

TUNE IN

AUGUST, 1945

FIFTEEN CENTS

50c. in CANADA

PRODUCER'S OFFICE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ANC.

THE RADIO LISTENER'S MAGAZINE

SO YOU WANT TO
GET INTO RADIO

It doesn't make sense, folks



A man's a fool to go around with his pants pocket burning with extra folding money when he ought to buy an extra Bond, because that loose lettuce is the stuff inflation is made of. When that extra dough goes hunting for civilian goods (that are as hard to find as Crosby in a tuxedo!), it tends to push up prices. Besides, it doesn't make sense when twelve million kids are fighting our battle for any of us to hike up the cost of living by buying anything we can live without.

Bill Drake

ONE PERSON CAN START IT!

You give inflation a boost . . .

- when you buy anything you can do without
- when you buy above ceiling or without giving up stamps (Black Market!)
- when you ask more money for your services or the goods you sell.

SAVE YOUR MONEY. Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to pay for the war and protect your own future. Keep up your insurance.

**HELP
US
KEEP**

PRICE DOWN

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

WHY CAN'T YOU WRITE?

It's much simpler than you think!



**Young Mother
Delighted with
Writing Success**

"After taking the N.I.A. Course, the first article submitted to a top-flight woman's magazine, resulted in its prompt acceptance. Despite my domestic duties, including the rearing of a small daughter, I have found time to write a dozen stories, all of which have been accepted. All potential writers should sign up with N.I.A." *Margie Audrey Garden, 2302 West Main St., Richmond 20, Va.*



**Sells 95 Stories
and Novelles**

"The introduction you gave me to your editor friend, resulting in my present assignment to do a complete novel for him monthly, is doubly appreciated especially since I finished my N.I.A. training some time ago, and consequently, have no call on your service. Here is concrete evidence that interest in your students continues indefinitely. To date now, I have sold 95 stories and novelles to 20 national magazines." *Durrell Jordan, P.O. Box 279, Friendship, N.Y.*

SO many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced that the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns."

Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business affairs, social matters, homemaking, gardening, human interest stories, local, club and church activities, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for \$25, \$50, \$100 and more go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

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TUNE IN TO

RADIO'S OUTSTANDING PROGRAMS. Eastern war time indicated. Deduct 1 hour for Central time—5 hours for Pacific time. NBC is listed (N), CBS (C), Blue Network (B), MBS (M). Asterisked programs (*) are rebroadcast at various times; check local newspapers.

SUNDAY

9:00 a.m. News (C)
9:00 a.m. World News (N)
9:15 a.m. E. Power Biggs (C)
10:00 a.m. Radio Pulpit (N)
10:00 a.m. Church of the Air (C)
11:00 a.m. AAF Symphonic Flight (B)
12:00 noon The Eternal Light (N)
12:00 noon War Journal (B)
12:00 noon Tabernacle Choir (C)
12:30 p.m. Transatlantic Call (C)
1:30 p.m. Sammy Kaye's Orchestra (B)
1:30 p.m. Chicago Round Table (N)
2:00 p.m. Stradivari Orchestra (C)
2:00 p.m. The Ford Show (N)
2:30 p.m. World News Today (C)
2:30 p.m. Westinghouse Program (N)
2:30 p.m. World Parade (N)
3:00 p.m. N. Y. Philharmonic (C)
3:30 p.m. The Army Hour (N)
4:30 p.m. Electric Hour (C)
4:30 p.m. Music America Loves (N)
4:30 p.m. Andrews Sisters (B)
5:00 p.m. General Motors Symp. (N)
5:00 p.m. Family Hour (C)
5:00 p.m. Mary Small Revue (B)
5:30 p.m. Charlotte Greenwood (B)
5:45 p.m. William L. Shirer (C)
6:00 p.m. Catholic Hour (N)
6:00 p.m. Silver Theatre (C)
6:00 p.m. Paul Whiteman (B)
7:00 p.m. Wayne King (N)
7:30 p.m. Quiz Kids (B)
7:30 p.m. Fitch Bandwagon (N)
8:00 p.m. Blondie (C)
8:00 p.m. Chase & Sanborn Show (N)
8:30 p.m. Crime Doctor (C)
8:30 p.m. Borden Show (B)
8:45 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
9:00 p.m. Radio Reader's Digest (C)
9:00 p.m. Man, Merry Go-Round (N)
9:00 p.m. Walter Winchell (B)
9:15 p.m. Mystery Time (B)
9:30 p.m. Texaco Theatre (C)
9:30 p.m. American Album (N)
10:00 p.m. Take It or Leave It (C)
10:00 p.m. Life of Riley (B)
10:00 p.m. Hour of Charm (N)
10:30 p.m. We the People (C)
10:30 p.m. Comedy Theatre (N)
11:30 p.m. The Pacific Story (N)

MONDAY

9:00 a.m. Ed East & Polly (N)
9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
10:00 a.m. Robert St. John (N)
10:00 a.m. Valiant Lady (C)
10:30 a.m. Romance of E. Winters (C)
10:30 a.m. Road of Life (N)
10:45 a.m. Bachelor's Children (C)

10:45 a.m. Joyce Jordan, M.D. (N)
10:45 a.m. Lisa Sergio (B)
11:00 a.m. Finders Keepers (N)
11:00 a.m. Breakfast in Hollywood (B)
12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (C)
12:00 noon Glamour Manor (B)
12:15 p.m. Big Sister (C)
12:30 p.m. Farm & Home Makers (B)
1:45 p.m. Young Dr. Malone (C)
2:00 p.m. Guiding Light (N)
2:00 p.m. Two on a Clue (C)
2:15 p.m. Rosemary (C)
2:30 a.m. Perry Mason (C)
3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)
3:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (N)
3:30 p.m. Pepper Young (N)
4:00 p.m. House Party (C)
5:30 p.m. Just Plain Bill (N)
5:45 p.m. Captain Midnight (B)
6:00 p.m. News (C)
6:15 p.m. Serenade To America (N)
6:45 p.m. The World Today (C)
7:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr. (M)
7:00 p.m. Supper Club (N)
7:15 p.m. Hadda Hopper's H'wood (C)
7:15 p.m. News of the World (N)
7:30 p.m. Thanks to the Yanks (C)
7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)
8:00 p.m. Ted Malone (B)
8:00 p.m. Cavalcade of America (N)
8:00 p.m. Vox Pop (C)
8:15 p.m. Lum 'n' Abner (B)
8:30 p.m. Blind Date (B)
8:30 p.m. Voice of Firestone (N)
8:55 p.m. Bill Henry (C)
9:00 p.m. Telephone Hour (N)
9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
9:30 p.m. Rise Stevens (N)
10:00 p.m. Carnation Program (N)
10:00 p.m. Screen Guild (C)
10:30 p.m. "Dr. I. Q." (N)
11:30 a.m. Saludos Amigos (B)

TUESDAY

9:00 a.m. Ed East & Polly (N)
9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
10:00 a.m. Robert St. John (N)
10:00 a.m. Valiant Lady (C)
10:30 a.m. Romance of E. Winters (C)
10:45 a.m. Bachelor's Children (C)
10:45 a.m. Listening Post (B)
11:00 a.m. Finders Keepers (N)
11:00 a.m. Breakfast in Hollywood (B)
11:00 a.m. Fred Waring (N)
11:15 a.m. Second Husband (C)
11:45 a.m. David Harum (N)
11:45 a.m. Aunt Jenny's Stories (C)
12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (C)
12:00 noon Glamour Manor (B)
12:30 p.m. Farm & Home Makers (B)
1:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (C)
2:00 p.m. Two on a Clue (C)
2:15 p.m. Rosemary (C)
2:30 p.m. Women in White (N)
3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)
4:00 p.m. Backstage Wife (N)
5:45 p.m. Front Page Farrell (N)
6:00 p.m. News (C)
6:15 p.m. Serenade to America (N)
6:15 p.m. Edwin C. Hill (C)
6:45 p.m. Lowell Thomas (N)
7:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr. (M)
7:15 p.m. Music That Satisfies (C)
7:30 p.m. Dick Haymes (N)
7:30 p.m. Melody Hour (C)
7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)
8:00 p.m. Ted Malone (B)
8:00 p.m. Big Town (C)
8:00 p.m. Ginny Simms (N)
8:15 p.m. Lum 'n' Abner (B)
8:30 p.m. Theatre of Romance (C)
8:30 p.m. Alan Young Show (B)
8:30 p.m. Date With Judy (N)
9:00 p.m. Mystery Theatre (N)
9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
9:30 p.m. The Doctor Fights (C)
9:30 p.m. Victor Berge (N)
10:00 p.m. The Man Called X (N)
10:00 p.m. Trans-Atlantic Quiz (B)
10:30 p.m. Sigmund Romberg (N)
10:45 p.m. Behind The Scenes (C)
9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
10:00 a.m. Robert St. John (N)
10:15 a.m. Lara Lawton (N)
10:25 a.m. Aunt Jimmie (B)
10:30 a.m. Romance of E. Winters (C)
10:30 a.m. Road of Life (N)
10:45 a.m. Joyce Jordan, M.D. (N)
10:45 a.m. Listening Post (B)
11:00 a.m. Finders Keepers (N)
11:00 a.m. Breakfast in Hollywood (B)
11:00 a.m. Fred Waring (N)
11:30 a.m. Bright Horizon (C)
12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (C)
12:15 p.m. Big Sister (C)
12:30 p.m. Farm & Home Makers (B)
1:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (C)
2:00 p.m. Guiding Light (N)
2:00 p.m. Two on a Clue (C)
2:15 p.m. Today's Children (N)
2:15 p.m. Rosemary (C)
3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)
4:00 p.m. House Party (C)
4:15 p.m. Stella Dallas (N)
6:15 p.m. Jimmy Carroll Sings (C)
6:15 p.m. Serenade to America (N)
6:30 p.m. Eileen Farrell (C)
6:45 p.m. Lowell Thomas (N)
7:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr. (M)
7:00 p.m. Supper Club (N)
7:15 p.m. Music That Satisfies (C)
7:30 p.m. Ellery Queen (C)
7:30 p.m. The Lone Ranger (B)
7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)
8:00 p.m. Ted Malone (B)
8:00 p.m. Mr. & Mrs. North (N)
8:15 p.m. Lum 'n' Abner (B)
8:30 p.m. Dr. Christian (C)
8:30 p.m. Billie Burke Show (N)
9:00 p.m. Frank Sinatra (C)
9:00 p.m. Time to Smile (N)
9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
9:30 p.m. Mr. District Attorney (N)
10:00 p.m. Prindle & Niles (B)
10:00 p.m. Great Moments in Music (C)
10:30 p.m. Let Yourself Go (C)
11:15 p.m. Joan Brooks (C)

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

- 9:00 a.m. Ed East & Polly (N)
 *9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
 10:00 a.m. Robert St. John (N)
 10:00 a.m. Valiant Lady (C)
 *10:30 a.m. Romance of E. Winters (C)
 10:30 a.m. Road of Life (N)
 10:45 a.m. Joyce Jordan, M.D. (N)
 11:00 a.m. Breakfast in Hollywood (B)
 11:00 a.m. Finders Keepers (N)
 11:00 a.m. Fred Waring (N)
 *11:30 a.m. Bright Horizon (C)
 12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (C)
 12:15 p.m. Big Sister (C)
 12:30 p.m. Farm & Home Makers (B)
 *1:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (C)
 1:45 p.m. Young Dr. Malone (C)
 2:00 p.m. Two on a Clue (C)
 3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)
 3:30 p.m. Pepper Young (N)
 4:00 p.m. Backstage Wife (N)
 *4:45 p.m. Hop Harrigan (B)
 5:30 p.m. Just Plain Bill (N)
 6:00 p.m. World News (C)
 6:15 p.m. Serenade to America (N)
 6:45 p.m. The World Today (C)
 6:45 p.m. Lowell Thomas (N)
 *7:00 p.m. Supper Club (N)
 7:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr. (M)
 *7:15 p.m. Music That Satisfies (C)
 7:15 p.m. Raymond Swing (B)
 7:30 p.m. Mr. Keen (C)
 7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)
 *8:00 p.m. Suspense (C)
 *8:15 p.m. Lum 'n' Abner (B)
 *8:30 p.m. Death Valley Sheriff (C)
 8:30 p.m. Adventures of Tapper (N)
 8:30 p.m. America's Town Meeting (B)
 8:55 p.m. Bill Henry (C)
 9:00 p.m. Kraft Music Hall (N)
 9:00 p.m. Shower of Stars (C)
 9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
 9:30 p.m. Corliss Archer (C)
 10:00 p.m. Abbott & Costello (N)
 10:00 p.m. The First Line (C)
 10:30 p.m. Rom'ce, Rhythm & Ripley (C)
 10:30 p.m. March Of Time (B)
 11:15 p.m. Joan Brooks (C)
 11:30 p.m. Music of New World (N)

FRIDAY

- 9:00 a.m. Ed East & Polly (N)
 *9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
 10:00 a.m. Robert St. John (N)
 *10:00 a.m. Valiant Lady (C)
 10:15 a.m. Lara Lawton (N)
 *10:30 a.m. Romance of E. Winters (C)
 10:30 a.m. Road of Life (N)
 10:45 a.m. Joyce Jordan, M.D. (N)
 11:00 a.m. Breakfast in Hollywood (B)
 11:00 a.m. Finders Keepers (N)
 *11:30 a.m. Bright Horizon (C)
 11:45 a.m. David Harem (N)
 12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (C)
 12:00 noon Glamour Manor (B)
 12:30 p.m. Farm & Home Makers (B)
 *1:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (C)
 1:45 p.m. Young Dr. Malone (C)
 2:00 p.m. Two on a Clue (C)
 2:00 p.m. Guiding Light (N)
 2:15 p.m. Rosemary (C)
 2:30 p.m. Perry Mason (C)
 3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)

- 4:00 p.m. Backstage Wife (N)
 4:30 p.m. Lorenzo Jones (N)
 4:45 p.m. Danny O'Neil (C)
 5:45 p.m. Front Page Farrell (N)
 6:15 p.m. Serenade to America (N)
 6:45 p.m. The World Today (C)
 6:45 p.m. Lowell Thomas (N)
 *7:00 p.m. Jack Kirkwood Show (C)
 7:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr. (M)
 *7:00 p.m. Supper Club (N)
 7:15 p.m. Raymond Swing (B)
 7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)
 *8:00 p.m. Aldrich Family (C)
 8:00 p.m. Highways in Melody (N)
 *8:30 p.m. This Is Your F.B.I. (B)
 *8:30 p.m. The Thin Man (C)
 8:30 p.m. Correction Please (N)
 8:55 p.m. Bill Henry (C)
 9:00 p.m. Waltz Time (N)
 9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
 9:00 p.m. Famous Jury Trials (B)
 9:30 p.m. People Are Funny (N)
 10:30 p.m. Harry James (C)
 10:30 p.m. The Doctors Talk It Over (B)
 10:30 p.m. Sports Newsreel (N)
 11:00 p.m. News (C)
 11:15 p.m. Joan Brooks (C)

SATURDAY

- *9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
 10:00 a.m. Youth on Parade (C)
 *10:00 a.m. What's Cookin' (B)
 *10:30 a.m. Mary Lee Taylor (C)
 10:30 a.m. Land of the Lost (B)
 11:00 a.m. K-C Jamboree (N)
 11:05 a.m. Let's Pretend (C)
 11:30 a.m. Betty Moore (B)
 11:30 a.m. Billie Burke (C)
 11:30 a.m. Smilin' Ed McConnell (N)
 12:00 noon Theatre of Today (C)
 12:15 p.m. Consumer's Time (N)
 12:30 p.m. Your Home & Garden (B)
 12:30 p.m. Stars Over Hollywood (C)
 12:30 p.m. Atlantic Spotlight (N)
 1:00 p.m. Grand Central Station (C)
 1:30 p.m. The Baxters (N)
 1:30 p.m. The Fighting AAF (B)
 3:00 p.m. Orchestras of Notion (N)
 3:30 p.m. The Fitzgeralds (B)
 4:00 p.m. Saturday Symphony (B)
 5:00 p.m. Grand Hotel (N)
 5:30 p.m. John Vandercook (N)
 5:45 p.m. Tin Pan Alley (N)
 6:00 p.m. News (C)
 *6:00 p.m. I Sustain The Wings (N)
 6:15 p.m. People's Platform (C)
 6:15 p.m. Horry Wisner (B)
 6:45 p.m. The World Today (C)
 7:00 p.m. Our Foreign Policy (N)
 7:15 p.m. Leland Stowe (B)
 *7:30 p.m. America in The Air (C)
 *7:30 p.m. Meet Your Navy (B)
 *8:00 p.m. Early American Music (B)
 8:00 p.m. Mayor of the Town (C)
 8:30 p.m. Boston Symphony (B)
 *8:30 p.m. FBI in Peace & War (C)
 9:00 p.m. Nat'l Barn Dance (N)
 9:00 p.m. Your Hit Parade (C)
 9:30 p.m. Can You Top That? (N)
 9:45 p.m. Saturday Night Serenade (C)
 10:00 p.m. Judy Canova (N)
 10:00 p.m. Andy Russell Show (B)
 10:15 p.m. Al Pearce Show (C)
 10:30 p.m. Grand Ole Opry (N)
 11:00 p.m. Maj. Geo. F. Elliot (C)
 11:00 p.m. Hoosier Hop (B)
 11:00 p.m. News (N)
 11:15 p.m. Dance Music (C)

"ROMANCE, RHYTHM AND RIPLEY"

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The Incomparable
BOB RIPLEY

with the thrilling
dramatization of a prize-
winning "Believe it or Not"
connected with
the war.

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PARIS
FACE POWDER**



RADIOQUIZ

MILTON BERLE

GUEST QUIZARD

IMPUDENT QUIPSTER OF CBS' "LET YOURSELF GO"



1 Nila Mack signals from the control booth: (A) Everything is fine (B) Timing is off (C) Three minutes to go



2 On the air, zombie-haired Bert Gordon is known as: (A) Mr. Wimpie (B) The Mad Hatter (C) The Mad Russian



3 This gaily bedecked dancing gauchito is none other than: (A) Bobby Clark (B) Ransom Sherman (C) Jack Kirkwood



4 Would you recognize this childhood picture of songbird: (A) Dinah Shore (B) Ginny Simms (C) Eileen Barton



5 Playing a sweet trumpet, even with phoney whiskers is: (A) Charlie Spivak (B) Harry James (C) Tommy Dorsey



6 Guardian of the whizzing turntables, the man who plays records over the air is called: (A) a platter spinner (B) a disc jockey (C) a waxing wizard



ANSWERS ON PAGE 45

VOICE OF THE LISTENER

PRESIDENT TRUMAN

Gentlemen:

It's heartening to see that President Truman has a voice and personality that "come through" on the airwaves. After so many years of hearing the late President Roosevelt explain national and international moves in a warm, personal way, it would have been very hard for the American public to adjust to an unarticulate or unimpressive leader—no matter how wise his decisions.

