

# TUNE IN

JUNE, 1945

FIFTEEN CENTS

20c IN CANADA



SETTING  
THE SCENE  
WITH SOUND

THE NATIONAL RADIO MAGAZINE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A N C



## **X Here's where you stand today!**

### **Look ahead a year or two... for your own sake.**

*Over on the dark side is this:* Every unnecessary thing you buy helps shove the country one step nearer inflation and the bad times that come in inflation's wake.

*Over on the bright side is this:* Every single cent you save helps move you and your country one step nearer the kind of prosperous, happy, post-war America you want.

*Okay—you're human. You're rethinking mainly about yourself.*

**YOU SHOULD.** Because if every man Jack (and every girl Jill) buys nothing he can get along without...

(avoids Black Markets and "just-a-little-above-the-ceiling" like the plague!) . . . pays off the mortgage or any other debts . . . takes out more insurance . . . builds a healthy sock of savings . . . buys and holds more War Bonds—inflation will stay away from our door.

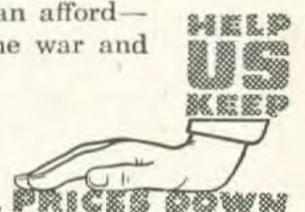
And Jack and Jill will be in a sound position no matter what times come.

*Maybe you ought to clip this signpost and paste it in your pocketbook as a reminder that you can BUY your way to bad times. Or you can SAVE your way to good ones.*

That's where YOU stand today.

### **4 THINGS TO DO to keep prices down and to protect your own future!**

- 1.** Buy only what you really need.
- 2.** When you buy, pay no more than ceiling prices. Pay your ration points in full.
- 3.** Keep your *own* prices down. Don't take advantage of war conditions to ask more for your labor, your services, or the goods you sell.
- 4.** *Save.* Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to help pay for the war and protect your future. Keep up your insurance



# THE PASSING PARADE OF RADIO

"TUNE IN" BRINGS TO ITS READERS  
AN ENDLESS PROCESSION  
OF FOREMOST RADIO PERSONALITIES

You've heard them all. Now meet them personally. Each month, Tune In's pages are your personal introduction to all the outstanding favorites. You'll meet the stars through exclusive pictures and specially-written stories. You'll gain a host of new friends and enjoy their programs twice as much with all the information that is contained in each personality-packed issue.



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WITH  
**TUNE IN**

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FOR ONLY  
**\$1.50**

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RADIO CITY, N. Y.

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

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A

VOICE OF  
THE LISTENER



RADIOQUIZ

ALAN YOUNG

GUEST QUIZARD

THE BLUE NETWORK'S PIN-UP-BOY COMIC



1 Talking over the day's events with his photogenic wife is a favorite evening pastime of radio crooner: (A) Perry Como (B) Dick Haymes (C) Andy Russell



2 This NBC maintenance man is: (A) testing a sound effects machine (B) sounding chimes (C) testing an organ



3 The voice of this bird introduces: (A) Information Please (B) Pathe News of the Air (C) Sunrise Serenade



4 Marlin Hurt is well known for his classical impersonation of: (A) Clifton Finnegan (B) Mr. Savage (C) Beulah



5 Hope Emerson's call of the wild imitates: (A) Elsie the Cow (B) The Red Heart Dog (C) Singing Canaries



6 This elaborate machine creates the sound of a: (A) swimming race (B) squeaking old pump (C) locomotive

ANSWERS ON PAGE 45

NETWORK RIVALRIES

Gentlemen:

On one of Bing Crosby's recent shows, I heard—I believe for the first time—a competitive network's name announced over the air. I'm referring to the plug Bing put in for the Wendell Niles and Don Prindle show on the Blue. Usually it is: "The program will be heard next Wednesday on another network."

I think it's about time they did something about that rivalry. It's certainly rather pointless—everybody knows the names of the big networks anyway.

TED MATHIAS

Cincinnati, Ohio

DR. BOB NEGLECTED

Dear Sirs:

In regard to your article, "Is There a Doctor in the House"—how did you come to neglect "Dr. Bob" of "Bachelor's Children," played by Hugh Studebaker? He's been a radio regular for the past ten years.

This serial is in many people's estimation one of the best, because it portrays the average person's life without adding the familiar long-drawn out agony. "Dr. Bob" is an old-fashioned doctor who does his job without trying to arrange every family's life for them.

MRS. A. P. BOYLE

Branford, Conn.

(Ed. note: We didn't really neglect him. There was a long story on "Dr. Bob" and "Bachelor's Children" in our January issue of last year.)

HIT PARADE

Gentlemen:

Thanks a lot for that "Hit Parade" story. It made swell reading and left a lot of information in my head besides. Let's have more of the same.

ELOISE DAY

Hollywood, Cal.

BOUQUETS FOR ORSON

Dear Sirs:

I am writing in hopes that I can persuade you to do a story on Orson Welles. There is too much "depreciation" and not enough appreciation of him.

In my opinion, he is one of—if not the greatest—dramatic actors we have today. He's good in comedy, drama—anything else you can name. My hat's off to him and his superb acting.

JEANINE H. PEARSEY

Rushville, Ind.

ANNOUNCERS—GROW UP!

Dear Editor:

I'm writing in to tell you how very much I'm in accord with Annette Darklin as to the drooling announcers. My pet peeve right now is "The General Mills Hour," the best day-time show on the air.

But slowly I'm turning away from it because of those men called announcers. Why, oh, why must they make such perfect fools of themselves? General Mills has wonderful products, well worth being brought to the listeners' attention. But please can't we have them tossed at us by grown-up, well-mannered men?

I can't help but feel they must embarrass their wives and families—they do me, just a by-stander.

HELEN HACKABOUT

San Mateo, Cal.

P.S. I, too, wonder why "Backstage Wife" moves so slowly. There have been times when it's taken two weeks or more for an hour to pass. Don't the writers know that's boring? I never listen to it any more.

AN ADMIRER OF THE PRESIDENT

Dear Sirs:

I was very glad to see that you had the President in TUNE IN. It makes me proud of the people of the United States to realize that a person who has been crippled, for a large part of his life, can hold the highest office in the land. It goes to show that we, the people, do not elect a man for his looks.

I think that our Commander in Chief is a great inspiration to our poor children who have been stricken with infantile paralysis. Also he has done much toward contributing to their fund.

JAMES GRAHAM

Adams Mills, Ohio

P.S. I'm one of those children. This letter was typed by my sister.

# TUNE IN

VOL. 3, NO. 2

JUNE 1945

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## ON THE COVER

"MARCHING MEN"—Wooden blocks are used to create the sound of marching men. See full story, page 7.

TUNE IN, published monthly by D. S. Publishing Company, Inc., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Radio City; New York 20, N. Y. Richard Davis, president; V. C. Albus, secretary. Single copies 15 cents. Subscription, \$1.50 for 12 issues. TUNE IN accepts no responsibility for manuscripts and photographs that may be submitted. Manuscripts returned only with self-addressed envelope. Entered as 2nd class matter January 20th, 1943 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Copyright 1943 by D. S. Publishing Company, Inc. PRINTED IN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

# AROUND THE NETWORKS



Singing star Kate Smith is making the telling of tall tales a lucrative, as well as morale-building, pastime for wounded servicemen. Each week on her CBS program, the famed warbler reads the best whopper submitted, sends a check for \$250 to its writer. Additional awards of \$10 each are made to "runners-up." Concocting these yarns has become the favorite indoor sport of convalescent veterans, is encouraged by medical officers as an incentive to recovery. The

idea behind Miss Smith's plan is that the boys will spend pleasant hours writing down their stories, then will have additional fun dreaming about spending the money their creations may win. The whopper to end all whoppers—tallest tale submitted during the spring season—is to be put on the air June tenth, and its proud author rewarded by a prize of \$1000. (Miss Smith is shown above entertaining Coast Guardsmen at the Manhattan Beach training center.)



According to the show business trade paper, "Variety," the voice of NBC's Bing Crosby has been heard by more people than the voice of any other man who ever lived. This statement is not based on the crooner's radio appearances alone, but also on the fact that Crosby's record sales total somewhere around 75,000,000. Besides the number of people who play these records in their homes, disc jockeys all over the country use them constantly for transcribed programs.

Paul Lavallo, conductor of the CBS "Stradivari" and the NBC "Highways of Melody," has been trying experiments in musical therapy for a number of months. His efforts have been so successful (particularly in combating the apathy of convalescence) that the maestro has now been assigned to prepare a special series of programs for use in Army and Navy hospitals.

The Blue Network announces that advance program material on its Metropolitan Opera and Boston Symphony broadcasts is available to schools and colleges for the asking. Such material is mailed out weekly so that it can be discussed before programs go on the air.



Bud Abbott and Lou Costello are using their influence as well-known radio stars to start a drive against juvenile delinquency. The NBC team have organized a non-profit company called the Abbott and Costello Foundation, with the purpose of providing programs of recreation for youngsters. The first chapter has already been formed in Los Angeles, with others due to follow in various cities across the country. Entire cost of the project is being carried by the comedians.

A group of civilian radio producers (representing both CBS and NBC) are expected to go overseas shortly on a fact-finding tour. Purpose of the trip is to familiarize these men with the problems of the liberated peoples, so that broadcasts concerning conditions abroad will be accurate.

NBC has received definite proof that the German people have heard the short wave messages beamed to them throughout the war by the network's International Division. German prisoners, interrogated abroad, have revealed that their families and friends listened to these broadcasts—even at the risk of being jailed for long periods if discovered.

# "This is the National Broadcasting Company..."

**NBC... "THE NETWORK  
MOST PEOPLE LISTEN  
TO MOST"**

FOR years NBC has been America's leading network. Since NBC's formation 19 years ago the American public has always demonstrated a marked preference for NBC programs . . . has listened in greater numbers and with more consistency to its broadcasts than to those of any other network.

Brought to homes throughout the nation by the 150 local stations affiliated with NBC—entertaining . . . inspirational . . . informative—its programs hold a unique personal place today in

the nation's life. In NBC broadcasts millions find their chief source of amusement . . . a valuable knowledge of current events . . . a broadening contact with the worlds of education, science, politics and religion.

And not only do they look to the National Broadcasting Company to provide them with the greatest shows in radio—they accept it as a member of the family to an extent which places NBC among the institutions of America, an actual part of America—America *on the air*.



**NBC IN ACTION.** Represented in more than fifty capitals and military headquarters, NBC travels with our land and air forces, sails the seas with our fleets, goes ashore with our landing barges.



**TOP MEN IN THEIR JOBS.** Men of achievement and responsibility in the fields of reporting, NBC newsmen such as Bill Stern—pictured here as he broadcasts from an American Bomber—provide a "through wire" from the men in service . . . help NBC strengthen understanding between the public and the armed forces by news and special programs.

**WHERE HISTORY IS WRITTEN.** Never before have our people had a greater or more personal stake in the happenings of the day. And never before has history-in-the-making been so *quickly*, so *thoroughly*, so *accurately* brought to them. With reporters strategically located . . . a staff of top-notch news experts and commentators . . . its facilities expanded many times over . . . NBC keeps the public in step with events no matter where or how rapidly they occur—on the six continents or in the forty-eight states.



**THE LAUGHS OF A NATION.** Of all American traits none is more characteristic than our universal appreciation of comedy . . . such appreciation as has built the enormous popularity of NBC funny men Bob Hope, Edgar Bergen and Jack Benny, to mention a very few. Americans value a laugh—and much of the nation's humor travels on NBC . . . via such amusing programs, for example, as "Can You Top This?" (shown above).

# NBC Voices that Everybody Knows



**Josephine Antoine**  
Mondays,  
10 p.m. EWT



**Judy Canova**  
Saturdays,  
10 p.m. EWT



**Perry Como**  
Mon. thru Fri.,  
7 p.m. EWT



**Richard Crooks**  
Mondays,  
8:30 p.m. EWT



**Bing Crosby**  
Thursdays,  
9 p.m. EWT



**Jean Dickenson**  
Sundays,  
9:30 p.m. EWT



**Dick Haymes**  
Tuesdays,  
7:30 p.m. EWT



**Hildegarde**  
Tuesdays,  
10:30 p.m. EWT



**Frank Munn**  
Fridays,  
9 p.m. EWT



**Dick Powell**  
Sundays,  
7:30 p.m. EWT



**Dinah Shore**  
Thursdays,  
8:30 p.m. EWT



**Ginny Simms**  
Tuesdays,  
8 p.m. EWT



**John Charles Thomas**  
Sundays,  
2:30 p.m. EWT



**Thomas L. Thomas**  
Sundays,  
9 p.m. EWT



**Rudy Vallee**  
Thursdays,  
10:30 p.m. EWT

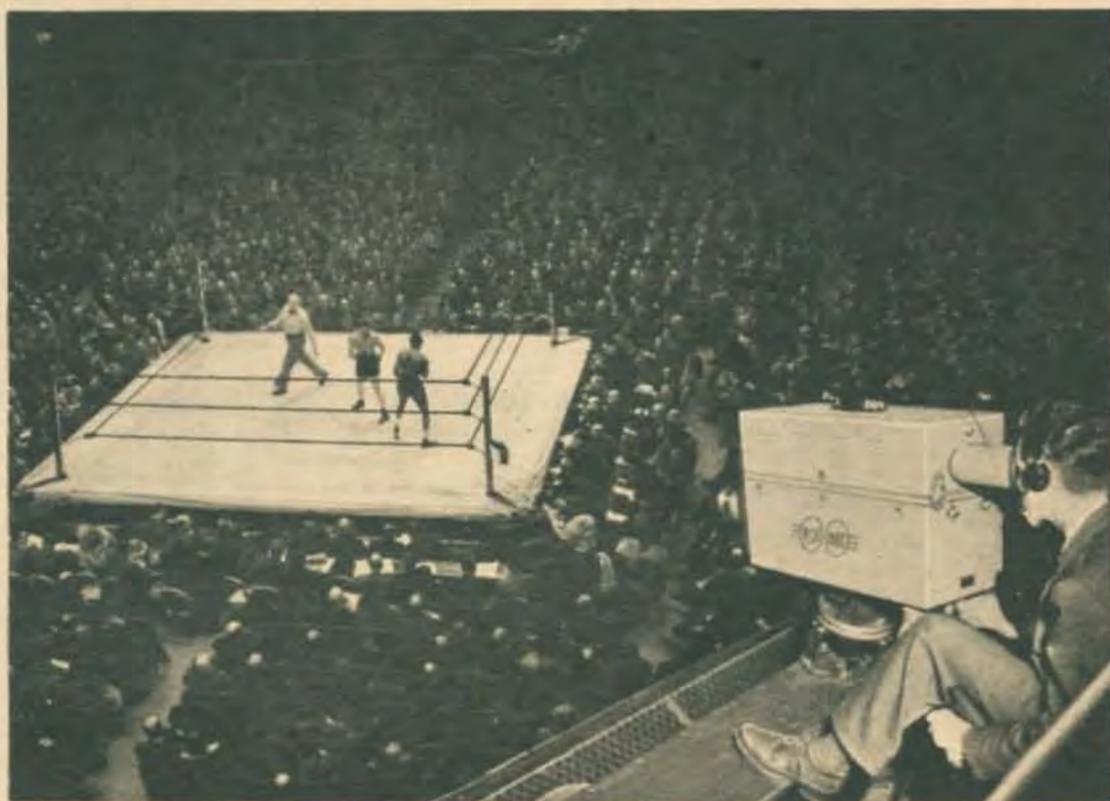
**THE SONGS AMERICA WHISTLES.** An America without its popular ballads, its stirring hymns, its wonderful folksongs—and its favorite singers—wouldn't be America. Listen to the songs being whistled today and you'll know the songs which were heard over NBC last night. The old favorites, the current rages, the immortal classics, the hits of tomorrow—all are broadcast over the stations of America's most popular network and all find welcome throughout all of the nation.



**MYSTERY MADE TO ORDER.** People everywhere are fascinated by mystery and intrigue. For its tremendous audience NBC provides such first-rate thrillers as "Mr. and Mrs. North" (Wed., 8 p.m. EWT), "Mr. District Attorney" (Wed., 9:30 p.m. EWT), "Mystery Theatre" (Tues., 9 p.m. EWT) plus a wide range of other dramas.



**SOLACE OF RELIGION.** The spiritual need of Americans . . . the comfort, inspiration and security which the nation finds in religion . . . has an important place in NBC broadcasting. From this and other NBC studios, audiences hear programs devoted to America's religious faiths. And millions listen each Sunday to "The Catholic Hour," "The National Radio Pulpit" (Protestant) and "The Eternal Light" (Jewish).



**TELEVISION AND SPORTS.** The newest in amusement and one of the oldest of popular appeals are united by NBC enterprise into a new, exciting form of entertainment. After Victory, NBC . . . long known for its expert and thorough radio coverage of sports . . . will be able to provide to more and more homes the added thrills of seeing popular sports in television . . . identify even more enjoyable entertainment with the phrase, "This is the National Broadcasting Company."

