

TUNE IN

JANUARY, 1945

FIFTEEN CENTS

20¢ IN CANADA

"LAUGHING FOR A LIVING"

by

ED WYNN



THE NATIONAL RADIO MAGAZINE

ANC

THE DOUGH YOU BLOW
-will bring U.S. woe!



1918
What a boom we were handed by World War No. 1! Money came easily—went easily. Everybody was splurging on everything—from silk underwear to diamond sunbursts. Prices went sky-high. Sugar eventually hit 28¢ a pound!



1921
Bye-bye, boom. Factories closed; men laid off. Prices and wages sinking fast. Wish we'd banked some of that dough we'd blown a few years back! With jobs scarce, that money would have come in mighty handy, then.



1929
Prosperity. Stocks up fifty points in a week. Again everybody was buying everything—yachts, jewelry, stocks, real estate, regardless of cost. Depression? Phooey . . . we thought we'd found a way to lick depression.



1932
Or had we? Bread lines, apple vendors. WPA. "Brother, can you spare a dime?" No jobs. Prices dropping. Wages dropping. Everything dropping—except the mortgage on the house. "What goes up must come down."



1944
We're splurging again. Americans have been earning more money. But even today there are fewer goods to spend it on—so naturally prices rise. We must keep them in check. **DON'T LET IT ALL HAPPEN AGAIN!**

4 THINGS TO DO to keep prices down and help avoid another depression

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

**EVERY
 WAR BOND
 YOU BUY
 WILL HELP
 US
 KEEP
 PRICES DOWN**

MAKE YOUR RADIO LISTENING
MORE ENJOYABLE



WITH A COPY OF "TUNE IN" CLOSE BY

- Meet your radio favorites through exclusive pictures
- Learn inside stories on all the outstanding programs
- Keep posted on the national and short wave schedules
- Be well versed on radio sidelights, humor and facts

BECOME RADIO-WISE WITH
TUNE IN

TWELVE EXCITING ISSUES FOR ONLY \$1.50

FILL IN AND MAIL THIS CONVENIENT COUPON NOW

TUNE IN
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
RADIO CITY, N. Y.

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

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

VOICE OF
THE LISTENER

MIKES AT CONFERENCES?

Dear Editor:

Well, it looks as if Congress will really get around to doing something about putting itself on the air so voters can know what's going on. I'm all in favor of it myself, but I'd like to go even further. How about a few mikes at all those post-war conferences, so we'd have a chance to know what it's all about and say what we think? After all, it's our future they're talking about.

J. MEREDDITH

St. Louis, Missouri

JIMMY GETS SLAPPED - - ON THE BACK

Dear Sir:

I sure got a kick out of "My Pal Umbriago" by Jimmy Durante. Jimmy is certainly tops when it comes to comedy — and they tell me off the air he's just as swell a guy as on. There's nothing of the stuffed shirt about him.

Honest, I could just hear Jimmy talking in that story. Sometimes those stories by stars have no punch, but this one packed a wallop.

ED ALFIUS

Boston, Mass.

SPOTLIGHT ON CHICAGO

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on your letters titled "Bouquets for Chicago Shows." It is about time for Chicago to hit the spotlight as an entertainment and radio center.

When we analyze it, Hollywood is important to radio only because it is the nation's movie capital, making access to the screen stars convenient. As to why New York is a radio center, only executives know — not I. Chicago with its fine central location (as attested by the great number of conventions held here) seems to the neutral observer more suitable than Gotham at the extreme of these United States.

I also wonder why a New Yorker is almost inevitably chosen whenever the networks need a special events announcer. Like Mr. Rothrauff who pointed out Cleveland's Jack Graney for World Series descriptions, I or any other Chicagoan might just as easily point with pride to our Bert Wilson, who so aptly tells us of the Windy City all about Wrigley's Cubs.

JACK PITMAN

Chicago, Ill.

IS SINATRA SUBVERSIVE?

Gentlemen:

Recently I read an article stating that some man wanted an investigation made to determine whether Frank Sinatra's voice had a demoralizing effect upon children.

Three or four months ago some people tried to start something by saying that juvenile delinquency was caused by modern swing. That didn't go so well with a great many people. Now someone has the nerve to suggest that Frank Sinatra's voice is demoralizing.

I am definitely becoming very sick and tired of all this fuss about Frankie's voice. He is just like any other person who tries to do what he's doing the very best he knows how. In his case it's singing.

Now why in the name of common sense should anyone make a silly, inane accusation of this kind?

IRENE RINGWALD

Fargo, S. D.

SPEAK ENGLISH, PLEASE

Gentlemen:

Thanks for that Viva America story about Latin American broadcasting. I always like to know what's going on in the world. Before this, I had just a hazy idea that there was a lot of short-wave broadcasting going out of this country, but thought it was mostly news and serious programs, not just plain entertainment.

By the way, I have a complaint to make, though. It's o.k. to sing foreign songs on Viva America, because that's what the program's for. But why am I always tuning in on French or Spanish or something on regular American shows? Most of us born in this country understand only English, so why sing to us in languages we don't know? Aren't there enough songs written in good old U.S.A.?

M. BRACKDEN

Brooklyn, N. Y.



RADIOQUIZ

EDDIE CANTOR

GUEST QUIZARD

BOGGLE-EYED COMIC OF NBC'S "TIME TO SMILE"



1 Harrington (left) spots clues for: (A) Mr. & Mrs. North (B) Mr. District Attorney (C) Bulldog Drummond



2 The donkey seems amused by the whisperings of: (A) Charlie Cantor (B) Harry Hershfield (C) Frank Morgan



3 Just as popular today as he was with your dad is oldtimer: (A) Willie Howard (B) Joe Howard (C) Tom Howard



4 Mercedes McCambridge is often heard on: (A) I Love a Mystery (B) Road of Life (C) Bachelor's Children



5 This warbler made Shoo Shoo Baby famous. She is: (A) Frances Langford (B) Joan Edwards (C) Georgia Gibbs



6 Diane Pendleton's with Ish Kabibble, alias: (A) Merwyn Bogue (B) Percy Wallington (C) Ambrose McCarthy



7 The sound effect pictured comes over the air as: (A) horses galloping (B) rain on the roof (C) men marching



8 The Westerners appear on morning program: (A) Reveille Roundup (B) Mirth and Madness (C) Breakfast Club

ANSWERS ON PAGE 45

VOICE OF THE LISTENER (continued)

A NEW SWOONER

Gentlemen:

Have you heard about Chicago's new swoon man? As far back as February a couple of bobby sox hee-cats heard him over the radio and swooned. Now it has come to the point where one of the big Chicago papers carried an article on him the other day referring to him as the "swoon man."

He's Attilio Baggione, veteran operatic tenor, now featured soloist with radio station WGN.

All these kids have to do is hear him give with something like "I'm Falling in Love with Someone," or even a more classic song, and they go into characteristic swoon antics.

CARITO DIERKS

Chicago, Ill.

P.S. He doesn't resemble Sinatra in the least.

SERIAL GRIPES

Dear Sirs:

I am a consistent reader of your excellent magazine, TUNE IN. I read it not only for my entertainment, but for helpful information, as I am in the radio field.

On the days on which I am not working I turn on the radio. Now I can understand that these housewives who are at home day after day enjoy these serials — but how about people like me who hear the radio in the early day only occasionally? It is like taking 30 books and reading a chapter out of each. The past and future of each serial is a perfect blank.

I don't think day-to-day serials should be discontinued, but how about a few completed stories for the daytime?

CAROL OHMART

Salt Lake City, Utah

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF TUNE IN, published monthly at General Post Office, New York, N. Y. for Oct. 1, 1944.
State of New York
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Richard Davis, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the TUNE IN and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, and as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, D. S. Publishing Company, Inc., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. 20, N. Y. Editor, Richard Davis, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. 20, N. Y. Managing Editor, Lawrence Falkenburg, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. 20, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (if there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Richard Davis, Publisher
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of October, 1944.
Irene A. Herrmann
Notary Public, New York County
(My commission expires March 30, 1945)

TUNE IN

VOL. 2, NO. 9 JANUARY 1945

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ON THE COVER

ED WYNN as "King Bubbles," who tells just how he won his "Happy Island" throne of laughter—on page seven.

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AROUND THE NETWORKS



The many followers of Dorothy Thompson's news commentaries can now hear her in another role—as emcee of Blue's Sunday afternoon discussion program, "Listen—The Women." The celebrated lecturer and author is considered particularly qualified to act as moderator of the panel, since her wide experience as a reporter and forceful style command the attention of both sexes. Distinguished guests are also a regular feature of the broadcast.

Latest honor to accrue to NBC comedian Bob Hope is a place in the newly-opened Living Hall of Washington. This section of the Smithsonian Institute consists of a collection of 50 statues of eminent contemporary Americans. The recognition accorded Hope is outstanding since he is the only person of the show world to be included. Other figures represent such notable public men as President Roosevelt, Cordell Hull and military leaders.



Two major networks, NBC and CBS, have taken steps to aid the returning war veteran. CBS' action is in the form of a public service program dealing with post-war problems. Called "Assignment Home," the broadcast is produced in cooperation with the Army Service Forces. The NBC plan consists of a weekly series of auditions by experts, aimed at placing servicemen in suitable jobs through recommendations to the NBC affiliates.



Through a series of weekly commentaries by Sumner Welles, Mutual is making a notable contribution toward better understanding of foreign relation problems. The famed diplomat speaks now as a private citizen, but bases his opinions on the experience gained in more than a decade of State Dept. service.



CBS is proud of its comedy-team find of the year, Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard. Though Miss Hilliard did comic routines on the "Red Skelton Show," the pair have been identified with musical programs for years. Both now show equal facility in the new format, concerned with the Nelsons' home life.



NEW YORK CABBIE Samuel Moss is Dunninger's "man in a million." The Master Mentalist located him by tuning in on the thoughts of the judges for his Blue program, after they had selected him.



FAMILY PORTRAIT is this touching—but not very typical—pose of "Baby Snooks" and "Daddy," otherwise known as Fannie Brice and Hanley Stafford, pace-setters for the CBS Sunday program.



MEET JANET WALDO in the fascinating flesh. The youthful star of "Meet Corliss Archer," over CBS, is every bit as feminine and flirtatious as she sounds in teen-age escapades on Thursday nights.

Along Radio Row

TROUBLE MAY COME to "Amanda of Honeymoon Hill" on the air, but, in private life, heroine Joy Hathaway is happily married and has two sons—Charles Francis Kenny, Jr., and John Allen Kenny.





THERE'S NOTHING like having a butler—even if it means extra work! Prim Arthur Treacher may be Jack Carson's "man" on their Wednesday show, but real life seems to reverse the situation.



STOP PRESS NEWS: Sailor refuses to kiss girl! This nautical "no"-man had to resist both pretty Chili Williams and a Tunnel of Love setting to win his cash prize on NBC's "People Are Funny."



GLAMOUR ON PARADE at an NBC get-together: With hats off and socks a-showing, a million-dollar row of top-ranking comedians sits out to prove that the ladies have no monopoly on fancy "Jeg-art." From left to right, they are: Handsome Jack Haley, beauty-puss Bob Burns, rosy-cheeked Rudy Vallee, gorgeous Ed Gardner and bonny Edgar Bergen. After this shot, who can bear to wait patiently for television?



He Proposed last night!

-how lucky that I wore my lovely

Evening in Paris
face powder



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

BOURJOIS
NEW YORK

Time in "Here's to Romance," starring Larry Douglas, with Jim Ameche and Ray Block's Orchestra—Thursday evenings, Columbia Network.

OF MIKES AND MEN

B)

LAURA HAYNES

"Amos 'n' Andy" are already laying plans for television, hope it will come—as FREEMAN GOSDEN says—"before I get any balder, CORRELL gets any grayer or my wife any younger!" The latter—whom "Amos" married only this fall—is a slim, attractive brunette named JANE, daughter of the late CHARLIE STONEHAM, who was once owner of the New York Giants baseball team.