But everyone now agrees, I think, that President Truman's radio addresses have been remarkable for their directness, sincerity and strength. Perhaps more than any other one factor, these traits have already endeared him to the American people. He's shown himself to be a man who realizes the responsibilities of his position, and who shoulders them willingly and earnestly, if not gladly.

ROBERT L. MALONEY

Boston, Mass.

LATE EVENING FARE

Sirs:

I wonder why no good music is ever available to us late listeners. Wanting to read and hear restful music, or trying to get soothed to sleep, all one hears is tedious, noisy swing or platter-changers trying to be funny. Another outrage is mixing classics and swing in a program.

Of course, we want to hear the news too, but it seems to me at least one station in each broadcasting area should play good music for those of us who want to hear it instead of swing, chatter, letter-reading, etc.

MRS. OTTO SPELLS

Lima, Ohio

FAIRNESS PRAISED

Dear Sirs:

I haven't bought any radio magazines for years because those I liked always combined radio with some other subject—and that made them not worth the price to me. Last week I bought my first copy of TUNE IN and find it's the best all-around radio magazine I've seen. You can chalk me up as a new and interested reader.

I like your photos and your complete lack of partiality in mention of network programs. So many periodicals tend to favor the network they are more closely affiliated with—an unfairness to the general radio listener.

MARYLIN BOINSKI

Milwaukee, Wis.

"YOUR HIT PARADE"

Gentlemen:

I want to thank you for the article on "Your Hit Parade." It proved not only entertaining but informative as well. I learned, for instance, that George Washington Hill, an executive of a tobacco company, is the man responsible for those "stepped-up" versions of slow, sweet ballads, those titled "serenades" and, worst of all, the chopping of Lawrence Tibbett as vocalist on the "Parade."

"Versatile" is the way Mr. Tibbett is introduced to the radio audience but I have a word that describes him much better. Anyone who can warble operatic arias so beautifully at the Metropolitan on Saturday afternoon, and then simply murder (if you will permit the use of the word) such lovely popular songs as "I'm Beginning to See the Light" and "Don't Fence Me In" on Saturday night, should be called "remarkable."

WANITA DICK

Kokomo, Indiana

RADIO "FLUFFS"

Dear Editor:

Those radio "fluffs" discussed in the last TUNE IN were certainly funny. It makes me feel better about all the mistakes I make in ordinary social conversation to know that suave, distinguished radio hearers often put their feet in it too.

I really don't think that air "fluffs" are very noticeable, however. Is all my years of listening I've caught no more than one or two—certainly no more that I remember. It all happens so fast, I suppose, and the recovery is so quick in most cases that listeners think they must have misunderstood. But when you gather them all together, they make a howling good story.

GEORGE ATKINS

New Orleans, La.

TUNE IN

VOL. 3, NO. 4

AUGUST 1943

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ON THE COVER

ASPIRING ACTRESS ELAINE WILLIAMS, who waits outside waiting office doors. See story on page 9.

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BETWEEN ISSUES...

Ginny Simms is a glamour girl, but we found her just as worried about her freckles as any country lass when we took her picture for a future cover of Tune In... The sight of Jimmy Durante clutching a lonely daffodil throughout a cocktail party provided a hearty laugh for all... More remarkable than any curio we saw while photographing Robert Ripley's fantastic apartment was his lovely songstress, Marion Hutton. She displayed unusual stamina when embracing a weird buddha and smiling for the "birdie" while fighting the worst cold we've seen in months... Fannie Brice gave us a chuckle at a recent party when she obliged close friend Ilka Chase with an autograph inscribed, "To The Maid..." Reports have reached us that Kate Smith is carrying our May reprint of her Plea for Tolerance around with her and reading it on all occasions... Such a delightful time was had when we took the Carmen Dragons (he's Baby Snooks' favorite orchestra leader) around New York on their first visit. See September issue... Fred Allen's acceptance speech (reprinted on page 22) omitted one humorous angle—he didn't win the honor for comedy, but for—drama... While settling details for new monthly feature "The Answer Man" (page 37) we found the encyclopaedic Mr. Mitchell to be an authority on almost every subject from eels to elephants' burial grounds... The ominous looking summons delivered to our door caused a lot of excitement until it proved to be a clever invitation to the fifth year anniversary party of "Mr. District Attorney..." The staff is still chuckling over the discomfiture of some announcers upon seeing their boners recorded in print ("Slips That Pass Through The Mike," July issue)... While interviewing Ann Delafield for the DuBarry Success School story (August issue) we were startled to hear a mournful student announce that she dreaded going home, because she succumbed to temptation there... Viewing the Encyclopaedia Britannica's art show (portrayed in our July number, p. 18) during its stay in Radio City was an elegant treat... Danny O'Neil, CBS song star, displayed admirable sportsmanship while standing outside the studios in pouring rains with a bad sore throat, in order to satisfy autograph seekers... The appearance of a sparkling engagement ring on the finger of our pretty June, Switchboard girl, was the occasion for a gala dinner party... At Dumont Television party a postwar television set was shown. Full details coming soon... Ace writer-producer Jerry Devine, ("This Is Your F.B.I." on page 15) can attribute part of his success to the deep devotion and admiration of all his cast. We heard them raving to each other after a recent broadcast... The staff's festive jaunt to the circus added new sparkle to all our eyes...

PA



FLORENCE SHERMAN uses a good strong rope to see that comedian **Milton Berle** doesn't "let himself go" too far on his zany show.



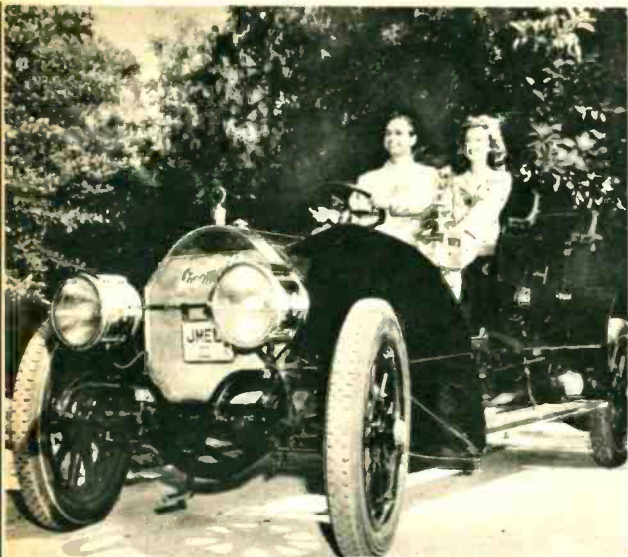
RADIO'S "LUM AND ABNER" choose peanuts for their cracker-barrel session at the mike. In a rehearsal of their Arkansas country store program, **Norris Goff (Lum)** and **Chester Lauck (Abner)** seem to be going through the refreshments faster than they go through the script.



TWO VETERANS get together when Maestro **Paul Whiteman**, Blue's musical director, sits down to hear some war-front experiences of Scotch swing lassie **Ella Logan**, who wears campaign ribbons for months of USO entertaining overseas.

IT'S AN EXPERT giving away her last stitch to the clothing campaign! Strip-teasing **Gypsy Rose Lee** tosses her garments—one by one—in Blue's **Jerry Wayne**.





JAMES MELTON is taking Shirley Temple for a ride that's merry even if it's not in an Oldsmobile! The horseless carriage is part of the famous Melton collection and is so antiquated that officials refuse to take it seriously, letting Jimmy whip up his idea of a license plate.



THESE PACKAGES will get overseas safely—NBC "Burn Dancer" Lulu Belle insures legibility of labels by coating them with wax.

Along Radio Row

FRIDAY THE 13th doesn't worry unsuperstitious NBC troopers Barbara Marshall, Curley Bradley, Marilou Neumayer with 3-on-a-match, ladder, broken mirror.



GUEST EMCEE DICK HAYMES goes into an NBC huddle with blonde bombshell Betty Hutton and Comedian Jack Haley. It looks as though that song number is going to be worked out exactly right if Dick has anything to say about it!

TUNE IN

The Radio Listener's Magazine

**Follow these
unusual
features
each month**

★ ★ ★

RADIOQUIZ

BETWEEN ISSUES

ALONG RADIO ROW

OF MIKES AND MEN

YOU CAN'T HEAR EVERYTHING

RADIO HUMOR

RADIO ODDITIES

WITH THE NATION'S STATIONS

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CITY STATE

OF MIKES AND MEN

By

LAURA HAYNES

BOB BURNS has discovered that the bazooka isn't the only thing that has made his name famous on both sides of the war. Recently, a U. S. captain in the South Pacific sent him a paper label reading: "Canned in Van Buren, Ark. —Home of BOB BURNS." It had been soaked off a can of turnip greens which was found in a Jap camp!

★ ★ ★

Far from mourning over the sad news his mirror tells him, unbeautiful WILLIAM BENDIX observes cheerfully: "I don't want people to say 'W'ho's that?' when I pass by. I want them to say 'W'hat's that?' They'll remember me longer then." BILL should know. What with movies, he's living "The Life of Riley" more ways than on air alone.

★ ★ ★

Performers on "Suspense" seem to run into as much danger as the characters they portray. First, ORSON WELLES broke several bones in his ankle while dashing from one mike to another. Then actor HANS CONRIED ran head-on into a heavy iron weight attached to a mike-boom. Still reeling from the bump, he manfully picked up his cue—and read, with the utmost sincerity, "Don't strike me again! I'll confess!"

★ ★ ★

On top of being named Sweetheart of the Brooklyn Dodgers, one-time child star MARION LOVERIDGE (now 16) has blossomed out as a full-fledged sweater girl. She wore a new white sweater to the first ball game, got all "Dem Bums" to autograph it, then embroidered over the names for permanency.

★ ★ ★

Military Intelligence: When young RICKY NELSON, son of OZZIE and HARRIET HILLIARD NELSON, got through being vaccinated for smallpox recently, his first remark was: "Mother, can I go overseas now?" And when one of ROY ROGERS' ardent 7-year-old admirers heard that his hero was now in the Army, he whooped: "Gee, that's swell—I bet in a few weeks he'll

be a general, and then the war will all be over" . . . Meanwhile, ebullient, husky-looking MILTON BERLE found he couldn't pass the physical examination to go abroad for the USO, is spending the summer touring and entertaining the domestic Purple Heart Circuit instead.

★ ★ ★

Lost—Somewhere in Tennessee, while hunting, one knife with following attachments: Shoe buttoner, screw driver, bottle opener, corkscrew, pliers, file, fish scaler. Also blades. Great sentimental value to owner, who won it in a crap game while in the Navy back in 1917. Finder please return to WHITEY FORD, Duke of Paducah, care of "Grand Ole Opry," Nashville.

★ ★ ★

Having mentioned in a previous column that the stork was heading for the home of actor RALPH BELL and his actress-wife, PERT KELTON, we're happy to report that the bundle has now arrived. Weight: 8 pounds. Gender: Masculine. Name: BRIAN BENJAMIN BELL.

★ ★ ★

Wanted by the Police: ED GARDNER, alias Archie. Last heard of at "Duffy's Tavern." For violation of vocabulary and running away with a program. See any officer of the New York City Police Department, Post 460, who have voted this fugitive from a language-reform school the most outstanding personality at loose on the ether.

★ ★ ★

In their latest movie ("Rhythm Round-up"), the HOOSIER HOT SHOTS of "National Barn Dance" introduce a little number which has all the earmarks of heartfelt inspiration. Title is: "Don't Be Telling Me Your Troubles—I've Got Plenty of My Own." Author is only a number these days. He's hiding down a cell in Folsom penitentiary.

★ ★ ★

Over-enthusiastic actors are often described as "chewing the scenery," but producer-director HI BROWN is the only person we know who actually eats his sound effects! Murders by stabbing—of which there are many on his ghoulish "Inner Sanctum"—are imitated by chopping into a head of cabbage. And, since HI is a guy who likes his slow in the raw, there isn't much left of the "victim" by the time the show is over.



1 Having previously written in, asking for an appointment, Elaine Williams is interviewed by CBS casting director Marge Morrow. Satisfied that the actress has talent and training, Miss Morrow sets a date for an actual audition.

SO YOU WANT TO GET INTO RADIO

AUDITIONS ARE ONLY THE FIRST STEP TOWARD A CAREER ON THE AIR

Meat rationing or no meat rationing, there's a bit of ham in all of us. Deep down in our hearts, we're sure we are great actresses or actors—if only we had the chance. Our looking-glass may tell us that we could never pass the test of either Hollywood cameras or Broadway footlights, but what difference does that make? There's always *radio*, where real ability pays off,

without benefit of a fortunate face or a million-dollar figure! All we need is an "audition," that magic word which seems to open up the doors of studios, the wallets of sponsors, and the hearts of a listening nation.

Actually, there's nothing either magical or mysterious about auditions. They're not even hard to get. The scenes pictured on these pages are not

illustrations from a fairy tale. They're being reproduced in fact every working day in the home studios of major networks. They are as authentic as honest camera work and the regular auditioning facilities of the Columbia Broadcasting System can make them.

Elaine Williams is a real girl, who went through a real audition and got a real chance, on the air. She was only

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE) 9

one of many girls who had written in to CBS, requesting an audition, was singled out for this series for two simple reasons. First, although new to the network, she had had sufficient local-station experience to qualify for a hearing. Second, as a former beauty-contest winner, she was photogenic enough to please the eyes of both the cameraman and TUNE IN readers.

The latter, of course, was not essential to her success in radio—though beauty has never yet proved to be a handicap, where male interviewers are concerned. As a matter of fact, producer-director Marx Loeb says that one of the things which impressed him most, when he first talked to Elaine, was that she *didn't* try to "trade on her looks," got directly to the point

on the subject of what she could do—and had already done—in radio.

Producers and casting directors like applicants who realize that broadcasting is a very busy business indeed, with one eye always on the clock. They don't like unknowns who buttonhole them in lobbies (while a fuming sponsor waits several floors above), take up extra time to tell bad jokes (to prove how good they are at dialects), or brag about being "an intimate friend of a close friend of yours."

There's a classic story about an actress who had come from England, determined to try radio over here. The only name she knew was that of David Sarnoff—and the fact that he was president of the Radio Corporation of America dismayed her not at all. Dressed in her best, she sailed into the RCA offices, demanding to see Mr. Sarnoff, "an old friend of the family."

Suitably impressed, the secretary disappeared into the inner sanctum, came back to report that the great man wasn't in but that another executive would be glad to see her. He was a mild little chap, asked if there wasn't something he could do to help. No, she answered grandly, she could talk only to her old friend, Sarnoff.

At that moment, the secretary returned and said: "I'm sorry, Mr. Sarnoff, but Mr. Astorbilt has been waiting for some time. Will you be able to see him soon?" The last they ever saw of the young pretender was just the corner of her coat, as she fled precipitately through the open doorway!

It never hurts, of course, to have a real friend in the studios—or among

the sponsors. But it isn't necessary to have "pull." Anyone can get an application blank and, with a modicum of familiarity with a mike, a pleasant interview and audition. Guardian of the gates at CBS, for instance, is casting director Marge Morrow, who looks very much like Mary Martin, is just as warm and cordial in real life.

Miss Morrow sees every application blank, watches only for a minimum of one year's radio or comparable stage experience. Elaine's case was typical. She had begun broadcasting (reading poetry "for free") while still in high school back in Appleton, Wis. Later, at Gary, Ind., she had done some little theatre and more local-station work, had commuted to Chicago for dramatic courses, got her first real radio pay reading "commercials." Now she was ready for a CBS audition.

The audition itself seems short and rather unimpressive—except to the frightened girl at the mike. Her only audience is the director and engineer in the control booth, and the whole thing doesn't take more than five minutes at best. But that's a long time to be talking by one's self, gives plenty of chance for reading a half-dozen different kinds of material.

Commonest mistake that neophytes make is in choosing classical plays or heavy poetry. Shakespeare is seldom done on the air, and then only by the biggest stars. Short scenes from contemporary plays or actual radio scripts are best. Dialect roles which demand utter authenticity, dialogue which calls for a single performer to take several parts, should be avoided unless the



2 With sister Willie at the Rehearsal Club, Elaine reads over her audition script.



3 Then—the audition itself, with Miss Morrow and an engineer as audience.



4 Having passed her test, she makes appointments to see various CBS producers.



5 Producer-director Marx Loeb is first to see her, find out what she can do best.

player can give them the true professional touch. Elaine wisely concentrated on "straight" material, impressed both Miss Morrow and the directors who subsequently hired her, by the natural warmth of her voice in emotional but otherwise simple roles.

Novelty isn't necessary. Miss Morrow's files are filled with cards cross-indexed under such intriguing headings as Animal Imitations, Arabic, Baby Cries, Folksy, Hysterical, Laughs and Screams. The names listed there are definitely specialists in their field, and the competition is very tough. Auditionees have to be at least equal—if not superior—to those already available, and their chances are usually better in straightforward roles.

All told, there are some 10,000 cards in Miss Morrow's cabinets, covering the names and qualifications of everyone she has ever auditioned. About 3,000 of these, old and new, are on the "active" list—the people she casts regularly on CBS sustaining shows and recommends to network or agency producers for sponsored programs.

Of all these, only about 250 are in the top brackets, making an excellent living from radio alone. Plenty of air-wave actors have to supplement their incomes with other jobs—modeling, clerking in department stores and soda fountains, making transcriptions. One girl works nights at a big New York hospital taking X-rays of accident cases. Elaine herself has done some writing in her spare time, sold a mystery story to a national magazine.

But spare time is something you don't have much of, if you're new to

radio and really want to get ahead. Your audition is just the beginning, not an end in itself. After that comes the interviews with as many producers and directors as you can get appointments to see. You spend days pounding the pavement between network offices and advertising agencies, hours sitting in anterooms in the hope of a casual interview with someone who is "casting." Radio acting can be just as hard on the feet—and other parts of the anatomy—as it is on the vocal chords.