**America's No.1 Network**  
A Service of Radio Corporation of America

1945—RADIO'S 25TH ANNIVERSARY—PLEGGED TO VICTORY!



## NEW REVISED EDITION OF DANCING

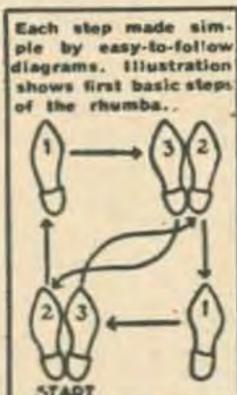
includes the Rhumba, Conga, Samba, Jitterbug . . . Fox Trot, Waltz, and Tap Dancing.

Now you can learn to dance in the privacy of your own home with the help of these 3 books. All the newest Swing steps—the Rhumba, Conga, Samba, Jitterbug, as well as the Fox Trot, Waltz and basic tap steps—explained with simple, graphic diagrams in "Dancing" and the two books we include FREE with each order.

**GET MORE FUN OUT OF LIFE!** Swing your way to popularity. Watch your friendships increase as you learn. No more wall-flower nights! Start now and fill your future with Romance! **MAKE THIS FREE TEST!** The new REVISED edition of Betty Lee's book, Dancing, helps you learn correctly and quickly. Be convinced—if not satisfied with results you will get your money back! And remember, we include two other books—"Tip Top Tapping" and "Swing Steps"—FREE of extra charge.

### SEND NO MONEY!

Pay the postman \$1.98 plus a few cents postage. Follow instructions in ALL THREE BOOKS—practice simple dance steps each day and in 5 days if you haven't learned to dance, we will refund your money!



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Send me "Dancing" by Betty Lee, and include 2 free books.  
( ) Ship C.O.D. I will pay on arrival, plus postage.  
( ) I enclose \$1.98. Ship postage prepaid.  
If in 5 days I do not learn to dance, I may return book and you will refund purchase price.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

# OF MIKES AND MEN

By  
LAURA HAYNES

Story behind JIMMY DURANTE's novelty song, "She Doesn't Like," is that the words were written by —WALTER WINCHELL. The nosy comic first read the limerick in the Broadway biographer's column back in 1923, asked permission to set it to music, has since made it so popular that he has sung as many as 18 encores.

★ ★ ★

Teenster LOUISE ERICKSON, "Date with Judy" title-roler and "Gildersleeve's" niece *Marjorie*, is a great HARRY JAMES fan, has an almost complete collection of his records. She's still raving over her visit with HARRY's wife, BETTY GRABLE, who asked her to come over and bring some of the rarer discs. The ultra-exclusive JAMES jam-session didn't break up until dawn!

★ ★ ★

On a recent trip home from overseas, TED MALONE learned that his small daughter finally has a first name—at the ripe age of 5½! When she was born, TED and his wife couldn't agree on the christening, compromised by nicknaming her HAPPY. But, now that she's in kindergarten and has to answer roll call, the littlest MALONE has picked a name of her own. She calls herself NANCY.

★ ★ ★

**Close Shave:** MARTIN BLOCK is probably the only radiolite who barbers himself during a broadcast. He deftly wields a razor, while spinning platters and ad-libbing comments for "Make Believe Ballroom" over New York's WNEW, finishes just in time to go on "Supper Club" for NBC.

★ ★ ★

WHIT BURNETT, editor of CBS' "This Is My Story," has found a way to circumvent those people who constantly borrow books and forget to return 'em. He simply insists that his friends leave a pack of cigarettes for each tome taken, holds the smokes for ransom till the books come home . . . CLAUDIA MORGAN, of both "Thin Man" and "Right to Happiness," has a solution for that annoying question of who pays the check when ladies meet to eat. Her timely tip is for one girl to take the lunch-bill, the other to give an equal amount of cash to the Red Cross

or a similar service . . . GEORGE BURNS *thought* he had the answer to GRACIE ALLEN's little habit of forgetting the key to their tiny automobile. They had a finger ring made for GRACIE, with car-key attached. Only trouble is that now MRS. BURNS forgets to wear the ring!

★ ★ ★

You can take the word of sculptor JOSEPH A. COLETTI that ETHEL BARRYMORE, star of Blue's folksy "Miss Hattie," is one of the 10 most beautiful women of our time. He rhapsodizes over her Grecian profile, places her high on a list which includes such belles as HEDY LAMARR, GREER GARSON, VIVIEN LEIGH, ESTHER WILLIAMS, KATHARINE CORNELL, GRETA GARBO, MADELEINE CARROLL, INGRID BERGMAN, MME. CHIANG KAI-SHEK.

★ ★ ★

We're glad to learn PHIL BAKER is as honest as he looks. The "Take It or Leave It" quipster has paid back a loan from his uncle, MORRIS KORENGOLD of Minneapolis. It was the forgotten last \$1.50 installment on a sum he borrowed to buy his first tuxedo—30 years ago! PHIL anted up \$8.53, figuring interest at 6% over three decades. (Uncle promptly gave the check to charity.)

★ ★ ★

Ever stop to think how loyal to the South ol' Dixie-drawlin' KAY KYSER really is? The two top singers with his band in recent years have been, successively, *Virginia* and *Georgia*—GINNY SIMMS and GEORGIA CARROLL (now Mrs. K.).

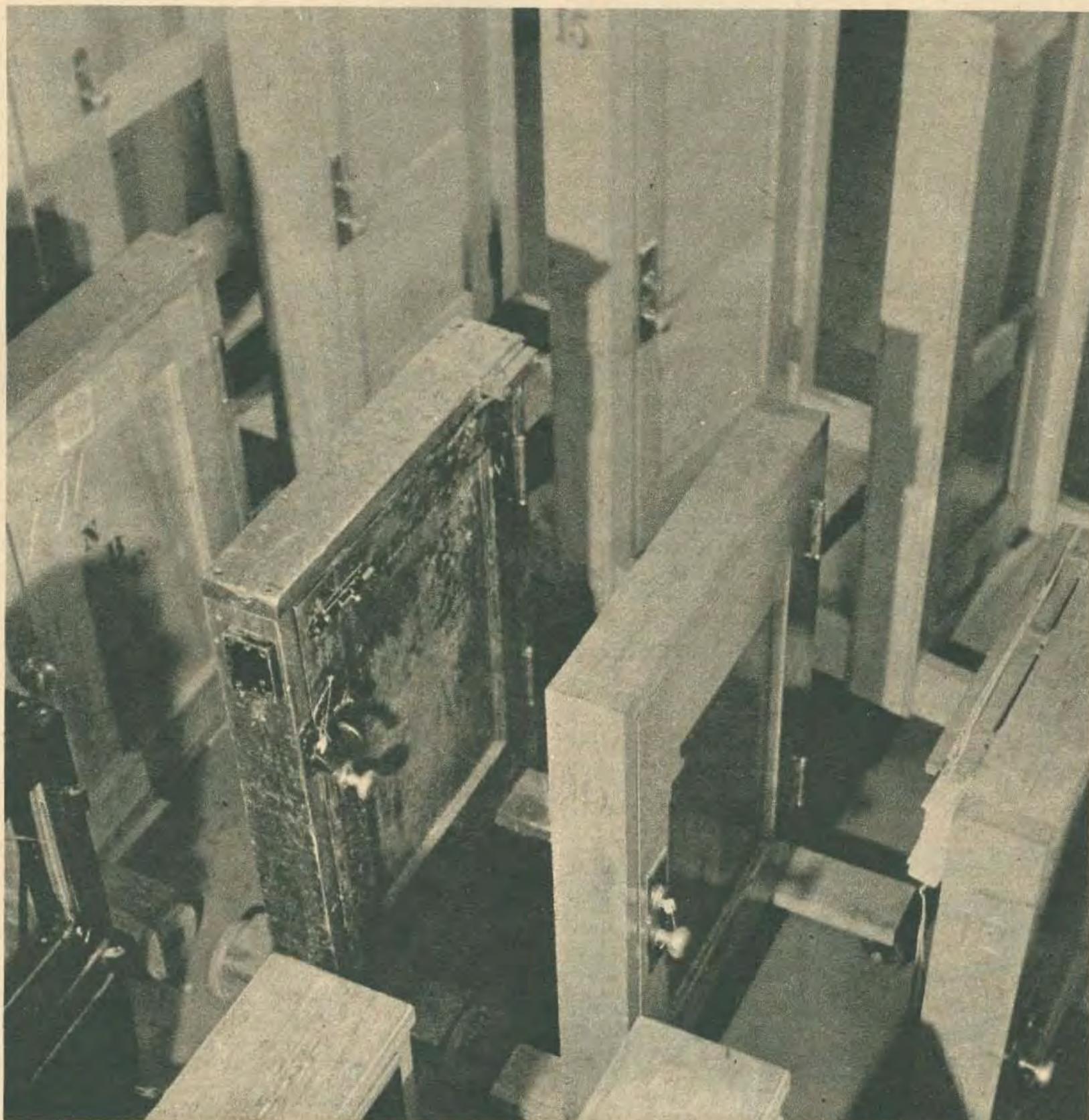
★ ★ ★

"The Listening Post" cast (see story on page 32) doesn't contain all the radio artists recently active on Broadway—not by a wave-length! Others include such varied performers as folk-singer BURL IVES in the Theatre Guild's "Sing Out Sweet Land," actor ARNOLD MOSS in Shakespeare's "The Tempest"—and animal-imitator DONALD BAIN, who gives voice to both the cat in "I Remember Mama" and the mule in "A Bell for Adano."

★ ★ ★

**Quicker Eye:** JOHN REED KING, quipmaster of Mutual's "Double or Nothing" and other popular shows, is an aspiring amateur magician, doesn't trust his tricks before more critical audiences than his 4-year-old daughter. With a flourish and a bow, JOHN materialized and then "vanished" a whole handful of cards. "Gee, daddy," breathed his offspring, "that was swell! But why did you hide them up in your sleeve?"





RADIO SOUND DEPARTMENTS KEEP A SUPPLY OF ALL KINDS OF DOORS ON HAND TO HELP CUE ENTRANCES AND EXITS

## SETTING THE SCENE WITH SOUND

### BEHIND - THE - MIKE TRICKS MAKE AUDIENCES BELIEVE WHAT THEY HEAR

**T**HE villain and his victim struggled in murderous fury. With a grip of iron the evil ruffian crushed his victim's bones until they crunched and cracked. Then with a final mighty heave, the murderer freed one hand. Poising his glittering knife high, he plunged it deep into the writhing victim—and listeners shuddered from coast to coast.

But inside the "Inner Sanctum" studio no actual bones were broken, no blood spilled in the realistic enactment of that horrible episode. A matter-of-fact sound effects man contrived it. Wearing a tiny larynx mike at his throat, he calmly chewed up a Life Saver—and the sound of crunching

bones was heard over the air. A kitchen knife plunged into a grapefruit produced the soft, slithering sound of the simulated stabbing.

And, while the murderous fiend and desperate victim grunted imprecations, punching and mauling each other as they battled to the death, the unruffled actors stood stock still before the mike. It was the harried sound man off in a corner before another mike who thumped and pummelled and wrestled with his own body, almost knocking himself out in his frenzied effort to sound like two furiously fighting men, quite obviously trying to bump "each other" off!

## SETTING THE SCENE WITH SOUND (continued)

It's the sound effects man who curdles the blood with his painstaking realism when murder is rife in the studio, or provides the soothing sigh of the wind through the autumn trees. Sound effects create the weather, tell the time, set the scene. Good sound effects are hardly noticed by the listener, but without them dramatic action on the air is all but impossible.

Way back when radio was very young, twenty-odd years ago, sounds were improvised out of whatever was handy in the studio. The drummer in the band was the sound effects department, producing the chuff-chuff of a toiling locomotive with a wire brush on the drumhead, blowing down the edge of a length of pipe for the whoo-whoop of the train whistle, slapping shut any handy folding-chair in the studio to indicate the closing of a door.

That simple, uncomplicated period is just a fond memory for today's imaginative, resourceful sound specialist. He is one of a network staff of as many as 23 men. At his command are an experimental laboratory, repair shop, storerooms filled with carefully gathered noise-producing junk and house articles.

Most commonly used effect in a sound man's bag of tricks is a door. So frequently are doors used in soap operas that sound engineers habitually call the popular morning dramas "door and doorbell shows." That's why the well-equipped sound effects storeroom keeps doors on hand—dozens of them, standing ready row on row, heavy-framed, mounted on casters to be rolled at a moment's notice to whatever studio may need them. There are doors with and without squeaks, refrigerator doors, doors lifted from phone booths, from back porches, from ancient cellars, automobile doors, jail doors—and just plain doors with a good

loud slam to indicate the departure of unseen actors.

A radio producer testing doors in a storeroom once came across one with a heavy, eerie squeak. There, he said to himself, is a fine door around which to build a mystery program—and that's how "The Inner Sanctum" was born. Its famous signature, the squeaking door, has been experimented with and improved, until now it isn't a door at all. It's a heavy, rusty spring taken from an old swivel chair, mounted on an upright solid base. Grasping a handle attached to the spring, a sound man pulls it slowly out and back to get the long-drawn, hair-raising squeak, while another effects engineer slams a heavy door just in time for the final sound of the closing.

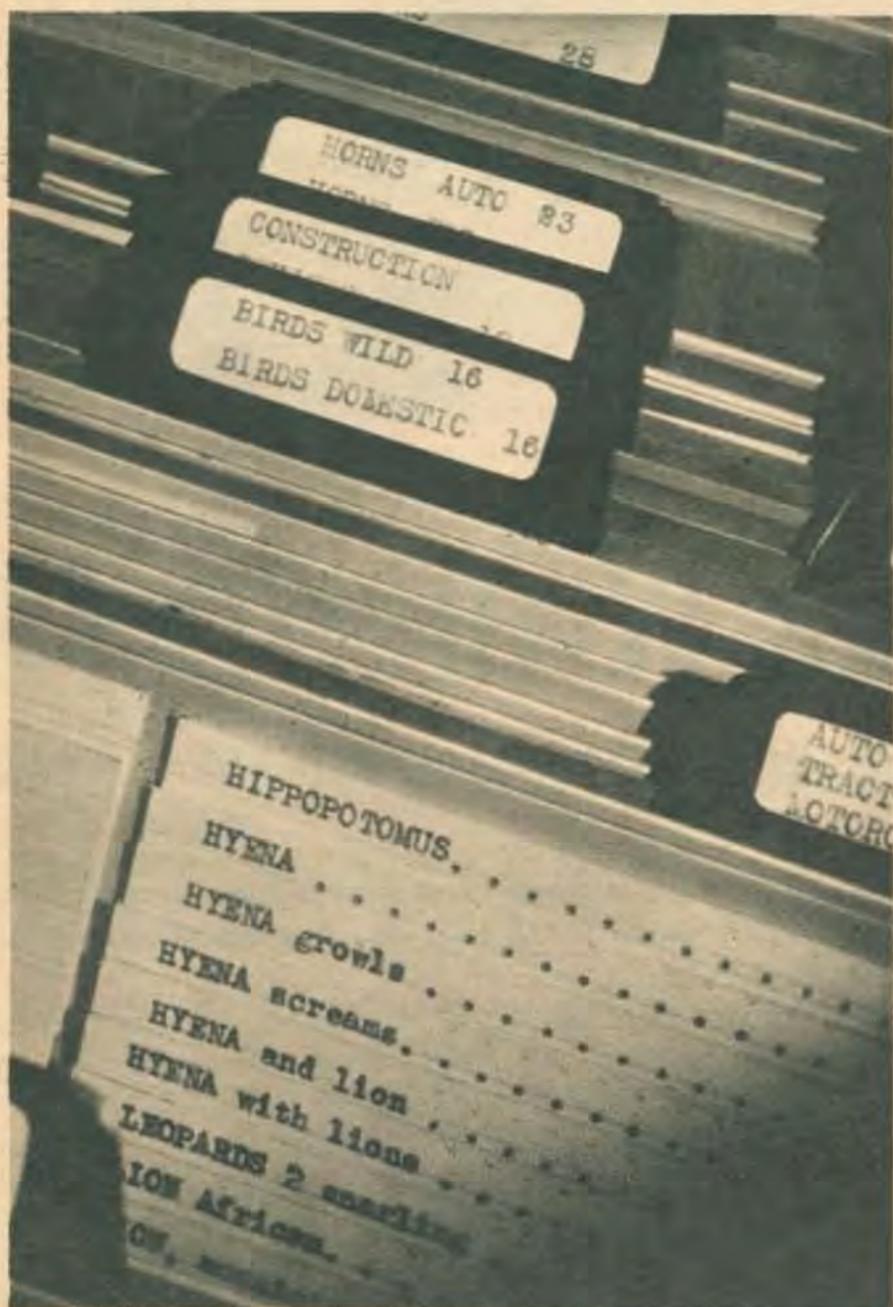
If a plentiful supply of reliable doors is a "must" for the sound department, so are recordings. A large majority of the sound effects in radio—90%, some sound men say—are transcribed at the source of the sound by four companies specializing in that work. They've set up their equipment on a New York ferry to catch tooting harbor whistles, shrieking sirens, the busy noises of the boat itself as it docks; in the subway, in railroad stations, in the zoo—wherever a special sound is to be found. The huffing locomotive coming into a station which opens the "Grand Central" program was recorded—but not in Grand Central station. There the locomotives are all electric-powered—and soundless.