★ ★ ★

In Retirement: JIM AMECHE, JR., son of the radio emcee and nephew of screenstar DON AMECHE, has given up his professional career, at least temporarily. Reason—as given by his parents but not confirmed by the actor himself—is that the 6-year-old veteran of CBS serial "Big Sister" wishes to devote more time to his first-grade studies.

★ ★ ★

Are radio listeners polite? When MILTON BERLE sneezed during a regular Blue broadcast of "Let Yourself Go," he received no less than 22 letters containing the one word "Gesundheit!"

★ ★ ★

Emcee DEAN MURPHY of Mutual's "Screen Test" is an expert imitator of famous voices but was forbidden to do any political caricatures during the recent campaign, for fear listeners would think the candidates were actually trying out on the program. Murphy is FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT's own favorite impersonator of—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

★ ★ ★

Sidelines: When not busy being *Baby Snooks* or *Irma Potts* for CBS, FANNY BRICE does plain and fancy interior decorating for such notables as EDDIE CANTOR, DINAH SHORE, ELSA MAXWELL and others . . . BILL GOODWIN, who studied law at the University of California before climbing to his present eminence with BURNS and ALLEN, likes to give his rapidly accumulating screen and air contracts the legal once-over, personally . . . If ED GARDNER ever tires of playing *Archie* on "Duffy's Tavern," over NBC, he'd still be welcome to radio in another capacity—he used to be producer for such

other topnotchers as BING CROSBY, RUDY VALLEE, AL JOLSON, as well as the aforementioned MISS BRICE, GEORGE and GRACIE

★ ★ ★

Insiders wonder if the deal between air-wave writer-director ARCH OBOLER and screen company METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER is the first round in the battle between movies and radio for control of television. At present, Oboler's writing, directing and producing "Alter Ego," film version of his script which originally air-starred BETTE DAVIS.

★ ★ ★

Sincerest Flattery: BING CROSBY, who's already influenced more crooners than you could shake a mike at, is now affecting clergymen. His priestly role in the Paramount picture, "Going My Way," is credited for the sudden rise in the number of ministers attempting to sell original songs to dance bands for the benefit of their parishes!

★ ★ ★

The way THEO GOETZ became a villain in Mutual's "Chick Carter" is a story in itself. Theo got a V-mail letter from STEF SCHNABEL—former *Rattler* in the series, now overseas—asking him to deliver a message to producer-director FRITZ BLOCKI. Latter took one look at Stef's pen-pal and promptly had him written right into the latest script.

★ ★ ★

Star WILLIAM BENDIX, of Blue's "Life of Riley," not only has a huge dog named after his title role—but the mutt has a completely furnished doghouse bearing the sign: "Riley Domicile."

★ ★ ★

DICK POWELL, who was once quite an instrumentalist before he hit the big-time as a singer, is taking advantage of his new NBC "Bandwagon" position by brushing up on the trumpet—with no less an expert than HARRY JAMES . . . And JANET WALDO is taking jitterbug lessons, just to keep in the mood for her "Corliss Archer" role over CBS.

★ ★ ★

At Your Service: BERT LYTELL, "Stage Door Canteen's" veteran officer-of-the-day, was plenty down-hearted when doctors refused to let him go overseas to entertain, because of an old knee injury . . . But HANLEY STAFFORD, of "Blondie" and other CBS shows, has good reason for his beaming smiles these days. Son GRAHAM, honorably discharged after 44 months in the Army Air Forces, will be able to resume his screen and radio acting career despite the wounds he sustained in action



LAUGHING FOR A LIVING

By ED WYNN

THE "HAPPY ISLAND" MONARCH TELLS HOW IT FEELS TO BE A COMEDY KING

I GUESS that every once in a while we all sit back and wonder: "What's it all about?" Now, coming from a comedian who has made his bread and butter—not to mention a few peaches and a little cream—out of building "belly laughs" for years, that may seem like the worst kind of ingratitude. Yet there have been times in my life, and at the

height of my career, when I wondered whether it was worth the effort. After all, a laugh—what is it? Something that shakes your sides and then passes off. On the other hand, a tear—that's something you don't get over so quickly.

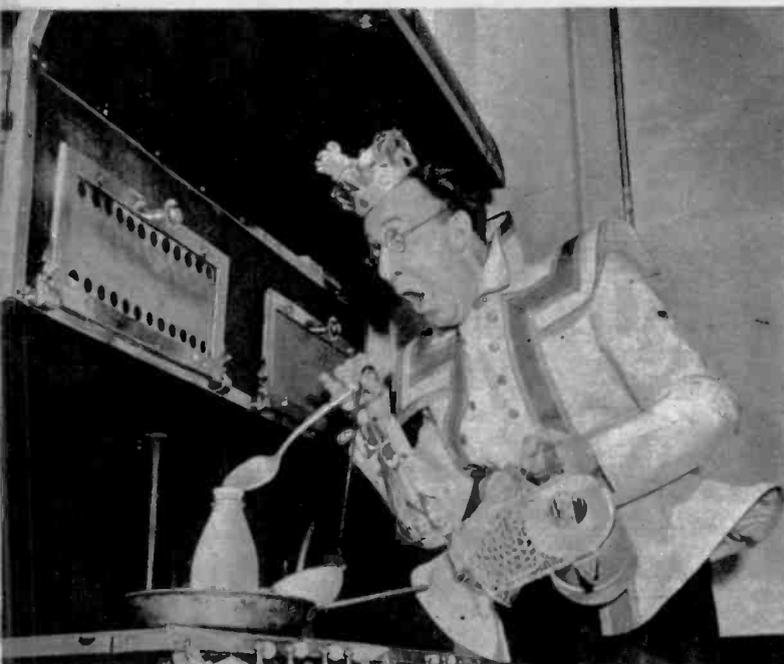
That's been my reaction, and the reaction of a lot of other comedians, for a long time. But it took a young wounded



THE MADCAP MONARCH—Ed Wynn in the flesh as *King Bubbles* in the fantasy—begins a day of "Happy Island" chores and pastimes.



CLOTHES MAKE THE KING and *Bubbles* spends an eny-meeny moment choosing from his wardrobe of regal costumes. Then to the kitchen, where boiling a bottle of milk provides a royal problem of state.



LAUGHING FOR A LIVING (continued)

war hero to make me change my views on laughter, a little while ago. There must be a great Plan made out for all of us—yes, even for comedians. I'd like to tell you about that lonely young veteran, how he made me realize what my mission in life really is and that there's no medicine in the world like a real, honest-to-goodness laugh.

You see, I was the first actor called up by the Government to perform for the doughboys in the last war and was again invited to be the first in this one. The honor was accepted with deep gratitude, because it seemed to me the greatest recognition accorded me in my entire career. With my son Keenan performing for the boys in China, Burma and India, with myself making a swing of the country's service camps, the Wynns were in there trying to serve, too.

But, best of all, from my point of view, was when the authorities allowed me to entertain the servicemen in hospitals, although it hadn't been done up to that time. The experiment took place at the Woodrow Wilson General Hospital in Staunton, Virginia. I did my act in a certain ward where there was this one lad who had been in a bad state of melancholia and nothing could shake him out of it.

Well, that was a challenge I couldn't afford to turn down—or fail in. This boy was all my audiences rolled up into one, all my years in the theatre bunched into the few minutes allotted. If I was ever to justify my existence and career, I would have to help him. "Wynn," I said to myself, "give as you've never given before. Be funny—please!"

The boy came through fine, they tell me. He had laughed with the other kids—I can still see him holding his sides. The medics say that it was a sort of "laugh therapy." It has been used, and will be applied in future, where other measures fail to bring these boys around to normalcy.

Now all of us, on the battle front and on the home front, need a good laugh occasionally. Realizing this, I'm eternally grateful to be able to bring joy, however small and fleeting, to my fellow Americans, particularly these days. A little escapism sharpens our wits for the big job on hand. It's the whole theme of my new program, "Happy Island," heard over the Blue Network every Friday night.

I had been off the air for more than seven years, simply because I didn't feel the time was ripe for the kind of fantasy my entire career was built on. But now, as *King Bubbles* of "Happy Island," I sincerely believe that we have something refreshing to offer the public.

Even though I've traded my 600 comic hats for a "kingly" crown, I still treasure each and every one, because they mark milestones in my theatrical career. It's funny how these hats have always played a prominent part in my life. It all goes back to when I was a kid of 8 in Philadelphia. Even then the stage fascinated me. Whenever Lillian Russell or Weber and Fields or Frank Keenan (whose daughter I was to marry years later) came to town, I would scream for someone in my family to take me to see them, no matter what time of day it was. "But it's only three o'clock now," they'd tell me, "and the show doesn't start until eight o'clock." Then I'd howl: "I want eight o'clock now!"

Just before my sixteenth birthday, I ran away from home to join the Thurber-Nash Repertoire Company, a traveling unit which traveled as far as Norwich, Connecticut, then left me stranded high and not yet dry behind the ears. So back to Philly I went, very much chastened but not licked. Dad put me to work in his ladies' hat factory, then sent me out on the road. Not having a girl to model the hats for me, what better than to model myself? So I would try on the hats—and there were some lulus in those days! I got

plenty of laughs, but no orders. Finally, Dad fired me, and I went back to the theatre, never to leave again.

In 1904, when I was 18, I was headlining in a vaudeville act at Hammerstein's Victoria in New York. Ten years later, Flo Ziegfeld asked me to appear in his "Follies of 1914," which marked the beginning of a series of grand productions under that master of the theatre. By 1919, I had reached the peak of my career. Everything lay before me.

Then came the actors' strike. For years, the stars had been enjoying the spotlight of fame and—more important—the gravy. The little people, the supporting players without whom no star could get anywhere, got the leavings. Well, the worm turned and bit back. And, of all the big names of the theatre of that day, only the immortal Frank Bacon and I were ready to fight on the side of the strikers.

My name was immediately put on the blacklist of the Managers Protective Association and I found myself, for the first time in my career, on the outside looking in. We finally won the strike, and it was my honor to be the one to go to Washington to secure our charter from the American Federation of Labor. But you can't eat honors, especially in show business — where, once you're out of the limelight, the public is apt to forget all about you.

It was impossible to get any top-ranking song writers, managers or lyricists to link their names with mine. There was nothing to do but tackle all these things myself. I became manager-producer-actor-composer-author-lyricist-owner all in one. It took a lot out of me, but I had the satisfaction of seeing two of my shows become the biggest hits of the time — "The Perfect Fool" and "The Grab Bag."

In between, I found time to do a weekly comedy question-and-answer column for the Bell Syndicate for more than two years, not to mention taking a hand in launching a new industry — radio. I'm particularly proud of the latter, for a number of reasons, and, if you won't think me immodest, I'd like to list a few of my firsts in the field:

The "glass curtain" which separated performer from studio audience in the early days annoyed me because it made both appear to be on exhibition. Besides, all actors love to hear applause. So the glass partition was done away with — same with "quiet, please" — and it was such a success that the glass curtain was dropped forever, henceforth.

Also, I was the first actor to use facial make-up during broadcasts, first to change costumes during a program, first to promote comedy commercials, first to broadcast a full stage play ("The Perfect Fool," 2½ hours on WJZ, June 12, 1922), first to charge admission for charity (distributing more than 82,000 in different cities in 1932 and 1933) — and now first to broadcast an entire program in costume and complete stage setting, for "Happy Island."

Throughout the years, people have asked me what I think makes my kind of humor so universally acceptable. I would say it is because I've never tried to capitalize on the physical failures of my fellow man. Getting a laugh at the expense of another person is mean and unfair. Another thing — I've never cracked an off-color joke in my career. There are too many funny things around to resort to that.