Of course, one of the first things you have done, after getting some encouragement from your audition, was to register with one of the telephone exchanges which relay your calls, take assignments for you, give you official-looking cards—bearing your name, picture, previous experience, acting specialties—which you can leave at the offices you visit. And you have had other cards printed up—also with picture, identification and exchange number—postcards, this time, on which you can write personal messages to remind producers of your existence.

But there's still plenty of leg-work to be done, and it doesn't stop when those precious calls start to trickle in and you begin dashing around to the studios on real assignments.

Then, what do you have? Well, radio acting pays pretty good prices. A 15-minute sustaining show, with two hours of rehearsal, will bring you about \$20. A half-hour commercial show, with four hours or so of rehearsal, will bring about \$50. Additional rehearsals and rebroadcasts may add still more. And, if you get to be one

of the big-timers—the gilt-edged few who make more than \$50,000 a year—your checks may read in three figures, as star of a regular series.

The only catch to all this is that calls are apt to be so few and far between, particularly for beginners. It's quite possible that you may wait six months before getting your first call, then get only a call or two a week for the rest of that year. So—you'd better bring plenty of savings with you when you tackle broadcasting in the big cities, no matter how much talent or experience you already have.

Perhaps, in the long run, it might be easier just to marry the sponsor or his daughter. It's been done. But, confidentially, you're more apt to meet them outside the studio than inside!



8 She keeps in constant touch with her telephone exchange—finally gets a call!



6 Next, she addresses picture-cards to all directors, asking them for assignments.

7 Meanwhile, she haunts the studios, learning mike tricks from veteran players.



9 On the network at last, Elaine plays a scene with top radio actor Lon Clark.

SIGMUND ROMBERG

OPERETTA KING'S MELODIES STILL DOMINATE THE FIELD

TUNE IN TUES. 10:30 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

It happened at the San Francisco conference. Confused by the off-and-on rendition of two-score national anthems, delegates rose to their feet at the sound of a familiar tune, wondering vaguely what country it honored. Blushes mingled with snickers when it was identified. It was "Lover, Come Back to Me," from "New Moon"!

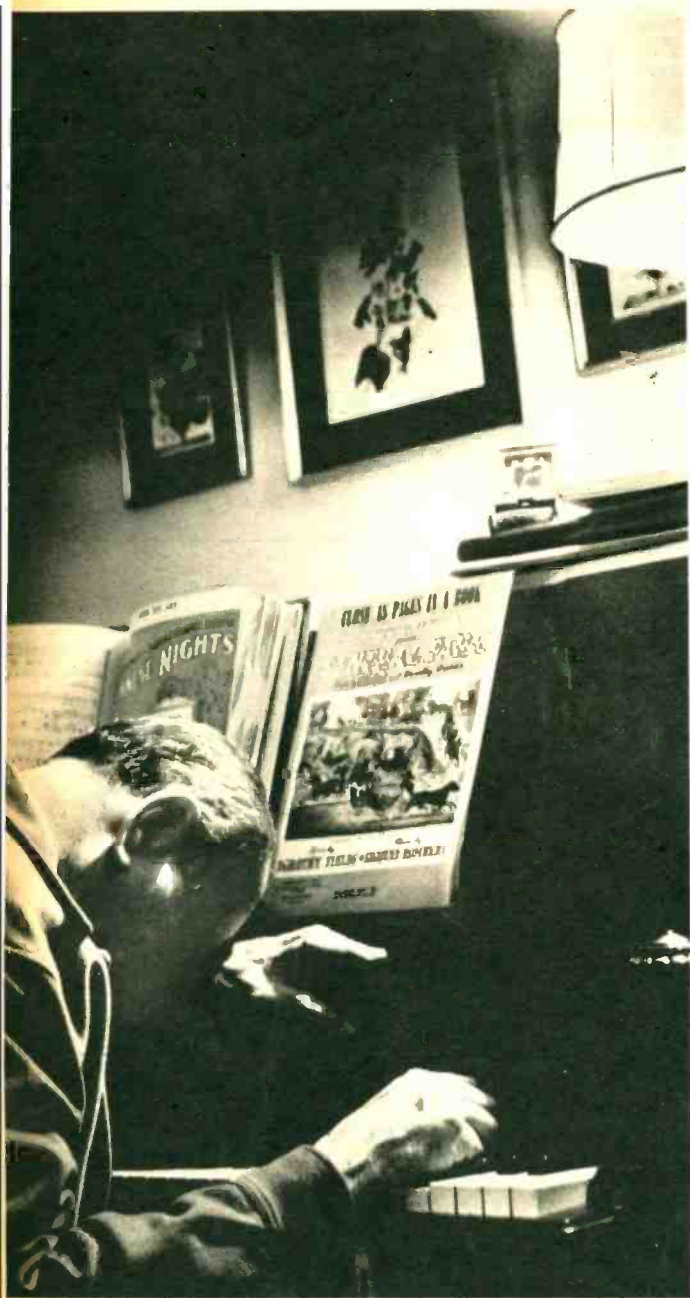
History doesn't record any further reactions. But it's safe to say that, of those who did recognize the song, many would have given odds that the composer was no longer living. Composer Sigmund Romberg would gladly have collected all such bets—in person.

Like the late Victor Herbert, the now-60 tunesmith has turned out so many hits that he has become something of a minor immortal during his own lifetime. The Hungarian-born, Viennese-bred, American-developed maestro has produced 2,500 songs to date. Now, every minute of the day, some Romberg-written strain is at least being hummed somewhere around the globe.

All but a few instrumental numbers were composed directly for stage shows, rather than the usual Tin Pan Alley trade, and a number of those operettas seem destined for almost perpetual presentation. "Student Prince" and "Blossom Time" each had original Broadway runs of more than 500 performances, have been revived every year since, either in or out of New York.

These and the most recent "Up in Central Park" are merely random notes in the full-keyboard scale of Rombergiana. In 1927, for instance, his scores could be heard in no less than seven Broadway productions—a feat of ledger-music which was partly made possible by a unique collaboration.

With one new score completed and one half-finished, Romberg got a frantic call from Florenz Ziegfeld, pleading for still another—within four weeks' time. Rommy enlisted George Gershwin as collaborator, although the latter was in the same spot. Result:



IMPROVISATION—OFTEN LATE AT NIGHT—PRODUCES MANY OF THE ROMBERG TUNES

Two tunesters juggled three scores simultaneously—and all three had their out-of-town tryouts on the same day.

Since composers must be present at such unveilings, the ensuing tale of three cities was a triumph of deception—for a while. George sent his brother Ira to cover the Gershwin opening in Pittsburgh. He himself went to Boston for the Ziegfeld premiere, while Rommy watched his solo opus make its bow in Philadelphia. In each case, the young conspirators explained the various absences with the simple excuse: "He's ill in his hotel room."

The next day, Rommy dashed to Boston and flied for his friend, so that George could put in an appearance at Pittsburgh. For ten days, Ziegfeld sent flowers and fruit to each "invalid" in turn, was so angry when he learned the truth that he deducted the cost of his gifts from their royalty checks!

The show in Philly, incidentally, was "New Moon," one of a Romberg trio (including "Maytime" and "Desert Song") which have made Hollywood history by being filmed twice apiece. Unfortunately, Rommy had sold full picture rights to each, received no royalties on the remakes—a mistake he has since rectified in other contracts.

In the main, the prodigious Romberg output has been accompanied by a steady cash-register tinkle quite satisfy-



ing to a practical ear. It means work at assembly-line speed but, luckily, the master melodist seldom lacks for inspiration. He may sit improvising for hours at the piano "until something comes," yet, if he wakes at night with a haunting strain in mind, he just goes back to sleep! "There'll be another one next morning," he shrugs.

Actually, it's doubtful if the one-man music factory gets more than four hours' sleep at night (he loves to read detectives stories in bed) but he takes cat-naps during the day, awakens after 20 or 30 minutes with a beaming vigor which jitterbugs might envy. Normally jovial, Rommy is subject to many moods, can go through them all in an hour or two, but has little of the fabled "artistic temperament." No crockery-smasher or whip-lasher, he expresses

his rare displeasure with ready wit and a curiously Continental charm.

Once, when only a few musicians showed up for early rehearsal, he merely remarked: "It looks as though this place is overrun with absentees." Another time, when a new clarinetist persisted in racing through to finish two beats ahead of everyone else, all the conductor said was: "I suppose I should congratulate you on winning!"

A tireless worker, he has a complete business suite right in his Beverly Hills home. Bound volumes lining the studio walls hold one of the world's most complete collections of opera and operetta scores, some in original manuscript form, many by famed composers he can claim as personal friends.

Rommy's career has spanned a full era, run the gamut from the waltz-times of Herbert through the modern metres of Gershwin. He has outlived them both and now, at 57, is simultaneously conducting an air series, working on his 78th stage show, and putting the finishing touches to a film musical.

Perhaps that unwitting tribute in San Francisco was more thoroughly deserved than the standees realized. Had they known the composer's story, the entire assembly might have given him a rising vote of thanks. For, if music is the universal language, Romberg is certainly one of its most eloquent linguists.



ROMMY'S HOME STUDIO IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH MANY INSTRUMENTS, MICROPHONES, RECORDERS AND THOUSANDS OF MUSIC BOOKS

HARRY PRIME

AMATEUR CONTEST WINNER
NOW SINGS FOR A LIVING

THERE are so many well-worn American phrases about success to use in describing the star of the recent "Music That Satisfies." Perhaps some of the most hackneyed words are best when it comes to telling about Harry Prime. He is the Horatio Alger of radio, the Tom Swift of the airways.

Why? Well, it was only a year ago (June, 1944) that Harry, a U. S. Post Office employee in Washington, D. C., won an amateur contest at the "400 Club" there. A few months later, producer Martin Block signed him to star on CBS's "Music That Satisfies."

And it's music alone that really satisfies Harry. "I don't care so much about those shows where music is advertised, but chatter is really featured," he says.

Time was, however, when Harry wasn't thinking too much about that subject. It was baseball he was after.

But, when the Brooklyn Dodgers took Harry by the hand and led him to their upper-New York state farm for training, Harry began to remember the days when he sang in the Catholic choir in Philadelphia and took leading roles in school operettas. Singing looked awfully good to Harry then.

But he didn't get very far, batting out with the vocal chords. Harry had plenty of time to think—on an empty stomach. So he said "yes," when that



ROCKETING TO OVERNIGHT STARDOM, HARRY BRINGS GLAMOUR AS WELL AS MUSIC TO FANS

Post Office clerkship beckoned in Washington. Soon after Mary Bivins said "yes," too, and so they were married.

Mary thought Harry was a better singer than postal clerk — especially when he was drying dishes in the honeymoon flat. Harry rolled his long-lashed Irish eyes at his bride when the rent was due and sang "Till Get By, As Long As I Have You!"

When he sang it later for Block, it

not only paid up back rent, but put Harry up into the big-time. The turning point of the young baritone's career came when Johnnie Johnston, previous singing star of "Music That Satisfies," had to leave the show with a severe case of laryngitis. It took Block's courage and Prime's talent to continue the series without a break.

Harry awakened the next morning to find himself a "singing sensation." He is still slightly embarrassed about it all. The radio audience rated Harry's voice higher than the young baritone did himself. Prime couldn't understand it. His wife merely grinned back at him and said, "I told you so," while their 2-year-old daughter, "Fini," added her gurgles.

The Primes are now installed in a rent-paid-in-advance apartment, and Harry has reached the point where he feels he can indulge in his favorite pastime. As he admits, "Every time I see a sharp tie, I really feel like buying it!"

Well, Harry can buy those ties now. And just look at his pictures if you don't think he goes in for snazzy neckwear!



IT WAS A BIG JUMP FROM POSTAL CLERK TO RADIO SINGER BUT PRIME DID IT IN A HURRY

"THIS IS YOUR F.B.I."

SERIES DRAMATIZES ACTUAL CASES FROM THE BUREAU'S FILES

TUNE IN FRI. 8:30 P.M. E.W.T. (Blue)



PRODUCER JERRY DEVINE VISITS THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION IN WASHINGTON TO STUDY ITS ORGANIZATION AND TECHNIQUES

FOR many years now, the workings of the F.B.I. have become practically a legend in America. No other crime prevention agency appeals so forcefully to the public imagination, has been credited so universally with a "magic" ability to track down evil-doers. To youngsters and adults alike, the G-man is a heroic figure—rough, resourceful, untiring and unflinching in pursuit.

Few people realize, however, that the success of the Federal Bureau of Investigation rests largely with the average citizen. As spokesmen explain, the agency is "of the people, by the people,

for the people"—in fact, like government, it *is* the people. Without widespread cooperation from the ordinary man in the street, its most skillful efforts would be comparatively ineffective. And this is the point of view that the weekly series, "This Is Your F.B.I." hopes to bring home to listeners.

When producer Jerry Devine took over the show, he regarded it as a public service, wanted to make very sure that the information broadcast would be correct down to the last detail. So, for a period of some weeks, the director spent all of his spare time in Washing-

ton, painstakingly becoming acquainted with the technical organization and scientific methods of the Bureau.

Jerry had quite a background for the task to begin with. In earlier years, he'd been an actor, had handled many a gangster and young "heavy" part both in Hollywood and on the legitimate stage. Then, as writer-director of the "Mr. District Attorney" program for the past three years, he'd garnered a vast store of knowledge about the personalities and machinations of criminals.

All of this valuable experience has made a stirring, dramatic show out of

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE) 15

"This Is Your F.B.I." If anybody doubts that truth can be as thrilling as fiction, he has only to tune in to these gripping, swift-moving cases. Impact and punch are heightened by imaginatively-conceived sound effects, the forceful tones of narrator Frank Lovejoy and the original mood music of maestro Van Cleave.

Every one of the programs is based on an actual case-history, drawn from the files of the F.B.I. The Bureau cooperates by presenting a wide selection of factual synopses, from which Devine chooses those with the most dramatic possibilities. Of course, the synopses must be expanded and plotted, divided up into scenes and dialogues, but the facts themselves are never altered in any way. Obviously, too, conversations between criminals have to be created entirely by the writer, since no observer was present on the actual occasion to set these lines down for posterity. But every effort is made to have the words said in key with the personalities of the men involved. Names of criminals are changed, too, but many of the stories were given such wide publicity at the time they happened that newspaper readers will have no trouble in recognizing them. And, when the whole broadcast is finally put together, the F.B.I. checks once more to see that the investigation and capture are presented exactly as they occurred.

One of the advantages of dealing with truth, rather than fiction, in this series is that there is so much exciting material to draw on. Tales may be concerned with sabotage and espionage, tense chases of escaped prisoners of war, step-by-step uncovering of Army officer impersonators. Bank robbers and violators of the Selective Service Act, safe-crackers and auto crooks, kidnappers and embezzlers pass in endless parade.

On numerous occasions, public cooperation was necessary before malefactors could be rounded up and punished. The F.B.I. makes clear that its agents cannot be everywhere—nor would they want to constitute an American Gestapo constantly checking on the daily life of law-abiding citizens. Instead, it is the responsibility of everyone to report extraordinary or suspicious happenings to the nearest F.B.I. regional office (of which there are 57 scattered throughout the country.) Such leads are always quietly investigated, and the supposed criminal either freed from suspicion or apprehended.

Take, for example, the story of a former German national, who before the war made annual pilgrimages back to his homeland. With the outbreak of war,



THE FIREARMS COLLECTION CONTAINS SPECIMENS OF PRACTICALLY EVERY KNOWN WEAPON

the man's neighbors became suspicious of him, and a business rival finally reported him to the F.B.I. The machinery immediately swung into action, and the activities of this small-town baker were subjected to minute scrutiny. It was established beyond any doubt that he was a respectable and loyal United States citizen, and that the charges against him were merely the result of a malicious desire to put him out of business. Anti-German feeling in the town finally rose to such a pitch, however, that the man's safety was endangered, and the Bureau found it necessary to issue a statement clearing his name. Thus, though the investigation uncovered no crime, it was valuable because it protected a citizen's civil liberties.

This was an unusual situation, however, and for the most part such a "victim" would not even realize that his loyalty and sympathies had been in doubt.

In many other cases, suspicions have pointed to genuine espionage rings—or have prevented them from ever being formed. Several years ago, an individual settled in a large Western city, lived very comfortably with no apparent source of income, and often expressed un-American sentiments to neighbors. One alert citizen finally reported him, and it was found that he was here, amply supplied with American dollars from a German fund, to set up espionage on a grand scale. His specific job was to get a line on breaches in our public opinion, widen them if possible, and thus cause splits in our national unity. Prompt action prevented his plans from maturing—and, though the Bureau feels confident that he would have been discovered eventually, his activities might have done the war effort considerable harm before they came to official attention.

On another occasion, it was a wide-



THIS THERMOS JUG ONCE CONTAINED \$72,000 OF RANSOM MONEY, WAS BURIED IN A FIELD



JERRY DEVINE OPENS AN "INNOCENT" JAP FAN—REALLY A CLEVERLY-CONCEALED KNIFE

awake commercial firm which caused the round-up of some 33 spies. Agents had already become aware of a person they knew only as "Heinrich," who was writing long, "encyclopaedic" letters relating to war plants and employment in a mid-Western city. Suddenly, a photography agency called up to say they'd received an extraordinary order for aerial photos—so large an order that the executives wanted to be sure it was all right before filling it. That call provided just the information needed, and investigation uncovered the fact that there was a well-organized ring meeting in the back room of a German restaurant.

Were it not for such unofficial watchers, the task of the F.B.I. would have been rendered tremendously difficult during the first years of the war. In 1939, the Bureau had a force of only 858 special agents—much too small a group to cope with enemy activity with-

out aid. Today, investigators number approximately 4500, and as many as a thousand have been sent out to cope with an urgent case. (Such a case occurred when saboteurs landed on the Atlantic seaboard and it was necessary to comb the entire district for clues leading to their whereabouts.)

Spokesmen for the agency are eager to have it known that anything can be a clue to the F.B.I. The Washington laboratories and record rooms are a national clearing house of criminal information, and very often the slightest hint can be jigsawed with facts from the files to point an unerring finger at the perpetrator of the crime.

In kidnappings, for instance, a nickname used unconsciously in front of the victim's family or friends may be a positive source of identification. The Washington files include nearly 300,000 nickname cards. (Many of these

"monikers" are very amusing and descriptive, such as: Aggravating Papa, Bowlegged Bessie, Chew Tobacco Louie, Ash Pan Slim, Cream Puffs, and Butcher Knife Lizz.) After a victim has been returned to his home, he can often give such details about his place of captivity that his description amounts to a map for the experienced G-man. Though probably blindfolded, he may know approximately how long he rode in a car, how far the car was parked from the house, what type of gate he went through, whether the location was country or city, whether he heard a railroad whistle or noticed an airplane on its regular route. Then, by a process of elimination, the exact house can be found—probably the only one or one of several which meets all the conditions.

