B)
 10:00 p.m. Hour of Charm (N)
 10:30 p.m. We the People (C)
 10:30 p.m. Les Tremayne & Co. (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. This Changing World (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. Star Playhouse (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)
 5:30 p.m. Just Plain Bill (N)
 6:00 p.m. Quincy Howe (C)
 6:15 p.m. Serenade To America (N)
 6:45 p.m. The World Today (C)
 *7:00 p.m. Music Shop (N)
 *7:00 p.m. I Love A Mystery (C)
 *7:15 p.m. Dateline (C)
 *7:30 p.m. Thanks to the Yanks (C)
 7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)
 *8:00 p.m. Cavalcade of America (N)
 8:00 p.m. Vox Pop (C)
 *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 (M)
 9:30 p.m. Spotlight Bands (B)
 9:30 p.m. Information Please (N)
 10:00 p.m. Carnation Program (N)
 10:00 p.m. Screen Guild (C)
 10:30 p.m. Showtime (C)
 10:30 p.m. "Dr. I. Q." (N)
 10:30 p.m. Horace Heidt (B)
 11:30 p.m. Saludos Amigos (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. This Changing World (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 (B)
 *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. 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. I Love A Mystery (C)
 *7:00 p.m. Music Shop (N)
 *7:15 p.m. John Nesbitt (C)
 7:30 p.m. For the Boys (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. Theatre of Romance (C)
 8:30 p.m. Date With Judy (N)
 9:00 p.m. Burns & Allen (C)
 9:00 p.m. Famous Jury Trials (B)
 9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
 9:30 p.m. Fibber McGee & Molly (N)
 9:30 p.m. Spotlight Bands (B)
 9:30 p.m. The Doctor Fights (C)
 10:00 p.m. Charlotte Greenwood (N)
 10:00 p.m. Raymond Gram Swing (B)
 10:30 p.m. Raleigh Room (N)
 10:30 p.m. Let Yourself Go (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. This Changing World (C)
 *10:45 a.m. Bachelor's Children (C)
 10:45 a.m. Listening Post (B)
 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. Music Shop (N)
 7:15 p.m. John Nesbitt (C)
 7:30 p.m. Easy Aces (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. Jack Carson Show (C)
 9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
 9:30 p.m. Mr. District Attorney (N)
 10:00 p.m. Kay Kyser College (N)
 10:00 p.m. Great Moments in Music (C)
 10:30 p.m. Report to the Nation (C)
 10:30 p.m. Soldiers With Wings (B)
 10:30 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. This Changing World (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. Star Playhouse (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)
 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. Music Shop (N)
 *7:15 p.m. John Nesbitt (C)
 *7:30 p.m. Charlie Chan (N)
 7:30 p.m. Mr. Keen (C)
 7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)
 *8:00 p.m. Suspense (C)
 8:00 p.m. Maxwell House (N)
 *8:15 p.m. Lum 'n' Abner (B)
 *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)
 9:30 p.m. Corliss Archer (C)
 10:00 p.m. Harry Savoy (N)
 10:00 p.m. Raymond Gram Swing (B)
 10:30 p.m. Here's To Romance (C)
 *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. Lara Lawton (N)
 *10:00 a.m. Valiant Lady (C)
 10:30 a.m. This Changing World (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. Star Playhouse (N)
 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. 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. Blondie (B)
 *7:00 p.m. I Love A Mystery (C)
 *7:00 p.m. Music Shop (N)
 7:30 p.m. Friday On Broadway (C)
 7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)
 8:00 p.m. Aldrich Family (C)
 8:00 p.m. Cities Service Concert (N)
 8:30 p.m. Meet Your Navy (B)
 8:30 p.m. The Thin Man (N)
 8:30 p.m. Service to the Front (C)
 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)
 10:30 p.m. Stage Door Canteen (C)
 10:30 p.m. Sports Newsreel (N)
 11:00 p.m. Ned Calmer (C)