All in all, it's been a world of fun, making friends and keeping them — and my old hats and size-14 clodhoppers. I feel I've a long way to go before I'll be ready to lay them aside. And, when the time comes that I do have to sign off from the public eye and ear, I won't mind too much, because I know the name of Wynn will live on in the person of my son Keenan—and, Lord willing, *his* son, Edmond Keenan Wynn. And that's about all any one man could ask of life.



THE FIDDLING EMPEROR, like Nero of old, finds esthetic pleasure—and a weird relaxation—in coaxing sweet music from his violin.



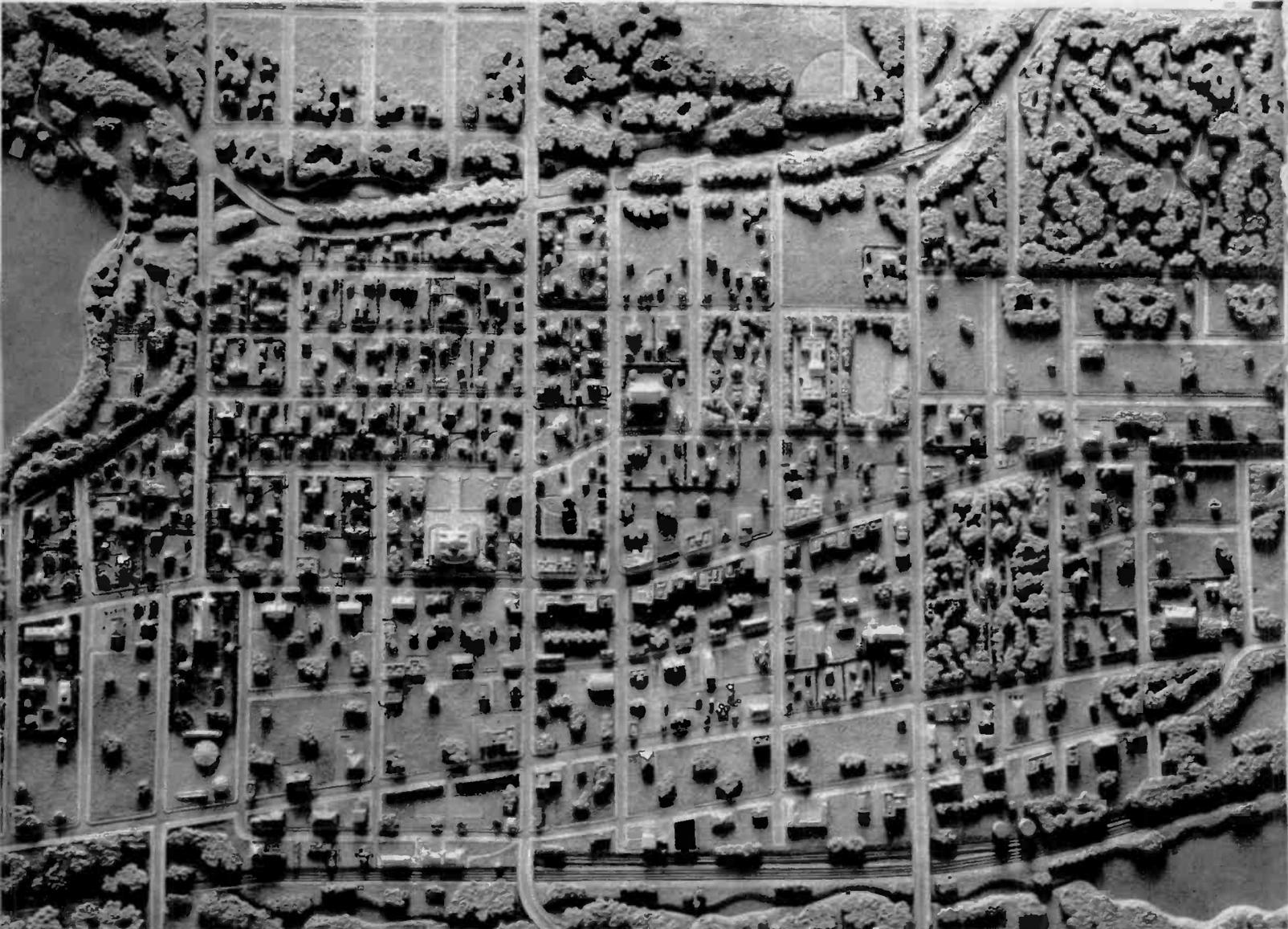
HIS LITERARY TASTES tend toward the bovine, with bedtime stories about his beloved Elsie the Cow. And so to his downy couch, as shadows fall and night descends on the shores of "Happy Island."





"COMING, MOTHER!"

HENRY ALDRICH MAY TAKE ANY OF THESE CENTERVILLE STREETS ON HIS WAY HOME



BAS-RELIEF MAP OF MYTHICAL CENTERVILLE HELPS THE AUTHOR KEEP TRACK OF "THE ALDRICH FAMILY" AND THEIR FICTIONAL FRIENDS

PLAYWRIGHT Clifford Goldsmith just didn't know what he was letting himself in for, when he created *Henry Aldrich* and his family for the Broadway hit, "What A Life," some seasons back.

Ever since "The Aldrich Family" moved over into radio—first as a feature on the old Rudy Vallee show and the Kate Smith hour, then as a full program in its own right—its popularity rating has been the envy of other air-wave dramatists. That's very gratifying

to a man of letters. The only trouble is that *this* man finally reached a point where he wasn't too proud of some of the letters he was getting.

Too many of them were complaints which showed that listeners remembered more "facts" about the mythical *Aldrich* home town of Centerville than the author himself could keep in mind while concocting his weekly episodes!

"What's this about the post office being across the street from *Kathleen's*

house?" correspondents would demand. "Once you had some business about its being right next door to Centerville High." They took him to task about the location of everything from the drugstore—is it "downtown" or "just around the corner"?—to the *Aldrich* telephone—"how come this week it's in the hall, last week in the living room?"

Answers to these questions nested in Goldsmith's elaborate card-index system, which lists the names, professions, re-

CREATING A MAP OF THE "ALDRICH FAMILY" HOME TOWN IS A SUCCESS STORY IN ITSELF

Bringing an imaginary town to life is a big job, even when done on a miniature scale. The Centerville project, as undertaken by the firm of Rochette and Parzini, took four men three months to complete. First, sketches and blue-prints

were made from author Clifford Goldsmith's ideas. Then the bas-relief map was sculptured in clay (150 pounds of it), from which molds were made for a plaster casting. The buildings themselves were carved directly from plaster.

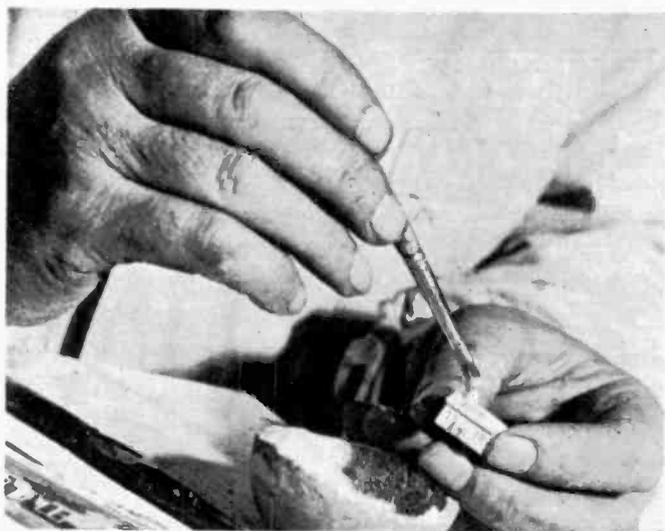
Finished—at a cost of some \$1500—the map measures approximately five feet by six. Houses average half an inch in length. Largest of the tiny edifices is Centerville High, 3 inches by 2; second largest is the courthouse, 2 by 1½.



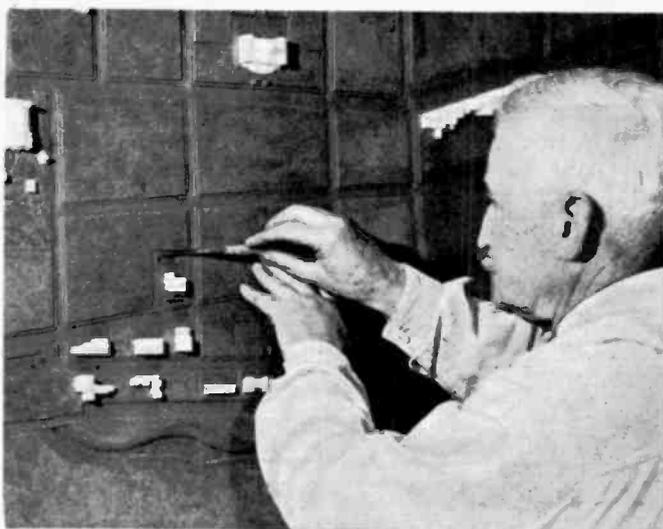
A ROUGH SKETCH OF HENRY'S HOME TOWN IS THE STARTING POINT



"BIGGEST" CENTERVILLE CHURCH IS LESS THAN TWO INCHES LONG



MINIATURE HOUSES ARE THE SIZE OF A CRAFTSMAN'S THUMBNAIL



ACTUAL TOPOGRAPHY TAKES SHAPE IN ITS FIRST CLAY MODELING

relationships, phone numbers and addresses of the some 400 characters which have been introduced in more than six years on the air. But it was obvious that the writer needed some simpler at-a-glance method of setting the scene for his ever-shifting plots.

That's how Centerville (pop. 15,000) finally got on the map—the same bas-relief map now pictured on these pages. Today, Goldsmith can learn from a rapid look what every fan knows who

listens to CBS faithfully every Friday night at 8 P.M. E.W.T.—that the *Aldrich* home is on Elm Street, that *Homer* lives on Maple, that the high school fronts on Walnut, that the courthouse is on Main, and that father's office is at the corner of Elm and Main.