Hit-and-run drivers can also be apprehended through the unshakable scientific evidence furnished by the F. B. I. laboratories. In almost every case, minute slivers of paint from the car clinging to the clothes of the victim. Sometimes the paint may be a mere pinpoint, all but invisible to the naked eye. Nevertheless, it can be examined and identified, and there have been instances where it was possible to point definitely to one car out of 50 on the street at the time of the accident. (Such expert scientific analyses are not confined to F. B. I. cases alone, but are also available to local law enforcement agencies free of charge.)

As can easily be seen, the G-man's "infallibility" is not a matter of some sixth sense unknown to other men, but results chiefly from the remarkable coordination achieved within the Bureau, where numerous experts lend their combined knowledge to the tracking down of crime. It is no wonder that the law-breaker quakes at the thought of F. B. I. pursuit—he is pitted not against one investigator, but against a whole host of specially-trained minds.

Every man who applies for a position in the agency—whether for clerk, or laboratory technician, or special agent—must prove that he is in excellent physical condition, possesses outstanding ability in his field, and, above all, is of unquestioned loyalty to his country. "All positions in the F. B. I. are positions of trust." Special agents then take a 16-week training program, must be as quick on the trigger as they are mentally, able to tackle any type of emergency with confidence. America can well say with genuine pride: "This is our F. B. I."



MEET NILES AND PRINDLE

WENDELL AND DON LAUGHED THEMSELVES INTO A NEW RADIO PROGRAM

TUNE IN WED. 10:00 P.M. E.W.T. (Blue)

WHEN Wendell Niles was radio announcing and Don Prindle was batting out top-flight scripts, the boys horse-played around the studios getting laughs that made professional comedians turn green with envy. Then it happened. Once too often someone remarked, "You fellows sure ought to get together on a radio program!" The idea twiggled, and the boys sat down to work out the first draft of what proved to be one of radio's newest laugh shows: "Icebox Follies." Don and Wendell had a recording made of their first effort, and the idea was sold instantaneously to a sponsor without either of the boys putting in an appearance.

Despite the aura of lunacy that surrounds the pair of radio comics, it takes a down-to-earth analysis to see what makes the team click. Prime requisite, of course, is telling a joke together and punching it with the same timing. But hitting big-time radio isn't that simple. It takes the natural ability to work together (which Niles and Prindle have made into a fine art), plus the years of hard work

and experience that this team of funny-men put in before their present microphone stint.

It was over ten years ago that the boys formed their first act. It was called "Madam Booboo and Serge Pansky." It had its corny aspects, but while working together, Ken and Don found they believed in each other's ability to "make the other 'feed' him lines—they were attuned, and their senses of humor clicked.

The closely-knit team of jokesters—who met back in 1932 when each had a different idea for licking the depression out in Seattle—carry their friendship out of the studio right into their homes, which are around the corner from each other in San Fernando Valley near Hollywood. Their wives go shopping together, and there's usually a Niles-Prindle foursome for bridge in the evening—unless the boys are off on a hunting trip or on their sailboat.

The sailboat, incidentally, carries out their idea of sharing honors, carefully observed in their co-star radio billing. By agreement, Don and Wendell have dispensed with a crew

and each is a co-captain of the sailboat which, they boast, has never won a race on Lake Malibu where Hollywood luminaries race for the coveted cup. A mixup on orders from the co-captains, who have varying ideas about skippering their craft, may have something to do with the lack of cups and pennants!

But, when the sporting spirit does weaken, the Niles and Prindle duet turn to the serious matter of local politics. The boys got thoroughly embroiled in a race for the title of Honorary Mayor of North Hollywood. The result? You guessed it—they tied, and now are co-mayoring the community with all the aplomb of home-town dignitaries. Honorary mayors of adjoining towns include Ginny Simms of Northridge, Bud Abbott of Sherman Oaks, Andy Devine of Van Nuys and Bob Burns of Canoga Park.

The midwest-born radio comic team diverges on one point, with Wendell bowing off all honors to Don. For Prindle shakes a mean skeleton in the family closet! It all grew out of some persuasive salesmanship on Don's part when he was station manager in Denver about 15 years ago. He finally lured a local chiropractic college into a contract for radio advertising. When the college wasn't able to meet the bill for its radio time, Don agreed to take the sum out in learning something about the spine-cracking technique. Three years later, he was not only graduated as an alumnus of the proud chiropractic college, but brought the place immortal fame among those in the slightly rigorous profession by becoming president of Delta Chi Rho, chiropractic fraternity.

Although Don is pretty proud of his achievements in snapping spinal columns, Wendell feels he matched Prindle's stunting around with vertebrae. Wendell took to the air and became one of 80 government-licensed pilots in the country. He gave it up, however, when his boss went out of business and someone smacked up a little flying machine Wendell had just invested his last (and only) five thousand dollars in. But Wendell kept right on the beam—only this time he went on the airways as the emcee of a floor-show at Seattle's Olympic Hotel. His smooth ad-libbing later brought him to Hollywood as one of the most-sought free lance announcers in the business.

It is natural that Don should choose a different launching into Hollywood big-time. His script and gag writing were more in character for Don, who does his best to assure us that he really has a retiring nature. Don insists he has the jitters every time he goes up to a mike, claims Wendell is just an old exrovert who automatically begins to talk whenever he walks into a studio. At any rate, Don's gags won him writing contracts with the late Joe Penner, Robert Benchley and Abbott and Costello.

The similarities of the Niles-Prindle co-comics go right on into their appearance. Both have brown hair and dark eyes, and Wendell tops his partner's five feet nine inches by only one additional inch. They both weigh in at 165 pounds. Even the families are evenly squared off with the Niles two sons being balanced by two of the prettiest little daughters in Hollywood in the Prindle family.

With so much in common, Wendell Niles and Don Prindle have kept on with all the clowning and hilarity that they have carried from the corridors into the studios—most of the pranks and laugh-lines are "on the air," but you ought to hear an impromptu rehearsal of "Icebox Follies"! Most of the Hollywood luminaries on a special servicemen's program in the studio across the hall wander in to



DON AND WENDELL CUT SOME CHEESECAKE WITH GALE ROBBINS

become a part of the hilarity in rehearsals for the Niles-Prindle show. Don and Wendell extend their hospitality right into the microphone by introducing their prominent guests to the radio audience when the show goes on the air. There's just one hitch: The names of the stars can't be mentioned because of contract red tape. That doesn't stop Don and Wendell—they generally introduce the stars under false names, even crediting them with being stage managers, script writers and off-stage noises! The star's true identity usually filters through in a catch-word or remark during the horseplay that keeps the studio personnel as well as dialers doubled over during the performance.

It's one of Hollywood's top-grade mysteries as to just how the "Icebox Follies" ever gets on the air after the zany rehearsals. Don and Wendell can't help wondering about that themselves. It doesn't seem possible to the pair that you can have so much fun toiling for your daily bread—but letters prove that most listeners don't find it such hard work, either, tuning in and sharing the hilarity.



A-HUNTING WE WILL GO! DON DEMONSTRATES POINT BLANK RANGE

WOMEN TAKE OVER

FEMININE INVASION OF CONTROL ROOMS PROVES SKILL AND TECHNICAL ABILITY

WARTIME and manpower shortages have proved that glamorous girls and technical jobs *do* mix in the control rooms of the nation's stations. For instance, New York's WOV can show you as pretty a quartet of feminine engineers as you'd want to see. This happy combination began two years ago when 19-year-old Sydney Brown, blonde, blue-eyed and distinctly photogenic, walked into the station and asked for a job.

There was a hurried conclave between the chief engineer and his staff. Would the seven men be willing to have a girl invade the sacred precincts of the control rooms? After one look at Sydney, the answer was "yes!" Before they had a chance to come up for air, three more girls were on the staff. The boys don't know quite how it happened, but they are first to praise the feminine engineers as "holding down man-sized jobs without fuss or special privileges."

In fact, the girls work tougher schedules in their complicated vocation than many men could take. Their hours are spartan. Sydney, for example, gets up at 4:30 a.m., reports for work at 6, doesn't go off duty again until 3:30 p.m. But her cool, competent manner at the controls of a radio station doesn't detract from her deep interest in modern art and music. Control panels and turntables may be



IN MAKING REPAIRS, Esther and Sydney bow to no man as they test voltage on the voltmeter and tighten up bolts on a mike shaft.



TAKING HER TURN AT THE TURNTABLES, ESTHER LEWIS READIES A RECORDED SPOT ANNOUNCEMENT SO IT WILL START "ON THE BUTTON"

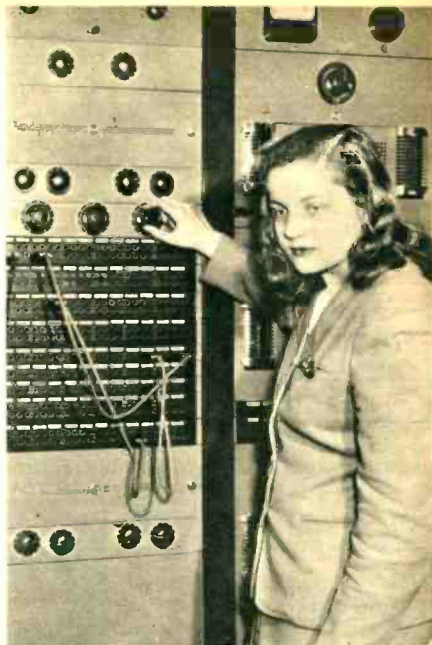
her bread-and-butter, but Sydney somehow finds time to discuss abstract painting as outside-studio conversational caviar!

Brunette Esther Lewis, who is 25, slight and feminine, considers her radio engineering a "dream job," after three years of night classes which qualified her for second-class radio-telephone and telegraph operator's licenses. As she sits, relaxed but alert, with her eye on the clock ready to play a recorded announcement on the turn-table, she knows her sense of time and accuracy are "musts" for a radio engineer.

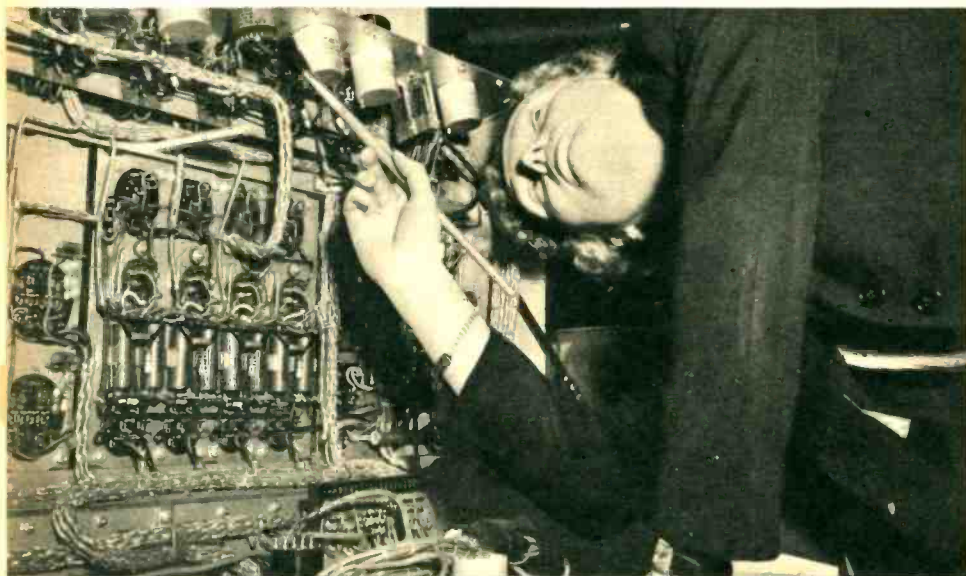
Blonde, Brooklyn-born Betty Lee did such a good job doubling as actress and stage manager in her one fling at Broadway, she decided to test her versatility even further by making the big jump into engineering. Betty progressed rapidly after winning a mechanical aptitude test. She smiles as she deftly fades or increases volume with the dials on the control board—this is what Betty Lee was aiming for. And after the war? Well, she hints, there's always television!

It took Louise Winter to explain some of the mysteries of the sign language between engineers and announcers who are separated by the glass-enclosed, sound-proof control room. Easiest to understand is the quick gesture of slashing a hand across the throat. It may mean "off with their heads" to some people, but when Louise does it, the announcer knows the program is being cut from the air.

The girls rotate their schedules, working alternate half-hours. It's their conversation during these thirty-minute rest periods that shows their zest and enthusiasm for their work. They will debate heatedly over the merits of frequency modulation and television, but oftener it's talking hopefully of using their engineering experience in the postwar future to help them get into their chosen field of producing radio shows. As engineers, these girls know how to hurdle technical hitches in putting a program across successfully.



AT THE CONTROL PANEL Sydney Browne adjusts a channel amplifier, 'putting the station "on the air"' with split-second precision timing.



ENGINEERS DO HOUSEWIFELY CHORES, TOO—BETTY LEE CLEANS A "FADER" INSIDE THE CONTROL BOARD WITH A LONG-HANDLED BRUSH

AWARDS, MAYORS—AND ME

by FRED ALLEN

TO me, this honor, while significant, is a little confusing. During the 12 years I worked in radio, I was well paid (I have the tax receipts from Mr. Morgenthau to prove it) but, while I was on the air, the Peabody committee paid no attention to me. The minute I left radio, I received this award. I still don't know whether the committee is paying me a tribute for the work I have done in the past—or whether the committee is grateful to me for getting out of radio.

Last year—while my program was off the air—I won a Fordham college poll. This year—while out of work—I have received a Peabody Award and an award from Catholic University at Washington. Next year—if I keep away from Hollywood—I will probably win the Academy Award.

When I read the headline in the New York Times saying that Mayor La Guardia had won an award and then, under the mayor's name, I saw my name in fine print, I thought that perhaps I was getting my award for listening to the mayor's program.

I think the Peabody committee could save a lot of time and trouble each year by giving Mayor La Guardia all of its awards. The mayor covers everything in radio. His program is a happy blend of Mary Margaret McBride, "Information Please" and "Gang Busters." One week, the mayor will tell you how you can make mock French-fried potatoes with artichoke roots. The next week, he gives you the names of the bookmakers and hurdy-gurdy owners he has chased out of the city.

The following week, the mayor explains the city budget to you so thoroughly that you know how many feet of hose the fire department has on hand and how many plungers the sanitation department is operating. The mayor's radio program reports the news, it provides outstanding entertainment and educational features, and I think it merits all of the Peabody Awards.

I would like to suggest that—since James Byrnes, in his efforts to conserve fuel, has instigated this curfew confusion—it might be a good idea to have the mayor put his program on at midnight. This will not only provide entertainment but will enable the people of New York to kill that extra curfew

Two of this year's coveted Peabody Radio Awards were conferred upon Fred Allen (for 12 years of unexcelled comedy) and Mayor Fiorello La Guardia (for public service on New York City station WNYC). Fred's highly typical reactions to both honors are revealed in this "reader's" version of his acceptance speech.



FRED (RIGHT) RECEIVES HIS PEABODY AWARD

hour the mayor presented to the city some weeks back.

But—getting back to my award—I think that every comedian in radio should be given some sort of an award. And I'll tell you why. The way of the transgressor may be hard, but the transgressor's path is a petal-strewn lane compared to the bumpy road the comedian traverses weekly on his way to the microphone.

All humor is a matter of opinion. And everyone in radio with enough authority to operate a memo pad has an opinion that jeopardizes the comedian's humor. The network has a censor, the advertising agency has a producer, and the sponsor has a bustling vice-president who supervises the company's radio attractions. Until the comedian assembles his script, the censor, the producer and the vice-president are incapable of action. They lie dormant, contemplating their desk-tops, in their executive lairs.

But the minute the comedian has assembled his weekly quota of jokes and

turned in the script, these guardians of sponsor, network and listener interests become fraught with purpose and catapult themselves into action. To give you an idea how these frustrated characters function, let us say that the comedian has a paragraph in his script that reads: "Jack Benny told me a great gag today. Jack said, 'The best way to keep a dead fish from smelling is to cut off its nose.'"

It seems like a very simple joke—Jack Benny says, "The best way to keep a dead fish from smelling is to cut off its nose." Well, the script is sent over to the network censor. He pounces on the joke. Jack Benny is on an opposition network. The comedian can't mention Jack's name. The rest of the joke the network censor doesn't mind, but Jack Benny's name has to come out.

NEXT, the comedian's script is sent to the advertising agency. The producer reads what is left of the joke and hits the ceiling. The anti-vivisectionists are strong in this country. You can't cut a fish's nose off. Every anti-vivisectionist in America will be up in arms. The Hearst papers will start another campaign. The comedian tries to explain that the fish in the joke is dead, but it doesn't help.

Now the script goes to the sponsor's office. The vice-president in charge of radio is galvanized into action. Is the comedian crazy? A fish joke? The sponsor's brother sells "Wham," a Spam derivative. Why should the sponsor let the comedian plug the fish industry, his brother's biggest competitor? If he makes people fish-conscious, the comedian will put the sponsor's brother out of the meat business. The vice-president removes the word "fish"—which is all that remained of the original joke.

On the night of the broadcast, the comedian arrives at the microphone. Instead of the hilarious fish gag, he tells a dull joke about the housing shortage being so bad he went into a restaurant and couldn't even get cottage pudding. The next day, two hundred people who are living in trailers and old packing-cases in defense areas around the country write anonymous letters to the sponsor saying that, because he has made light of the housing

shortage, the comedian is an isolationist, a saboteur, and pro-Nazi. The sponsor sends for the comedian and, the next week, people tuning in the program find that the comedian has disappeared and the sponsor now has a new musical show featuring Guy Lombardo or Spike Jones and His City Slickers.

That is why, after thirteen years of

radio, Jack Benny's hair is snow white. That is why Edgar Bergen is as bald as Kate Smith's elbow. That is why Bob Hope jumps all over the country playing Army camps, where the network censor, the advertising agency producer and the sponsor's vice-president can't get at him. And that is why I think that every comedian who survives in radio is entitled to an award.

Ernie Pyle

by LEIF EID

Among the many tributes paid to Ernie Pyle since his death on I-ima, this one (as voiced by an NBC commentator over WRC in Wash., D.C.) is unusual in that it paints a picture of the beloved correspondent—not as he was known to the public—but as his friends and fellow reporters will always remember him best.