SATURDAY

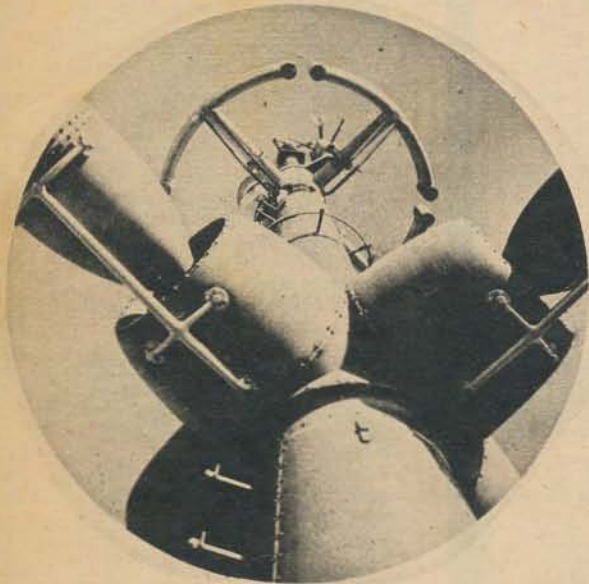
8:00 a.m. News of the World (C)
 8:00 a.m. World News (N)
 9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
 10:00 a.m. Mirth and Madness (N)
 *10:30 a.m. Mary Lee Taylor (C)
 *10:45 a.m. Pet Parade (N)
 11:05 a.m. Let's Pretend (C)
 11:30 a.m. Melody Round-Up (N)
 11:30 a.m. Billie Burke (C)
 12:00 noon Music Room (N)
 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)
 3:02 p.m. Twenty-One Stars (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 Wigger (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)
 7:30 p.m. Mrs. Miniver (C)
 7:30 p.m. The RCA Program (B)
 7:30 p.m. Ellery Queen (N)
 *8:00 p.m. Blue Ribbon Town (C)
 8:00 p.m. Rudy Vallee (N)
 8:30 p.m. Boston Pops Orch. (B)
 8:30 p.m. Truth or Consequences (N)
 *8:30 p.m. Inner Sanctum (C)
 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

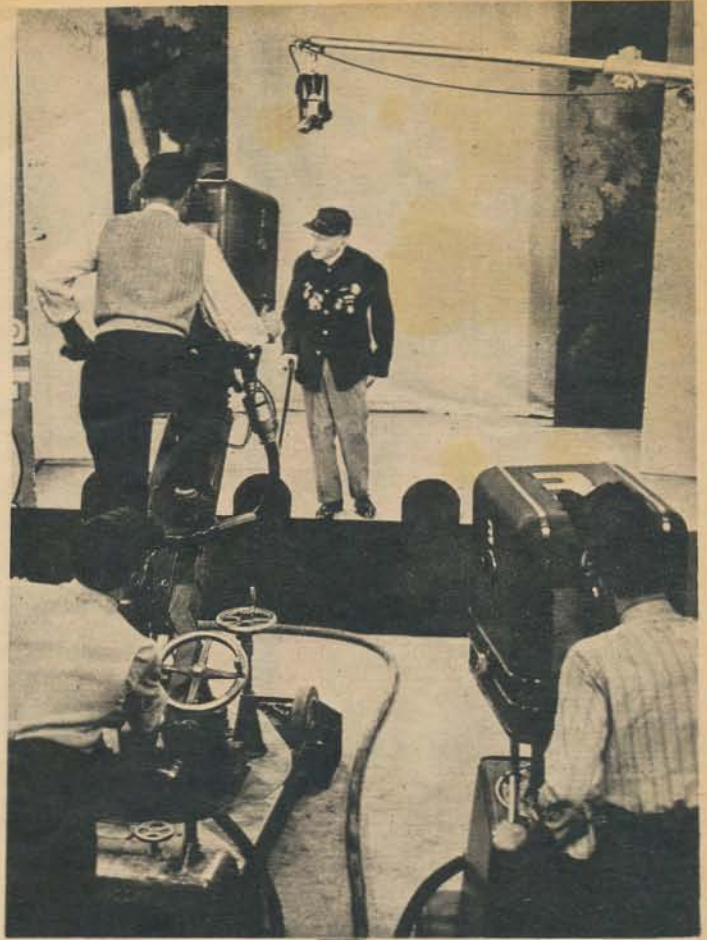
CITY	E. W. TIME	STATION	DIAL	CITY	E. W. TIME	STATION	DIAL
Ankara	1:00 p.m.	TAP	9.456	Moscow	7:40 a.m.		15.75
Berne	3:45 p.m. — 4:15 p.m.		10.335		12:00 noon		15.75
	9:30 p.m. — 11:00 p.m.		6.345		6:45 p.m.		9.57
	9:30 p.m. — 11:00 p.m.		6.165		6:48 p.m.	RKE	15.1
	9:30 p.m. — 11:00 p.m.		6.539		6:48 p.m.		15.23
Brazzaville	2:50 p.m.	FZI	11.97		6:48 p.m.		11.948
	4:45 p.m.	FZI	11.97		6:48 p.m.		5.44
	7:45 p.m.	FZI	11.97		6:48 p.m.		11.885
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	7.68		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
	8:00 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.	GSC	9.58		9:00 p.m. — 10:00 p.m.	SBP	11.705
	8:00 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.	GSL	6.11		9:00 p.m. — 10:00 p.m.	SBU	9.535
	8:15 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.	GSU	7.26	Stockholm	4:00 a.m. — 11:00 a.m.	SBT	15.155
	10:15 p.m. — 11:30 p.m.	GSB	9.51	(Sundays)	4:00 a.m. — 2:15 p.m.	SBP	11.705
	10:15 p.m. — 11:30 p.m.	GRW	6.15		12:00 noon — 2:15 p.m.	SBT	15.155
	10:15 p.m. — 11:30 p.m.	GRM	7.12		12:00 noon — 5:15 p.m.	SBP	11.705
	10:15 p.m. — 12:00 mid.	GRC	2.88		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 a.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