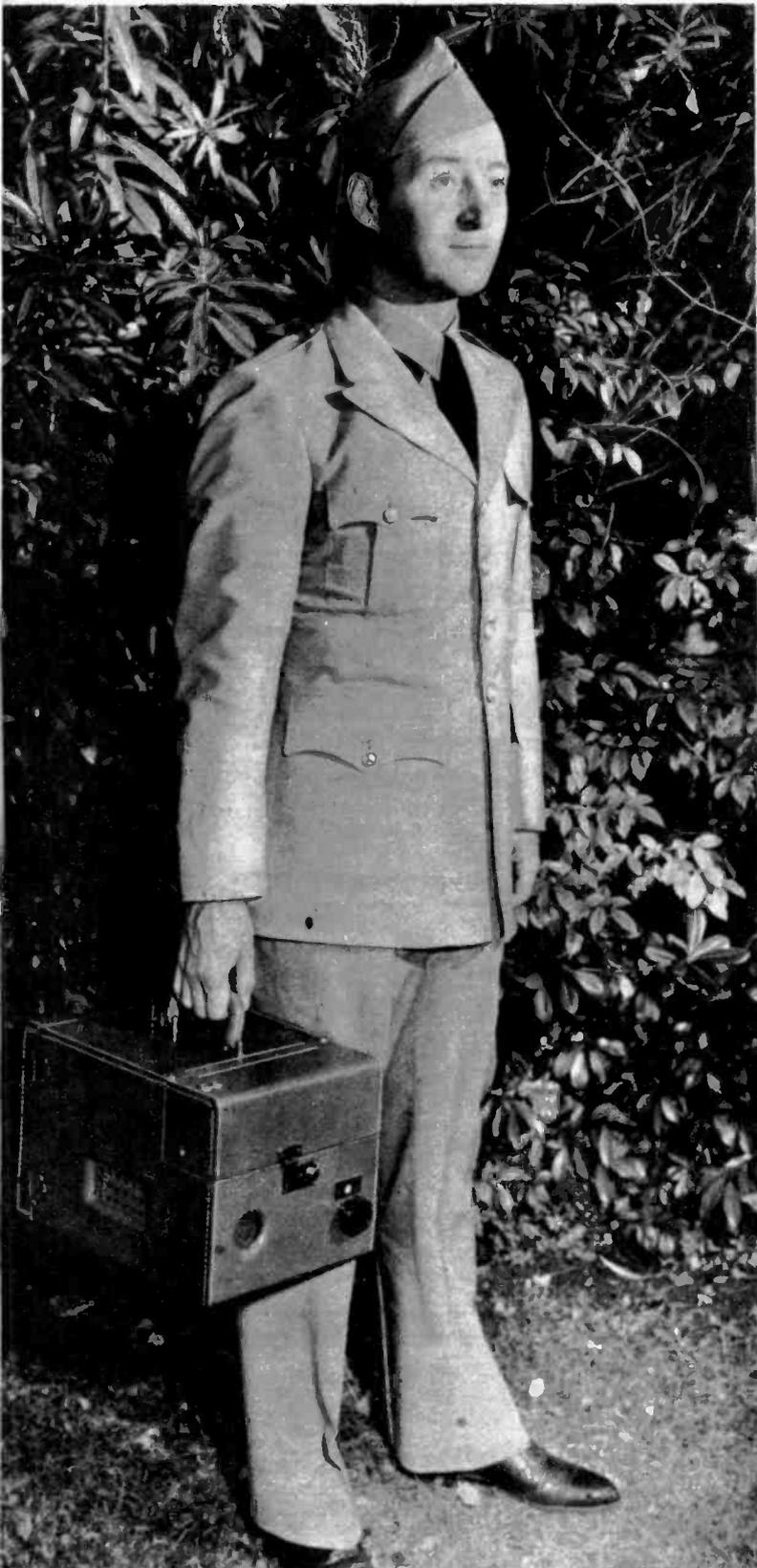
Meanwhile, to others, the map reveals some striking similarities between this make-believe community and the actual town nearest the Goldsmith family's farm. Centerville's lake and picnic

grounds, for instance, are called Brandywine and McCorkle's Rock—just as in West Chester, Pennsylvania.

And, while Clifford staunchly insists that his radio characters aren't modeled after his neighbors, it's a fact that there's a real De Haven's drugstore—where his own three sons get their cokes and sundaes—which is remarkably like *Henry's* rendezvous of the very same name located at the corner of Elm and Main Streets in "imaginary" Centerville.

FLEETWOOD LAWTON

NOTED WAR CORRESPONDENT USES SOUNDSCRIBER TO RECORD NEWS



SOUNDSCRIBER IN HAND, Lawton is ready for action. The device weighs 24 pounds, records 30 minutes of conversation on a disc.

THERE'S no adjective colorful enough to describe the career of Fleetwood Lawton. The ace reporter first hit the spotlight some 30-odd years ago, when as a four-and-a-half-year-old early-day Quiz Kid, he startled adults by chattering away in four languages. Latest of his exploits is a 30,000 mile jaunt to the South Pacific last summer. Armed with a recording device called the Soundscrubber, the balding internationalist grooved 80 discs, capturing sounds never before heard by home-front listeners.

Lawton's regular job right now is newscasting for Pacific Coast dialers. (Tune in Mon. thru Sat., 6:45 A.M., Station KECA; 7:15 A.M., Station KFI; both in Los Angeles. Also, Mon., Tues., Wed., and Fri. at 8:15 P.M. over NBC's Pacific Coast Network.) His fame has spread far beyond this area, however, both because of spectacular scoops in the past and through the Soundscrubber records which are being released by 600 different stations scattered over the country. Various of the programs are also re-broadcast to Latin America and overseas.

The rugged Oxford graduate (he still speaks with an English accent) is no stranger to Latin America, got both his early schooling and first job in Buenos Aires. In fact, there are few countries with which Lawton doesn't have some connection, as his father was a cable engineer from Marseilles and traveled extensively. Fleetwood himself was born on the island of St. Vincent, the Portuguese colony in the St. Verde group off the West Coast of Africa. His first formal education began at St. Andrews, in Buenos Aires, a tough Scotch day school filled with the children of railroad laborers. It was Lawton, Senior's idea that such an atmosphere would teach the lad to take care



ON-THE-SPOT INTERVIEWS with war heroes are easy with the Soundscrubber. Here bomber squadron Lt. Bridston tells his experiences.

of himself. At seven, the family decided they'd toughened him up enough, and entered him in the best private school in the Argentine.

Just two years later, the precocious youngster was uprooted again, sent to Mount Saint Mary's College, the oldest Jesuit hall of learning in the British Isles. The parents soon returned to South America, saw the boy only twice during the six years he remained abroad.

So unorthodox an education might have bewildered a less adaptable lad, but Fleetwood adjusted quickly. An already overwhelming interest in the different peoples of the world was further developed when he was chosen to read aloud to the priests at mealtime—thus absorbing a varied literary diet of travel, economics, history and world diplomacy. No namby-pamby, either, he excelled in athletics, playing rugby, cricket and soccer in the best English tradition.

Before entering Oxford at the age of sixteen, Lawton had begun his own world-roamings, wandering unescorted through continental Europe at a time when most boys are still tied to their mothers' apron strings. Chief mark he made at Oxford was becoming a founder-member of the Air Squadron, soon earning his pilot's wings.

So adventurous a childhood prepared Lawton for the strenuous years ahead. Never content with being an armchair strategist, he's kept up the working newspaperman's love of digging up a story in the field. That trait got him into quite a jam, while acting as managing editor of the Buenos Aires *Standard*. Hot-footing it in the wake of an abortive revolution, the dynamics analyst found himself facing a troop of charging cavalry—and escaped death by a matter of inches. Lawton rushed triumphantly back with the story, only to find that censorship prevented telling any part of it—and he had to run a vicar's garden party on page 1 instead.

Now the peregrinating analyst is comparatively settled, has become a U. S. citizen, married an American girl, and given hostages to fortune by buying a home in Los Angeles. But nobody who knows Lawton believes that domesticity will keep him out of war zones for very long.



EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNTS of actual combat operations are shipped back by air, bringing front-line news to listeners with the utmost speed.



MEMBERS OF A CARRIER CREW, en route to the South Pacific, describe their feelings on going into action. Recordings are made on small green discs of Vanalite, a plastic material which is almost indestructible, withstanding water and flame. Discs can be folded and mailed.



THOUGH BEWILDERED BY THE COMPLEXITIES OF NEW YORK CITY, ALAN YOUNG HAS BEEN AT HOME IN RADIO STUDIOS SINCE HE WAS 15

ALAN YOUNG TAKES A LOOK AT NEW YORK

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

OF all sightseers in New York City, there's no more devoted "rubber-neck" than Alan Young—who, only 18 months ago, was just another blue-jacketed tourist, a 23-year-old Canadian sub-lieutenant taking the guided tours through Radio City and haunting the studios to pick up tips for a special Navy show he was going to do up North.

The slender, fair-haired youngster never dreamed then that he would so soon be headlining his own network program from Manhattan. Later, when he got his medical discharge

from the Canadian Navy, he resumed broadcasting in Toronto — where he had previously built up quite a following with his gay scripts and ingratiating delivery—all unaware of the over-the-border fame which was to come to him at a turn of the dial.

It was just last spring, down in New York, that Frank Cooper (who helped boost both Dinah Shore and Frank Sinatra) was trying to tune in "Duffy's Tavern," found himself listening instead to a comedy program he'd never heard before. Intrigued, he held on until the end and identified

both broadcast and station by the sign-off: "This is the Alan Young Show coming from Toronto."

It wasn't long before Cooper persuaded the English-born, Vancouver-bred comic to try his luck in the United States. There, after a successful stint as

Eddie Cantor's summer replacement, Young has wound up with a program all his own — for "Duffy's" sponsor, purely by coincidence, and in "Duffy's" old spot on the Blue Network!

Like many another late arrival, the extremely personable newcomer to New

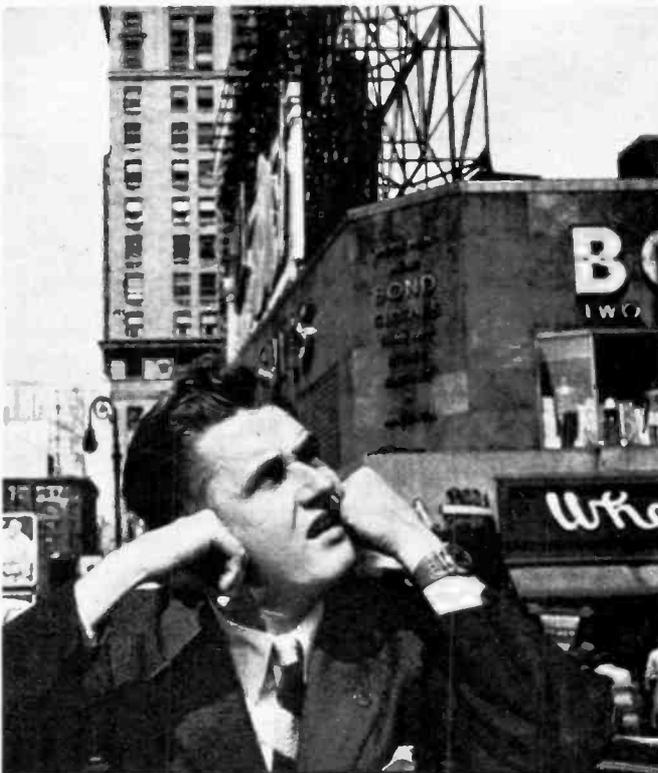
York had quite a problem finding quarters for his family, wife Mary Ann (a pretty Seattle girl) and daughter Alanna (aged 2). Now, however, he's quite at home in Manhattan — but can never see enough of the big town where he achieved his present big-time billing.



THE KID FROM CANADA GAPES AT BROADWAY'S OVERSIZE PIN-UPS



GAZING AT THE RCA BUILDING, HE WONDERS "HOW HIGH IS UP?"



LIKE MANY ANOTHER, HE GETS LOST IN THE TIMES SQUARE MAZE



HE WINDS UP AS A PICTURE OF EXHAUSTION — SUITABLY FRAMED!



PATRICE MUNSEL

TEEN-AGE PRIMA DONNA FINDS CLEAR SAILING ON THE "HIGH C'S"

TUNE IN SUN. 5 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

IF THERE is anything America loves more than a good Cinderella story, editors and advertisers have yet to discover it. And, when such incidents actually occur in real life, public and press enthusiasm knows no bounds.

All too often, these headline heroines turn out to be mere 7-day wonders. The success of Patrice Munsel is one of the

rare exceptions. Most authentic Cinderella of 1943, the coloratura soprano has found 1944 no stumbling block to further fame, faces 1945 with well-placed confidence.

Consider the record. At 17, Patrice competed in the "Auditions of the Air," won the finals—and a Metropolitan Opera contract—just three weeks later. She had had no previous

professional experience, made her first official concert appearances (one of them for charity) in Salt Lake City and her home town, Spokane, later that summer.

At 18, she made her much-heralded debut in "Mignon" at the Met. That December night in 1943 marked her first time on any operatic stage—except for high school performances of Gilbert and Sullivan, back in Washington state—but she stopped the show for seven minutes with her big aria, brought broad beams to the face of impresario S. Hurok, who had already signed her for three years at \$120,000.

Now, at 19 (she was born May 14, 1925), she is a full-fledged radio star on "The Family Hour," as well as a seasoned veteran of two concert tours covering most of the major cities of the United States and eastern Canada. Neither the miraculous Munsel nor the astute Hurok has had reason to regret that unprecedented pre-debut contract.