The crowing rooster of "Information Please" is the voice of an actual king of the barnyard, but recorded. Socony's "Flying Red Horse" heard with it was recorded from the sounds made by a group of three telegraph keys (with three different fixed tones) *dit-ditting* in tempo with the gallop of a synthetic horse's hoofbeats.

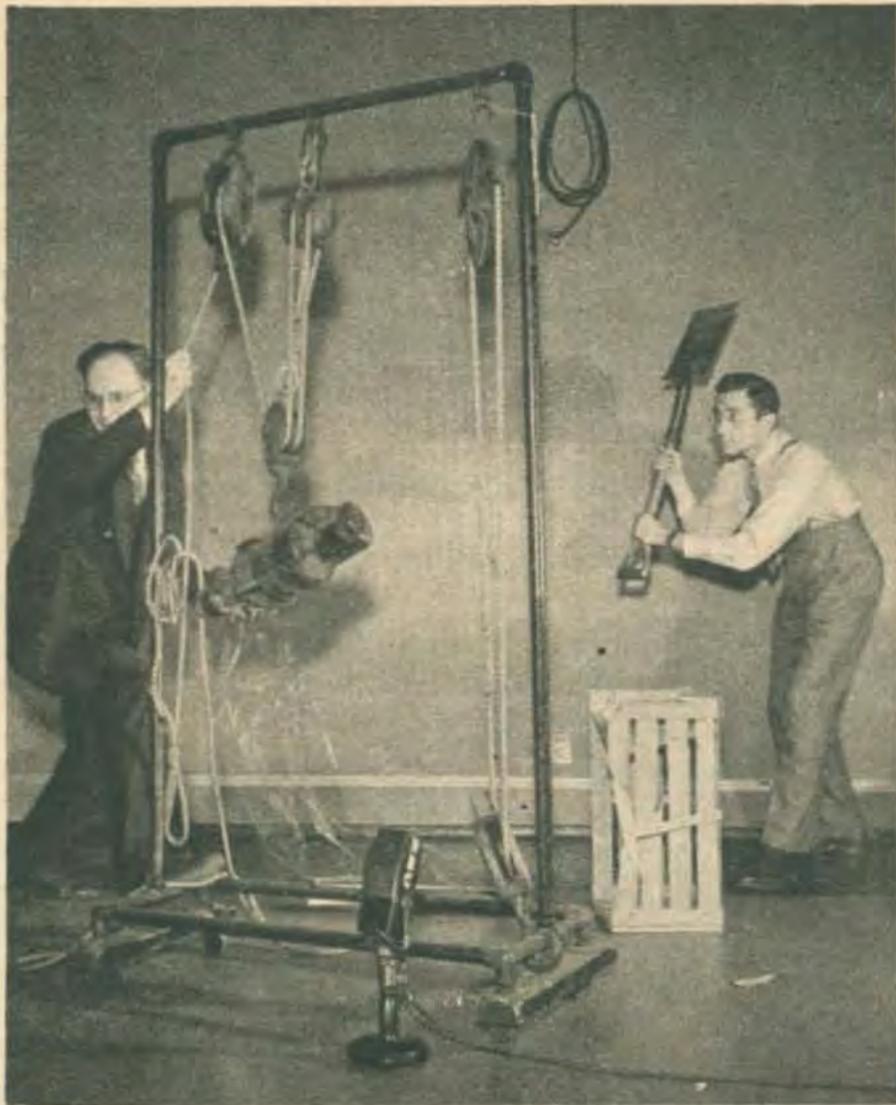
Horses can't be brought into a well-regulated studio, but their walk, trot, or gallop is simulated with persuasive accuracy by the clop-clop of a cut-in-half pair of coconut shells thumped against the chest of a sound effects man, or rapped rhythmically on a small tray of earth, gravel, or a stone slab—depending on whether the horse is supposed to be in headlong flight across the desert, on a country road, or on a city street. An ingenious NBC sound man has combined the whole business in one slightly wacky machine. It's equipped with detachable wagon, four coconut "hoofs" which can be regulated to trot, walk, or gallop, a removable tray which can be filled with the proper material to represent any desired roadbed!

There aren't many zany sound contraptions in use. They usually require too much attention. With three record turntables, several manually-operated special effects, a script to watch for split-second cues, a sound man has his hands full—literally. When marching men come tramping down the road on the "March of Time," the whole platoon is one lone sound man holding a frame from which small blocks of wood are suspended. He drops and lifts the frame on a tray of dirt or a table, with the cadence of marching feet, sharply if the soldiers are near, lightly if they are marching away from the scene—or until "Halt!" rings out from the commanding actor.

That effect of marching men is comparatively simple compared with a typical order to the sound department for an episode in "Road of Life." The requirement was a man and his wife leaving their car, entering their home. The sound engineer obligingly set up an automobile door to be slammed; broom straw to walk on, simulating advancing across the grass; a tray of gravel and another of cement for walking up the gravel path and along the sidewalk; a pair of wooden stairs to serve as porch steps; a house door to



AUTO HORN TO HYENA HOWL—NEATLY FILED IN RECORD CATALOG



A BOMB CRASHES, SHIP DECKS SPLINTER, AS FIRE BREAKS OUT!



NBC'S TOM EVANS DEMONSTRATES HORSE-AND-WAGON IMITATOR

be opened and shut. But how to get the click-clack of the wife's high-heeled shoes on the various surfaces? The sound man solved it by inserting long sticks in a pair of women's shoes, "walking" them along in front of him from car to house!

For two men walking along the street, as when *Hoppy* and "The Saint" stroll together, the trained sound man does a slow tap dance in broken tempo on a cement slab or the studio floor. Dozens of other effects are just as simple, but startlingly realistic.

A roaring blaze of fire? Cellophane held in front of the microphone, gently crushed in the fingers. Walking on snow? A box of kitchen cornstarch, squeezed rhythmically in both hands. The husky hero crashing through a door? Just a mild sound man crumpling a strawberry box. Jack Benny's ancient, protesting Maxwell? A small off-center electric motor revolving a strip of iron in an old wash-

boiler containing odds and ends of metal junk. The milking of a contented cow? A couple of small water-filled syringes alternatively squirted into a bucket. The suicide's body landing floors below with a sickening thud? Merely a garden squash dropped on the studio floor. A light rustling breeze? Strips of newspaper swayed gently in the sound man's hand. A tasty cocktail being shaken up? Sleigh bells wrapped in adhesive tape, rattled in a glass. The patter of rain? It's bird seed falling on a slowly revolving turntable, pushed off by a windshield wiper onto a sheet of parchment, hitting a pingpong ball en route!

Thus the sound man goes about his work, bringing realism to radio, stimulating the listener's imagination, creating visual pictures. Without him, radio would be sterile, drab, uninteresting. With his aural magic, radio comes alive, letting its audience believe and fully share in the changing dramas which come winging through the ether every day.

SOUND ARTIST AND "WIFE" LEAVE CAR (AT RIGHT), CROSS "GRASS," GO UP PATH AND SIDEWALK, UP STEPS, INTO THE HOUSE!



# THE FOURTH CHIME

## NBC'S RADIO TOCSIN RINGS OUT TO ALERT NEWSCASTERS WHEN HISTORY IS BEING MADE

EVERY American radio listener is familiar with NBC's musical signature—the three chimes which mark the end of each program. But few have heard (or realized the significance of) the dramatic fourth chime—that extra note which rings out only when events of major historical significance occur.

Until recently, this emergency signal was kept confidential, and its purpose was known only to personnel responsible for broadcasting the news to the people. To commentators and engineers, the sounding of the fourth chime meant: "General alert . . . report at once . . . intensive news coverage needed." But to the public, that additional "bong" meant nothing at all—perhaps the operator's hand had slipped as he produced the well-known notes.

Before D-Day, this radio tocsin had been heard only three times—when the Zeppelin Hindenburg exploded, during the period of the Munich crisis, and when bombs dropped on Pearl Harbor (see pictures below). In each case, additional newsmen were needed on the job to make sure that American listeners missed no detail of the tremendous events taking place.

Back in 1937, for example, an engineer and an announcer were out at Lakehurst, New Jersey, covering a routine assignment and testing wires—when suddenly the immense and imposing Zeppelin burst into flames. The announcer, realizing that he was right in the midst of a sensational story, yelled into the mike that the Hindenburg had exploded, carried on as best he could with further eye-witness details. But the head of the news department wanted experts on the scene at once to cover what he realized must be a major disaster. So he struck the fourth chime—and NBC newsmen, hearing it, dropped their private affairs and rushed to Lakehurst to take over.

Just about a year later, another huge story broke—the story of Munich. And the chimes rang out again. For the events then taking place in Europe were of intense interest to peace-loving America, would change the course of mil-

lions of lives. Through the critical days of September, 1938, on-the-spot microphones carried the voices of the actors in this political drama to U. S. firesides. Listeners heard the pronouncements of Benes, Hitler, Chamberlain, Mussolini, Daladier, Pope Pius XI; tuned in to translations, comments, reports by foreign correspondents Max Jordan and Fred Bates; learned the significance of each new development from competent analysts at home. And when Chamberlain's missions finally bore fruit and the "peace" agreement was reached, Max Jordan "scooped" press, radio and officialdom with the text of the communique.

Then for three years the fourth chime was silent—years in which Hitler's menacing figure towered over Europe, threw its black shadow across the New World. Finally, on a placid Sunday afternoon, came an electrifying flash: "The Japs have bombed Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, from the air." The emergency signal sounded once more—this time to report on America's preparations for war.

But the best example of what the fourth chime really symbolizes—exceptional news coverage unparalleled in history—is provided by the exciting radio drama of D-Day. Another two years had passed while the armies of democracy struggled to regain lost ground, and American civilians learned to produce tanks, planes, guns instead of refrigerators and motorcars. By late 1943, Italy had been knocked out of the war, the African campaign was won, and Allied might dominated the continental seas and sky. It was obvious that the invasion of Europe was coming—but when and where was a closely guarded secret that no newscaster could know.

In the face of this tremendous question mark, Director of News and Special Events William F. Brooks began making plans to cover every possibility. Preparations were started on the first working day of 1944—155 days before D-Day—so that, when the time came, NBC would be ready. Nothing could be left to chance.

That meant getting "the right men in the right places at the right time." Getting the right men was easy. Ace reporters and commentators had proved their worth during the trying years before. But "putting them in the right places" involved logistics relatively as complicated as those of the General Staff. Some men were already on the scene. Others travelled great distances to the concentration points around the perimeter of Europe. With no 'inside' information, no "pipeline" to forbidden secrets, the men responsible for NBC's coverage relied on the instinctive, highly-developed 'sixth sense' inherent in all good newsmen and the



1937: THE ZEPPELIN HINDENBURG EXPLODES AT LAKEHURST, N. J.



1938: CHAMBERLAIN VISITS HITLER IN HOPE OF PREVENTING WAR

knowledge gained through long years of practical news-gathering experience."

Technical details were also a problem. Microphones, wire lines, telephone and cable connections had to be in the right places at the right time, too—for without them the broadcasts could not be made. And there was also the responsibility of adhering strictly to the rules of censorship.

How successful these preparations were, no one who listened in on June 6th need be told. Within *ten seconds* after the lifting of official silence, America heard the long-awaited news. It was 3:32:09 A.M. (9 seconds past 3:32) when the first Allied confirmation of invasion rumors came: "Under the command of General Eisenhower Allied forces supported by strong air forces began landing Allied armies this morning on the northern coast of France."

Even before that, night-owl listeners had been informed of enemy statements that the invasion had begun. And the complete newsroom staff, warned by fourth chime and telephone, were on the job and ready in case the statements should be true. The Allied communique was the green light they were waiting for—and once it came, for an unprecedented six hours and eleven minutes, the network broadcast nothing but the story of what was then happening in France. Continuously and without interruption the reports flowed in from men alerted since January, standing at microphones in London and along the English coast. They spoke into portable wire recorders from torpedo boats and landing barges, from paratroop transports, from French beaches.

Few will forget the dramatic broadcasts that brought the emotional impact of the conflict right into American homes:

*Herbert M. Clark from the flagship of the invasion fleet*—"I can see twenty-three square miles of invasion boats from where I stand on the deck . . ."; *General Dwight D. Eisenhower to the people of occupied Europe*—"The hour of your liberation is approaching . . . all patriots . . . continue your passive resistance, but do not needlessly endanger your lives until I give you the signal to rise and strike the enemy. The day will come . . ."; *King Haakon VII of Norway from London (in Norwegian)*—"Fellow countrymen, keep together. Long live the United Nations."

Once the first tense hours were past, the network resumed a more normal broadcasting schedule—but no programs were permitted for an entire day which were not appropriate to the spirit and significance of the time. Instead of utilizing commercial scripts, the airplanes were open for prayer, for talks by government and military officials, for music and

ceremony. Such big-name stars as Ginny Simms, Fibber McGee and Fred Waring went on the air entirely unrehearsed to contribute their talents to the evening's listening. And a solemn Bob Hope spoke from a P-38 fighter base, echoing the thoughts of the whole nation in his closing—"God bless those kids across the English Channel."

NBC is justifiably proud of its fourth chime news coverage, of the consistent excellence, smoothness and good taste of its D-Day presentations. But in a larger sense, such fine radio reporting is not the exclusive property of any one network but rather an indication of the calibre of American radio as a whole. With the idea of public service ever in mind, radio has constantly expanded its facilities for keeping up with world affairs as the average U.S. citizen's interest in those affairs has increased.

In 1931, for example, at the time of the Manchurian invasion, no such complete picture of the action was either necessary or available. Few Americans would have cared to sit by their radios for an entire day to hear bulletins from a far-off conflict which seemed no concern of theirs. (At that time, too, there were only 14 million radio sets in the country—indicating a relatively small news-hungry radio audience as compared with the listeners to the 59 million sets in use by 1943.)

The years that followed brought tremendous changes in public opinion, however. The "man in the street" saw Hitler come to power (1933); the conquest of Ethiopia (1935); civil war in Spain (1936); the occupation of the Rhineland (1936); the "undeclared war" in China (1937); the Japanese sinking of the U.S. gunboat Panay (1937); the formation of the Rome-Berlin-Tokio axis (1937)—a mounting crescendo of world-wide violence. Gradually the average citizen was filled with forebodings, began dimly to realize that the world had become too small for him to ignore crises abroad as unrelated to his life. With the outbreak of general war in 1939, even former "ostriches" were convinced that the political and economic conflicts of any one country sent out waves of reverberations affecting the internal affairs of other nations thousands of miles away.

The broadcasting industry kept pace with the international trend in public opinion—developed networks, not only of domestic stations, but of strategic "listening posts" throughout the world. And American listeners consequently came to expect complete, reliable reports on every news event—while it is actually happening. The fourth chime is one way in which NBC shows determination to fulfill this expectation.



1941: THE JAPANESE ATTACK U.S. TERRITORY AT PEARL HARBOR



1944: D-DAY—AMERICAN SOLDIERS INVADE CONTINENTAL EUROPE

# JANE FROMAN, GOOD TROUPER

**"PIN-UP GIRL" OR "CHIN-UP GIRL"—THE  
LOVELY SINGER HAS EARNED BOTH TITLES**

IF THE Honorable Marion T. Bennett (R., Mo.) wanted action, when he arose in Congress to charge that "the Purple Heart was being distributed with such reckless abandon in this war that dogs and blues singers are receiving it," he certainly got his wish! The "shocked" Representative's timing was unfortunate, his choice of names even more so. It was only a few days short of the second anniversary of the Clipper crash which killed two U. S. O. entertainers, seriously injured two others—including Jane Froman, the "blues singer" he had singled out for mention.

People in show business, servicemen in uniform immediately took up the challenge. Actors Equity, the associations of radio and vaudeville artists made formal protests. V-mail



and "free"-mail letters poured in, affirming the deathless devotion of soldiers and sailors for their Jane, threatening her critic with dire punishments. Why, they demanded, *shouldn't* awards be given to entertainers "wounded" on their way to do their bit at the battlefronts? Why, of all people, pick on *Jane*, whose gallantry had shone like a beacon throughout two long, painful years?