MILLIONS of words will be said and written about Ernie Pyle, about his heroism, about his determination that the ordinary GI should have his story told, too—and about how he felt that he had to go to the Pacific. That's all true. And his heroism was all the greater because Ernie Pyle was always afraid. He forced himself to go up into the front lines in spite of his fear.

But you'll read everything that's printed about Ernie and still not know what he was like, because Ernie was a complex, tortured, tragic kind of guy—a "lost" sort of person, trying to find himself. He never did find himself, unless it was in his work.

Ernie was a little man, probably never did weigh over 110 pounds wringing wet. When he left here the last time, he weighed 106 pounds. He was about five-feet-seven or -eight, I should say—bald and thin-lipped, with a sort of pixie-ish smile and soft eyes. He was 44 years old last August, and I don't know whether he looked older or younger than his age.

He was frail and always worried about his health. The doctors call it "hypochondria." He used to go on a diet. Once it was some outlandish combination like French-fried potatoes and radishes and bananas, and he wondered why he couldn't gain weight. He

was so thin that he used to suffer terribly in Washington's winters.

If you saw him in a suit—why, that was the only suit he had, and he'd wear it until he was through at the elbows and somebody forced him to buy another. He'd have maybe two or three shirts, never any more. That dirty-green sweater of his was a landmark around Washington for years. You couldn't get him to give it up.

But that hat he wore! That was really a hat—a Borsalino, or some other fancy Italian make—and he set it on his head at a rakish angle.

You probably think Ernie was rather saint-like. He wasn't. He'd take his drinks with the rest of the boys, and his language was likely to be on the "blue" side every once in a while.

Ernie was shy, painfully shy. When he was over on the *News*—the *Washington Daily News*—one of the jobs he had was to write an aviation column. In those days, he used to know Jimmy Doolittle. But, when Ernie went to London to cover the invasion (and Pyle was already the famous war reporter), somebody mentioned General Doolittle. Ernie said he couldn't just go up and see Doolittle—why, Doolittle was a famous, important man! They had to drag him up to see the General.

And there was the time he promised to make a speech in Albuquerque. He was in New York and he'd had a few drinks. The next morning he was terribly frightened. He couldn't sleep for several nights, worrying. Finally, he called up long-distance and said he just couldn't do it. Well, that was all right—"come out, anyway, and receive a gold watch." He did.

And, by the time the cocktails had gone around and dinner was served, Pyle felt he had to speak—and he did.

Of course, he enjoyed the fame that came with his war reporting. He was like a kid about it. Fame and money were unbelievable, wonderful things, fine sensations to be enjoyed. They didn't make any difference in the way he lived. The last suit of civilian clothes he had, his editor—Lee Miller—bought for him, and it cost \$47.50, the most he'd ever paid for a suit. Fame and money didn't turn his head. His best friends were his old friends, who knew him in the old days.

His news career wasn't spectacular, up to the time he went to cover the war. His old editor on the *News*—Lowell Mellett—says he was a good, competent, all-round newspaper man, one of the best "desk" men he ever saw, that he could do anything. He was managing editor of the *News* for a year, but he never liked it. And, later, his "Touring with Ernie Pyle," the story of his wanderings around this country and South America and where—no—the story of his Fords and the hotel rooms he slept in, and the people he met.

It wasn't any terrifying success. He was writing about the same people he wrote about in this war, the "smallies" of this life. Those people he knew and understood.

It took the war and Ernie Pyle to make us all realize just how important those "smallies" really are.

Those words of Ernie's, the ones that sound so simple and read so easily—every one of them he wrote in the sweat of his brow. They came hard.

WELL, Ernie's gone now. This lonely, sensitive, introspective little man who wondered what life was all about—and who Ernie Pyle was and where Ernie Pyle was going and how he fitted into this life—he won't be going to the front any more. His job is ended. The boys in Europe who knew him—the thousands of sweating, fighting GIs who waved at him and yelled "Hi-ya, Ernie!"—they'll feel it pretty badly. So will his new friends in the Pacific. And his old friends over at the *News*.

He said if he lived through it, he was going to quit and go out to his home in Albuquerque and sit on the porch with "that girl" (Gerry, his wife), and look out over the desert. But he was sure he'd never get there.

Ernie Pyle has joined the men he wrote about, the ones he described in the dedication to his last book: "Those thousands of our comrades—great, brave men that they are—for whom there will be no homecoming... ever."

What **quality** of television do **you** expect to see?



Typical production scene in WCBW television studios. Facing the action (c. and l.) the two television cameras with their operators. Between them, squatting, a floor manager wearing earphones connected with the control room. Extreme right: boom microphone picking up the voices of the actors. The large box-like device is a mechanism used to animate news maps. Overhead: bank of square units at left are fluorescent or "cold" lights; cones at the right are incandescent lights.

BY THE time most Americans own their own television receivers and tune in a boxing match or a musical comedy, they'll be pretty sure to compare it with the quality of the movie they saw the night before. This is the challenge which faces the engineers and broadcasters of television, as well as the manufacturers of television receivers.

For the past fifteen years CBS television engineers and producers have been working in their laboratories toward this single objective: to bring you television which, for clarity of image, purity of sound, and excellence of programming, will be equivalent to the best home movies. As things now stand, there's a good chance of getting it before too long. It is likely that you'll be able to tune in your receiver and not only see, free of eye-strain, on a large screen, clear and well-defined pictures perfectly synchronized with sound, but see them in full color.

For the past 14 months in its Grand Central Terminal studios, Columbia's New York Television Station WCBW has been broadcasting (on pre-war standards) a regular weekly schedule of live talent programs. They are on the air every Tuesday,

Thursday and Friday at 8 p.m. EWT and include special features such as boxing matches, audience participation programs, musical variety shows and dramatic presentations, plus news reports and analyses by CBS correspondents and military experts.

Among the outstanding productions broadcast each week by WCBW are *The Missus Goes A-Shopping* (adapted from the WABC program of the same title), *Opinions On Trial* and a series of programs visualizing the activities of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. During the intensive broadcasting periods following President Roosevelt's death and the surrender of Germany, Columbia's television station cancelled its regular schedule to produce programs highlighting those events.

Columbia's television programs cover the metropolitan area of New York from a transmitter on the "needle" of the Chrysler Building. Within receiving range of the broadcasts are some 75% of the country's 7000 television sets. Upon its completion by the Federal Telephone and Radio Corp., CBS will install a new transmitter capable of broadcasting the improved television picture in both black-and-white and full color.

THIS IS **CBS**
...THE COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM



THE size of the fan mail was very flattering—but the contents were something else again. In fact, most of the letters could hardly have been called “fan” mail at all. They came pouring in by the hundreds, within a few days after Lawrence Tibbett’s “Hit Parade” debut—heavily underlined, scrawled in huge capitals, even written in red ink (“to prove how much I HATE you!”), almost all condemning the operatic baritone for having dared to take The Voice’s place on the Saturday round-up of popular songs. Reading them, anyone would have believed that Larry had sneaked up and plunged a dagger into Frank Sinatra’s back.

These first reactions must have been something of a shock to the long-popular Larry, an affable, merry-witted chap who has become quite accustomed to being liked immediately by almost everyone he meets. For that matter, the initial bid from “Your Hit Parade” had been startling enough in itself. Sinatra’s decision to leave the program had been a rather sudden one, surprised Tibbett as much as anyone else—and almost as much as the subsequent offer asking him to take over as the next male soloist of the series.

Tall, twinkling-eyed Tibbett agreed, though with some misgivings—partly because he has a healthy respect for Sinatra’s following and a sincere admiration for his sense of style and showmanship, partly because arrangements had to be made on such short notice. Discussions started only about the middle of last December and contracts were signed for him to begin January 27th. As a matter of fact, the change had to be made even earlier than anyone anticipated, and Larry made his “Hit Parade” bow fully three weeks in advance of that date, on January 6th.

The ensuing period was hectic enough for everybody, but particularly for the new “pop” balladeer—who was already signed up at the Metropolitan to sing heavy roles at two consecutive Saturday matinees. The result was a voice marathon which might have dismayed the most throat-hardened band vocalist: Radio rehearsals in the morning, operatic arias all afternoon, a 45-minute broadcast in the evening, and a “repeat” broadcast for West Coast listeners near midnight. By the end of the second Saturday, Tibbett was “a-cent-tchu-ating the positive” with a temperature of 102. But he stubbornly grinned his way through. No admissions of weakness were ever going to fence him in!

For all his perennially-adolescent features and his relaxed, easy-going charm, Larry has always had plenty of what the long-hairs prefer to call “intestinal fortitude.” Lawrence Tibbett was born to be a star. He may not have been born to be a star of “Your Hit Parade”—as still vociferously maintained by both rabid Sinatra fans and die-hard admirers of “pure” music—but, once on the show, he has continued to make headlines. It’s a little habit which Larry has always had, as natural as breathing—and almost as invaluable to a singer’s career.

Tibbett first demonstrated that ability to make headlines when he was still just another young contract-singer at the

Metropolitan, twenty years ago. His real debut had taken place the previous season, chanting a few bars offstage as an anonymous monk in the huge cast of “Boris Godounoff.” His next part, that of *Valentine* in “Faust,” was a bit more conspicuous, even won him program billing—though an unimpressed typographer carelessly added an extra “t” to the family name of Tibbet. In true trouper tradition, Larry has retained the accidental spelling ever since. Otherwise, the performance was hardly memorable. He had inherited the role when another man fell ill, had had only three days in which to prepare for it.

The following year, however, the same unlucky man fell ill again, and Larry inherited a role which gave him the

break he needed, though it didn’t look like much at first glance. The occasion was a gala performance of Verdi’s “Falstaff,” star-studded with such great names as those of Antonio Scotti, Lucrezia Bori, Beniamino Gigli, Frances Alda. As *Ford*—in such a cast—Tibbett seemed doomed to be lost in the scenery. But *Ford* had one glorious “monologue” to sing, and the youthful baritone gave it everything he had. It proved to be more than enough. He “dropped the show.”

So unsure of himself in those days that he felt like apologizing for even being on the stage, Tibbett didn’t real-

ize what he had done. Positive that the applause was for his idol, Scotti, Larry had clambered all the way up two flights of stairs to his dressing room before attendants could find him and bring him back to take his bows. The roaring ovation lasted 16 record-breaking minutes. Next morning, the 16-minute wonder was quite disappointed when he could find no mention of it in the music sections of the papers. It took the swarm of reporters outside his door to point out that he had made the front page!

Tibbett has had many triumphs since, but it’s doubtful if any of them ever touched that moment—not even when “Falstaff” was revived last year, with Tibbett now in the title role. Characteristically, the revival was in English. First all-American-trained star to tread those sacred boards, Larry has long been an ardent advocate of opera in our native tongue, has created the baritone leads in virtually all the English-language music dramas at the Met. He believes that music should belong to the people, fit their tastes rather than those of the critics.

“There is too wide a gap between popular music on one hand,” he says, “and classics on the other. Actually, the only thing in music that counts is whether it is good or bad. There is so much popular music that is intrinsically worthy and deserves better delivery than it usually gets.” He feels that more young singers should learn to do popular hits while studying music seriously, that they should welcome radio experience—and also be given more opportunities to sing all kinds of music on local stations.

Tibbett himself—who started out professionally by singing in movie houses—was the first Metropolitan star to tackle a commercial radio series, the first to invade talkies

HEADLINER

LAWRENCE TIBBETT ALWAYS
MAKES NEWS—WHETHER AS
OPERA STAR OR BALLADEER



LARRY COLLECTS ARIAS, LIEDER—AND THE “POP” SONGS HE SINGS ON “YOUR HIT PARADE” TUNE IN SATURDAY AT 9 P.M. E.W.T., CBS

out in Hollywood. Looking at the record, it's hard to understand why there was such a hue-and-cry about his joining the “Hit Parade” line-up. It seems incredible that sizeable portions of the general public could have imagined that Tibbett deliberately stole that spotlight—or that Sinatra really resented his successor. Undoubtedly, the feud has been well-publicized by smart press agents who realize how valuable newspaper space can be. Yet devotees of both stars have taken it quite seriously, seem called upon to defend their respective idols tooth and nail.

Recently, Tibbett's “Hit Parade” fan mail has become almost entirely favorable, reveals that he has won over many out-and-out bobby-sock swooners into realizing that there is room in their hearts for many types of music. They not only listen to his Saturday night sessions but have tuned in conscientiously to hear him in opera, lined up to sit spell-bound through his concerts—and found they enjoyed it. “Gee,” they sigh, “you really cut a rug!”

They're learning what older audiences have long known—that Tibbett can put over folk songs with the best of them. And, after all, what is the popular music of a period but a nation's folk songs? As Larry points out, “Tea for Two” isn't like European folk-dance music, but it is definitely the rhythm of American folk-dancing. There's something distinctively American in all our popular songs—joy, vitality,

a natural instinct for making music just for the fun of it.”

All Larry's own thoughts, instincts, and background have been “distinctively American” in themselves. Born in Bakersfield, California, he started growing up in what was then a rather Wild West frontier town. His sheriff father was killed by a notorious local bandit—and his uncle promptly shot the outlaw dead. Later, while attending high school in Los Angeles, he not only sang on the glee club but tried out for the wrestling team—and was promptly pinned to the mat by a now-famous general, classmate Jimmy Doolittle. Still later, as a member of the U. S. Navy in World War I, he slugged it out in an exhibition match with the middleweight boxing champion of the Pacific Fleet—and nearly created an international incident by knocking down a Jap sentry in Vladivostok. Today, at 48, his most conspicuous adornment is the little flag emblem in his lapel, with three blue stars for his sons in service.

It's perhaps typical that the first song Tibbett ever sang in public was the national anthem. Frightened by the 30 or 40 spectators at a Methodist church social, he forgo both words and music of his carefully rehearsed hymn. His mother, never at a loss for a solution, leaned over and hissed: “Try ‘The Star-Spangled Banner!’” Larry did—and there can never be any doubt that Lawrence Tibbett brought his audience to their feet the first time that he ever faced one!

JUST CALL ME "MIKE"

MICROPHONES ARE RATHER FRIGHTENING—UNTIL YOU GET TO KNOW THEM!

I'm the most powerful little giant in the whole broadcasting industry. Strong men have trembled when they had to face me. Glamorous ladies have fainted at the very sight of me. Little people have rather touchingly confided their troubles to me on busy street corners. Kings and dictators have given me the messages that shook the entire world. I have carried the words of a farmwife, out in Iowa, to her son in uniform, halfway around the globe. And, at times, I was closer to the late, great F. D. R. than his little black scottie. I am the microphone.

At first, people didn't recognize my power. Back in the early days, a very noted stage actress—the kind who had had champagne drunk from her slipper when she was the toast of London, before she settled down to being a *grande dame* of the theatre—came in to make her first broadcast. She took one scornful look at me. "What?" she demanded. "Talk into that ridiculous object?" And she swept right out again. I don't believe she ever came back, either.

Later, people began to realize how influential I could be—and they developed "mike fright." The most famous of all silent-screen stars was so afraid of me, when she made her airwave debut, that I had to be hidden in a bowl of flowers, so she could pretend I wasn't there. But I got even. Muffled up among the shrubbery where I couldn't tell half of what was going on, I missed most of what she said. The world's still waiting for that message, too.

You see, I'm a sensitive creature. People have to get on the good side of me. I have my "live" sides and my "dead" ones—areas that can pick up sound waves and areas that can't. Good performers know all the angles where I'm concerned. Kate Smith, for instance, sings naturally in a voice that could be heard in a large hall without my help, so she stands respectfully a few feet away. But Frank Sinatra croons so softly he breathes right in my ear.

Aside from these idiosyncracies, I'm really an inoffensive little chap. At best, I'm only 8 inches tall, weigh about 2½ pounds. One of my relatives was even smaller. He wasn't more than an inch or so in diameter and looked just like a button. He was a "lapel" mike. It was his job to nestle in some after-dinner speaker's buttonhole, with a wire running down under the man's lapel, so inconspicuously that no one could guess he was there—like a private detective mingling with the wedding guests around the gift tables. But he wasn't very successful. He picked up too many things he wasn't supposed to hear.

My family has appeared in some strange and wonderful shapes. We've been dolled up to look like bronze clocks or bric-a-brac, in the hope that someone would mistake us for part of the furnishings. We've been very scientific-looking, all strung up in weird metal triangles and such. One of us even became known as the "8-ball"—partly because of a strong resemblance, mainly because people feel that they're "behind the 8-ball" when they're behind a mike.

It's funny that they should have that reaction. After all, we're only instruments—like a thermostat or a telephone. Telephones have carbon microphones in their mouthpieces, too, and nobody's afraid of *them*. Actually, my first ancestor in radio was a "carbon" mike. He was suc-

ceeded by a "condenser" mike—which was then succeeded by the "dynamic" mike and the latter's first cousin, the "pressure" mike. Both are still doing good jobs today, mainly out in the field, where their sturdiness makes them more practical than the comparatively fragile studio mikes.

Myself, I belong to the studio branch. Technically, I'm a *velocity* microphone, but my nickname is "ribbon" mike—because my effectiveness is based on the movement of a tape-like piece of metal inside. That's a close-up of me on the opposite page, and you can see five others like me in the picture below. The big, round, black fellow is called *uni-directional*, because he can only pick up sounds from one side. The smaller, shinier cylinder beside him is a combination type, the *uni-bi-directional*.

I am *bi-directional*, because I can pick up sound waves on both sides. But my range is narrower than the two others. They can pick up sounds within a wider radius on their one "live" side. I'm better for dramatic shows and most other purposes, because performers can gather around me in a group and really talk to each other. "Uni" and "Uni-bi" are better for orchestras and large ensembles.

Sometimes, there are as many as nine of us in use on the same program. But, as a rule, the fewer mikes, the better the results. For one thing, riding herd on too many of us is tough on the technician at the controls. For another, the mike nearest a sound will pick it up before it reaches the others, causing confusion. Also, there's the chance that we might fight—electrically. You see, broadcasting is based on the transference of sound waves by electrical means, and it's our job to transform those sound waves into voltage so they can be amplified and transmitted.

We may be important, but we know our limitations. We know how useless we would be without the help of others. So don't come around to the studios, as so many well-intentioned people do, asking to borrow a mike for speech-making in some hall you've hired—unless you're willing to cart along some of the other equipment, too. Without amplifiers and transmitters (or, at least, loudspeakers), we are voiceless. We can't make any sound at all. And that's a fact we must cheerfully acknowledge!