That this fabulous forward march has caught the public fancy is shown by Patrice's fan mail. Many of her letters come from young vocal students who have found her career "an inspiration" or from parents who believe their teen-age prodigies are going to be "another Patrice Munsel." Of them all, the least impressed is probably the heroine herself, who takes her voice rather for granted—though she studies hard—apparently doesn't realize that she has an even rarer attribute in her instinctive stage presence.

At her debut, she missed connections with the wardrobe mistress, had to dash back to the dressing-room herself for costume additions, made an unscheduled entrance through the bewildered crowd onstage, still hit her high notes right on cue. At an early concert, she upset a flute stand with her swirling skirts, calmly picked it up and set it right, went on to sing as though nothing had occurred. Another time, she lost her place in the middle of a song, turned to her accompanist with an "I'm sorry—we'll start over again," and resumed her caroling without a quiver.

A born actress, the tall, willowy brunette mimics these little mishaps to the last inflection, when describing them, will still tell you quite sincerely that "nothing ever happens to her." The only thing that bothers her in her still-new success is stories which make her sound like a silly little girl—particularly when writers insinuate that her parents are but one remove from Simon Legree.

"We're just happy, normal people," she says contentedly. The teenster adores both her dentist-father, Dr. Audley J. Munsil, and her 5-foot-tall, titian-haired mother, whom she calls "Eunice," "Shorty" or "Red." She wishes they could all be together for longer periods, hates eating out because her mother (who travels with her) is "such a marvelous cook," but admits she gets a thrill out of seeing her name on the marquees, keeps wanting a camera "to take pictures of it for posterity—my posterity."

Active and fun-loving, she has never regretted leaving high school in the middle of her course to concentrate on vocal studies, finds everything worthwhile so long as she can go on singing. She remembers vividly the time, at 12, when she and her best chum saw their first opera—"Madam Butterfly"—and agreed that whichever one of them made her debut at the Met first would send the other 15 cents. Patrice mailed the bright pennies last year, hears that her friend (now married) has had the coins suitably framed.

It's in her comment on that introduction to musical drama that one gets the key to both Patrice's very normal youthfulness and her strong enthusiasm for her field. "When the heroine's hair fell down in the last act," she reminisces, dreamily, "we were both sent—positively, absolutely sent!"



THE METROPOLITAN OPERA STAR ENJOYS MOST OUTDOOR SPORTS



PATRICE WITH HER PARENTS, DR. AND MRS. AUDLEY J. MUNSIL

IMPRESARIO S. HUOK SIGNED HER TO A \$120,000 CONTRACT





A TYPICAL STUDENT OF THE ARMY AIR FORCES TRAINING COMMAND

FORMER CONCERT ARTISTS AND JIVE-BAND BOYS WORK TOGETHER



I Sustain The Wings

ARMY AIR FORCES SHOW DRAMATIZES
THE EXPLOITS OF THE GROUND CREW

TUNE IN SAT. 6 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

TAKING ground-crew technicians out of the forgotten-man class is the purpose of "I Sustain the Wings." For a long time, pilots and bombardiers were the popular heroes of the Army Air Forces, while the jobs of front-line mechanics and armourers were dismissed as "soft" and "easy."

Through this half-hour show each week, the Army Air Forces Training Command is demonstrating to the public just how false such an idea is. Dramatic sketches highlight the true-life experiences of these "unromantic" toilers, who quite literally "sustain the wings." Under the direction of Captain Robert G. Jennings, khaki-clad writers are sent to hospitals and camps throughout the country to interview boys just back from combat. The tales these lads tell of long, grueling hours, of Yankee ingenuity pitted against primitive, "impossible" conditions, form the framework for the thrilling playlets presented by an all-Army dramatic group. Suspense is the keynote of the specialist's life, as he works against time, repairing planes in sub-zero weather; risks his life in advance fields; and "sweats out" the return of the air crew whose safety depends upon him.

The boys who put on the program meet no such excitement in the course of their work, but take pride in the fact that they are doing an important and necessary job and doing it well. The present outfit had its beginnings in July, 1943, when Captain Jennings was ordered to build an organization in Fort Worth, Texas. For nearly a year, he and Master Sergeant Harry Bluestone (now conductor of the band) auditioned and interviewed until they had a satisfactory group assembled—actors, writers, musicians and arrangers who had completed their basic Air Force training.

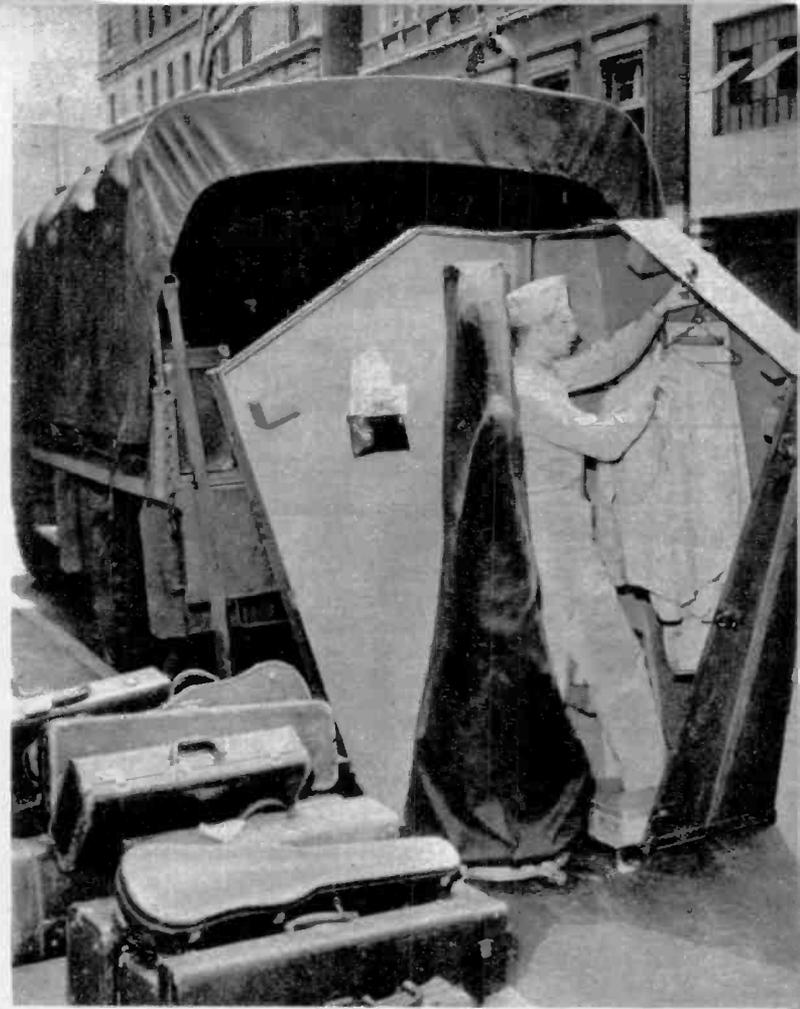
Asked whether the boys feel cheated of their chance at active duty abroad, Captain Jennings replied that they are glad to be doing something purposeful and useful, and know they are better equipped for this particular assignment than for anything else. Most were footlight veterans in civilian life, and their past experience includes every aspect of show-business: motion pictures, small radio stations, concert stage, philharmonic orchestras, and hot "pop" bands. There's an occasional youngster from school, too, and a few small-town celebrities from Texas (like the lad who was so terrified by oldtimers' tales of the wicked city that he petitioned to be excused from coming to New York).

When Glenn Miller (the original maestro of "I Sustain the Wings") was ordered abroad in June, 1944, the entire aggregation was transferred to New York as a replacement—including the reassured Texas neophyte. Since then, the lads

haven't been permitted to grow fat and lazy but put in a longer work-week than the average G.I. Two days out of the seven they spend in regular soldier-training at Yale—learning about chemical warfare, hearing orientation lectures, drilling and practicing on the rifle range. Then there are three regular air shows each week: "I Sustain the Wings" on Saturday over NBC; "First in the Air" over CBS on Friday; and a special string-and-woodwind Sunday program called "Symphonic Flight" on the Blue. But that's not all—the band appears frequently on "The Army Hour," does OWI recordings regularly, and adds on "extras" from time to time, such as WAC and bond rallies. Tot up all the hours spent in rehearsals for these performances, and you'll see why the boys feel useful.

Success of the program can be traced not only to hard work and enthusiasm, but to the professional caliber of all participants from Captain Jennings on down. The Captain is tall, brown-haired and handsome, looks younger than his 32 years, is married to radio actress Betty Winkler. A native of Elmira, N. Y., Captain Jennings completed his education at the University of Cincinnati, and entered the world of radio there. His career ranged from manager of various local stations to an executive position in an agency producing air dramas—the job he dropped to enter the service in August, 1941. As producer and director of the dramatic portion of "I Sustain the Wings," Capt. Jennings is charged with the complete story of men of the AAFTC.

M/Sgt. Bluestone, band director, is just 36, but has been playing the violin for 30 years. He was concert master of violins at Paramount—but has laid aside the fiddle to do his bit toward dramatizing those men who "sustain the wings."



THE HARP-CASE MAKES A HANDY TRAVELING CLOSET FOR THIS LAD



MASTER SERGEANT HARRY BLUESTONE, WHO HELPED ORGANIZE THE ARMY AIR FORCE TRAINING COMMAND BAND, IS NOW ITS CONDUCTOR

VERA VAGUE

**BARBARA JO ALLEN IS QUITE
DIFFERENT IN PRIVATE LIFE**

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

THERE'S nothing really Vague about Vera — at least not in her private character as Barbara Jo Allen. From the September day when she was born in New York City, through her early childhood at Goshen, N. Y. (where her father was a well-known horse breeder and racetrack builder), to her college days at Stanford, the University of California and the Paris Sorbonne, the tall, blue-eyed brunette has proved to be both accomplished and accomplishing.

Best known for portraying unattractive and acidulous spinsters, versatile "Vera" is actually poised, pretty, speaks five languages, has played serious drama on both stage and air. Her comedy feud with comely Frances Langford—pursued in movies for RKO as well as on the Bob Hope show over NBC — is strictly for laughs, since they happen to be the best of friends.

Married to a radio producer now in the Army, the real-life Mrs. Norman Morell is a good housewife and mother, lives on a 5-acre farm, specializes in raising corn—not for its gag value, but simply because it's her favorite vegetable!





OFFICIAL GREETERS: TYLER McVEIGH, LURENE TUTTLE, CHARLIE HALE, CLIFF ARQUETTE, HAL STEVENS, TERRY O'SULLIVAN, WANDA WEREWOLF

Welcome to Glamour Manor

SCREWBALL HOTEL SETUP RAISES LAUGHS FOR DAYTIME DIALERS

TUNE IN MON. THRU FRI. 12 noon E.W.T. (Blue)

GLAMOUR MANOR is like no hotel that ever was or ever will be. With an unequalled staff of fumbling dopes, hand-picked by zany proprietor Cliff Arquette himself, you'd expect this swanky joint to be different—and it certainly is.

There's only one thing the hapless guest doesn't have to worry about—and that's boredom. Between the antics of desk-clerk Tyler McVeigh and 80-year-old busboy *Captain Billy* there's always something doing—to say nothing of the way the looneybin ideas of other guests help the frolic along.

"Glamour Manor's" a comparative newcomer to the air-waves, having hit the ether in July of this year. But Cliff and his affable buffoonery date way back to the time when the "two-a-day" was king of the entertainment world. In his present hilarious comedy cavalcade, Arquette's doing Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde one better—he splits himself up into not two, but three different characters on the same show.

First of all there's just Cliff himself—as lovable, inefficient and wise-cracking owner-manager of the "manor." Cliff's an eternal optimist, can't seem to get himself wrought up just because the hotel's going in the red. In fact, he does his best to help it along from time to time. When a guest confesses she can't pay the bill that week, he's right johnny-on-the-spot with a killing retort: "Well, who can?" That's telling 'em. But business is certainly picking up—only two rooms out of three unoccupied now.