Their attempts to defend the embattled "blues singer" were much appreciated but hardly needed. Jane Froman can fight for herself. The gentleman in Congress might be from Missouri—but so was the St. Louis-born lady in question! "The most striking example of 'reckless abandon,'" she sizzled by wire to Mr. Bennett, "is displayed by you with regard to the truth . . . I have never received the Purple Heart. I have furthermore done what you failed to do—check into the facts . . . No other performer, who volunteered his services to entertain and may have been injured or lost his life, has ever received the Purple Heart."

No one will ever know how much that telegram cost Jane in pride and pain. If show business itself hadn't been attacked, the bright-smiled, rich-voiced Froman would have kept as silent on the subject as she has been ever since the ill-fated passenger plane dived into the Tagus River at Lisbon, on Washington's Birthday, 1943. Not from Jane will you ever hear the details of trip, crash or "comeback"—the thousands-of-dollars-a-week radio, night club and theatre contracts she gave up to go overseas for the U. S. O., the accident which cut short her planned 6 or 8 months' tour as it was only beginning, the weary months in hospitals while doctors first considered amputation, then recommended more and still more operations, tried to keep her from returning to work in cast and brace.

Newspaper headlines have told the main story of the crash. Further, unpublished data can be picked up from people or friends of people who were on the scene at the time or soon after. It's a stirring scenerio. The incidents are all there, ready-made for the movies. How Jane, flung far into the water, found herself numb and unable to move except for one arm. How she kept herself afloat in the dark until she bumped into one of the crew members. How the two supported each other as best they could, with little strength but much courage, as they drifted out to sea.

All the elements of great screen drama are there. For dialogue, the "fancy-meeting-you-here" chatter as he told her how he used to stand in line at the Paramount to see Jane Froman, the almost-gay wisecracks as they speculated about the extent of their injuries, laughing and kidding all the while. (It wasn't until their rescue that they learned for sure that his back was broken, her legs and right arm mangled with multiple cuts and fractures.)

For the indispensable "comedy" touch, there's the ridiculous, incredible episode when they were finally spotted by a native fishing vessel. Calling out encouragement and instructions in Portuguese, one fisherman reached out to help them—and promptly fell into the water himself. A second fisherman followed suit—with identical results. And the captain, either discouraged or disgusted by such a silly waste of time and men, turned the boat about and sailed away! (But he did notify the harbor authorities and other search-boats, who made the actual rescue.)

For romance, there's the story of Jane's husband, Don Ross, frantically awaiting news back in the United States, unable to get travel priorities to reach Jane's bedside. Don's anxiety reached fever-pitch when a friend, who had visited the scene for the Government before returning to America, told him in effect: "You'd better get right over there; things



THE ACCOMPANIST "STEERS" JANE'S MOVING PIANO-PLATFORM

are much worse than you've been told." At 1:30 in the afternoon, Don sent a desperate wire directly to President Roosevelt. By five o'clock, he had heard from the War Department—and was on his way overseas.

For heroism, there's the saga of Jane's fortitude and Don's steadfastness through the interminable operations (18 so far, with more to come) and the successive "comebacks" in theatre, radio and night clubs. Only don't call it "heroism" where the spunky, breathtakingly lovely brunette can hear you! She fully realizes how much others are giving in this devastating war, sincerely believes that her own contribution is quite infinitesimal by comparison.

Her life might make a magnificent movie—but not with Jane's consent. She refuses to "trade" on what has happened, manages her appearances so audiences can't even guess that she still wears a heavy brace, took her first steps unaided across a room only last January. Billowy skirts conceal the brace, long sleeves hide other slowly-healing scars. For radio, she remains seated while singing. For theatres, lights are blacked out while she makes her entrances and exits on crutches. In night clubs, a remarkable piano platform, operated by her accompanist, carries a triumphantly erect and laughing Jane around the floor.

To the eye, Jane is as luscious as ever. To the ear, her deep voice, with its unusual range of more than three octaves, is more haunting than before. To the mind and heart, her showmanship and personality have reached new peaks of audience-appeal. But it's not because of anything "special" that's happened to her. She has always had abundant talent and character, great love of music—and people.

"Singing," says Jane, in one of her rare confidential moments, "has always been my way of life. Coming back to it again is partly a labor of love, partly *raison d'etre*. People are happiest when they are paying their way, giving something for being alive, making themselves useful in society. Some may think it's easier to give up—sit under a tree, like Ferdinand, and watch the world go by. To me, that's the difficult way. It's easier to fight."

She may not have a Purple Heart, might not wear one if she had it, but radio is proud of its Jane—and justly so.

# HUSBANDS AND WIVES IN RADIO



**LOOKS LIKE JEALOUSY** in this little scene between maestro Kay Kyser and his vocagenic spouse, Georgia Carroll. But friends say the green-eyed monster has never reared his ugly head—except in jest.

**TALENTED COUPLES JOIN FORCES TO  
PUT JEST AND JOLLITY ON THE AIR**



**VETERANS OF WEDLOCK**—as well as of stage and radio—is the record of the George Burns-Gracie Allen team. The couple were married in 1925, had pooled talents in the vaudeville circuit three years before.



**GIRTH AND GAIETY** take to the mike when jovial heavyweight Ed East and his quick-witted side-kick, Polly, are on the air. Ed's not only a champ at audience participation shows, but has written 500 songs.



**INFORMAL AD-LIB CHATTER** over their own breakfast table (with maid Evelyn putting in a jibe now and then) has made domestic-minded Ed and Pegeen Fitzgerald familiar morning visitors in N. Y. homes.



**A YODELING, BANJO-ING PAIR** from the Smoky Mountains of North Carolina are Lulu Belle and Scotty of National Barn Dance. In private life, they're friendly Myrtle and Scott Wiseman of Chicago.



**E**VERYBODY knows the old saw—"All the world loves a lover." But as far as radio is concerned, it seems equally true that all the world loves a happily married couple. Listeners may seize on the latest scandal from the entertainment world and discuss it with glee and abandon, but what really brings the sigh to the lips and the tear to the eye is a picture of cloudless marital tranquillity.

Typical of the trend toward connubial romance on the airwaves is "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet" program (heard Sunday evenings at 6 P.M. E.W.T. over CBS). Though fun runs riot on the show, it's never of the "ball-and-chain" variety—and Ozzie and Harriet Nelson seem the perfect example of a happy, devoted couple facing the amusing trials of life together. What makes this scene of domestic felicity most entrancing is the fact that the pair really are married, are giving dialers an inside glimpse at the daily adventures of their private lives.

Then there are Ed and Pegeen Fitzgerald, who ad-lib their way gracefully through a morning broadcast in which they discuss shows, books, news of the day and household problems—a kind of "etiquette of the breakfast table for the joyously wed." As their fan mail proves, both men and women find their comfortable informality and pleasant discussions an inspiration to start the day right. And hearers even write in to ask for advice on how to establish the same contented atmosphere in their own homes.

On most comedy shows, of course, such blissful scenes are few, and couples take advantage of their matrimonial ties to tick off the weak points of their spouses. Cloven-footed mother-in-laws, boasting husbands, wacky relatives and dizzy wives make their appearance with great regularity. But there's such a universal appeal to these time-worn themes that laugh-makers can use them again and again without even seeming to go stale.

Listeners know it's all in fun, though, like to think of these partners in patter as Darbys and Joans—as many of them really are. Such troupers as Burns and Allen (Mon. 8:30 P.M. E.W.T. over CBS), Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone (Sun. 7 P.M. E.W.T. over NBC), Fibber McGee and Molly (Tues. 9:30 P.M. E.W.T. over NBC), Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa have faced many a vicissitude together, have learned to take obscurity and success right in their strides.



**NOBODY HAS FORGOTTEN** Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa, one of radio's most devoted—and funniest—couples. Fred says he married three women, for Portland acts as typist, efficient homemaker and stooge.



**THE WISTFUL VISTA COMICS**, Fibber McGee and Molly, have taken America's hearts by storm. In the hours away from the mike, Jim and Marian Jordan do farming, even manage to keep closets in order.



**UNALLOYED MARITAL BLISS** has been the lot of Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, formerly musical teammates and now partners as comedians. Their scripts parallel their own experiences on the road to fame.



**THAT PERENNIAL YOUNGSTER**, Jack Benny, find it's a full-time job to hold his own against the quips of chatter-box Mary Livingstone. Mary never intended to be an actress, first joined the act as a fill-in.



# JOHNNIE JOHNSTON

BLOND VIKING FLUTTERS PULSES WITH "MUSIC THAT SATISFIES"

TUNE IN TUES., WED., THURS. 7:15 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS); rebroadcast 11:15 P.M.

Now that it's become the fashion to give radio crooners pet names, we nominate Johnnie Johnston for the title of "The Charmer." He's got everything it takes to gladden the feminine heart—striking good looks; a warm, intimate voice; and a sweep-'em-off-their-feet personality. Add to that the fact that the guy is a star athlete (measuring six feet of brawn and muscle in his bare epidermis), has knocked about the world considerably in his penniless but glamorous past—and you spell matinee idol in any girl's language.

You wouldn't expect a smart boy like Johnnie to refuse to recognize his manifold gifts—but he does manage to take them in his stride. Everybody on the "Music That Satisfies" cast has a nice word to say about the lad. He's easy to work with, invariably pleasant, bestows the same dazzling smile on the doorman, the bobby-sox admirer and the sponsor. And compliments fall from his lips with the ease of practiced regularity.

Johnnie himself says he has lots of faults, more than other people—but he's much too busy being happy about his present popularity to list them offhand. Most striking one to his mind is that he talks too much, goes overboard in his enthusiasm about a song or a show until listeners think he's putting on an act, label him as conceited. Actually, he's much too genuinely friendly, too grateful for attention to rate such a description. The 29-year-old romantic balladeer has not yet accustomed himself to the thought that he's arrived, won't admit success even to himself. The plaudits of crowds amaze and delight him, and he gets a tremendous kick out of the favorable comments he hears followers make on his snappy clothes or his crooning style.

After so many years of pounding the pavements as just nobody, it's no wonder Johnny can't get used to being a public Somebody overnight. His vocalizing experience dates back to 1919, when as a cute brown-eyed four-year-old he teamed up with sister Myra to render "Ma, She's Making Eyes at Me" and "Peggy O'Neill." Music didn't seem to pay off, though, and by 1925 Johnnie

had started on a whole series of vocational adventures to find out what did. Among his experiments were setting up pins in a bowling alley, delivering packages, acting as office boy, and door-to-door selling. (Johnny could almost have set up a general store with all the different things he tried to sell at one time or another—candy, popcorn, ties, magazines, gum, newspapers, subscriptions, hosiery.) In spite of all these



THE HANDSOME-AND-HAPPY JOHNSTONS

strenuous efforts, however, prosperity remained stubbornly around the corner. So the future crooner left Kansas City for sunny California (via a freight car), landed himself a job as busboy in a movie company restaurant. There he waited on stars, but saw no chance of becoming one.

In the next few years, the tall blond lad became a restless wanderer, seeking his fortune in a dozen cities scattered over the U. S. He was twice frozen while riding the freights, had to be lifted out by railroad cops and de-iced in a jail hospital before he could continue his illegal Odyssey.

Mayonnaise still gives the versatile ex-boxer the shudders, for it reminds him of the time he made salads in a steamship kitchen, all the way from

San Francisco to Japan, China, Siam, India and back. Doughnuts have similar unhappy connotations. Johnny once folded boxes for 'em in Chicago, was paid off in two meals (consisting mostly of doughnuts) and fifty cents a day. The first week on that lucrative job, the luckless "folder" slept on a park bench, woke up one morning to find his shoes gone—and had to walk barefoot to a store and replace them before he could go to work.

It was the repeal of prohibition that really put the struggling jack-of-all-trades back on his feet again. Johnnie saved up his cash and bought a ukelele, became a strolling player making the rounds of the taverns and performing for tips. He's pretty sure now that he saw the inside of every dive in Chicago. Eventually, various "joints" and "alleged night clubs" began signing him up for engagements—and comparative affluence was his at last.

That was the beginning of fame—though it took quite a while before movie and radio offers caught up with the singer. Biggest thrill for the warbling extrovert is not big-time cash, however, but the pleasant contrast with former obscurity. A favorite memory is the day in 1938, when he sang in Chicago's Grant Park to an audience of 100,000—just a stone's throw from the very bench on which he had slept, unheeded by the world, a few years before.

In free hours, Johnny's strictly a family man, devoted to tiny, vivacious wife Dorothy, and 3-year-old daughter Julie. The talkative spotlight-lover carries showmanship right into his home life, devotes as much thought to holiday preparations as he would to a stage performance. Last Christmas, for example, he hid \$50 checks for Dorothy all over the New York apartment, had her ferret them out and then hung them as ornaments on the tree.

Julie's the apple of her proud poppa's eye. He's already practicing duets of "Frere Jacques" and "The Trolley Song" with her, is mighty pleased with her progress. And both his "womenfolk" quite obviously adore him. That fatal charm works beautifully at home, too.



## CHIPPER NEWCOMERS CHALLENGE

### PAUL WINCHELL AND JERRY MAHONEY

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

**J**UST give Jerry Mahoney time. Time to grow up, to ask a few thousand more questions about life. Then the sawdust sidekick of ventriloquist Paul Winchell feels he'll be able to show Charlie McCarthy a trick or two.

Right now, the juvenile Jerry can't compete with sophisticated, top-hatted Charlie in either sartorial splendor or Casanova conquests. The chipper newcomer on the Sammy Kaye show isn't old enough to pursue the ladies as yet. At his age, Jerry's prouder of his honorary Boy Scout membership than he would be of a lingering kiss from Dottie Lamour.

Jerry's alter ego, Paul Winchell, considers the talking twig a definite offshoot of his own family tree. It was Paul's mother who chose the name "Jerry Mahoney," and his father painstakingly tailors the dummy's costumes. It all goes back to the time Winchell answered an ad which said: "Surprise your friends! Learn ventriloquism!" Winchell did. After only seven weeks of practice he considered himself ready to face the microphone with two voices. Appearing on the Major Bowes' "Amateur Hour" with Jerry, he broke the listener-response record. And that's how Jerry was born!



## CHARLIE McCARTHY'S SUPREMACY

### SHIRLEY DINSDALE AND JUDY SPLINTERS

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

**B**IG-EYED, black-haired, calm and sassy. That's Judy Splinters, the chip of a girl who is pretty 17-year-old voice-thrower Shirley Dinsdale's professional partner.

Judy, quite naturally, never strays far from Shirley's side. She coyly admits that Shirley made her what she is today. It was Shirley who cut down one of her own dresses for Judy's first costume. And the stylish hair-do, carefully parted in the middle and done up with beribboned pigtails, also is one of Shirley's creations. She made the hair of black yarn and tacked it on Judy's unprotesting head! Permanently

neat and tidy, it suits Judy just fine. The girl responsible for all this is a San Franciscan who had never been far from the Golden Gate until radio and Hollywood called her two years ago.

Unassuming and friendly, Shirley is a sophomore at the University of California, dividing her time between classes and her appearance with Nelson Eddy on "The Electric Hour." But Judy has made no objection to Shirley's unhasty educational plan. Little Miss Splinters is secure in the knowledge she'll always be at least as smart as Shirley Dinsdale.

# "SO THE STORY GOES"

By JOHNNIE NEBLETT



STORY-TELLING is not only one of the oldest but one of the best-loved of all arts, so it's not surprising that its exponents have found a place in broadcasting today. One of the best of these radio raconteurs is John F. (more popularly known as "Johnnie") Neblett, whose true though almost incredible tales—like the ones reprinted on these pages—are a regular feature of such programs as "Tin Pan Alley of the Air" (Sat. at 5:45 P.M. E.W.T., over NBC) and "So the Story Goes" (Mon. Wed. and Fri. at 10:15 P.M. C.W.T., over CBS station WBBM).

## A TWIST OF FATE . . .

For the beginning of this story, we must go back to a warm summer's day half a century ago. In a crystal-clear lake, in the Scotch highlands, a small boy from London—vacationing in the Scottish moors—goes for a swim.

The day is hot, the water cool. And the boy, all alone, splashes about like a puppy. Suddenly, he is seized with cramps, and—with that innate instinct for self-preservation—he screams loudly for help. In a nearby field, a Scottish farm boy hears the cries, drops his plow and runs for the lake. Plunging in, he swims rapidly to the struggling swimmer and tows him back to shore.

And so it is that a young English boy owes his life to a poor Scotch lad from the highlands.

The years pass slowly, inexorably. Some years later, the English boy again visits the land of the purple heather . . . the same community where the Scotch youngster saved his life. His parents, wealthy far beyond their own needs, want to express in some tangible way their appreciation for the farm boy's courage and heroism.

And so the English boy's father visits the humble cottage where the Scotch youngster still lives. Smiling broadly, he speaks quietly to the shy young man:

"I know well enough, my lad, that I can never really repay you for saving the life of my son. But I would be most grateful if you would allow me the pleasure of preparing you for a career—a profession of some kind. Speak up, lad . . . is there anything you would like to be?"

Gulping, the young Scotchman manages to blurt out: "Right ye are. There is, sir. If—if it please you, sir . . . I—I'd like to be a doctor."