TELEVISION programs can be directly broadcast only to a small area (limited by the horizon line). Though this fact makes chain broadcasting difficult, technicians predict the eventual growth of great sight-and-sound networks, connected by relay stations.



NBC's television antenna atop the Empire State Building is a windmill-like structure which broadcasts pictures and sound.



"Never too old to try something new" is the slogan of 78-year-old vaudeville veteran Joe Fields as he tries out a dance routine before the cameras.



HENRY SCOTT GOES HILDEGARDE ONE BETTER, AND DEMONSTRATES FOR WRGB (SCHENECTADY) DIALERS THAT HE CAN PLAY IN MITTENS



"The storekeeper might get mad"

You're wrong there, lady. Good merchants appreciate customers who keep an eye on ceiling prices, who don't ask them to buy on the black market, who never ask for rationed goods without points, who share and play square with scarce goods.

*We asked
5 foolish women
why they don't
check
ceiling prices*



... "It's too much trouble"

It isn't a lot of trouble to do the little the Government asks—just remember to ask every time you make a purchase, "Is this the ceiling price?" And it's well worth the trouble—if it holds prices down, lessens the danger of inflation.



"We can afford to pay more"

Maybe *you* can, but how about the millions of soldiers' families who must live on Army allotments? Every time you pay black market prices or buy rationed goods without points, you're helping to send prices up—that's the way inflation comes. And *nobody* can afford inflation.



"My store doesn't display ceiling prices"

All retailers will if you keep asking them, "Is this the ceiling price?" It's the law. Ceiling prices must be displayed whenever goods under ceilings are sold. That's the system which has helped to keep prices so much lower in this war than they were in the last.



"I just don't want to do it"

No—and our boys don't want to fight! But they're doing it—magnificently! It's up to you on the home front to do your part to head off rising prices and inflation, help prevent producing a depression for our boys to come home to. Don't be a SABOTEUR on the home front!

Check and be proud! You should be

proud if you're the kind of loyal, patriotic American citizen who never pays more than ceiling prices, who pays her ration points in full, who shares and plays square with scarce goods!

It is because of you and millions of women like you—cooperating with American merchants—that the cost of living has gone up only 7 per cent since your Government's price control started.

But the end is not yet. So keep up the good work. Ask *every time*—"Is this the ceiling price?" Never buy a single thing that you can do without. Save your money—in the bank, in life insurance, in War Bonds. When you use things up, wear 'em out, make 'em do, or do without . . . you're helping to HOLD DOWN PRICES!

**YOUR STORE WILL BE GLAD
TO HAVE YOU ASK:**

"Is this the ceiling price?"

**HELP
US
KEEP**

PRICES DOWN

A United States War Message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.



THREE BELLS FOR ADANO



Hundreds of Adanos, known by other names and scattered throughout the world, find daily consolation in bells the Axis hasn't been able to silence—the NBC chimes.

Every night and day of the year, America's best-known radio signal rings through friendly and enemy countries alike, carrying hope among the down-trodden . . . sounding a warning to this nation's enemies . . . echoing a welcome and familiar note to Americans fighting abroad.

An Italian prisoner now in the U. S. writes: *"When I think how the voice of NBC brings daily comfort to so many Italians suffering in the homeland under the German heel, I should like to shake your hand."*

Long before Hitler marched into Po-

land, NBC began broadcasting in six languages over two powerful international short-wave transmitters beamed to various parts of the world. Countless hundreds abroad learned to rely on NBC for news and entertainment.

Pearl Harbor marked the beginning of increased, and ever-increasing cooperation between the Government and NBC. Its International Division became a hard-hitting front-line weapon in the field of psychological warfare.

* * *

NBC's international broadcasts began as an experiment . . . just one of the many types of experiments NBC carries on constantly to maintain its leadership in radio. It is the results of these experiments . . . experiments in many fields . . . which help keep NBC out in front, help make NBC *"The Network Most People Listen to Most."*

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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