Then, by just donning a bonnet, Cliff turns himself into *Mrs. Wilson*, the hotel's oldest guest. *Mrs. Wilson* really is an oldtimer, dates back to the days when Cliff and a friend were living at his mother's house and work was mighty scarce. When the Sunday roast appeared disguised for the third time during the week, the two actors would assume their old-lady roles and start talking about "the home."

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE) 21

Welcome to Glamour Manor (continued)



GENIAL CHEF QUIGLEY (alias Jack Bailey) can mix a salad if he has to, but prefers frying so he can work in a Crisco commercial.



BUSIER THAN A BEE, every moment of the day, is up-and-coming proprietor Cliff Arquette, shown in a typical frenzy of activity.

Later, about ten years ago, the same quavering voice was heard as *Aunt Addie* on the West Coast show, "Hi Jinks." Putting her on the air is still quite a feat, for to become *Mrs. Wilson* Cliff not only has to change pitch but actually throws his lower jaw out of place.

Favorite role of the comedian is that of the frisky old fraud known as *Captain Billy*. The *Captain's* got a high regard for the truth—so high a regard that he can't bring himself to get anywhere near it. He has more tall stories than creaks in his bones—and that's going some.

Cliff's been playing old men since he was a kid—ever since he saw his father doing them on the stage. Listeners heard him as Jack Benny's father for a while, and then as Rudy Vallee's grandfather. But *Captain Billy* resembles these other veterans only as far as speech is concerned—in personality he's a brand new creation. To get those tones, by the way, Arquette has to get up early in the morning and drink cup after cup of black coffee. Once he gets his Adam's apple oiled up though, he can pull out that voice at will for the rest of the day.

The ingenious comic is quite a character in his own right. A blue-eyed prematurely-grey 37-year-old, he's been on the stage most of his life, first toddled out at the age of two when his folks were in vaudeville. Though a staff of writers is employed to script "Glamour Manor," Cliff's still head contribution man, making up originals and drawing on his collection of 30,000 gags (which he keeps at home in a card index file).

Like many actors, he's superstitious—though not in a conventional way. He's afraid of white cats, for example, but doesn't mind black ones. For seven years, Cliff has worn the same hat to all of his broadcasts, wouldn't consider going on the air without it. Nor is any outsider ever permitted to see the script before program time—like seeing the bride before the wedding, it wouldn't be lucky.

Off the air, the five-feet-eleven gagster has two main interests—his family and making amateur movies. Cliff and his son, Mike, are said to be so much alike that "Pop" has to buy duplicates of all toys, so they won't be jealous of each other. As far as the films are concerned, the zany wag is certainly a tycoon among amateurs. He doesn't limit himself to taking walkies of the Arquette pooch, but leaps enthusiastically into such epics as "Fool's Gold" and "Isle of Bali." Currently, he's busy at work on a history-making production, titled "Goon with the Wind."

A one-man studio in himself, the "movie mogul" writes, directs, acts in, films, scores and edits these projects single-handed. Embryo actors and actresses take most of the parts, but cameraman Arquette abandons his post now and then to stick his nose in the action for a minute. Running them off is the funniest part of it all. They're shown at home, with a turntable doing the background music and sound effects—but all the voices emanate ad-lib from the versatile Arquette tonsils.

Cliff's only one-third of the "feminine" contingent on the program. In addition to *Mrs. Wilson*, there's *Wanda Werewolf* (Bea Benaderet), a Hollywood thriller-queen who carries her screen mannerisms right into "Glamour Manor," and movie-struck would-be-star Lurene Tuttle. Bea remembers radio in its infant days, when an actress had to be able to do almost everything around the studios—including spanking the bottom of the mike when reception was bad. Nearest Miss Benaderet ever came in real life to a *Wanda Werewolf* type of role was an audition for a Disney cartoon witch. Unfortunately, she never had a chance to see just

how gruesome she could be, as a broken leg automatically ended her broomstick-riding ambitions.

Lurene, like "boss" Cliff, was on the stage at two, following in the footsteps of minstrel-man father and dramatics-teacher grandfather. Miss Tuttle remembers with glee that her talents were a great source of embarrassment to the family, as the youngster firmly insisted on performing at all parties whether anybody wanted to see her or not. In private life, the copper-haired actress is married to Major Melville Ruick, former Hollywood announcer, and is bringing up 11-year-old Barbara Joan in the footlight tradition.

On Monday, Wednesday and Friday shows (Tuesday and Thursday are audience participation programs), music takes an important part in the proceedings. Baton-waver for the madcap scramble is a Hoosier boy, Charlie Hale. The "Jack Carson Show," the "Judy Canova Show," "Scramby Antby" and "Corliss Archer" are just a few of the successes Charlie has already chalked up to his credit—and his only ambition is to keep on adding to the list.

Vocalist Hal Stevens is a Chicago lad, got his start playing the guitar in a chop suey joint. Hal says he's nervous as a wet hen on the stage, but the mike looks friendly. Ask the handsome lad what he likes, and he'll say "all types of women." (P. S. to the ladies—Hal's happily married, and his pet memory is the first time he kissed his wife.)

Though it may have its faults, the "Glamour Manor" hotel is a hospitable kind of place, and even the announcers find themselves wandering through its rooms now and then. Terry O'Sullivan and Jack Bailey are never quite sure whether they're in for straight commercials—or wacky roles as actors. Whichever it is, they—and the listeners—seem to like it.



GIVING THE JITTERS to Captain Billy is actress Wanda Werewolf (played by Bea Benaderet) who takes her horror-picture parts seriously.



REAL STARS OF THE SHOW ARE LITTLE OLD MRS. WILSON AND FRISKY BRAGGER CAPTAIN BILLY—BOTH PLAYED BY CLIFF ARQUETTE HIMSELF

TUNE IN "The Biggest Show in Town"

every night on CBS coast-to-coast

You saw (in the November issue of TUNE-IN) the brilliant pageant of CBS' Sunday programs. Here are some of the great performers on CBS who offer Americans every weekday night the best listening in the world.

For "million-dollar" entertainment just keep your dial pegged to your local CBS station. If you want a colored postcard of any of these portrait-sketches, just write CBS, 485 Madison Ave., New York 22—and say which.

TUESDAYS at 9:00 p.m. EWT



BURNS AND ALLEN. George Burns continues to take his weekly going-over from starry-eyed Gracie Allen. Gracie is now a famous newspaper columnist. It may seem strange that they still love each other, but it's not at all strange why all America loves them

WEDNESDAYS at 8:30 p.m. EWT



JEAN HERSHOLT. Everybody's favorite doctor is concentrated into the warm, compassionate personality of Jean Hersholt. These tender weekly dramas—the prize-winning scripts submitted by listeners—tug at the heartstrings of millions of American listeners. DR. CHRISTIAN.

WEDNESDAYS at 10:30 p.m. EWT



NELSON EDDY. The readers of *Musical America* who take their music seriously and with discrimination voted Nelson Eddy the "best male vocalist on the air". Listen to the colorful program dominated by his brilliant lyric voice every week on the ELECTRIC HOUR.

FRIDAYS at 8:30 p.m. EWT



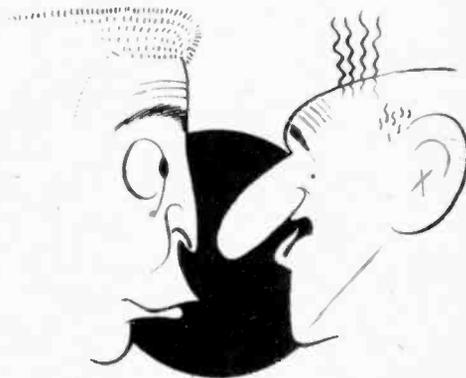
THE THIN MAN. The crisp, debonair, hard-boiled detective Nick Charles and his charming wife Nora, created by the noted detective-story writer Dashiell Hammett, move swiftly through a series of baffling comedy-mysteries. ADVENTURES OF THE THIN MAN

FRIDAYS at 9:00 p.m. EWT



TOM HOWARD. Q. What season of the year is best for Spring Cleaning? That's the sort of question you're likely to hear from that mad quiz master who cavorts with his irritable cronies on Friday nights over CBS. Listen and guffaw to IT PAYS TO BE IGNORANT.

FRIDAYS at 10:00 p.m. EWT



JIMMY DURANTE and GARRY MOORE—America's most brilliant zanies, assisted in their mad antics by that shadowy figment of Durante's brain (?) Umbriago! Wotta trio! Wotta program! Everybody tries to get into the act! MOORE-DURANTE SHOW

MONDAYS at 8:30 p.m. EWT; SATURDAYS.
9:00 p.m. EWT



FRANK SINATRA. For his meteoric rise from comparative obscurity to the singing sensation of the past two years, "The Voice" still holds all records. He's back at CBS (after making his third picture in Hollywood) to sing on THE FRANK SINATRA SHOW and YOUR HIT PARADE

MONDAYS at 9:00 p.m. EWT



CECIL B. DeMILLE, famed Hollywood producer, presents the greatest plays of the season with their original stars for an hour of superb entertainment. The program which has won 45 awards in 10 years from America's most astute radio critics. LUX RADIO THEATRE.

TUESDAYS at 8:00 p.m. EWT



BIG TOWN. Steve Wilson, crusading editor of the town's leading newspaper dedicates himself weekly to cleaning up the criminal elements that roam the city's streets in a series of rapid-fire breathtaking adventures that keep you glued to your loudspeaker.

THURSDAYS at 9:00 p.m. EWT



MAJOR BOWES. Chances are you're hearing the star performers of tomorrow when you listen to the Major's amateur hour and to the man who has discovered more of America's hidden talent, than any other single individual. Good to the last gong. MAJOR BOWES' AMATEURS.

THURSDAYS at 9:30 p.m. EWT



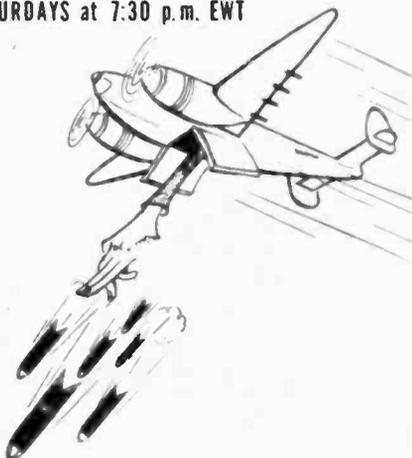
JANET WALDO, who has endeared herself to the hearts of America's teen-age girls and their parents, as she moves, moment to moment, from black despair to transports of joy and back again. She strides through a half hour of wacky, delightful entertainment. CORLISS ARCHER.

FRIDAYS at 8:00 p.m. EWT



DICKIE JONES, far better known as Henry Aldrich, continues to lead his family a merry chase. Dickie started his radio career at 5, singing cowboy songs. Now on CBS, this wonderful and typical American boy gives you a half-hour of pure delight. THE ALDRICH FAMILY.

SATURDAYS at 7:30 p.m. EWT



AMERICA IN THE AIR. A thrilling dramatization of the exploits of the United States Army Air Forces based on actual experiences of men in all branches of this service. Tune in this patriotic program bringing to you some of the most romantic episodes of the war.

SATURDAYS at 8:00 p.m. EWT



DANNY KAYE. Opening the first Saturday in 1945, this amazing mimic and master of double talk who has danced, jaked and sung his way into the hearts of American stage and screen audiences will give you one of radio's happiest half-hours. THE DANNY KAYE PROGRAM

This is CBS...
the Columbia
Broadcasting
System





TRUE TO THE PROGRAM'S FORMAT, THE CHOIR IS MADE UP OF SEMI-PROFESSIONAL MUSICIANS WHO WORK AT OTHER TRADES ON WEEKDAYS

Your America

SPONSOR AND EMPLOYEES UNITE IN A TRIBUTE TO THEIR HOMELAND

TUNE IN SUN. 4 P.M. E.W.T. (Mutual)

UNLIKE some other flag-waving programs, "Your America" fully lives up to its patriotic title. Primarily aimed at acquainting all 48 states with the vast but often-unsung industries of the entire West and Middle West, each broadcast "picks up" spokesmen for these varied projects.