Yes, for years that poor farm boy has wanted to study medicine—and here is his opportunity.

The gentleman from England makes all financial arrangements, true to his word, and the boy from the Scotch moors enters medical school. Graduating with high honors, he embarks on a career of scientific research. And the results of his work have shown that the help given him by the English boy whose life he saved was beneficial, not only to him, but to the entire world.

For the Scotch lad, who might never have been able to study medicine had he not saved a London lad from drowning, is the scientist who found that germs cannot live in a certain vegetable mold, thus discovering a drug that has

saved—and will save—millions of lives. For, you see, the one-time Scotch farmer boy is the illustrious Dr. Alexander Fleming, who discovered . . . *penicillin!*

But what of the London boy whose life Alexander Fleming saved? Let's go back a few years ago to the time this English boy, now a man of renown and distinction, makes a journey to the Near East on a mission of world importance. While there, he is stricken seriously ill.

So great a personage is he that his death might affect the fate of his country, the future of the whole world! But penicillin—the drug discovered by the farm boy his family had educated—is rushed by plane to the sick man's bed . . . and the miracle drug saves his life.

Yes, twice Alexander Fleming saved the life of that Englishman . . . once when he was an English schoolboy on a vacation in the misty Scottish highlands . . . and the second time when he had risen to such prominence that he was one of the most famous men in all the world.

And So the Story Goes—this strange story of the whim of chance that threw together two men who ordinarily would have lived and died worlds apart. If an English boy had not nearly drowned in a blue lake in Scotland, Alexander Fleming might never have discovered penicillin. And, if Alexander Fleming had not twice saved the Englishman's life, the world today would lack a great and courageous man.

For, you see, the Englishman—twice saved from death by Alexander Fleming—is . . . Winston Spencer Churchill.

## A LETTER IN BLACK . . .

Many strange experiences within the memory of man defy explanation, pointing to a realm of knowledge as yet only suspected by mankind. Such a story is this one—the story of a letter that found its way to its destination in some still-unknown way. For this is the unsolved mystery of a certain letter, bordered in black.

It is 4 A. M. on the morning of June 28, 1914. In a small town in Western Rumania, Monsigneur Joseph de Lanyi, Bishop of Grosswardein, tosses fitfully, unable to sleep. At last, he decides to spend the rest of the night reading, inasmuch as sleep refuses to come.

Quietly, so as not to wake the rest of the household, he makes his way down the shadowy staircase and into his study. As he snaps on the light, he blinks a few times till his eyes become accustomed to the sudden bright light. Immedi-

ately, his attention is attracted by a square of white on the study table.

Curiously, he picks it up. It is an envelope of heavy, creamy-white paper . . . with a thick black border around its edge. Turning it over, the bishop discovers—on the back of the envelope—the coat-of-arms of a nobleman who studied with him some years ago.

Wondering idly how the letter could possibly have been delivered at that hour in the morning, the bishop tears it open and reads the brief message enclosed. Then, in great agitation, he drops the letter on the table and calls to his servant: "Karl! Karl! Come quickly! Quickly!"

In a few moments, the servant—rubbing the sleep from his eyes—enters the room. Tersely, the bishop asks: "Karl, when did that letter that was on the study table come? Who delivered it?"

His only answer is a blank stare and a mumbled: "But, Your Eminence, no letter was delivered here tonight."

The bishop grasps the sleepy servant by the arm.

"But, Karl, I just opened it—I just read it! It is—it is most upsetting. Here. I'll read it to you . . . Why, where is it? I laid it down right here! Help me look for it, Karl. It is a letter bordered in black."

Together, the two search the room over and over again. But the letter and its envelope are not to be found. The mysterious black-bordered letter has vanished.

Utterly bewildered, the bishop throws himself into the chair at his desk. Rubbing his forehead with a trembling hand, he says: "But it was here, Karl. Here, I tell you! I read it. And I can tell you exactly what it said . . . Yes, yes, yes. I must keep a record while it is fresh in my mind. Here—I will write it out. It was dated today—June 28, 1914—and, peculiarly enough, there was a time on it, too. Four A. M. Four A. M.? How could it have been written at four A. M. and delivered here before four-thirty? The man who wrote it is miles away . . . in Serbia."

The two stare at one another. There is something about the whole strange situation they cannot understand.

Then the bishop goes on, speaking slowly: "The note said . . . 'Your Eminence—My wife and I have been victims of a political crime. We commend ourselves to your prayers.' And it was signed by a great nobleman."

Still unable to explain the appearance—and disappearance—of the letter, still both puzzled and frightened by the message, the two talk until dawn.

*Where did the letter come from? Where did it go? What does its message mean?* The first two of those questions are unanswered to this day. No one knew then; no one knows now. But today we do know the answer to the third . . . "What does its message mean?"

It is exactly ten hours later. Ten hours since the bishop and his servant first discussed the strange letter from nowhere. In a town in Serbia, the nobleman whose name was signed to the letter steps from his carriage, followed by his wife. Instantly, a series of shots ring out. The couple crumple to the pavement. An assassin's bullets have ended their lives.

And So the Story Goes—this strange story of the unsolved mystery of a letter edged in black, a death message delivered ten hours in advance.

And the shots from that assassin's gun set into motion one of the great conflicts of history. For, you see, that royal couple were . . . the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his Duchess—and the whining bullets that ended their lives were . . . the first shots fired in World War One!

## LEGACY TO THE WORLD . . .

It is 1899. The nineteenth century is dying. In his New York laboratory, a distinguished man of science bends over the laboratory table. He is Dr. S. H. Emmens, inventor of the U. S. Army-approved explosive "emmensite" . . . and member of the American Chemical Society and of the U. S. Naval Institute. No amateur mystic dabbler in the black arts is Dr. Emmens, but an educated, trained and skilled scientist. Spread out before him are crucibles, test tubes and dozens of bottles of evil-smelling chemicals.

But something else lies on the table before him . . . a container filled with a yellowish substance. Dr. Emmens studies it closely, his eyes staring almost in disbelief. He has sought it for so long! Is it possible—can it be that, at long last, he has found it? Quickly, he applies tests. And, when they are finished, he straightens up and stares once more at the container. After a moment of silence, he mutters aloud: "I have done it! Yes, I have done it with my own hands . . . and yet I can scarcely believe it. Out of *silver* . . . I have made *GOLD!*"

Here is a process that is the key to tremendous power, to fabulous, limitless wealth. But Dr. Emmens is not only a brilliant scientist. He is a very wise man. He knows that some of nature's mysteries are too dangerous, too powerful for man to use wisely. And so Dr. Emmens keeps the process to himself . . . keeps hidden the magic formula for making gleaming gold from pale silver.

Regularly, he sells small amounts of the precious metal to the United States Mint. And, eventually, public curiosity brings to light the fact that his gold is not *mined*—it is *manufactured*. He is closely watched, almost guarded. Records are kept of every bit of metal of any kind that is delivered to his laboratory. But there is not the slightest sign of any kind of deception or fraud.

From all parts of the world, offers for his secret pour in. He receives staggering offers of fabulous sums. But to each his answer is the same: "I regret that I consider it unwise to publish—or to reveal in any way—the details of my process for making gold from silver."

And then, one day, he receives a letter from a fellow-scientist, the great English physicist Sir William Crookes, inventor of the Crookes X-ray tube. Sir William himself wishes to duplicate the process in his own laboratory, for purely scientific reasons. And so, in this one case, Dr. Emmens relents. He sends the details to England.

There, in a sealed and guarded laboratory, Sir William Crookes, using silver that contains only a trace of gold, increases the percentage of gold in the silver to 21 percent—more than one-fifth! Elated at his success, he prepares for a second experiment. But, before his arrangements can be completed, death interferes. Once more, Dr. Emmens is the sole possessor of the priceless secret.

And then comes the day when Dr. Emmens lies gravely ill. The sands of his life have almost run out. Won't he now bequeath the magic process to the world . . . leave the secret sought for countless centuries, as his legacy?

Weakly, Dr. Emmens answers: "In the right hands . . . it is a step forward for science. But in the wrong hands . . . it would bring greed . . . evil . . . to the world. No—I cannot speak. Even now, I—cannot—speak. . . ."

And So the Story Goes—this true story of a distinguished American scientist who found one of nature's most closely-guarded secrets . . . a secret sought by man since the beginning of time . . . a secret he carried with him into death!

# TUNE IN the **best** in daytime listening on **CBS**

During the daylight hours of every week CBS pours into millions of American homes tender stories of love and sacrifice, the homespun wisdom and warmth of Kate Smith, the glorious music of two great symphony orchestras, a continuous parade of laughter, adventure, song and suspense. America hears daily reports of the gallantry of its sons in battle and its citizens on the home front. Hour by hour throughout the week CBS spreads out this rich feast of listening that Americans may hear how they fight and work and play and learn. And these are some of the programs that tell them.



## ADD TO THE ABOVE:

*This Life Is Mine*, 9:45 a.m. EWT • *Valiant Lady*, 10:00 a.m. EWT • *The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters*, 10:30 a.m. EWT • *Bachelor's Children*, 10:45 a.m. EWT • *Amanda*, 11:00 a.m. EWT • *Second Husband*, 11:15 a.m. EWT • *Bright Horizon*, 11:30 a.m. EWT • *Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories*, 11:45 a.m. EWT • *Big Sister*, 12:15 p.m. EWT • *The Romance of Helen Trent*, 12:30 p.m. EWT • *Our Gal Sunday*, 12:45 p.m. EWT • *Life Can Be Beautiful*, 1:00 p.m. EWT • *Ma Perkins*, 1:15 p.m. EWT • *Bernadine Flynn*, 1:30 p.m. EWT • *Two on a Clue*, 2:00 p.m. EWT • *Tena & Tim*, 2:45 p.m. EWT

## MONDAY thru FRIDAY

- 1 CBS NEWS OF THE WORLD, 8:00 a.m. EWT Allan Jackson, introduces CBS correspondents
- 2 AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR, 9:15 a.m. and 3:30 p.m. EWT Lyman Bryson, CBS' Director of Education
- 3 LIGHT OF THE WORLD, 10:15 a.m. EWT Sidney Smith in the noted Bible program
- 4 KATE SMITH SPEAKS, 12 Noon, EWT Heart-warming words from America's favorite singer
- 5 PERRY MASON, 2:30 p.m. EWT Santos Ortega as the celebrated criminal lawyer
- 6 GE HOUSEPARTY, 4:00 p.m. EWT Art Linkletter emcees a program of rousing comedy
- 7 FEATURE STORY, 4:30 p.m. EWT News from Farnsworth Fowle and other correspondents
- 8 DANNY O'NEIL, 4:45 p.m. EWT Songs by Columbia's popular lyric tenor
- 9 SERVICE TIME, 5:00 p.m. EWT Dramatic stories of boot camps and army bases
- 10 WILDERNESS ROAD, 5:45 p.m. EWT Lamont Johnson in the role of Daniel Boone

## SATURDAY

- 11 COLUMBIA'S COUNTRY JOURNAL, 9:30 a.m. EWT "Chuck" Worcester reports on major farm problems
- 12 LET'S PRETEND, 11:05 a.m. EWT Nila Mack presents a noted children's program
- 13 ARMSTRONG'S THEATRE OF TODAY, 12 Noon, EWT Frances Carlon in a series of great plays
- 14 REPORT TO THE NATION, 1:30 p.m. EWT John Daly, narrator, and heroic war stories
- 15 OF MEN AND BOOKS, 2:00 p.m. EWT Critic John Mason Brown, talks about books
- 16 ADVENTURES IN SCIENCE, 2:15 p.m. EWT Watson Davis reveals new scientific discoveries
- 17 THE LAND IS BRIGHT, 3:00 p.m. EWT Robert L. Shayon produces an affectionate American almanac
- 18 JOB FOR TOMORROW, 3:45 p.m. EWT Robert Heller produces a postwar labor program
- 19 ASSIGNMENT HOME, 4:30 p.m. EWT Commended by Lt. Gen. Somervell, Chief of ASF
- 20 PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA, 5:00 p.m. EWT Eugene Ormandy conducts a great symphonic group

## SUNDAY

- 21 CHURCH OF THE AIR, 10:00 a.m. EWT Elinor Inman, director, CBS religious broadcasts
- 22 WINGS OVER JORDAN, 10:30 a.m. EWT Rev. Glynn T. Settle, noted Negro choir leader
- 23 SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR, 12 Noon, EWT Richard Evans, and the famous chorus
- 24 TRANSATLANTIC CALL, 12:30 p.m. EWT John Becker directs the CBS-BBC exchange program
- 25 EDWARD R. MURROW, 1:45 p.m. EWT Columbia's European director reports the news
- 26 N. Y. PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY, 3:00 p.m. EWT With the noted conductor, Artur Rodzinski
- 27 NELSON EDDY, 4:30 p.m. EWT Singing the world's best-loved songs
- 28 PRUDENTIAL FAMILY HOUR, 5:00 p.m. EWT Patrice Munsel, the youthful Metropolitan soprano

This is CBS...the Columbia Broadcasting System





# ROY ROGERS

THE COWBOY KING OF THE MOVIES BRINGS A TECHNICOLORFUL PERSONALITY TO THE MIKE

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

WHEN Roy Rogers started riding the airwaves last fall, radio stardom seemed just a bit superfluous for the King of the Cowboys. Idol of small boys everywhere, the horse-opera hero had made countless appearances with the rodeo all over these United States, sung and pranced his way across the screen in scores of "musical Westerns," accounted for more paid admissions at movie box-offices alone than any other Hollywood personality. His fan mail averaged more than 50,000 letters a month, had reached an all-time high of 64,000 in one 30-day period. There really didn't seem to be very much to add to a fame like that.

Yet, since the weekly "Roy Rogers Show" took the microphone into camp, via Mutual, the slim blond's fan mail has leaped another 20 percent or so, apparently knows no limits except the capacity of Uncle Sam's mail trucks. It seems that radio did have something to offer the shootin' star—and vice versa. That's no surprise to old-time West Coast dialers, those who can remember when the lad was broadcasting from local Los Angeles stations. Roy made his mike debut, back in 1931, as one of "Uncle Tom Murray's Hollywood Hillbillies," eventually worked up to singing with his own "Sons of the Pioneers" for 3 to 4 hours a day, long before Republic Pictures signed him to a contract.

Roy's earlier air success, however, was something short of sensational. Before film moguls discovered him, he never made much of a mark, either as singer or as cowboy. Raised on an Ohio farm, he knew nothing of ranch life in his childhood except what he saw in Tom Mix movies, had never seen any faster steppers than the plodding plow horses with which he worked—or which he occasionally rode, bareback, to village "square dances," where he officiated as a "caller." No bronc-buster as yet, he also hadn't learned that he could sing even better than he could shout.

The one thing Roy knew at that time was hard work and plenty of it. After leaving high school in his teens to toil in a shoe factory, he tried many trades all over the country—carpentry, truck driving, house painting, clerking, road building—in between attempts to barnstorm with varied groups of "cowboy bands." Only two incidents shine out from those days of discouragement and drudgery.

One took place in Roswell, New Mexico, where Bob and the other "Rocky Mountaineers" were stranded and close to starving, with only enough money for gas for their ancient jalopy. The wandering minstrels made a deal with the local broadcasting station to make music over the air in return for their autocourt lodgings, then put the time to good use by making folksy appeals to listeners for "home-cooked" food! Response was terrific—particularly two luscious lemon pies contributed by a pretty brunette named Arlene Wilkins. Roy



VOCALIST PAT FRIDAY, Ken Carson, Bob Nolan (all in front row) and other Sons of the Pioneers lend an attentive ear to script-reading Roy.

was much impressed, corresponded with the charming "baker" for three solid years, until she came to Hollywood. Today, Miss Wilkins is Mrs. Rogers.

The other noteworthy incident was the spell he spent in Montana, somewhere in that three-year period, working as a ranch hand and really learning to ride the range, rope a steer, round up cattle. Today, Roy is an outstanding horseman with many trophies to his credit, performs all his own stunts, is responsible for training Trigger, his equine co-star. He has, in fact, not only taught the golden Palamino to do more tricks than almost any other "high school horse" in history, but is giving a similar education to three "stand-in" steeds—all nearly-exact replicas of Trigger, even to bearing the same name, just in case.

In many ways, 32-year-old Roy seems very little like a rootin'-rootin' Western star. His features are so classically handsome that they appeal to women movie-goers as well as to prairie-struck youngsters. His voice is of such good quality that critics have complained that he sings "too well" to specialize in cowboy songs. But no one will ever mistake the King of the Cowboys for a matinee idol or an operatic tenor—not while his wardrobe holds out!

The equestrian fashion-plate has some 150 suits, all of them glorified "frontier" creations. They range from a chic ensemble of tight orange trousers and white jacket with matching trim to a patriotic outfit of red, white and blue. There isn't a conventional business suit in the lot, unless you call being a cowboy king "a business." Come to think of it—with the kind of money that movies, radio and rodeo are gladly paying Roy—what else would (or could) you call it?