ACTRESS JEAN GILLESPIE EYES SOME POPULAR KINDS OF MIKES

Lora Lawton

SERIAL PORTRAYS LIFE IN BUSY WARTIME WASHINGTON

TUNE IN MON. THRU FRI.
10:15 A.M. E.W.T. (NBC)



SHIPBUILDER PETER CARVER DISCUSSES URGENT BUSINESS WITH HOUSEKEEPER LORA LAWTON

Nobody knows the pitfalls of Washington life better than *Lora Lawton*. Ever since she first came to the nation's capital to act as housekeeper for shipbuilder *Peter Carver*, the former Middle-Western housewife has been caught up in a series of dizzying intrigues. And each one has meant another adventure for Lora.

In fact, there are listeners who find the serial heroine's daily life much too breathtaking to bear any resemblance to humdrum reality. Cynical observers have been known to doubt whether conflict

and turmoil on the banks of the Potomac—even in wartime—ever reach the lurid dramatic heights so often chronicled in the chapters of "*Lora Lawton*."

But, be that as it may, fans of the daytime drama have no trouble thinking of arguments to marshal in its defense. Many a housewife welcomes the refreshing change of spending her mornings in intimate companionship with career diplomats, elegant countesses and business tycoons. They're a lot more interesting than the well-known "average American couple" around whom most

soap operas revolve. And as for the action—well, kidnappings and murders certainly make for livelier programs than domestic squabbles do.

Members of the cast are all in favor of swift action, too, enjoy the stimulation and excitement of meeting new situations in each day's script. The main characters have all been played by the same actors since the serial first hit the air in May, 1943. Carrying the title role is grey-eyed, blonde Joan Tompkins, who made her first bid for fame on the legitimate stage.

Joan has created quite a furor in radio circles by freely admitting to reporters that she's 28 years old—instead of stagnating permanently at 21, as is the fashion. Reason for the lack of accent on youth in this case is simple—for nearly a decade of her career Joan was "typed" as a 17-year-old ingenue, never had a chance to play an intelligent, mature woman till "*Lora Lawton*" came along. And the ambitious actress is taking no chances on being pushed back into adolescent roles again.

Male lead in the serial (*Peter Carver*) is handled by James Meighan, nephew of the late movie star Thomas Meighan. In spite of his film connections, Jim has never been interested in Hollywood, carved out his own theatrical career through stock company and Broadway parts. A visit to a broadcasting studio in 1931 gave rise to radio aspirations—and since then the Meighan name has been connected with innumerable network dramatic events.

Radio regulars, too, are Charita Bauer (*Gail Carver*), Ethel Wilson (secretary *May Case*) and Walter Greaza (villain *Russell Gilman*). All of them are veterans, bringing years of experience to their present melodramatic roles.



GAIL CARVER LOOKS TO LORA FOR ADVICE



LORA DISTRUSTS SCHEMING RUSSELL GILMAN

DANNY O'NEIL

"REBORN" TENOR CROONS SWEET AND HOT ON HIS OWN NETWORK SHOW

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

DIXIE-BORN Danny O'Neil doesn't kid himself about his climb up radio's success ladder. The blue-eyed young tenor doesn't believe the old myth about smiles from fame and fortune—says it's hard work all the way with plenty of rough spots to slow you down.

Danny knows all about rough spots. At least twice, so far, hard luck has hit Danny below the belt. Back in 1939, for instance, when a severe throat infection damaged his vocal chords, Danny was forced to give up his night club singing—he joined the Navy, believing he would never sing again.

But the old love of music stayed with him at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, and he'd slip wistfully into the chapel to hear the Bluejacket Choir rehearse. In fact, he slipped in so often that Choir Director Hjalmar Hansen thought Danny was a regular member trying to skip rehearsal, ordered him out of his dim corner, commanded him to sing a solo as punishment.

Danny said he couldn't sing. Chaplain Hansen said he could. Danny sang—and it's hard to say who was more surprised when Danny's voice rang out sweet and clear. But it didn't take Chaplain Hansen long to recover and make Danny the choir soloist.

The young southerner was pretty proud of his new musician's rating when he was ordered to the aircraft carrier *Lexington*, but fate dealt Danny another blow when his ship put into Pearl Harbor. There he suffered a serious accident in line of duty. Result: a broken back and other severe injuries.

Danny had Irish luck with him when, twenty-eight days later, he wiggled his toes and knew he'd be able to use his legs again. But it was an eight months' uphill fight before Danny walked out of the naval hospital in civilian clothes to go back to his music. Then came a CBS audition, and any of Danny's nation-wide fans can tell you of his rapid climb since. Servicemen in particular feel that he is one of their own. Some of them, coming to hear his program on canes and crutches, listen with new hope in their hearts. Danny's been through that, too—yet just look where he is now!



DANNY'S QUIET, EASY MANNER IS BACKED WITH REAL TALENT AND DETERMINATION



BANDLEADER TED STEELE HAS BEEN A SKILLED MUSICIAN SINCE CHILDHOOD, FIRST STARTED PLAYING THE PIANO AT THE AGE OF FOUR

BATON AND BUNNIES

"SUPPER CLUB'S" TED STEELE RUNS A LARGE-SCALE SERUM FARM

TUNE IN MON. THRU FRI. 7 P.M. E.W.T. (NBS); REBROADCAST 11 P.M.

ACCORDING to Ted Steele's wife, the maestro was always a bug about bunnies. It seems that when the "Supper Club" bandleader was only nine years old, he'd already started a thriving animal-breeding enterprise in his family's back-bay Boston home. He had canaries in the attic, rabbits in the yard, guinea pigs in the garage, tropical fish in the cellar, and—when Doris Steele tells it—bats in the belfry.

That early venture was doomed to an untimely end, however. Ted's mother didn't mind very much when her zealous son used up the entire hot water supply to take care of his numerous pets. But when he started dorting the living room with bowls of stagnant water—so that he could raise worms to feed the fish—she finally put her foot down.

Such youthful frustrations were far from convincing the would-be naturalist of the error of his ways. Instead, Ted determined that when he was grown-up and a free agent he'd have all the rats, mice, guinea pigs and rabbits his soul

yearned for—thousands of them, in fact. And that determination has certainly come to pass. For today, on his ten-acre farm at Pearl River, New York, there are some 15,000 animals being raised for laboratory purposes.

The farm's a comparatively recent acquisition, bought four years ago when unsympathetic neighbors objected to the multitude of rabbits munching contentedly away in the Steele's back yard in Yonkers. Originally, Ted started out to breed blue-ribbon pedigreed bunnies. (The bandleader explains that there are regular rabbit shows and competitions, just as there are dog and horse shows.) But, with the outbreak of war, the government sent out a bulletin telling of the critical shortage of laboratory animals for the production of serums and anti-toxins. Steele immediately re-organized his farm on a war work basis, started raising animals exclusively for government use. In addition to the more common quadrupeds, he undertook to breed also a

South American rodent called the golden hamster which is so wild and vicious that few raisers care to handle it. As a result of this expansion, by 1945 the Steele acres were recognized as the largest complete laboratory farm in the world.

This still didn't content Ted, however. He'd always wanted to work with cows, even had run away from home several times as a boy—not to join the circus, but to haunt the nearest dairy farm. So, early this year, the energetic musician bought one of his own near Perkasia, Pennsylvania, and now owns some thirty head of cattle.

If you ask Ted how he manages to work all of these interests into one 24-hour day, he's a little surprised to think there should be a problem. Until 3 o'clock each weekday afternoon, he's supervising activities at the rabbit hutch, drawing on heavy leather gloves to tackle those golden hamsters. Then, from 4 to 12 P. M., he's in New York, wielding a baton in front of the orchestra for rehearsals and broadcasts of the "Supper Club." The dairy farm is visited on weekends. It's as simple as that.

One of the reasons why it's simple for Ted is that he's naturally a good-natured, easy-going person who doesn't get rattled or excited easily. In fact, people who've known him for years can't remember an occasion when he lost his temper. The tall, lanky maestro finds the change of pace between farm and studio as relaxing and enjoyable as other men find their hobbies, never feels as if he's carrying two jobs. And, of course, it's a big help to be well-trained for both vocations. (Ted was a musical prodigy, even won a scholarship to the New England Conservatory of Music when he was only eight years old.) Then, too, there's the witty, volatile and businesslike Mrs. Steele, who was Ted's assistant before they were married, still helps him today. Between them, they make work sound like fun.



BREEDING OF RABBITS and other "lab" animals takes up much spare time—but he finds his business as relaxing as golf or tennis.



"DADDY" HAS TO PLAY A FOUR-FOOTED ANIMAL HIMSELF OCCASIONALLY, AS WIFE DORIS ASSISTS DAUGHTERS SALLY AND SUSAN TO RIDE



DIRECTOR ANN DELAFIELD INTERVIEWS ALL APPLICANTS FOR THE DU BARRY SUCCESS SCHOOL TO FIND OUT SPECIAL NEEDS AND WISHES

CINDERELLA STORY

BEAUTY THROUGH HEALTH IS THEME OF "DU BARRY SUCCESS MAGAZINE"

TUNE IN THURS. 11:30 A.M. E.W.T. (WOR, New York)

If you're a modern, sit-by-the-fire Cinderella, you have only yourself to blame. That's the message presented to listeners each week on the "Du Barry Success Magazine"—a program dedicated to the idea that a woman can be beautiful at any age. It's no longer necessary for the twentieth-century miss to sit lamenting a long nose, unmanageable locks or a dumpy figure. Instead, she should be using that energy to make herself over into a dream girl.

Of course, the magic wand is definitely passé, and the lass who starts out to seek glamour via the "Success School" method finds a tough job facing her. Instead of having all the work done by an obliging fairy godmother, the would-be lovely must buckle right down

to a strict regimen of diet, exercise, schooling—and self-control.

But, according to director Ann Delafield, the results certainly make up for the time and trouble expended. In the ten years since she first founded the school (under the aegis of Richard Hudnut) literally thousands of women have passed in review before her, have struggled and sweated their way to "graduation." "Women have come to us to regain their beauty—and their husbands. Women have come to us because too many pounds and inches stood between them and successful careers. Women have brought to us ungainly, unhappy daughters—and stayed to take the course with their daughters. Actresses come to us because they found that fat ladies

don't draw fat parts. Women of every age and description have come to the school and solved various problems in achieving their common goal of success."

Originally, however, no such wide scope was thought of for the course. It was conceived as a kind of beauty finishing school for debutantes, with emphasis on the "3 Fs"—face, figure, and fascination. But as time went on, so many mothers and grandmothers became interested that the facilities were expanded to include them. Then, some five years ago, Miss Delafield decided to write a home course which could be sent out to women on farms and in distant cities who had no way of reaching the Fifth Avenue salon. Prices have also been arranged on a sliding scale to ap-

peal to typists and housewives as well as to wealthy society ladies. (Streamlining costs, now range from \$22.50 for the home course to \$200 for the most complete salon overhaul.)

Since the war, the emphasis has changed once more—this time to stress physical fitness. Many women who are not primarily interested in beauty have enrolled to get themselves in condition for strenuous jobs. Girls sign up who want to be sure they're tough enough to pass examinations for the WACS, WAVES or Army Nurses' Corps; women who have lost their maids (and find they can't handle the housework) stream in; defense work and farm volunteers ask for assistance in toning up long-unused muscles.

This new influx doesn't seem strange to Ann Delafield. She has never thought of herself as primarily a beautician, but takes pride in being a graduate physical education instructor and trained dietitian. Before starting the school, the tall, slim charm expert worked both in schools and hospitals, teaching exercises for fitness and for the correction of bodily defects. In the numerous addresses and lectures the grey-eyed brunette director has given throughout the country, she has made a campaigning slogan of the fact that "beauty is more than skin deep."

The routine of the school carries out this point of view—whether the student's aim is beauty, strength or just self-confidence. A physician checks each applicant before she is admitted, then supervises both diet and exercises. (The course is accepted by the American Medical Association.) Charm angles, however, are handled by beauty experts who give advice on make-up, hair styles,



BEFORE AND AFTER PHOTOS, taken at the first and last sessions of the six-week course, demonstrate the changes which diet, daily exercise and professional grooming advice have wrought.

selection of clothes, and voice development. Each woman must learn how to sit and stand properly, practices the Balinese walk (balancing a book on the head) for grace and poise. Learning the rumba and the tango is part of the treatment, for Miss Delafield believes that these dances particularly teach proper carriage of the body as well as being an aid to social assurance.

From the fitness point of view, students are taught how to relax, how to stand for long periods without tiring,

how to lift and carry heavy objects, how to walk long miles without undue fatigue. Office workers are trained to do compensating exercises to make up for inactive hours spent over typewriters and desks.

Of course, there have been criticisms of both results and methods. Sceptics doubt that any six-week course can make a dowager over into a debutante, or that quick reducing—even under a doctor's supervision—is either healthful or desirable. Others have objected to the stereotyped "glamour" that characterizes graduates, label it an assembly-line product that overshadows individuality. And many believe that once away from the school, students backslide almost as quickly as they chalked up improvements.

Nevertheless, many women from all over the United States, South America and Canada have been made happier by their participation in the school curriculum. On the weekly broadcast worked out by Miss Delafield and writer Mary Jane Kroll, grateful "successes" gladly relate their own experiences, show how streamlining has changed their lives. And listeners can study the before and after pictures, test out the beauty and charm secrets aired each week—and then calmly proceed to make up their own minds.



STUDENTS ARE WEIGHED AND MEASURED EACH WEEK TO SHOW PROGRESS IN STREAMLINING

"THE ANSWER MAN"

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



Albert Mitchell

What country has the best educated army in the world?

According to the O.W.I. it is the Japanese. Ninety-nine percent of the Japanese soldiers can both read and write—fifty percent have studied English, and twenty-five percent can speak it.

Was the card game, poker, always called that in this country?

No. Poker in this country was originally called brag or bluff. "Poker" comes from a mispronunciation of the French word, "poque" describing a somewhat similar game.

Has any use been found yet for the dried red blood corpuscles left over after having prepared dry blood plasma for use by the Armed forces?

Yes. Dried red blood corpuscles are now being used in the treatment of anemia.

Of all the creatures on the earth—bird, beast, insect, man—which is most numerous?

Ants.

Why is sea water salty?

There are two theories to account for this: One, that the salt was present in the ocean from the beginning; the other that the rains have washed it there from the land, and that evaporation helped concentrate it. Perhaps both are true.

Where do most of the hurricanes in the Atlantic ocean occur—north or south?

Almost all Atlantic hurricanes occur north of the equator.

How much has it cost to kill an enemy soldier in the last few wars?

Such figures at best are trick calculations—usually determined by dividing the number of enemy soldiers killed into the overall cost of the war. On that basis, for cost Julius Caesar about seventy cents for every enemy soldier killed. Napoleon, however, paid three thousand dol-

lars for each one. The cost during America's Civil War was about five thousand. During the First World War it cost the United States twenty-two thousand, two hundred dollars for each German soldier killed—and during the present war the cost is approximately fifty-five thousand dollars.

How many Japanese were there in China before the war started?

At the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war on July 7, 1937, there were an estimated 275,000 Japanese civilians in China.

How much would all the penicillin produced in a month weigh if put on a scale?

Over two hundred billion units of penicillin are produced per month and the weight is a little under ten pounds.

Is there any place in the world where a plane can fly below sea level? And if so, for how great a distance?

Over the Caspian Sea a plane could fly 25 or 50 feet below sea level—for a distance of 760 miles.

How fast do raindrops fall?

Fifteen to twenty-five feet a second.

Who was the Trojan king who made use of bombs?

The Trojan King Aeneas used fire bombs about 360 B.C. These bombs were made of pitch, tow, resin, wood and other inflammable substances—and were tossed into the enemies' forts to destroy them by fire.

Who was the newspaper man who called the late, great Knute Rockne a basketball coach?

The late, great Heywood Broun. When the two men were introduced, Rockne said to Broun, "I never miss reading a line of your stuff. That's why I always get the —" and Rockne named a newspaper that Broun was not connected with. Not to be outdone, Hey-

wood Broun replied, "And let me tell you, Mr. Rockne, that I always enjoy seeing your Yale basketball team in action."

Why do the English drive to the left?

Because back in the days when most travel was on horseback every stranger was a potential enemy. Whenever two riders approached each other, each of them would sidle over to the left so that his sword or pistol arm would be next to the stranger and ready for instant use. Having once acquired this habit, the custom was not changed with the introduction of wagons and the lessening of danger.

What does the Japanese name of the Island of Okinawa mean?

Land of extended rope. It's an apt description of the Ryukyu Archipelago, which stretches from the Japanese mainland of Kyushu to Formosa in a string of over a hundred islands that look very much like a rope.

What is the origin of the saying "It's raining cats and dogs"?

It comes from Teutonic mythology. The witches of the rain storms were symbolized in this mythology as cats. The dog was the symbol of the wind. And so, when it rained cats and dogs, it was a real downpour of rain accompanied by strong winds.

Have alligators ears?

Certainly. They're directly behind the alligator's eyes—but they're concealed and protected by flaps of skin.

Did the Germans and the Japanese have anything like our U.S.O. to send actors out to entertain the troops?

Yes, but it was not sponsored by a private organization as is our U.S.O. but was part of their propaganda corps. The German propaganda corps sent out various forms of entertainment to their different fronts. The Japanese sent groups of actors to Manchuria and North China up to 1941; after that date they sent them to the Malayan areas, and they also sent Geisha girls to New Guinea.

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



DON GODDARD VISITS N. Y.'S FULTON MARKET TO GET A LINE ON SEAFOOD AVAILABILITY



MARKET COMMISSIONER BRUNDAGE JOINS GODDARD IN ADMIRING A STRIPED BASS

DON GODDARD CHECKS ON FISH ANALYST IS A FOOD EXPERT

TUNE IN MON. THRU SAT. 7-30 A.M., 12 Noon
(WEAF, New York)

IF NEW YORK doesn't become a city of fish-eaters, it won't be Don Goddard's fault. Ever since last summer, the news analyst has been plugging away, urging housewives to buy up abundant seafood supplies—instead of struggling with points and competing with neighbors for the last available ounce of meat.

Don's absorbing interest in things piscatorial began one day when he learned that the docks were loaded, and that if something weren't done in a hurry the fish would spoil. Being a naturally public-spirited citizen who has always regarded news broadcasting as a service, he immediately put the story on the air. Quicker than you could see a fin flash, women turned off their radios and rushed to the stores to buy up flounder and shad.