Meanwhile, in providing musical interludes under the direction of maestro Leo Kopp, the program also offers an interesting example of employer-worker cooperation. Only network show to originate regularly from Omaha—headquarters of the sponsoring Union Pacific Railroad—"Your America"

uses local talent almost exclusively, at standard union rates. More than half of the musicians work for the U. P. itself. Regular soloist Grace Helson McTernan is daughter of a retired conductor. Tenor Jack Wright is a locomotive fireman. Baritone Wilmar Griffin is a checker in traffic.

The others, all amateurs or semi-professionals, are variously employed in and around the busy Nebraska city. Week nights, they rehearse enthusiastically "after hours." Then, on Sundays, they literally bring to America the truly authentic voice of the average music-loving, native Middle-Westerner.



DORIS ROGERS, orchestra cellist, works in the Union Pacific accounting department.



SALVATORE CATANIA is an expert steam-fitter in the railroad shops weekdays. Sundays, he's an equally expert saxophonist in the company's "Your America" broadcasts over Mutual.



ALFRED FANCIULLO does riveting by day, plays a clarinet at night—in rehearsal. In both cases, he has the same employer, since the railroad is also the sponsor of the program.



PAT EGAN, of the chorus, is manager of the Union Station restaurant in Omaha, too.



JACK WRIGHT, tenor soloist, makes music while working as a locomotive fireman.



FOUR PRETTY VIOLINISTS help make up the string section of the "Your America" orchestra. From left to right, they are: Jane Griffith, Joyce Ralph, Valoria Larimer, and Barbara Rose.



DAVE STREET

**"DAVIS-HALEY SHOW" TENOR
IS EXPERT ON CHOIR MUSIC**

TUNE IN THURS. 9:30 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

HANDSOME, successful and not-yet-crowding 30, tenor Dave Street is sitting on top of the world right now. With his Thursday-night warbling on the "Joan Davis-Jack Haley Show" drawing ever increasing plaudits from fans, it looks as if the curly-haired Los Angeles lad has hit the big-time for sure.

Nothing like swelled-head-itis has yet affected the Street cranium, however. Though Dave is at present on one of radio's top programs, he remembers only too well the days when things weren't so rosy, when good friends were hard to find. One of his pals during that period was Bob Mitchell, director of the

boys' choir at St. Brendan's Church in Los Angeles. Mitchell encouraged the youngster to sing, put him in the choir, and gave him many musical pointers which have proved signposts to fame.

Dave believes that early training as a choir singer gave texture to his voice, and made it possible for him to rate one of the toughest assignments on the air—following in the time-hallowed footsteps of top-drawer vocalist Rudy Vallee. When, early in 1943 (after his own medical discharge from the Army), he heard that old standby Bob Mitchell was going into the Navy, he took over the choir at St. Brendan's himself. He's still there, too, doing his stint of solos every Sunday, and helping other kids get ready for the big chances of the future.

Dave knows what a helping hand means, being a graduate of the school of hard knocks himself. Left fatherless at an early age, he saw the family finances disappear completely with the 1929 crash, remembers what a tough job it was for his mother and younger sister to thumb their way back to Los Angeles from New York.

Things looked brighter after Mom found work, and Dave was able to turn his attention to junior high school lessons. His choice of a musical career was a fluke—teacher said he had to study either art or music, and he couldn't stand the smell of oil paints.

It was just luck that he had a natural talent for music, and was soon taking every course the school had to offer: arranging, harmony, trios, swing, dance bands, conducting. The Street prodigy also took instruction in piano, string bass, saxophone, drums and bass horn—plus working in a little daily singing practice on the side.

All that energetic application paid off, Dave felt, when he got a job singing and playing string bass with Hal Grayson's orchestra. (The official debut had been made even before that—on an amateur show with two other teen-aged lads, crooning "Tiny Little Fingerprints.") Soon the ambitious virtuoso was going the heartbreak route to show-business success: nightclub routines and one-night stands with bands, small parts with short-run stage shows, screen tests that didn't pan out.

That shiny-blue-serge era's all behind him now, though, and the tenor can boast of an opening wedge in pictures as well as recognition in radio. Still modest and unassuming, Dave counts as a banner day the time Bing said: "I heard you the other night. You sing fine."

BIG SISTER

SERIAL HEROINE SETS AN EXAMPLE OF UNSELFISHNESS AND COURAGE

TUNE IN MON. THRU FRI. 12:15 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)



A "BIG SISTER" TO THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY, RUTH IS ALSO AN UNDERSTANDING AND SYMPATHETIC WIFE TO HUSBAND DR. JOHN WAYNE

LISTENERS who tune in to "Big Sister" often wish there was a *Ruth Wayne* in their home towns. In more than eight years on the air, this *Glens Falls* paragon has met almost every conceivable type of misfortune, either in her own life or in the lives of her neighbors—but no situation is too complicated, no problem too big for her to solve.

Perhaps one reason for the success of the serial is that Marjorie Anderson can really put her heart into the title role. "I guess it was just a case of 'type casting,'" the copper-

haired actress says. "In the script, *Big Sister* is always trying to help people who are in trouble, or who have a hard time getting along. I have always been interested in welfare work myself."

While Marjorie was a finishing school student, she startled her beaux by turning down fashionable tea dances in favor of social service in New York City's Hell's Kitchen. Most of the other debutantes spent their free time on beauty parlors and shopping sprees, but this pretty lass kept herself busy

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



WALDO BRIGGS EDITS THE PAPER FOR PUBLISHER FRANK WAYNE

organizing a Junior Auxiliary to the Little Mothers Aid Association and taking care of underprivileged youngsters in the Loving Arms Day Nursery. On one occasion, an appealing little boy was left homeless when his mother became ill. Marjorie took the lad and kept him till his mother was able to look after him herself.

Now Miss Anderson is married to prominent engineer Robert LeFaucheur, and puts her knowledge of children to good use taking care of six-year-old daughter Lynne. She's never forgotten the less fortunate tykes at the Loving Arms Nursery though, and both mother and daughter take part in the holiday celebrations there.

Script husband *Dr. John Wayne* is played by well-known radio and stage favorite Staats Cotsworth. The Chicago-born actor handles the difficult part of a highstrung and moody doctor with ease, for he has played all types of characters in his many years behind the footlights. Starting out as a mural painter, Staats gave up art to tread the boards with Eva Le Gallienne in her 14th Street Repertory Theatre, and first attracted attention as the *Mad Hatter* in "Alice in Wonderland."

From that successful 14th Street run, he stepped to Broadway in support of Jane Cowl, and then followed through with stock and touring company appearances. Known as an outstandingly versatile performer, Mr. Cotsworth's dramatic history runs the gamut from "Macbeth" and "Othello" to Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" and the title role in "Casey, Press Photographer." Alert and energetic, the young virtuoso likes to keep abreast of the times and takes pride in being able to alternate between mike and legitimate stage.

Most unusual character in the serial is *Frank Wayne, Dr. John's* brother. In most daytime dramas, "bad men" appear only occasionally and are written out of the script when the episode ends. *Frank*, however, has been creating havoc in "Big Sister" for five years—and is likely to continue indefi-

UNSCRUPULOUS FRANK WAYNE PRETENDS TO GIVE GOOD ADVICE TO HIS WARD, RICKI LENYA—BUT HAS HIS OWN INTERESTS AT HEART



nity. Chief reason for that is actor Eric Dressler. The charming, curly-haired five-foot-ten-er does such a magnificent job as a villain that listeners have grown attached to him. So, author Julian Funt has to content himself with foiling *Frank's* evil machinations now and then—but the scoundrel never really gets his just deserts.

Object of the "bad guy's" attentions just now is lovely young refugee *Ricki Lenya*, played by former screen siren Ann Shepherd. The diminutive beauty (5 feet 1 inch tall) speaks perfect English in real life, but loses herself in the part and never forgets her foreign accent on the air. Ann had no intention of being an actress originally, but became one to please her father. He was managing a Polish troupe in "*The Dybbuk*" and needed someone for the role of a little boy. Ann was already of high school age, but so tiny that Dad enlisted her aid—and launched her on a career.

Other "Big Sister" favorites are kid brother *Neddie Wayne* (played by Michael O'Day), his friend and neighbor, *Eunice* (Susan Douglas), friendly *Dr. Carvell* (Santos Ortega) and newspaper editor *Waldo Briggs* (Horace Braham).

Michael's one of the original members of the cast, was not-quite-twelve when he first acted *Neddie* in 1936. That wasn't his debut, however, for even at that age Mike was a blase veteran with six years experience under his belt. Now he's interested in studying pharmacy—but it looks as if radio doesn't want to give him up.

One of the most interesting things about the entire group is the informality and ease with which they work together. Daily associations have made them practically a "family," and rehearsals have become a sort of "gabfest" in which practice and fun are combined. Perhaps the spirit of cooperation and helpfulness, which has been the theme of "Big Sister" for so many years, has had something to do with that.



NEIGHBOR EUNICE AND NEDDIE WAYNE HELP RUTH WITH THE DISHES

"BIG SISTER" SOMETIMES NEEDS ADVICE, TOO, AND FINDS IT COMFORTING TO TELL HER TROUBLES TO OLD FAMILY FRIEND DR. CARVELL





MERCER FAMILY TRIO AT HOME: BLUE-EYED JOHNNY HIMSELF, FLAXEN-HAIRED DAUGHTER AMANDA, AND SLENDER, DARK-HAIRED WIFE GINGER

Private Life Of Johnny Mercer

THE SINGING SONGWRITER HAS NEVER LOST HIS SOUTHERN ACCENT

TUNE IN MON. THRU FRI. 7 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

SOMETIMES a man's roots go so deeply into the soil of his own section of the country that they're more than the result of mere geographical boundaries. No matter where he goes, he carries his homeland with him. It's that way with Johnny Mercer of "Music Shop" fame. The singing songwriter has traveled far from his birthplace in Savannah, Georgia, hasn't lived below the historic Mason-Dixon line since he was a "prep" school student in Virginia, but he's never lost the touch of Dixie in his drawling voice or ambling gait. The Deep South is forever part of Johnny.

That's obvious to anyone who has ever heard his music or actually seen the snub-nosed, downy-haired music-maker in person. Nevertheless—though Johnny's a gregarious soul

who would rather ride in a bus with the gang than lord it in a lonely limousine—there are only a few people who know how far from superficial the Mercer Southern-ness is.

They're the intimate friends who hear him in his purely personal vocal "jam sessions," those who know him well enough to coax him into these solo living-room performances. Maybe it's the "world premiere" of a new song he's just written, maybe it's some early musical memory which fits his mood. Whatever the starting point, Johnny is nearly always a bit self-conscious when he begins, warms up as he goes along, may croon (in the oldest sense of the word) a dozen tunes before he stops. He just sits there, hunched forward in his chair, his eyes squinched up, foot tapping

gently on the floor, and lets the Deep South in him spill over in ballads, nursery rhymes, blues and rhythm numbers.

Probably Johnny himself doesn't know how much of these he makes up or adds on the spur of the moment. Like the anonymous folk minstrels who first saved these simple songs and passed them on, he probably throws in a lot of improvisation en route. He has a phonographic memory, a mind well-stocked with records of old-time themes which have never been published or preserved on wax, and also has a natural ability for ad-libbing extra verses or "patter."