## THE FORD CHORUS

AMBITIOUS YOUNG SINGERS SEEK FAME ON "STARS OF THE FUTURE"

TUNE IN SUN. 2:00 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

**Y**OUTH is the keynote of the Ford Chorus. The fourteen singers in the group are really "Stars of the Future," standing on the threshold of their musical careers. And, along with the other performers on the Ford-sponsored show, they're out to prove that the rising generation can hold its own with old-timers as far as talent is concerned.

Only oldster on the program, as a matter of fact, is Robert Russell Bennett, the composer-conductor who selected the members of the chorus. Bennett is far from believing in the hoary tradition that fine vocalists are a race set apart, distinguished by avoirdupois, moody temperaments, and years of continental training. The six light-hearted lasses whose pictures you see above are studying right in New York (at

the Juilliard School of Music), and their average age is just 20. Two of the girls hail from Canada, and the others first started warbling in schools and churches scattered throughout the U. S.—but they all flocked to New York as the mecca of serious music-lovers, found their dreams realized in this chance to be heard on the air.

The lads have been knocking about the world a bit longer, tried out various pursuits before settling down to singing. Baritone Edward Ulric, for example, is also an engineer, was instrumental in building the incendiaries used in the first bombing raid on Tokyo. Like the feminine choristers, however, the men have put other ambitions behind them, are intent on winning themselves a permanent place in radio.



# HE'S A CHARACTER!

**ACTOR ED BEGLEY NOT ONLY SOUNDS BUT LOOKS LIKE THE VARIED ROLES HE PLAYS**

**C**HARACTERS are made, not born. The not-so-strange case of actor Ed Begley proves it. The 44-year-old Connecticut Yankee has played almost every imaginable character in almost every conceivable medium, has impersonated a dozen distinct nationalities on stage and radio. On CBS' "Crime Doctor" alone, he breaks the Sunday calm—promptly at 8:30 P.M. E.W.T.—with any one of a score of dialects, as he portrays both cops and robbers with equal aplomb.

Obviously, no one person could be born prepared to play so many parts. Ed, in fact, started out with no more than a fine Irish brogue inherited from his father, proceeded to pick up Chinese, German, Italian, Polish and other accents as soon as he could toddle off to explore the foreign-speaking sections of his native Hartford. The youthful linguist soon added costume to his mimicry, began learning those tricks of make-up and expression which later made him a successful character model for even the silent cameras of commercial-advertising photographers.

Today, air assignments leave him little time for visual portrayals in other fields, but broad-shouldered Begley hasn't lost his knack for looking like the varied characters he voices, points out that his 230 pounds of weight help make it possible for him to hold down his many "heavy" roles in radio!



**THIS IS THE REAL ED — HE'S QUIET, AFFABLE AND BUSINESS-LIKE**



**ED CAN DO YEGGS — HARD-OR SOFT-BOILED — IN ANY DIALECT**



**CHINESE "CHARLIE CHAN" IS ONLY ONE OF HIS RADIO ROLES**



**THE BURLY BEGLEY PLAYS HONEST COPS AS WELL AS KILLERS**



THE 45 MEN IN THIS NEGRO NAVY BAND ARE ALL TOP INSTRUMENTALISTS, WHO WERE ALSO PROFESSIONAL MUSIC-MAKERS IN CIVILIAN LIFE.

# HAIL TO "MEN O' WAR"

**N**O BETTER name could have been chosen for an all-Negro service show than "Men o' War." That phrase has particular significance for every member of the regiment, for it symbolizes the active part Negroes have taken in America's struggles for freedom.

The title, "Men o' War," comes from a traditional hymn, first sung by Negro

soldiers fighting in the Civil War. It was apparently generally known among the troops at that time, but had never been written down until General S. C. Armstrong heard a thousand of his men singing it one night as they rested around the campfire. The General was so much impressed by the beauty of the music that he had it put on paper. Now, nearly

a hundred years later, Negro Bluejackets are proud to use the time-mellowed notes as a signature melody on their broadcast (heard Saturday nights at 11:05 C.W.T. over CBS).

Time-mellowed notes don't strike the keynote of the show, however, as the Navy lads provide listeners with a great variety of features. There are sweet and torrid hits by the swing orchestra; spiritual and marching songs by a 200-voice regimental choir; martial music by a military band; and tunes, both old and new, presented in novel arrangements by the octet and quartet. Even the signature melodies vary from time to time, when the boys substitute original selections written by E. W. Hathcock—"We Are Men of the U. S. Navy" and "Hep! Hep!" (Both of these numbers were composed during the present war, right at the Great Lakes Training Center. Original idea behind "Hep! Hep!" was to help the men in their close order drill, but the rhythm of the piece soon made it a universal favorite.)

The entire program is written, produced and presented by Negro personnel. The imposing choir is drawn from the recruits at Camp Robert Smalls, where thousands of Negroes have learned the



REHEARSAL TIME—WITH WBBM'S LARRY KURTZ, LEN BOWDEN, E. HATHCOCK, TOM ANDERSON



THIS GROUP IS REALLY THREE ORCHESTRAS IN ONE, FOR ITS MEMBERS "TRIPLE UP" TO PLAY CONCERT, MILITARY AND SWING NUMBERS

## NEGRO BLUEJACKETS STAGE THEIR OWN LIVELY MUSICAL PROGRAM AT THE U. S. NAVAL TRAINING CENTER IN GREAT LAKES, ILLINOIS

fundamentals of seamanship and Navy discipline. Since recruit training lasts only from eight to twelve weeks, membership in the choir changes all the time, requiring constant hard work and numerous leisure-time rehearsals to keep the harmony up to par.

The octet, too, is a "fluid" group, though it is composed of men stationed at Great Lakes. It was first formed in January, 1943, to appear with Marian Anderson in a program presented by the Department of the Interior. The original singers have been sent out to duty elsewhere, however, and in the past two years some 38 lads have passed through the double quartet. Most of these have been college graduates, who qualified through previous experience as choral vocalists.

Members of the quartet, on the other hand, have been warbling together for years, were known in civilian life as the "Southland Singers." The Bryant brothers (Durant, William and Joseph) and their partner, William Graham, were not recruited as a musical unit, however, and nothing was known of their talents until they appeared as volunteers on a camp show. Since that time, they've been program regulars, working under

the direction of Musician First Class Hathcock (formerly Director of Music at Morris Brown College in Atlanta).

Bandsmen, too, are all expert musicians of long standing, and their principal work in the Navy is playing for various nautical occasions to maintain the morale of the men in training. Three arrangers, who once worked with such

outstanding Negro bandleaders as Cab Calloway and Duke Ellington, make sure that tunes are lively and original.

Taken altogether, the cast list of "Men o' War" would compare favorably with that of many a commercial musical show. And, in addition, these Negro Bluejackets put real Navy zest into their rhythms. The combination is hard to beat.



THE "SOUTHLAND SINGERS" NOW WORK FOR UNCLE SAM (WITH ACCOMPANIST, CENTER)

# LEADING DOUBLE LIVES

"LISTENING POST" ACTORS ARE BEATING A  
PATH BETWEEN BROADWAY AND RADIO CITY

TUNE IN TUES., WED., THUR., FRI. 10:45 A.M. E.W.T. (Blue)

**B**EHIND the scenes of broadcasting, people are wondering just what Broadway would do, if it couldn't draw so much talent from nearby Radio City! Recent theatre programs read like an airwave "Who's Who": Everett Sloane in "A Bell for Adano," Myron McCormick in "Soldier's Wife," Joan Tetzl in "I Remember Mama," Ethel Owen in "Laffing Room Only," Nancy Douglass in "Bloomer Girl."

That's only a partial list—but it also happens to be a line-up of performers heard most regularly on a single radio series, "The Listening Post." Producer-director Henry Klein never planned it that way, didn't set out to gather a star-studded cast from Times Square. It's the theatrical district which is borrowing from the networks.

Red-headed, keen-faced Sloane has long been considered the top money-making actor on the air, commanding highest market prices in the process of playing some 15,000 roles to date. Boyish, easy-going McCormick was an acting mainstay of many big nighttime programs. Character actress Owen, ingenues Tetzl and Douglass have done enough daytime dramas to sell soap well into the year 2000.

Most of that is past-tense now. Six nights and two matinees a week of legitimate theatre have cut deeply into their broadcast time, made many changes in their private lives. Gone are the days of the little house in the country, the leisurely chats in studio drug-stores between air shows. Myron and Everett now live within easy reach of both Broadway and Radio City, Joan has moved from suburban Jackson Heights to a nearby hotel, and Nancy has changed address at least three times in the past season, as she found apartments closer to the entertainment centers.

Transportation and time are the big problems for these willing victims of show business "lend-lease." Stage troupers live on a different schedule from radio actors, with breakfast at noon and dinner at midnight. One A.M. is just the shank of the evening. Under the circumstances, it's a tribute to the program itself that these five acting aces should concentrate their activities on the "Post" short-story dramatizations—particularly since rehearsals start promptly at nine in the morning!

Since they don't even get their make-up off until about 11:30 at night, this early call represents a real hardship. Even if they could get right to bed, they're too keyed up to sleep. Sloane both opens and closes the show with Frederic March, in a tense, difficult characterization. McCormick (as co-star with Martha Scott) and Tetzl (as Mady Christians' daughter) are on stage most of the time in their plays.



OVER ON BROADWAY, radio ingenue Joan Tetzl is busy playing the "I" to Mady Christians' "Mama"—in the hit play, "I Remember Mama."

Douglass and Owen have plenty to do in their respective musical comedy and slapstick free-for-all.

It isn't easy to switch from such roles overnight, into next morning's varied "Listening Post" assignments, yet all five feel that this is one of the great benefits of doubling between stage and radio. The legitimate theatre gives them a chance to visualize a part—and "grow" with it—which they don't



**WITH FREDRIC MARCH**, "Listening Post" star Everett Sloane plays one of the most difficult roles—*Sergeant Borth*—in "A Bell for Adano."



**ACE AIRWAVE ACTOR** Myron McCormick co-stars behind the footlights in "Soldier's Wife"—with Martha Scott of stage, screen and radio.

have in one-dimensional broadcasting, makes it worthwhile to give up the higher pay they could make in shorter hours devoted exclusively to the mike.

On the other hand, radio gives them variety of both roles and vocal expression. Broadcasting calls for much more than just reading a script in resonant tones. Many an air actor could teach the biggest stage stars valuable tricks of

getting "inside" a role quickly—and suggesting a raised eyebrow or a shrugged shoulder with voice alone.

That's why the "Listening Post"-ers are happy with their lot, however sleepless. In fact, the only kick comes from the quizzical McCormick, who thinks New York City would be just about perfect if it were a film capital, too—so they could all add movie-making to their present "double" acting lives!

# "Grand Ole Opry" Goes Coon Hunting

## THE HILLBILLY STARS FIND LOTS OF SPORT—BUT WHERE'S THE SHOOTING?

**C**OME COON season, the "Grand Ole Opry" merry-makers take to the woods with a whoop and a holler. Coon hunting's an old Southern custom, a favorite Tennessee sport for more generations than even the oldest "G.O.O." fiddler can remember—though the hillbilly program is fast becoming an old Southern custom itself, after almost twenty years on the air (as heard nationally over NBC each Saturday night at 10:30 E.W.T.).

There are other reasons why coon hunting and "Grand Ole Opry" go together like moonlight and magnolias or dumplings and gravy. The nocturnal sport is a parcel of fun without much work—except for the hounds who really do the hunting. Those animals are mighty smart. They have to be. Their black-eyed quarry is wily and strong, almost a match for two of them on land, more than a match in water, where he can leap on the heads of his foes, hold them under until they drown.

No wonder the hounds take the sport more seriously than their masters—who aren't even serious when they close in for the "kill," usually set their catch free or bring 'em back alive. Treed coons are very coy, hide their eyes behind little paws, can easily be shaken from their perch, make clean, amusing pets. Little Rachel of "G.O.O." has one named Splashy, who carefully rinses all food before eating it, then washes his tiny hands and dries them on his bushy tail.

Guns are seldom used on the "Opry" stars' outings. Minnie Pearl doesn't even carry one, hasn't since she went on a rabbit hunt with announcer Louis Buck. Climbing a fence, Minnie forgot to "break" her gun, held it instead with muzzle gaily pointing skyward. Half-way over, there was a loud report and Minnie fell flat, a powder-burned hole in the visor of her cap. Now, the Gossip of Grinder's Switch constantly carries a rabbit's-foot—but nary a sign of a shootin' iron.

The whole crowd spends most of its time on a coon hunt just sitting around the campfire, eating wienies and telling tall tales of their prowess as Daniel Boones. Whitey Ford, for instance, likes to boast of the time he chased a coon into a hollow tree stump, started a fire in the hollow to smoke out the animal, held a bag over the top in which to catch it. Instead, however, the bag swelled up like a balloon full of gas. There was a terrific explosion—and up into the heavens went raccoon, bag and flying emcee.

Ever since, swears Whitey (known on the show as the Duke of Paducah but more properly called the Baron Munchausen of Nashville), almanacs have listed this apparition as "Paducah's Comet" and astronomers watch for its return each year at coon hunting season!



OBJECT OF A COON HUNT is, of course, to hunt a coon. But that's a dog-gone hard job—so "Grand Ole Opry" leaves it to the hounds!



"COOKING" COMES NEXT—with everyone his own chef. Wienie-roasters include Buck, comedienne Minnie Pearl, guest-star Dolly Dearman.



**EVENING'S MAIN EVENT**—for human beings—is a campfire get-together, so two Smoky Mountain Boys set to work with axe instead of gun.



**WITH FIREWOOD READY**, announcer Louis Buck, fiddler Tommy Magness and singer Roy Acuff do their share with kindling, oil and match.



**BARKING OF THE DOGS** indicates that they've finally found their quarry —so emcee Whitey Ford gives the signal by blowing a ram's horn.



**THE QUARRY'S TREED**—but dry those tears! It's the hounds who are chained, while the lucky little coon scampers home to his mamma.



"FINDERS KEEPERS" HAPPY FELTON DOES A PHOTOGRAPHIC TAKE-OFF ON NERVOUS CONTESTANT WHO QUIVERS AND QUAKES AT THE MIKE

## HAPPY FELTON PORTRAYS THE GIRLS HE'S MET IN RADIO

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

**H**APPY Felton is one lad who really knows about women. As emcee of the "Finders Keepers" quiz show, he's met all types—dumplings and beanpoles, perfect 36's and not-so-perfect 56's, soignee Park Avenue birds of fashion and shy little wrens from Ashcan, Maine.

But Happy's not so much interested in appearances, as in how the girls are going to act once he gets them up before the mike. That's where his headaches come in. There's the know-it-all smart-Alice who's got the poise of a duchess in her seat—but turns as dry as a tax report the minute she hits the platform. And the jolly, rotund mother-of-ten who can't seem to stop giggling long enough to talk. And the cute little lass who understands what she's supposed to do perfectly—until the game starts. Then her mind becomes a



complete blank—but since she really knew the answers all the time, don't you think she ought to get some of the prize money anyway? (For other fascinating contestants, see portraits on these pages.)

Happy doesn't owe all his understanding of the ladies to "Finders Keepers," however. The genial 300-pounder began his scientific studies of the female of the species while still a youngster, when he worked out a plan to outwit his mother and run away with the circus as a waterboy. Later, at co-ed Allegheny College, Pennsylvania, he found his field for research considerably widened, decided that the only

way a poor defenseless male could get along in this world was through figuring out just what surprises the unpredictable lasses had in store for him next. Then followed years as a bandleader and comedian—with the pleasing of better-half fans a most important part of the job.

The massive six-feet-two ladies' man says it's really all in fun, though, enjoys his chance to meet so many charming misses and Mrs. on his morning show. And, after a hard day's work at the studio, he gladly returns home to four more women—wife, Vi Bradley, mother-in-law, daughters Deirdre (eight years old) and tiny Pamela (one year).



COY CLUBWOMAN CAN'T RESIST WAVING TO GIRLS DOWN FRONT



SHY HOUSEWIFE REALIZES THAT HER SHOES ARE UNDER HER SEAT



THIS BOBBY-SOXER IS KILLING TIME TILL "THE TONSIL" COMES ON



THE QUIZ SHOW'S AUTHOR KEEPS A GIMLET EYE ON PROCEEDINGS

# "SING ALONG"

LANDT TRIO DISHES OUT BARBERSHOP HARMONY AND MADCAP COMEDY

TUNE IN MON. THRU FRI. 3:30 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)



SULTRY-VOICED SONGSTRESS CAROL AMES

**T**HE Landt brothers are tickled to death if you call them comedians. They've been barnstorming around the country for so many years, as a singing trio, that compliments about their harmony fall on deaf ears. But if you really think Dan, Karl and Jack are funny, you've got the inside track at once.