Spurred on by this success, the commentator has made fish news a regular feature of his programs. In order to gather information, Don's become a regular habitue of lower New York's famous Fulton Market, is regarded as an unofficial ambassador of good will by the entire industry. In fact, earlier this year, the Fishery Council honored the veteran newsman with a testimonial breakfast at the market's colorful restaurant, "Sloppy Louie's," presented him with the title of "Skipper" and a "Master of Fisheries" degree.

Though Goddard is best known to NBC listeners as an interpreter of national and international affairs, the 41-year-old former newspaperman has always been concerned with food problems. For several generations his family have been farmers and small town storekeepers in upstate New York, and from his earliest years the lad knew from personal experience the heartaches and backaches connected with tilling the soil. His own work as a farm hand led him to set up a country weekly newspaper which he used as an instrument in his fight to improve conditions for rural peoples. And now, via radio, he has found another means of using his background and influence to increase cooperation between homemaker and food producer in putting better meals on the American dinner table in wartime.

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.

SNATCHED

THERE'S the story about the engineers who liberated some steel in Germany. They were ordered to build a bridge near Metz, and they ran out of steel. They sent out a patrol to see if any German steel could be located. The patrol found a German steel mill, so the engineers went in, back of the Jerry lines, and appropriated what they needed. They took their own equipment with them. Fifteen men took a crane, some acetylene cutters, two pontoon trailers, and three machine guns. Some men stood guard outside the mill while the others cut steel. The job took one full day, and they took out about thirty tons of steel. Not a single man who took part in the job got so much as a scratch.

—Captain Joe Graham, Chief of Radio for Army Service Forces in Europe, on "Your Army Service Forces" (Mutual)

MELONS IN DECEMBER

A FEW years from now many of us will see signs on store counters announcing "Chile Melons." At first glance you may think it's a joke or that someone didn't do too well with their spelling lessons. Actually, the sign will be entirely proper and those melons on the counter will have been raised thousands of miles away. Before long, we may be seeing a lot of fresh fruits and vegetables from farms in Chile. South of the equator, growing seasons are just the reverse of what we have here so while even the long Florida and California seasons are resting briefly during our winter, it's the middle of summer in Chile. Perishable crops not available from our own farms will be mighty welcome. Naturally, the cost of transportation will prevent fruits and vegetables from appearing on our markets when our own crops are available, but in the off season when Mrs. Housewife wonders why she can't get grapes or fresh peaches or melons—that's when products from south of the equator will fill the bill. One thing is sure. One of these days we'll be getting perishable fruits and vegetables the year round.

—Chuck Worcester on "The Country Journal" (CBS)

ANCIENT LIE DETECTOR

IN the Far East, when a person was guilty or when several persons were thought of as guilty, and the right person could not be discovered, a test of the ordeal of rice was given. By the ordeal of rice, the people were given rice to chew; it was known even then, without psychological knowledge, that the psychological processes involved in the person who was guilty would stir up such an emotion that he couldn't chew. So the person who had the greatest difficulty in chewing was thought to be the guilty one.

—Dr. Carol C. Pratt on "Adventures Into the Mind" (WMAA, New York)

THY NAME IS WOMAN

THE Washington secretary is something really special and you won't find anything like her outside the Capitol. She runs the office. She is a combination partner, nurse, and publicity expert. For one thing, there are no secrets from a secretary. She listens in on all telephone conversations and reads all the mail. Here's a true story to illustrate the point. A poor, bewildered politician was called down to Washington for a most important assignment. He couldn't even wait for the train. He had to fly; it was that urgent. But when he got here everyone seemed to have forgotten him. The few officials he saw were polite and said "Oh yes, Mr. Blank—so you're here." He was installed in a little cubby hole and sat and sat. Lady Luck delivered to him a secretary who knew the ropes. She took one good look at the office and said, firmly, "This won't do." She wangled him a large office with a rug and picture on the wall. (Those last two items are marks of very high status in Washington.) Then she went around visiting all the other secretaries in the office, telling them what an important man her boss was. She would let them in on some very inside information. Her man actually—and of course you won't tell a soul—was an intimate friend of the President and was sending him daily reports.

It didn't take long for that white lie to get around. The boys who had snooted her boss made a bee-line for his office. They asked him his opinion on

such weighty matters as the national debt. The last time I saw this secretary she was enlisting to join the WACs. I wouldn't be at all surprised to learn that she has reorganized the Army.

—Tris Coffin on "Feature Story" (CBS)

LEDO ROAD



Is the Gateway to India at Bombay Really as beautiful as they say? Don't rightly know, Ma'am. Did my part Breaking point in

the jungle's heart:
Blasted the boulders, felled the trees
With red muck oozin' around our knees,
Carved the guts from the Patkai's side,
Dozed our trace, made it clean and wide,
Metalled and graded, dug and filled;
We had the Ledo Road to build.
Well, surely you saw a burning ghat,
Fakirs' rope-tricks and all of that.
 reckon I didn't. But way up ahead
I tended the wounded, buried the dead.
For I was a Medic, and little we knew
But the smell of sickness all day through.
Mosquitos, leeches, and thick dark mud

Where the Chinese spilled their blood
After the enemy guns were stilled:
We had the Ledo Road to build.
Of course you found the Taj Mahal,
The loveliest building of them all.
Can't really say, lady. I was stuck
Far beyond Shing with a QM truck.
Monsoon was rugged there, hot and wet,

Nothing to do but work and sweat
And dry the dust upon my mouth
As steadily big "cats" roared on south,
Over the ground where Japs lay killed:
We had the Ledo Road to build.
You've been gone two years this spring.

Didn't you see a single thing?
Never saw much but the moon shine on

A Burmese temple around Maingwan,
And silver transports high in the sky,
Thursday River and the swift Tanai,
And Hukawng Valley coming all green—

Those are the only sights I've seen.
Did our job, though, like God willed:
We had the Ledo Road to build.

—Sergeant Smith Dautless' original poem read on "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood" (CBS)

RE: RATIONING

COMPARED with all the Allied nations, we've had a relatively easy time. A Russian civilian, for instance, not engaged in war work, doesn't know what meat tastes like unless he bites his thumbs; while in Germany and Japan you'd think all the women were strip reasers in their threadbare clothes. If they have much more rationing in India, Mahatma Gandhi will be a well-dressed man.

—John B. Kennedy (Blue)

CARBON COPY

How can American troops live among people, pass them on the streets, wander into their shops, notice their gardens, dogs, their pleasant clean, well-dressed, cheerful little children—and still obey orders not to fraternize? Americans begin to feel at home wherever they drop their helmets, and they're not used to having people shoot you in the back when you're at home. So American soldiers are being shot every night by underground snipers. Near Cologne I saw a lanky soldier from Oklahoma chatting with three little children, teaching them how to count in English. And, as he'd done in England, France and Belgium, he was giving them gum. I said to him: "Say, Oklahoma, some MP might happen along and catch you, and you'll be in for it." And he said: "Yeah, yeah, I know. But lookit that one. He's a perfect copy of my brother."

—Mary Welsh, *Time Correspondent*, on "Time Views the News" (Blue)

THANK YOU CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



In the past several years some truly amazing and valuable suggestions have come from children who were inspired by their favorite comic-strip.

Members of the younger generation pleaded for months with one cartoon character, "Captain Midnight," to—as the fans put it—put parachutes on wings of planes, so hurt planes can land. The suggestion was proved valid. A pilot in the South Pacific opened three parachutes over his crippled four-engined bomber and landed his plane without brakes on the last inch of a fighter-strip at Tarawa. And that, because this is a

news program, is a true experience. General Arnold officially commended the pilot.

—Fieldon Farrington on "Feature Story" (CBS)

NEPTUNE NONSENSE

IN December 1942 the first section of a Battalion of Seabees was on its way across the Pacific to a combat area. Word got around one morning that we were nearing the Equator. Sure enough, in the middle of the afternoon a shout went up and we crowded to the rail and there she was . . . stretching out across the water just like in the geography book, only much bigger.

Actually the Equator is a huge steel cable used by Mother Nature to bind the world together at the point of her widest circumference—sort of a fat lady's reducing belt.

How we were going to pass over this great big Equator cable was very much on our mind. Fortunately the Coast Guard was ahead of us and they went to work with hydraulic jacks and sky-hooks. The jacks heaved the Equator out of the ocean and the sky-hooks supported it just high enough so our radar mast would clear, and under we went.

As we sailed under, one of the Seabees on our ship coiled a barrage-balloon cloud-rope. He was going to get a piece of the Equator as a keep-sake. He made a tremendous heave and the grappling hook caught the Equator in a hard bite, and he pulled a loop of it to the deck. Then, quick as your eye, he snipped off a thirty-foot section with a pair of cable-shears. The Equator is of course the hottest thing on earth and the piece we caught began to burn a hole in our deck. We put the fire out with hoses but the Equator was on the rampage. Its loose end ripped over the surface like a bull-whip. We all knew instantly that if we couldn't catch it and make it fast, it would girdle the globe, tear down skyscrapers, and sink every fleet at sea. I was the navigator and I had to think fast. I steered for a tide-rip that was roaring close beside us and increased the ship's speed to seventy knots. The horizon loomed up ahead, big as a government warehouse. The Equator crashed into the front wall of the horizon, bounced back—and wrapped right around the drum of our forward winches. We bound the Equator with a Scillon wrench, spliced her with anchor chain, and put her back in the ocean. Father Neptune came aboard to give us a token of gratitude, and so help me, that's how I come to get this mermaid in my lap.

—Chief Carpenter's Mate James W. Cone, Seabee winner of a tall tale contest on "Kate Smith Hour" (CBS)

THREE BLOCKS EAST

ONE interesting fact about German defensive preparations was discovered by men of the 83rd. Three road blocks which they came across were facing east, indicating that the Nazis had expected to be fighting the Russians at that point.

—Bjorn Bjornson, NBC war reporter

TRUE TO THE END



In all the days I've known Joe, there are two I'll never forget . . . one, here at home, and the other far across the world.

I remember the first day I met Joe. He was sitting on a box trying to peel potatoes with one hand, and read a magazine with the other. He'd only been in the Army six weeks. When he saw me, he kind of whistled and said "Hey! You're the girl for me!"

I was happy. I guess I was just sort of cut out for Joe. He didn't know my name. He didn't even try to guess what it was. He just looked at me, squinted, rubbed his chin, and said "What'll I call you? Mary, Dixie, Greta, Betty, Toots? There just isn't a name to do you justice, baby . . . Baby! That's what I'll call you! Hi, Babe!"

Hi, Joe. From that moment on I was Joe's girl. He told me how beautiful I was, what a build I had, and what legs. He told me that for days. Days of training, days of griping, days of embarkation, convoy, beachhead, battle. I know, because I was with Joe. That sounds strange, doesn't it? Me, a girl, but they let me go with him.

Then I remember that other day far across the world from home. We were in a sticky, stinking, jungle swamp. Joe was ordered to go ahead of his company and scout the enemy. We crawled slowly, silently through the thick muddy undergrowth. Joe was careful of us both. It was quiet, very quiet. Then suddenly . . . Joe fell, and I fell with him. Joe lay there for a moment, blood soaking through his mud-caked shirt. Then he opened his eyes and said: "That was pretty close, Baby. Things are getting kinda rough for a girl like you. Maybe y—." Something caught Joe's eye. He pulled his gun up alongside of him, wrapped his fingers around the trigger, and sat up on his knees. Then I saw what Joe saw. They were crawling slowly toward us, like filthy apes, eight . . . twelve . . . fifteen, maybe more. Then Joe let 'em have it.

One dropped, but the others kept coming. Joe kept firing, and they kept dropping. He was terrific, my Joe. But they kept on coming, closer, closer, and Joe kept pouring it on 'em. Then a blazing thundering flash at Joe's feet, and he fell again, crushed into the muck.

It was quiet again for a long time. Then Joe half opened his eyes, kinda smiled at me out of the corner of his mouth, and whispered "Ain't this a hell of a place to die, Baby, and a hell of a way."

Joe didn't say anything more. He just lay there. It started to rain. I wanted to help Joe, but I couldn't. I couldn't do anything for him after he'd done so much for me. Suddenly, out of the hellish jungle behind us, crawled a couple of soldiers. Through the stains of mud and blood and sweat, I could faintly see the Red Cross on their arms. They gave Joe blood, gave him a cigarette, gave him hope.

I wanted to thank God for giving Joe back to me. I wanted to say thanks to those fellows for helping him, and thank that person at home who gave his blood to my Joe, and tell him to keep on giving it for the million other Joes. But I couldn't say anything. I can't even talk. You see, I'm just a picture torn out of a magazine. I'm Joe's Pin-Up-Girl.

—Joan Bennett in a dramatic sketch by J. Franklin Jones on "Let Yourself Go" (CBS)

A PRAYER



Merciful God watch over these men. They march in a crusade for humanity and freedom. These are not men of war. These are not men of hate or vengeance. These are humble men. Men whose hearts will never forget pity and mercy. They fight to give all the children of men peace on earth. They fight to banish tyranny and fear. Merciful God, our homes are empty—our hearts are torn with this desperate vigil.

Into your care we give our prayers—our lives—our sons—all that we are and can ever hope to be on this earth. Send these men back to us, home to us, for they are part of man's spirit, of man's dream of a world which is free and where kindness lives. Watch over these men—we who are meek and humble—we whose faith is strong ask this.

Send these men back to our hearts and our homes—this is our prayer.

—Gabriel Heaster (Mutual)

WITH FEELING



If there's one thing I've learned, it's to sing what people want and not what I think they should have. So I try to give a song, personality and feel what I'm singing about. I have a new trick. Every time I get a new song I work out a little story about it. For instance, when I first sang "All of a Sudden My Heart Sings," I thought back to the first time I ever heard it. I was in Paris then and I heard it one night in a little cafe. Whenever I sing it now, I think about the wonderful time I had that night and how I felt. Of course that story is true, but sometimes I really make them up.

—June Pickens on "Behind The Scenes" (CBS)

CHINESE FORTITUDE

I've seen a child share his handful of rice with a penniless refugee... a coolie refusing a poor mother's coin. But I would like to tell you a story about a boy and a camel which I think is symbolic of China today. In 1937 a Chinese mother and father had to flee from Mongolia. They put their child on the hump of their camel with a few of their belongings and set out for the south. They travelled south and settled down, only to have to flee the Japs again and go farther south. For eight years they did this. Just before I left China a friend of mine saw the boy atop the camel. He was about 14 years old now and both his mother and father had been killed, and once again he was fleeing the Japs. My friend asked him where he was going, and the boy replied, "I don't know. I may have to take the camel all the way around the world... but I'm going to bring him to the sands of Mongolia."

—Father Mark Tennien, Maryknoll priest, on "We, The People" (CBS)

"DOING WELL—THANK YOU"

THERE is living today one person receiving a pension from the War of 1812. She is Mrs. Esther Ann Hill Morgan, who resides in Independence, Oregon. Mrs. Morgan, who is now 88, is the daughter of John Hill who served with a New York State Militia regiment in the War of 1812. She was born in 1847 when her father was 69 years of age.

—Lt. Commander Tyrell Krum on "The Veteran's Advisor" (NBC)

A TRUE FISH STORY

THIS is the story of one of the most unbelievable strokes of luck in the world... the story of how a man-eating shark started a young man on his way to becoming one of the richest and most famous men in the history of the world.

It is 1870. A young fellow has just landed in the city of Sydney, Australia, where he has come to try his luck. But he's a stranger, he knows nobody, he has no letters of introduction, and he soon finds that luck alone is not enough to carry along a young man on a strange shore. One employer after another turns him down, and finally his money gives out. His situation becomes so desperate that he's willing to turn his hand to any sort of work... but he fails to find a job that will pay him even a pittance. At last, his money gone, he spends nights roaming the streets, seeking shelter, seeking a crust of bread.

And then one morning, as the dawn breaks over the harbor of Sydney, he walks far out of town to watch the shark fishermen, for want of anything better to do. You see, the harbor of Sydney is full of sharks, man-eating sharks, and the Australian government pays a bounty for each one caught. It pays a bounty and allows the fisherman to keep anything he may find inside the shark. Sometimes the fishermen find very valuable objects, for the voracious shark eats anything. The young man sits watching the fishermen, when one of them turns to him and says: "Here young fellow, hold my line a minute, will you? Maybe it'll change my luck!"

The young fellow takes hold of the line, and hardly has it come into his hands, when there is a tug, and soon he's fighting the whirling, beating death-fight of a huge shark. Finally he lands the large fish, and the fisherman says: "Well, sir, my boy, you changed my luck all right. Tell you what—you cut open that murderer while I bait the hook for another try."

The stranger goes to work, and when the fisherman has baited his hook, he turns to the young man and says: "Now, my boy, go and report that shark to the government man over yonder and you'll get a reward, in hard cash!" But to the great surprise of the fisherman, the rattled stranger replies coolly, "Thank you no, sir. You collect it. I've got something to do."

And so, the man who just a few hours before would have almost sold his soul for the price of a meal, coolly turns down a good piece of cash and goes hurrying down the street.

Now what could have been so important that it would keep this fellow from accepting good coin of the realm? Well, a few minutes later, he knocks at the door of the biggest wool-broker

in Sydney. The butler opens the door, looks down his nose at the animated bundle of rags. The young man, with the same quality of coolness he'd used when turning down the bounty money, says, "You may tell your master I have business to talk over with him." The butler can hardly believe his ears, yet there is something so urgent in the chap's tone that he goes off to inform his master.

A few moments later the young man stands before the wool broker, saying, "I want to borrow a hundred thousand pounds to corner the wool market. It'll make you a hundred thousand and the same for me."

The broker almost chokes with spluttering, but before he can say no, the young man gets him to sign a paper saying that if he can prove his claim, he'll get the money. The broker signs, and then the young fellow shows him something. Something he found in the stomach of the shark. Immediately the broker gasps, and quickly agrees to lend him any figure he cares to name up to a sum equal to several millions of dollars.

And so the story goes, one of the strangest stories it's ever been my privilege to tell. Why was the broker so willing to lend millions on just one piece of evidence? Well, that evidence was a London newspaper that the man had found in the shark. The shark, an animal that can swim faster than the fastest ship, and likes to roam the seven seas, had come all the way from England to Sydney in ten days with a newspaper in his stomach . . . a paper that declared France and Germany were at war and that the price of wool was skyrocketing . . . news that wouldn't reach Australia for weeks. No wonder the broker was willing to put up the money. It was a sure thing. And who do you suppose the young man was? Well, as I said at the beginning, he became one of the richest and most famous men in the world, for he was the man who came to be known as the "empire builder," a man whose name blazes on the pages of English history, a man named . . . Cecil Rhodes!