Making "Sing Along" a daytime variety show was the boys' own idea. As originally planned back in 1941, the program was to consist of straight warbling—plus little pep talks urging the radio audience to join in the chorus. But Landt ingenuity was not content with that. Nowadays "Sing Along" has developed into a hectic free-for-all, with a throaty chanteuse (Carol Ames), a bouncing studio audience, and a gag-writer (Kenny Raught) adding to the fireworks.

The versatile Landt Trio had its humble beginnings when youngest brother Jack was still in knee pants. Karl was unhappily teaching chemistry and Dan was even more unhappily engaged in paint-contracting. (Dan has always wanted to be an artist, says nobody will let him paint anything but houses.) After wowing the folks at a few parties, the lads teamed up with pianist Howard White, made vaudeville headlines till White's death in 1937. That broke up the act and left the Landts stranded—but not for long. The brothers took to the road, learned how to put across monkey-business—and returned to "Sing Along" and success.



FUNSTER DAN LANDT (CENTER) SQUEALS INTO THE MIKE AS A COUPLE OF VISITING ELKS SHOW THAT THEY HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR, TOO



ACTRESS LUCY GILMAN NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO STUDY MUSIC AS A CHILD, IS STARTING SON MIKE EARLY ON THE THINGS SHE MISSED



LUCY WAS A RADIO VETERAN AT EIGHT

## "TODAY'S CHILDREN" AND YESTERDAY'S CHILD

**W**HEN Lucy Gilman first started playing in "Today's Children," she really was a child—a red-haired slip of a lass, aged five. Still too young to read, the tot had to memorize the dialogue, drew pictures in the margins of the script for cues.

That early serial has long been off the air, but author Irna Phillips liked the title so well that she used it again for her present-day radio drama, about entirely different characters. And grown-up Lucy, now 22 years old, is again taking a leading part—this time as young war wife *Julie Johnson*. (Tune in Mon. thru Fri., 2:15 P.M. E.W.T. over NBC.) Lucy knows all about "Today's Children" through her home life, too, for she's the proud mother of infant son Michael.

## YOU CAN'T HEAR EVERYTHING!

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

### WOMEN TO THE FORE



"Women's work has been recognized and considered vital in the war. It is no less vital in the post-war period. Women as citizens have a tremendous job to do in the future. Some people say we can not prevent wars,

but women know better than anyone else that if we do not prevent wars the whole future of civilization is at stake. Their leadership and influence can be made to count for future peace. It can not be made to count, however, unless they are active citizens in our democracy. They must know how to organize. They must know how to master a subject and think it through and act on their convictions. If peace depends in the future on better economic conditions throughout the world, then women must know about world economy. If we must get on with people of different races and of different religions throughout the world, then women must find ways of doing that, both at home and abroad."

—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt in a radio address to women of the United Nations (CBS)

### TWICE TOO MANY

"In an old gun turret a G.I. barber tends his customers, while a tired soldier boils his laundry in a can. It was only a few days ago that a grimy American walked slowly inside, his eyes searching the walls. He removed his helmet and his hair was streaked with grey and the lines in his face were like furrows in a field. Moving from room to room he found the object of his search. Among the many names scrawled into the stone was one in large black letters. Austin White, Chicago, Illinois, 1918. The same Austin White, reached for his bayonet and made it read '1918 and 1945.' Then, with deliberation he wrote: 'This is the last time I want to write my name here.'"

—'The Army Hour' (NBC)

### CHILDREN'S UNDERGROUND

" . . . Danish and Norwegian children have set up secret organizations patterned after the underground. I remember one trial that was held in Denmark. Ten schoolboys were accused by the Gestapo of cutting communications, blowing up ammunition trucks and plotting to kill German soldiers with stolen hand grenades. The Germans demanded the maximum punishment for these ten children. But the Danish judge insisted on a lighter punishment because the children were so young. One of the boys jumped to his feet and said, 'I knew what I was doing and I don't regret it. I'll keep on fighting until every German is driven out of Denmark.' That boy, like nearly all the school children in Denmark, belonged to the children's underground."

—Arnold Haverlee, foreign correspondent on "We, The People" (CBS)

### FRENCH LEAVE

"When you've just come down from the front, Paris is quite a sight. And after they've looked for a while, the boys go out and wander around Paris. At first, the French thought it very peculiar to see soldiers in the rough, dirty field clothes and the heavy boots, with maybe carbines slung over their shoulders. Paris has always been used to spic-and-span garrison troops, well-polished and well-shined, and the French didn't know what the American Army was coming to until someone told them these men had only left the front the day before—whereupon there was nothing the French couldn't do for them. Usually on the first day, before they spend all their money, the boys buy presents to send home. They like to get that in right away because they never know when they'll get another chance. There's not much shopping around Bastogne and your mother cannot use more than one German helmet. The fellows in Paris on these forty-eight-hour leaves seem to go in a lot for perfume, which you can still get without paying off the national debt, and then there are those familiar silk scarves with the drawings all over them and the pins that say 'Paris' and models of the Eiffel Tower for kids. There's quite a lot you can get for the folks back home."

"When night comes the soldiers on leave make for the night clubs, especially the famous ones like the Bal Tabarin, where they still do the can-can in the unlimbered, time-honored fashion. There are plenty of night clubs, but the only trouble with them is that you're not allowed to dance. The orchestras still play, but there's an official ban on dancing, a kind of national act of mourning for the French prisoners and dead."

"Be that as it may, there's still no dearth of pleasures in Paris and the boys from the front don't waste time finding them. After all, they've only forty-eight hours."

"Yes, it's apt to be a rather hectic two days, but there's no point in worrying about what happens to the boys in the pitfalls of Paris. Where they've come from they've learned to take care of themselves. And, then, almost before it started, it's over. They climb into the truck and they grind through the streets towards the front. There's always a little crowd of Frenchmen around the trucks as the men clamber in to go back. They shake hands and wish them good luck. The French have a pretty good idea of what they're going back to. They're almost as sorry to see them go as the boys are sorry to leave."

—Charles Collingwood on "Feature Story" (CBS)

### MAESTRO EISENHOWER

"I'll never forget your magnificent General Eisenhower. We'd had a very full day—four performances. Later, after a supper General Eisenhower gave us, he said he felt we had done enough for one day and that now he would entertain us—and believe it or not, he did. General Eisenhower played the piano. And rather good, too!"

—Bea Lillie on "We, The People" (CBS)

### DOUBLE EMBARRASSMENT

"I can assure you that no greater misunderstanding exists than the misconception the American public seems to have about Turkish women. I have not been able to find out what the average American expects to see when he or she meets a Turkish woman, but from personal experience I can tell you that their conception is far more exotic and unreal than the real subject."

"To illustrate the point, let me relate an incident that happened to me during a lecture out somewhere in the West. I was due to lecture at some large woman's club, and as my train came in shortly before the lecture, I was supposed to go directly to the auditorium where the lecture was to take place. When I got there a short business meeting had started and at the moment nobody was at the door to meet me. Entering the large hall, I sat in the last row, near the door. As I became interested in the business meeting, I must have forgotten the time because the next thing I noticed was a lady who seemed quite perturbed. She was pacing up and down, glancing at her watch and watching the door. As I was seated nearest the door, she finally came up to me and said: 'My dear, will you do me a favor? Watch this door for a minute and if you see a strange-looking woman coming, let me know as she would be our Turkish speaker.' You can imagine my first embarrassment and then her embarrassment when I explained to her who I was."

—Ismet Sanli, Turkish journalist on "Distinguished Guest Hour" (WGN, Chicago)

### UNDERSTANDABLE

" . . . I was having breakfast with several American generals one morning, in their apartment. The sirens went off signifying an alert. I was talking at the time. No one apparently paid any attention to the siren . . . we went on eating and I went on talking. I could hear a flying bomb approach us as I talked. I didn't want the generals to know how scared I was. So I kept on talking. Just as the bomb got overhead I heard its motor cough and quit. I thought—this is it, Gallico. By some amazing piece of luck, the motor picked up again and the bomb flew off. Then I stopped talking. I said, 'I'm sorry, gentlemen, but I haven't the slightest idea what I've been saying.' One of the Generals said, 'That's all right, son, none of us were listening.'"

—Paul Gallico on "We, The People" (CBS)

### UNCLE JOE WAS THERE



"The scene was Wanting, during the simple dedication ceremonies held by Chinese and Allied leaders. But there was one man missing. Uncle Joe Stilwell was not present to see his dream of a new road

from India to China come true. Then it was that Newsreel Wong, China's greatest cameraman, said in his tortured but fluent version of English—

"You know, I look into the sun and you know, I think I see somebody there. It is Uncle Joe and he is smiling at me and wearing his campaign hat. I think I see him there like a shadow in the dust by road. I want to shoot picture, but I can't."

"And so through the words of one Chinese, millions of Americans have come to know that the Stilwell Road actually came to be named for Uncle Joe because the Chinese people wanted it to be."

—'The March of Time' (Blue)

## TEACHING TOJO A LESSON



... the Japanese have what is perhaps the most efficient educational system in the world. It's been used for bad purposes, and now let's see if we can't persuade them to use it for good purposes. Since the black ships of Admiral Perry entered Tokyo Bay ninety years ago, the Japanese have adopted many of the customs and the techniques of the West, but, intellectually and spiritually, they have not, as a people, been seriously influenced by Western thought. They consider themselves a unique race—unconquered and unconquerable; guided by a divine ruler and superior to other nations in every quality of human virtue; but, in spite of these primitive beliefs, the Japanese are not basically a stupid people. They are a tough, strong, ruthless and very practical nation and, fortunately for us, they do learn by experience and example. They will learn much from the experience of defeat. For this reason, we must see that the defeat is brought intimately home to every Japanese. This will destroy their conviction of invincibility and shake their faith in the divinity of their ruler. Until these myths are forsaken, Japan will remain a menace to the world. Defeat will also show the Japanese that the practices of liberty and democracy do not make nations weak; that freedom makes men and nations strong."

—Hugh L. Keenleyside (Assistant Under-Secretary of State of External Affairs, for Canada; and former Canadian Charge D'Affaires at Tokyo) on "The People's Platform" (CBS)

## OF OUIJA BOARDS AND RADIO

"At the present moment there seems to be an enormous increase of interest in telepathy and fortune telling. The reasons are obvious. People are worried about their loved ones scattered over all parts of the world, and it is not difficult to understand this worry and to realize their deep concern. It is therefore all the more important to warn such good people against the practice of ouija boards, seances, fortune tellers, etc. Most psychologists would not deny that there may be authentic cases of telepathy, clairvoyance, or even spiritualism. It would be a rash person indeed who would flatly deny such possibilities. Science has revealed various operations in this world which at one time seemed too mysterious to believe. Just look at radio itself. Our grandparents would have laughed at the idea that any such thing as modern radio could ever exist, so no one must be so foolish as to deny the possibility of all sorts of strange happenings which would now be regarded as mysterious. Telepathy may be one of these events. I must remind you, however, that people have been searching this matter for many, many years, and for the most part the evidence is very inconclusive. A skeptical attitude is much wiser and safer than one which believes all sorts of fantastic tales about mysterious communications which transcend ordinary powers of human language and thought."

—Dr. Carroll C. Pratt on "Adventures into the Mind" (W/MCA, New York)

## WILSON WARNED US

"I am afraid that we forget too soon. After the last war, President Wilson reminded the country of the dangers of allowing Germany to dominate the chemical industry, for example. In one of his last messages to Congress he warned of that danger. We forgot his warning, and we were in the same position of having Germany dominate the world chemical fields when this war came along."

—Wendell Berge, Assistant Attorney-General of the U. S. on "University of Chicago Round Table" (NBC)

## FLYING JUNK PILE

"This is the story of the waist gunner and radio operator on the Liberator, House of Bourbon. The ship was on a raid near the Marianas, in the Pacific. In order to drop her bomb load, she had to fly through a heavy curtain of Jap anti-aircraft fire.

"The Liberator dropped her bombs all right, but they were hardly away when flak hit the nose compartment. The hydraulic lines were knocked out, making the top turret and ball turret useless. Then . . . the Jap fighters closed in for the kill—or rather for what they thought was the kill.

"One 20-millimeter Jap shell hit the ship's co-pilot, wounding him severely. It also did damage requiring emergency repairs. The pilot was the only crew member who could handle these repairs. He asked the waist gunner who was just a kid—Bob Martin of St. Louis—to take the controls.

"Martin surveyed the damage done by the Jap fighter craft. The throttle controls were shot away from the two left engines. Bullets had torn a big hole in the rudder. One gas tank was ripped open. And finally, four crew members were wounded. Bob Martin had to help get that plane home, for wounded men can't bail out. He settled down grimly to the task.

"The other American ships kept the Japs away from the crippled bomber. For a while, Martin kept in formation, but it was a losing fight. On top of the two damaged left engines, the number four motor started smoking, then caught fire.

"Martin had to drop out of formation. In a moment, he and his broken plane and the crew were alone. As though Martin wasn't in enough trouble, the bomber ran into a tropical storm. For more than an hour the wind tossed it from storm cloud to storm cloud. But Martin kept the ship sputtering ahead toward its base in the Marianas.

"At last Martin sighted the base. He signaled the pilot, who had now done all he could on the emergency repairs, and turned the ship over to him for landing. The bomber came into position over the field. The pilot released the landing gear. Only one wheel came down—Jap bullets had severed the cable operating the other.

"The crew rigged up parachutes on the gun mounts at the waist and tail of the ship. The minute the ship hit the runway, the parachutes would be released to slow it down. It was a tense moment as the bomber dropped toward the runway.

"As the plane hit the field the instrument panel and the side of the cockpit began to cave in. By the time the bomber had skidded to a halt, it had fallen apart.

"Bob Martin had flown home a flying junk pile. He had been at the controls for five hours. The entire crew, including the four wounded, owed their lives to him.

"The ten men Martin brought home say he's a darned good pilot for their money. You see, when Bob Martin entered the army he signed up as an aviation cadet. He wanted to be a pilot—but he didn't make the grade. Not then, anyway."

—"Whose War Is This?" (WJZ, New York)

## BELIEVE IN THE FUTURE

"If you want to establish a reputation for being a wise man there is one certain way to do it; become a believer in the future. Men who have no confidence in the future demonstrate, in the long run, that they lack vision and insight.

"In 1886 a high government official announced that all of the canals and railroads had been built, and that there would be no further progress in transportation in the United States. At about the same period, another profound thinker was making the statement that the physical sciences had reached a stationary condition. At the very time these statements were made, Thomas A. Edison was thirty-nine years of age, Henry Ford was twenty-three, Steinmetz was twenty-one, Orville Wright was fifteen, Marconi was twelve, and Einstein was seven years of age. The men who made these statements were not believers in the future, and so they turned out to be bad prophets.

"The wise man is the man who believes that nothing is too good to be true, and that great things will come to pass."

—Dr. Norman Vincent Peale on "The Art of Living" (NBC)

## GARDENS IN THE SKY

"Shipping perishable foods by airplane is certain to be a great new business in the next few years. Everything in the way of fresh foods from lemons to lettuce will be available overnight . . . the finest and fastest way of getting products from farm to consumer. I really shouldn't call it a new business, though. As a matter of fact, shipping food by air is just about 4000 years old. Way back in ancient Egypt one of the Pharaohs of the time enjoyed this same luxury that we're looking forward to. He amazed his guests by serving tree-ripened cherries from the rich orchards of far off Asia Minor . . . sent by air . . . by carrier pigeons."

—Chuck Worcester on "Columbia's Country Journal" (CBS)

## YANK'S SAD SACK



"The character I want to introduce to you has approximately ten million ardent fans . . . and yet he isn't well-known to the American public-at-large! He's circled the globe and had many adventures, but never a word comes from his lips! He's suffered more injustices (in the past two years) than most men suffer in a lifetime—and still, he never complains! He can win the title of 'America's Great Under-Dog' in a walk away. He's known as 'Sad Sack.' He's just a comic strip character whose misadventures appear in 13 different editions of that army publication called 'Yank.' Wherever American soldiers are sent, Sad Sack goes along too. Each week they laugh over his troubles in China, sympathize with him in New Guinea, chuckle over his latest tale of woe in France, in Germany, the Philippines, North Africa, Egypt or Timbuctoo.

"Men-in-uniform see something of themselves and their troubles in Sad Sack, the buck private who knows he'll never be anything else but a buck-private! He's always in the wrong and he knows more about KP duty than any man in any army. When he gets a job of polishing garbage cans, he does it so well and makes them so shiny that they reward him by giving hundreds more of them to do. When he feels the urge for higher learning and promotion, all his work over books in his spare time leads him merely to a new assignment . . . that of digging slit-trenches. His intentions are always good. His rewards never seem to come! He's the personification of all the 'bad breaks' any enlisted man ever experienced. And yet . . . army leaders agree that he's the best morale-builder the army has."

—Robert St. John (NBC)



**FEMCEE ARLENE FRANCES** gives funnyman Ed Wynn special assistance on a "Blind Date," but regular servicemen contestants don't mind—Ed's a favorite with them, too, because of his hospital-circuit tours.

## Along Radio Row



**FATHER TIME KEN MURRAY** emcees an old-and-new fashion revue, as staged by the girls who pull aside the curtains to reveal "Which Is Which" (celebrity or imitator) on his CBS voice-quiz program.



**"ROAD OF LIFE" ACTRESS Janet Niles** offers some timely tips on "rolling your own": Don't use too much tobacco, hold paper between index and middle fingers, then a lick—and a promise of a smoke!

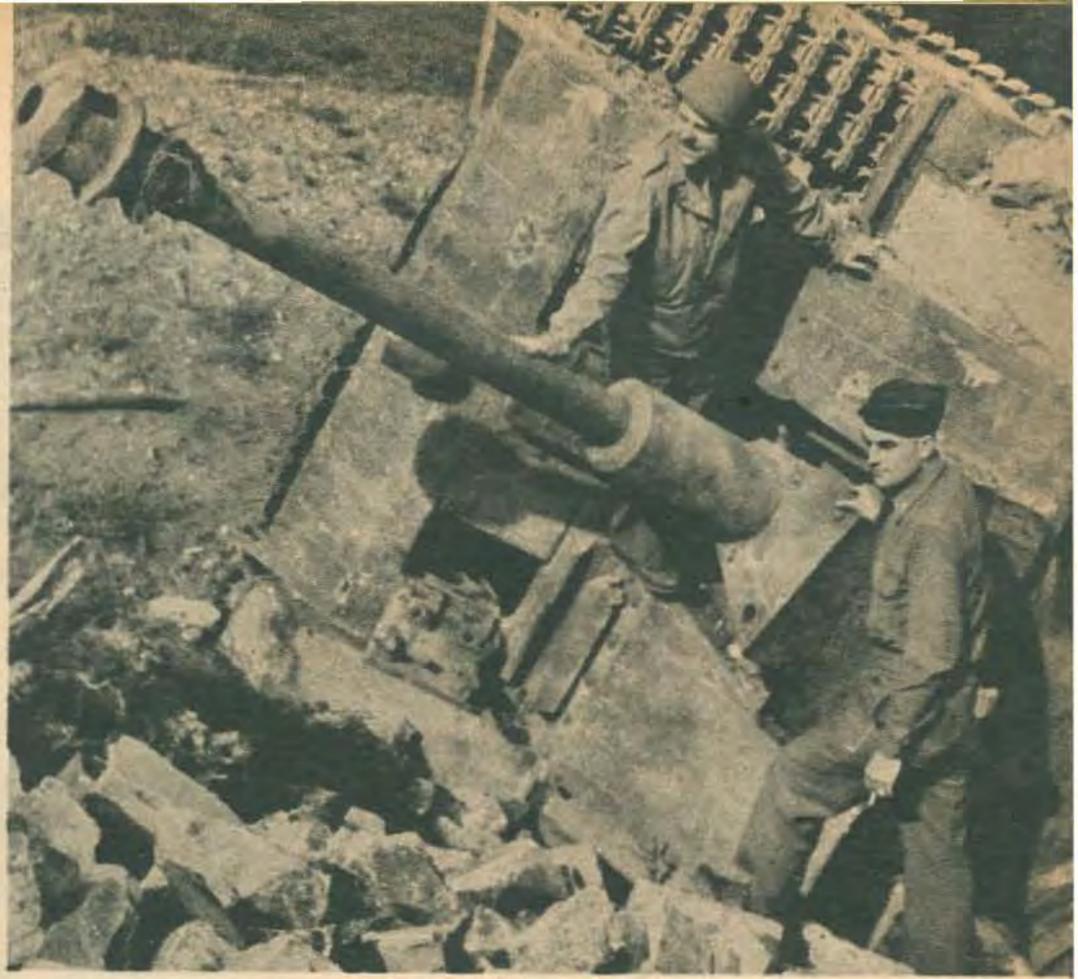
**BANDLEADER EDDY HOWARD** and singer Carol Bruce may provide the more authentic glamour on NBC's "Carton of Cheer"—but it's comedian Henny Youngman who gives the audience a leg-show!





**ACE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER** Louella Parsons poses with gilt-haired Danny Kaye, popular theatre comic who has recently conquered two other media — films and radio (as heard on Saturday evenings over CBS).

**THOSE GIDDY SPINSTERS**, *Brenda and Cobina* (as impersonated by Elvia Allman and Blanche Stewart), get the thrill of their lives, while appearing on a "Command Performance" with singin' Frank Sinatra.



**NAZI TANK TO THE YANKS:** Blue commentator Ted Malone and Private Arthur Berg of Chicago examine an overturned mechanical monster left behind as Germans retreat "somewhere" on the Western Front.



**HAPPY ENDINGS COME TRUE** for little listeners to "Let's Pretend," when the good fairy godmother (played by Marilyn Erskine) intervenes just in time to thwart the wicked old witch (Miriam Wolfe).

# RADIO HUMOR

● Comic Alan Young boasts that he's always been the scholarly type, with his nose buried in a book. "By the time I was twelve years old," he says, "I had smelled my way through 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'."

—Alan Young Show (Blue)

● Phil Baker greets a sailor contestant with: "Boy, you look great! Believe it or not, during the last war I, too, was fit as a fiddle. Now, I just have a shape like one."

—Take It or Leave It (CBS)

## DAFFY DEFINITIONS

● An *hallucination* is like a married man getting drunk. He sees double and feels single.

—Can You Top This (NBC)

● *Feminine exercise* is the art of running up bills.

—Which Is Which (CBS)

● A *military expert* is a man who tells you today what's going to happen tomorrow, and who tells you tomorrow why it didn't happen today.

—John Charles Thomas (NBC)

● Larry Adler tells the story of a fellow who loved the harmonica so much, he married a girl with every other tooth missing.

—Jack Benny Show (NBC)

● Gracie Allen wants to be a fine author like Pearl Buck, she claims. But she wouldn't write anything as silly as "Dragon Seed." "After all, who wants to know how to grow dragons?"

—Burns and Allen (CBS)

## WORDS FROM THE WISE

● The way to get down to work is to get up in the morning.

—Life of Riley (Blue)

● It's not difficult to meet expenses these days; one meets them everywhere.

—Great Gildersleeve (NBC)

● In these days of manpower shortage, the modern girl's slogan is "Every Man for Herself."

—Here Comes Elmer (CBS)

● It sounds funny, but when a man goes home pie-eyed, he seldom has any dough on him.

—Let Yourself Go (CBS)



ADVENTURE STALKS LOUISE ARTHUR AND EDGAR—SATURDAYS AT 7:30 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

## Edgar Barrier—The Saint

### A SINISTER CHARACTER HAS HAD A CHANGE OF HEART

THE sinister Edgar Barrier has mended his ways. Once known on stage and screen as a character never to be trusted, one whose normally handsome face was contorted and made up a hundred different ways, he would slink in the shadows of the set as an aged Asiatic, or an evil Nazi, or a shifty gangster. But now as *Simon Templar*, known as "The Saint" in NBC's mystery series, he is the pursuer of the pursued. He is the Robin Hood of modern crime, with his own highly original methods of settling accounts, not always with due regard for the orderly processes of law. People in trouble eagerly await his helping, if ruthless, hand. It was not always so in his long acting career. In his teens he went abroad to learn to play foreign character parts at first hand. He learned with a vengeance. As an old Chinaman in a French picture called "Le Spectre Vert," he started out on what was to become practically a Cook's tour of characterizations. Turks, Frenchmen, Portuguese, Spaniards, Arabs, Germans—he played them all. And as "The Saint"? Well, there's no doubt he has a facility in foreign languages. But he got the part because he has what was wanted—standard American speech, without a trace of accent!





THE NBC SUNDAY-NIGHT STAR LOOKS UNDER THE HOOD OF HIS ANCIENT STANLEY STEAMER

## Edgar Bergen—Engineer

### HE IS AN EXPERT IN HIS OWN MODEL MACHINE SHOP

THE man who operates Mortimer Snerd and Charley McCarthy can also operate a steam engine—and build 'em. Edgar Bergen's interest in steam engines and things mechanical is nothing new. "There is romance in steam," he says, "and it has always fascinated me." When he was just a scrawny-legged, pint-sized kid of 12 on his father's farm, he would scramble out of bed early on icy winter mornings to fuel the steam driven threshing machine. And when the pressure was up and his father opened the valves, the blond Minnesota kid would stand in open-mouthed wonder and marvel at the miracle of steam as the wheels turned. He never lost that admiration for steam and the wonders it could perform. That's why he's a member of the Hollywood Horseless Carriage Club today, and why he uses one of his very proudest possessions, an old but active Stanley Steamer, to attend all the club's meetings. It's no unusual sight to see Edgar Bergen drive up in his steam-driven car to NBC's Hollywood Radio City on Sundays for his weekly broadcast. Next to his garage he's had a machine shop built. There Bergen can putter at his steam engines, while Charlie, who shrivels at the thought of steam, hasn't a word to say.

## RADIO ODDITIES

◆ Morton Downey believes he's the only entertainer who ever had a king as a booking agent. King Leopold of Belgium once heard the Irish warbler in London, and had him booked into the Royal Hotel in Ostend.

◆ Listeners don't always realize that *Beulah* of the "Fibber McGee and Molly" show is really a "he." Handsome actor Marlin Hurt has received 25 proposals of marriage from soldier admirers.

◆ Mel Blanc, the *Happy Postman* on "Burns and Allen," seldom has to look at his watch to find out what time it is. He's the proud possessor of a museum-piece pocket watch, which marks the hours with musical chimes.

◆ William Bendix once sold groceries for a living, only decided to change fields when his wife suggested that he sell another kind of ham—himself.

◆ First radio job held by "Thanks to the Yanks" Bob Hawk paid a grand total of \$15 a week. Insult was added to injury when Hawk had to read news flashes telling how other workers were underpaid.

◆ Al Goodman, conductor of "Star Theatre," and baritone John Charles Thomas were once classmates at music school. Strangely enough, however, Goodman was studying warbling—and Thomas was learning the art of conducting.

◆ The "Eddie Cantor Show" boasts the only male baby impersonator on the air. *Eddie Cantor Von Zell, Jr.* is really Billy Grey, a lusty lad of about 30.

◆ A unique shotgun is owned by Norris Goff (*Abner* of "Lum and Abner"). It's a 30-30 with a gunsight cut from a half dollar so that the words "In God We Trust" are left intact. Gun was formerly the property of a real Western bad hombre.

### RADIOQUIZ ANSWERS

(Quiz on page 4)

1—(B) Dick Haymes. 2—(C) testing the chimes. 3—(A) Information Please. 4—(C) Beulah. 5—(A) Elsie the Cow. 6—(B) squeaking old pump.



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## WITH THE NATION'S STATIONS



**SPOKANE, WASH.**—Fort George Wright—Fran Carden, formerly a network actress, now heads an entertainment-by-direct-wire unit connected with the AAF Convalescent Hospital. Soldiers request records—and Fran plays them.



**BOSTON, MASS.**—Station WBZ—Every week, these WBZ-ites hang the shield which converts a studio into the official meeting place of Flotilla No. 510, U. S. Coast Guard Reserve. Coast Guardsmen salute as they report.



**HARLINGEN, TEXAS**—Station KGBS—Sabu, the "Elephant Boy" of movie fame, is now known as Pfc. Sabu Dastagir, aerial gunnery student. He's shown here broadcasting scenes from "Jungle Book," with S/Sgt. Pitt assisting.



**HOLLYWOOD, CAL.**—Station KECA—Commentator Frances Scully is enlisting beauty shops in a campaign to get more V-mail overseas. Operators are asked to supply patrons with forms, so they can write letters while their hair dries.

# THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

(LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORDS)

## POPULAR . . .

WHAT MAKES THE SUNSET?—FRANK SINATRA (Columbia 36774): The Voice sings The Question on this new record, and the result is The Tops. Sinatra is as sincere as an engagement ring in this fine ballad—full of sunset, moonrise and love, and the orchestral setting is superb.

HOT JAZZ ALBUM SERIES—BENNY GOODMAN, LIONEL HAMPTON, JELLY-ROLL MORTON, LOUIS ARMSTRONG, McKINNEY'S COTTON PICKERS, QUINTET OF THE HOT CLUB OF FRANCE (Victor HJ-1 through HJ-6): For the first time, jazz is being offered as an "educational" disc item, in six albums of 24 records which have been landmarks in the field. They are accompanied by a series of "jazz histories" by Charles Edward Smith.



STUFF LIKE THAT THERE—BETTY HUTTON (Capitol 188): Most girl singers sound like Ella Mae Morse on Capitol records, but it works well in Miss Hutton's case. The song is good, she sings it

interestingly, and Weston's accompaniment is excellent. Another good buy from the same company is the DENNIS DAY ALBUM (Capitol CD-5), with the tenor doing a knockout job on eight "standard" tunes.

MY DREAMS ARE GETTING BETTER ALL THE TIME — PHIL MOORE (Victor 20-1641): This clever song is now zooming to the top—after a slow start when it was first introduced in the film, "In Society," almost a year ago. Phil Moore's recorded version is rhythmical, intimate and altogether quite an outstanding one.

## CLASSICAL . . .

BERLIOZ: HAROLD IN ITALY — WILLIAM PRIMROSE, Viola, and the BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, conducted by SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY (Victor Album M or DM 989): In this first American (and first complete) transcription of Hector Berlioz's symphonic work, the recording is flawless and the entire result all that could be asked. Violist Primrose gives an excellent account of the concerto, while the orchestra—under Koussevitsky's very capable direction—is well schooled and musically topnotch.

SCHUBERT: AVE MARIA and AUFENTHALT — MARIAN ANDERSON (Victor 14210): The great contralto sings two of her most popular numbers ("Ave Maria" has been her final encore for some 850 concerts to date), both in impeccable German and superb voice.

TCHAIKOVSKY: SYMPHONY NO. 6 IN B-MINOR, OP. 74 — ARTUR RODZINSKI and the PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA of New York (Columbia Album M or MM 558): Superior recording, colorful reading and sensitive interpretation distinguish this version of the well-known, oft-recorded "Pathétique."

OTHERS: Another traditional work frequently featured on wax—BEETHOVEN'S "Symphony No. 7 in A-Major, Op. 92"—is interpreted by EUGENE ORMANDY and the PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA in Columbia Album M or MM 557 . . . KOUSSEVITZKY and the BOSTON SYMPHONY present TCHAIKOVSKY'S "Waltz Serenade" and GRIEG'S "The Last Spring" on Victor Record 11-8727.



MARIAN ANDERSON

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Wins Writing Success  
After 2 Months' Training

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# TELEVISION



**VIDEO'S COMMERCIAL POSSIBILITIES** are explored on a Dumont station WABD program starring Frank Fay and Betty Kean—with little Eve Jordan as the personification of one of the sponsor's candy bars!

**T**HAT much-maligned radio feature, the "commercial," may yet prove to be one of video's greatest friends-in-need. Television is expensive. There are limits to just how much even the biggest broadcasting or manufacturing companies can be expected to spend on experimentation without any financial return. Like early-day radio itself, the new medium can use all the money—and all the minds—available for creating a wide variety of programs and ideas.

Fortunately, television has already proved its abilities as a super-salesman, despite its present limited audience range. Single demonstrations on small video stations have brought hundreds of requests (plus money orders!) to amateur inventors. Now, national firms are taking the hint—which should be good news for everybody, since the more companies there are eager to try the new field, the merrier entertainment the general public will eventually get from television in future.



**DEMONSTRATIONS OF SUCH PRODUCTS** as cosmetics are a "natural" for television, as proved over Schenectady station WRGB by Powers model Lynn Engler and commentator Frances Church (reading).

## "FOLKSAY" BRINGS BALLET TO TELEVISION AUDIENCES

**S**PONSORED video programs may be more than welcome for variety, but it's still the networks themselves which do most to bring "cultural" features to the air for the first time, as they did with opera and symphony. Now, visual arts can be added to the list—and already have been, as in the CBS telecast of the modern ballet, "Folksay." The half-hour dance drama, as presented over WCBW, is characterized by a minimum of audible background (folk songs with guitar accompaniment) and a maximum of visible movement, starring such dancers as Jane Dudley (at left) and Pearl Primus (center figure at the right).



# How can ANY book help me win POPULARITY

## HERE IS THE ANSWER

Stop and think for a moment. Who is the most popular person you know? Who is always the "life" of every party—the center of every crowd—the object of everyone's attention? Isn't it true that the first person you think of is someone who can always illustrate a point with a witty saying or delight his or her listeners with an apt anecdote or a humorous comment?

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**TUNE IN**  
NATIONAL RADIO MAGAZINE

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