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

SHADES OF HINDENBURG

It was 'President Hindenburg who made Hitler Chancellor of the Reich—in his dotage, when he signed every paper Hitler put before him—to such an extent that once a workman in President Hindenburg's palace dropped a sandwich wrapper in front of the old gentleman, and Hindenburg promptly signed it.

—John B. Kennedy (Blue)

UNDERScore



Our first line of future defense must be in the air. In times of peace we must maintain an air force second to none. Research in every branch of the field must be carried forward. We must have a strong and healthy aviation industry. We must have large, fully equipped, strategically located bases. All this must be remembered and done, for on such principles the long-time security of our country and the peace of the world depend.

—General H. H. Arnold, Commanding General of the Army Air Forces, on "The Fighting AAF" (Blue)

PATTERN FOR PEACE

WE HAVE, I believe, a healthier emotional attitude toward both the war and the peace than we ever had, before. In spite of the gigantic scale of this fight, in spite of huge and cruel loss, we do not think that winning the war is so important that nothing else matters. We know that winning the war is necessary and we are giving our strength and brains and courage to that. But we are already working on what comes after. On that account we are not so likely to feel the sickening let-down that came after the first World War. We are not crusaders now, as we were then. We do not expect the future to fall into pleasant patterns on the day of victory. We do not cherish any longer the illusion that wars can build. They destroy. They may make rebuilding possible.

We are in a mood of sober realism now. That is reassurance for the future. It may make us cautious and reasonable. It will save us from the sick reaction of the impatient and short tempered idealists.

—Lyman Bryson on "The Problems of the Peace" (CBS)

G. I. ANGELS



I watched a group of doughboys coming back from battle. They were dead tired. Their eyes were red rimmed and the lines of fatigue were deep in their faces. They carried their rifles as if each gun weighed a ton. Their clothing was wet and muddy. They were dead on their feet. They were resting beside the road. A

big, gray truck pulled up, covered with the mud of the Roer Valley as was everything else. The truck pulled off to the side of the road beside a sign reading "Danger — Mines." No one paid any attention when a small, mud-spattered figure dressed in G.I. clothing climbed out. The back of the van was open. In the distance the artillery rumbled and the rain continued to drip out of the gray clouds like water out of a dishrag. Then from the truck blared the hottest swing music this side of Aachen. Three girls stuck their heads out of the back of the truck and shouted—"Hey, you heroes, come and get it—coffee and doughnuts." It was another Red Cross Clubmobile, and those three girls looked like G.I. angels to those men just out of combat.

You see, a man who comes out of the violence of combat, a soldier who has been killing and trying to keep from being killed, he develops a different set of values. He's warped inside, after having been through shell and mortar fire and after seeing his buddies wounded or killed at his side—a man fresh out of combat, tired and dirty, just plain doesn't give a damn. That's why to this group of men beside the road, the sudden appearance of a Red Cross Clubmobile was something of a minor miracle. Without being sacrilegious, I think the closest thing to it that ever happened, concerned a man named Christ, who divided a few loaves and fishes among the multitude. The men shuffled up to the van, they grabbed a couple of doughnuts and a cup of coffee and walked back to their packs and sat down. One of the girls walked around with a heaping tray of doughnuts, passing them out. She kept up a line of chatter. All the while one swing record followed another. One of the soldiers pulled a Red Cross girl out from behind the counter and they did a jitterbug dance on the wet grass beside the road. The grass that was marked "Danger — Mines!" But mostly, the G.I.'s just sat there drinking their coffee and looking at the girls—real American girls. And many of the soldiers hung around closer to the van just to hear them talk. That doesn't sound like much—three girls in a truck making coffee and doughnuts but that Red Cross Clubmobile beside the muddy road turned a few square feet of Germany into home for these men. I can't tell you what it meant to them any more than they could but that blank, hard look left their eyes and they were smiling and talking when the Lieutenant came up and shouted: "Okay men, we have business in the next town—let's go. That's the sort of job the Red Cross is doing over here.

—Bill Downs on "Feature Story" (CBS)

SHORT-SNORTER

JERRY MANN HAS TOURED TWO CONTINENTS
TO BRING LAUGHS TO U. S. SERVICEMEN

TWENTY years of Broadway can't compare in thrills to USO touring for fighting G.I.'s in France and North Africa, Jerry Mann declares. The professional comedian completed a score of years in the show business before he found his greatest thrill. That came just six days after D-day in southern France, when he played to a group of weary, be-grimed and wildly enthusiastic servicemen.

The comedian, now a frequent guest star on "Supper Club," did a spot of honeymooning along with his tour of the war-fronts—took his bride, the former Betty Linde, along with him. Betty is a regular trouper, too, and impressed a certain two-star general not only with her acting, but with the tasty welsh rarebit she whipped together in the battle zones.

When they weren't cooking or entertaining, the Manns were busy putting together one of the longest "short snorters" in history. They were initiated into this organization, consisting of members who have flown 1,000 miles over salt water, last year. The bills include signatures of the USO troop that crashed in Lisbon on the Yankee Clipper. Jerry was with that group, but says it was luck that held him over in Bermuda at the time of the ill-starred flight.



JERRY'S BRIDE HELPED COLLECT THIS ALL-TIME "SHORT SNORTER"



HERE THEY ARE! MUCH OVERSEAS TO CHEER THE BOYS TO VICTORY—BETTY MANN, JERRY MANN AND ACCOMPANIST JOYCE WELLINGTON

RADIO TURNS NOSTALGIC

"BROWNSTONE THEATRE" IS AN ECHO OF EARLIER DAYS

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

WITH theatres-of-the-air flourishing on every network, presenting complete playlets every week, it's only logical that broadcasting has finally got around to reviving dramas which were popular at the turn of the century—when "repertory" was the thing.

In fact, many listeners to Mutual's "Brownstone Theatre" find it more than logical. They welcome it as something of a relief from those series which emphasize borrowed big-name personalities at the expense of radio drama, duplicate each other's efforts in re-hashing stories already seen on the screen or heard on the air.

"Brownstone Theatre" uses the guest-star system sparingly, relies mainly on a stock company of radio regulars headed by Gertrude Warner and Jackson Beck, presents plays which are so old they now seem new. And those early-day plots are so well-defined that they often condense to half-hour length much better than some modern hits which rely too heavily on sustained moods or wisecracking dialogue.

Listeners who can recall having seen the stage originals, back in the 1890's and early 1900's, write in to say how much they appreciate hearing them played straight—"just as we remember them." It's true that no attempt is made to poke fun at these melodramas, but they aren't quite played straight. Acting styles have changed too much for that, in recent decades.

"Many people remember these plays well," observes bearded producer-director Jock MacGregor, "but they don't remember them as antiquated. If we performed them in the old-fashioned grand manner, they would think we were really burlesquing the period."

That period is familiar territory to emcee-narrator Clayton Hamilton, who started playgoing back in the Gay Nineties, made his own acting debut at the age of 13 in an amateur production of "The Merchant of Venice." The white-thatched Hamilton cheerfully admits he



STARS JACKSON BECK AND GERTRUDE WARNER DRESS UP AS "GAY 90" THESPIANS

won the role of *Nerissa* only because he had the smallest waist in school, but insists that the classmate who played *Shylock* showed real talent. "We decided," he recalls, "that, if one of us was going to be an actor, I wasn't the one." The other lad happened to be Walter Hampden, who became one of the stage's greatest stars.

Hamilton himself never acted again, but he has since done practically everything else in show business—writing, directing, and producing. As a magazine

critic, he reviewed every play presented in New York between 1903 and 1920, hobnobbed with all the famous personalities of those days. He was a member of the Pulitzer Prize Committee for 18 years, lectured on drama at Columbia University for 25.

Today, he's busy with two of his most exciting ventures yet: Broadcasting about the era he knows and loves so well—and, as administrative assistant for the USO, helping to plan shows for a million service men each and every week.

RADIO HUMOR

● When Miss 'Duffy stated that girls aren't interested in men's opinion of their clothes, Archie countered with: "Then what's the short skirt and the low neck for—ventilation?"

—Duffy's Tavern (NBC)

● Arlene Francis asked a Marine contestant if he had any brothers or sisters. Informed that he had a brother, she inquired whether he was in the service, too. "Give the draft board a chance. He was just born this morning!" retorted the leatherneck.

—Blind Date (Blue)

● A visiting senator walked into one of the wards in a hospital and, upon seeing a wounded G.I. from his own state, asked if he was being sent home. He was told that the soldier was going back to the front. He exclaimed in amazement, "But he's in terrible shape!"

"Yes," replied the orderly, "and he thinks he knows who done it."

—Jack Benny (NBC)

DAFFY DEFINITIONS

● A bachelor is a man who never makes the same mistake once.

—It Pays To Be Ignorant (CBS)

● Horse sense is that rare intelligence that keeps horses from bettin' on human beings.

—Bob Burns (NBC)

● A girdle is a device to keep an unfortunate situation from spreading.

—Toasties Time (CBS)

WORDS FROM THE WISE

● Time may be a great healer, but the trouble is he's no beauty specialist.

—Helen Forrest, Dick Haymes Show (NBC)

● It's better to give than to lend—and it costs about the same.

—Gordon Jenkins, Dick Haymes Show (NBC)

● If there is one time more than another when a woman should be entirely alone, it is when a line full of clothes comes down in the mud.

—Fibber McGee and Molly (NBC)

● A successful optician was instructing his son on how to charge a customer:

Son, after you fit the customer with glasses, and he asks the price, say, "The charge is \$15.00. Then pause to see if he flinches. If he doesn't, you say, 'That's for the frames. The lenses will be another \$15.00.' Then you pause again and watch for the flinch. If the customer doesn't flinch this time, you say firmly, 'Each.'"

—Jan Garber

Victory Parade of Spotlight Bands (Blue)



VAN CLEAVE

"RADIO READER'S DIGEST" MAESTRO PIONEERS IN SOUND

TUNE IN SUN. 9 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

He's really a musical engineer—though to the radio world Van Cleave is known as composer, arranger and conductor. Van has always worked with mathematical precision, whether it be writing the scores his orchestras will play or inventing new contraptions to help him on his job. (Typical is the writing board on the battered piano in the sound-proofed basement of his Long Island home, where Van—a southpaw—plays melodies with his right hand, writes notations with his left.)

From the beginning, Van combined engineering courses at the University of Illinois with years of serious music study. Today, he uses both well-developed talents to improve radio "background" music—a form in which he pioneered—and to eliminate distortion of sound caused by transmission methods. For the latter, Van has found the limits of good reception, doesn't use notes that might become a low-pitched rumble or a high-keyed screech to the average listener's ear. Reward of all this has been some of the biggest assignments in his field, a special series of his own on the Blue Network ("Variations by Van Cleave")—and lots of fun.



VINTON HAYWORTH

"ROAD OF LIFE" HERO INVENTS HOME MOVIE EQUIPMENT

TUNE IN MON. THRU. FRI. 10:30 A.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

RADIO may be Vinton Hayworth's natural habitat today—as witness his leading roles in some of the most popular serials on the air—but movie-making is his hobby. The mechanical-minded actor has not only recorded a complete camera history of his small son "Dink" (starting when the latter was only 27 hours old), but has turned inventor to solve some of the technical problems of his chosen avocation, spares no pains to achieve a quite professional finish to his strictly home-made movies.

Hayworth may have picked up an idea or two along these lines while he was appearing in some 176 films out in Hollywood, but he claims the ironing board stunt illustrated above as his own. Mounted on the ironing board are titler rods on which to adjust his Bolex camera. The matte box is made from ply-wood while the titler itself was whittled from dowels and an orange crate. By turning the dowel swivels, Vinton can make "flip," "roll," "flash," "fade-in" or "fade-out" titles. When not in use, the gadgets all fold flat and the board is put away safe from "Dink."

RADIO ODDITIES

◆ Not so long ago, "Highways of Melody" maestro Paul Lavalle and baritone soloist Earl Wrightson were both struggling unknowns at NBC—Paul as a clarinetist with the house band, Earl as a page-boy.

◆ Most incongruous hobby in show business is that of George "Gabby" Hayes. The Blue Network comedian, whose stubby whiskers are his fortune, is an enthusiastic collector of—early American shaving mugs.

◆ Comedian Bud Abbott, who has 125 honorary police and sheriff's badges, recently added a prize piece to his collection. A friend with the Russian Army has sent him a Berlin police badge which he had personally removed from its owner when Soviet forces entered the German capital.

◆ Scripts for "One Man's Family" have piled up at such a rate, in the series' 14 years on the air, that it would now take the cast 43 days to re-enact all the episodes, reading steadily for 8 hours a day.

◆ Moving, motor-driven toys—invented and made by Bob Burns for his own children—have proved so practical that a manufacturer has bid for rights to copy and market them.

◆ Radio dramatist Arch Oboler started making money with words at a very early age. Inspired by his miniature zoo-ful of turtles, frogs, snakes and such, he wrote and sold a story when he was 10 years old.

◆ In 7 straight years of broadcasting for one sponsor, commentator H. V. Kaltenborn was never even late for a broadcast—despite many overseas and battlefield tours. Closest he ever came to spoiling that record was here in America, when his plane was grounded by a Virginia snowstorm.

RADIOQUIZ ANSWERS

(Quiz on page 4)

- 1—(A) Everything is fine. 2—(C) The Mad Russian. 3—(B) Ransom Sherman. 4—(C) Eileen Barton. 5—(A) Charlie Spivak. 6—(B) a disc jockey.

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WITH THE NATION'S STATIONS



PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Station KOY—Women's Editor Elizabeth Taylor "interviews" tiny Jose Manuel Miguel Lopez to find out his opinion of the incubator equipment in Saint Monica's Hospital. Contented gurgles were the answer.



CHICAGO, ILL.—Station WGM—Jess Kirkpatrick, emcee of the recorded "Novelty Shop," goes into a tap dance routine with sidekick Charlie Allen holding the mike. Kirkpatrick announces, sings and handles comedy as well.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Station WCAU—Chinese high school pupils visit WCAU to take part in a discussion on the "Chinese Future." The forum followed a CBS American School of the Air "This Living World" program. Principal speaker was commentator Carroll Alcott (left), who has spent more than fifteen years in the Far East. He was introduced by Sueling Li (right), a university student who used to listen to the analyst's broadcasts from Shanghai, China.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

(LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORDS)

CLASSICAL

STRAUSS WALTZES—BOB STANLEY conducting the orchestra (Sonora MS 461): Sonora marks its re-entrance into the record business with such acceptable material as this pleasant album of Strauss waltzes, including the "Blue Danube," under the deft direction of Bob Stanley.

BERNSTEIN: ON THE TOWN—Orchestra conducted by LEONARD BERNSTEIN (Victor DM 995): The first show score in many seasons which bears the mark of good music, as conducted by its composer.



IGOR STRAVINSKY: SCENES DE BALLET—IGOR STRAVINSKY conducting the orchestra (Columbia X 245): No one can interpret Stravinsky like Stravinsky himself, which may account for the improvement in the sound of this work on record over its performance on the stage. The harmonies and violent melody changes of this album are typical Stravinsky scoring.

MANUEL DE FALLA: RITUAL FIRE DANCE and DANCE OF TERROR—JOSE ITURBI, Pianist (Victor Red Seal 10-1135): Iturbi competently plays two of the most popular selections from the de Falla ballet, "El Amor Brujo."

MOZART: SYMPHONY NUMBER 41 IN C MAJOR—BRUNO WALTER conducting the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra (Columbia Album X 565): An excellent reading of the Jupiter Symphony by Bruno Walter working with the Philharmonic.

POPULAR

HOW LITTLE WE KNOW—Betty Jane Bonney (Victor 20-1664): At long last, the tune from "To Have and Have Not" has been recorded. Newcomer Betty Jane Bonney puts the song across in making her first disc.

JOHN KIRBY ALBUM—JOHN KIRBY and His ORCHESTRA (Asch 357): Another album of subtle swing released by Asch, this time original riff tunes by the more obscure jazz composers, played by John Kirby's outfit. The group includes Buster Bailey (clarinet) and Emmett Berry (trumpet). Best side is Leonard Feather's "Mop Mop."



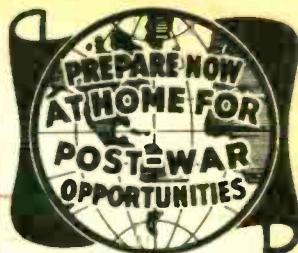
DINNING SISTERS

SWANEE RIVER—HAL MCINTYRE and His ORCHESTRA (Victor 20-1667): This is unusual treatment in one of the maestro's last records prior to going overseas.

DREAM—FRANK SINATRA with AXEL STORDAHL'S ORCHESTRA (Columbia 36797): The Voice takes a whack at Johnny Mercer's top scoring tune, "Dream," and does a good job.

SONGS BY THE DINNING SISTERS—DINNING SISTERS (Capitol Album BD 7): This new girl group, in this album of such standard tunes as "Where or When," "Once in a While," and "Sentimental Gentleman from Georgia," is excellent.

SEPTEMBER SONG—ARTIE SHAW and His ORCHESTRA (Victor 20-1668): Artie may be giving this obscure show tune from yesteryear the same belated popularity as he once brought that other long-neglected number, "Begin the Beguine."



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TELEVISION

"BIG TOP" BALLET TELEvised

BECAUSE television plays matchmaker to microphone and camera, the infant industry is often sneeringly referred to as a "hybrid" art. Nevertheless, some of the biggest video successes to date have been made possible only because the medium blends so many show-business techniques harmoniously. Typical example is Dumont station WABD's presentation of "Circus Folks," which triumphantly combines the varied features of ballet, stage drama, movies, radio—and side-show.

"Circus Folks" (as conceived by producer-director Bud Gamble and scenery-designer Edna Gamble) is primarily ballet—with spoken prologue, epilogue and occasional narration interwoven against the musical background—but it is dance-drama recorded on 16-mm. film especially for television-broadcast purposes. Two character actors introduce the scene, as ex-clown Tito and former dancer Irene reminisce about their meeting and courtship under the "big top."

From an old photograph, the scene fades into a choreographic interpretation of those days. The wordless, rhythmic pantomime recreates a dream-like memory picture—and television proves again what infinite variations it holds in store for postwar video audiences.



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