His own published songs, of course, are original, either with him or with the composers with whom he has worked. Johnny has collaborated with such topnotch tunesmiths as Jerome Kern, Vernon Duke, Harold Arlen, Hoagy Carmichael, has turned out the lyrics for such smash hits as "Blues In the Night," "Jeepers Creepers," "That Old Black Magic." Admittedly a worse than mediocre pianist—he picks out tunes with the one-finger method, is forever starting piano lessons and then giving them up—he has also been responsible for both words and music of such other successes as "I'm An Old Cowhand," "Strip Polka," "G. I. Jive."

All told, the Mercer output has reached the astonishing total of more than 500 songs written, at least 150 published, some 60 achieving best-selling brackets. First big success stemmed from a tune which Carmichael brought him under the name of "Snowball." Johnny kicked it around quite a bit before it came up as "Lazy Bones"—which the 35-year-old lyricist considers practically autobiographical.

An easy-going, affable chap who has never been known to "blow up," is often late for appointments, takes everything in his stride, Johnny himself believes he's just about the laziest man alive. Nevertheless, the singing, song-writing emcee—whose light voice and general air of boyishness belie his actual five-feet-eleven-inches and 170 pounds—can turn out ten songs a week, when in the groove.

In fact, Mercer has been known to start and finish a new number within half an hour. "Goody, Goody," for instance, was produced in 45 minutes. Inspiration may come from almost any source. "You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby" was the result of his wife's laughing remark upon seeing a family-album photo of the infant Johnny on a bearskin rug. "Mandy Is Two" was written for daughter Amanda.

Songs, of course, are the milestones of the Mercer career. First he ever wrote was "Sister Susie, Strut Your Stuff," at 15. First to attract any attention was "Out of Breath and Scared to Death of You," at 19—which landed in "The Garrick Gaieties," though Johnny failed in his actor's audition for the same revue. First break he got as a performer was with Paul Whiteman, who not only gave him a chance to sing with his band but also plugged such typical Mercerisms as "Here Come the British With a Bang! Bang!"

A home-loving lad, Johnny does most of his writing in his own house, a comfortable place which looks more like New England than either his beloved Southland or the Hollywood in which it's actually located. There's no special study set aside for him (he has an office downtown, as president of Capitol Records), but plenty of space is devoted to Armanda's use—swings, slides, a fairy-tale playhouse.

Johnny adores his flaxen-haired little daughter, now just at going-to-school age. And Amanda, who virtually disrupts broadcasts with her enthusiastic hopping up and down in the front row, idolizes her music-making dad, though she has no hesitation about telling him when she doesn't like something about a new number. Johnny pays attention, too—which makes Amanda the youngest influential critic in the business!



MANDY'S PLAYHOUSE IS A BIT TOO SMALL FOR PAPA MERCER



AT WORK ON A NEW SONG, JOHNNY FISHES IN THE DICTIONARY



MARION LOVERIDGE

THE 16-YEAR-OLD "BETSY ROSS GIRL" IS A VETERAN RADIO STAR

TUNE IN SUN. 11:45 A.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

THERE isn't much room for youngsters in radio, where Hollywood's child-star system has never really caught hold. A few good roles in serial dramas and occasional guest spots on variety programs are about all that talented tots can hope for, in the invisible medium. It

isn't how cute they look. It's how well they sound—and they have to sound as well as any adult in the field.

That's why Marion Loveridge is one of radio's few child stars. At 16, the one-time baby singer of Brooklyn has spent half her life within hailing dis-

tance of a mike, rates her present star billing only because her Helen-Morganish contralto can honestly compete with older "pin-up" vocalists.

For that matter, Marion is already a pin-up girl herself, in a youthful sort of way. High spot of her career so far

was her appearance at the national convention of the Military Order of the Purple Heart last summer, as their official sweetheart for 1944.

Quite typically, the slim, fresh-faced brunette wasn't so much impressed by the homage paid her as she was fascinated by the trip itself, still remembers most vividly seeing the sights of Lancaster, Pennsylvania—particularly President Buchanan's old home and the quaintly-dressed Amish people.

Interest in things historical and all-American comes naturally to NBC's much-publicized "Betsy Ross Girl," who won her title for her spirited rendition of songs about Old Glory throughout her decade on the air, merits the flag-waving tag even more for her numerous patriotic activities to date.

Not only does Marion make many appearances as a radio star, singing at bond rallies, war benefits, servicemen's canteens and hospitals, but she takes an active part in every salvage campaign in her own neighborhood, purely as a private (non-voting) citizen.

Being in show business has had little effect on the Loveridge home life. Marion still lives with her parents in the same Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn where she was born, roots herself hoarse for the Dodgers, keeps up with the friendships she formed at the local high school she attended until her professional commitments made it necessary for her to study with tutors.

She doesn't dress like either a radio star or an obvious "child prodigy"—no vampish high heels and no bobby socks, either. The one concession her costume makes to youth is a dazzling array of lapel ornaments—a service bar from one brother-in-law in the Navy, a souvenir pin from another in the Army, a Navy emblem from the cowboy singer with whom she used to co-star, and a pair of not-quite-official "wings" she confesses she bought herself.

Otherwise, Marion's great passions of the moment are eating and jitterbugging, her biggest expenditures for ice cream and records—either the latest hits or replacements for those which the younger smart set has lindy-ed into, when rugs are rolled back for dancing in the Loveridge apartment.

As for the future, Marion has her heart set on Hollywood, where she would undoubtedly be the envy of all other girls—if only because she eats everything she wants (including gobs of mayonnaise on all but her beloved ice cream) and never adds an ounce to her trim 5-foot-3, 107-pound figure!



A DODGER FAN, THE SINGER KEEPS A SCRAPBOOK ABOUT HER FAVORITE BASEBALL TEAM



MARION (AT RIGHT) WITH 6-YEAR-OLD BOBBY HOOKEY AND THE DANIELS FAMILY TRIO



THE "PURPLE HEART" SWEETHEART WITH THE NATIONAL AND PENNSYLVANIA COMMANDERS

MINNIE PEARL

YODELING GOSSIP OF "GRAND OLE OPRY"
KNOWS HER HILLBILLY-ISMS FIRST-HAND

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



IN REAL LIFE, MINNIE'S AN UP-TO-DATE AND WELL-GROOMED MISS

MINNIE PEARL's beginning to get worried about Grinder's Switch. So many strange folks have been nosing around her Tennessee town lately, that she's afraid it won't be homey any more. And if it gets any bigger, how on earth will she ever keep up on what the neighbors are doing?

Of course, *Minnie* started the boom herself. Nobody'd ever heard of Grinder's Switch (a railroad siding about three miles from Centerville) till its leading citizen started yarning about the place on the "Grand Ole Opry" program. That was back in 1940, when the gossiping coquette had no idea that her whistle-stop tidbits were going to make headlines right along with scandals from more populous spots like Washington, D. C. and New York, N. Y. In the last four years though, public interest has grown to such a point that *Minnie's* had to put out a monthly *Gazette* (which sells for 25 cents, by the way) to get in all the juicy items she's had to omit from her Saturday night skits.

Down in Centerville, *Minnie's* friends still call her "Ophy." They remember when she was li'l tomboy Ophelia



STUDIO AUDIENCES GET A BIG KICK OUT OF THIS CORNY COSTUME



THE NO. 1 GOSSIP OF GRINDER'S SWITCH GETS OFF A GOOD ONE

Colley, with a passion for raising her more-or-less-musical voice in hillbilly screeches at all the school and church affairs. She got the parts because she would do anything: sing, dance, blackface, emote or slapstick. By and by, Ophy grew up, graduated from Centerville high school and went to junior college in Nashville to study "expression"—what city slickers call "dramatics."

'Round about 1932, the rustic comedienne got her first job—teaching the Centerville lads and gals what she'd learned about "expression." Soon she was traveling around to various Southern towns, telling the country kids how to put on plays and shows. *Minnie Pearl* was actually born in Alabama, while Ophy was boarding out with an old couple who lived near the "larnin' house" where she was working. In the ten days she stayed with them, the bumptious lass was treated to a menu of hillbilly dialect that sent her into hysterics. There and then she invented *Minnie*—a hilariously exaggerated composite of all the mountain and country girls she'd known, worked with and loved.

Ophy kept *Minnie* in the background for a long time, developing her jerky, angular gestures and highly flavored speech for the benefit of a few friends. Eventually, however, the mountaineer lass made her debut before a bankers' convention in Centerville—and found herself an overwhelming hit, with a "Grand Ole Opry" contract right in the bag.

Surprising thing about it all is that *Minnie* seems to have swallowed Ophy's personality completely, so that even off-stage college-educated Miss Cooley is now given to back-slapping, soprano shrieks and yokelisms. Ophy's much more attractive, though, and prefers tailored suits to antiquated, starched frocks. Unlike *Minnie*, too, she's had many a chance to marry—including proposals by mail from "Opry" fans.



MINNIE'S ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A MAN, FINDS NO TAKERS



MIMICKING THE KINFOLKS BACK HOME IS A PART OF THE ROUTINE



TOMMY AND HIS PRETTY WIFE, DARE, ARE REAL BUSINESS PARTNERS, SHARING THE PROBLEMS AND REWARDS OF BANDLEADING TOGETHER

NOBODY could be further from a jazz maniac than Tommy Tucker. Quiet and conservative, with strict ideas about discipline, the 40-year-old maestro stands no nonsense about temperament, runs his band like a business. And he's been able to prove that the executive approach to "pop" music pays off in cash — and big-time success.

Tommy never meant to be a bandleader at all — though he certainly had the background for it. Back home in Souris, North Dakota, Pop and Mom were the musical highlights of all the local festivities. From the time he was two years old, young T.T. was packed up and taken along to all the gala oc-

TOMMY TUCKER

casions, so that Mom could keep an eye on him while she strummed the piano and Pop played the fiddle.

It was typical of the Tucker sprig's practical approach to life that he was turning his talents into income before reaching his teens. At twelve, Tommy's

tooting on the cornet was earning him spending money — at the rate of two greenbacks a performance. By the time the lad reached college age, he'd decided to major in musical theory — but not for love of it, only because he had to major in something, he says. You can't go through college, except in the movies, without getting involved in study.

At any rate, the University of North Dakota didn't seem aware of his lack of interest, and presented him with the highest academic honor, a Phi Beta Kappa key. Tommy was known on the campus for other things besides scholarship, for he played on the varsity baseball team, joined the debating soci-

ety, and took a leading part in college politics. (Tucker's never lost that interest in politics, by the way, and hopes to jump into the vote-getting game with both feet when he finally retires from band leading.)

It wasn't any of these activities, however, which started T.T. on his career. During summer vacations, he and a group of classmates had played dance dates as a means of making money. Shortly after graduation, the boys got together again, and Tucker organized an orchestra of his own.

Nowadays the Tucker outfit plays a swingy, rhythmic style that makes it a great success with fans. Originally, however, the baton-wielder gave out with sweet, smooth, easily danceable music which appealed to the older folks rather than the jitterbug crowd. Though the aggregation had a steady following for years, it never made top ratings till about 1939, when a series of hit recordings skyrocketed the boys to overnight fame.

Biggest success was the Tucker version of "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire" and the band followed through with another musical bombshell, "The Man Who Comes Around." Ever since those two numbers hit the ether, Tom-

my's been the "man who comes around" — to the biggest hotels and theatres all over the country — and then proceeds to "set the world on fire."

Unusual angle on the Tucker band is the important place taken by Tommy's wife, Dare. Dare's a real help-mate, for she not only travels everywhere with the boys but takes care of all the secretarial and accounting angles for the outfit. In addition, she's made herself an expert on make-up and scenic effects, and lends the feminine touch by picking out dresses for the vocalists.

The Tuckers call Allenhurst, New Jersey, home — though they never have a chance to see much of it and have to spend most of their time on the road. Even when the couple hits New York, they find it easier to stay at the Astor Hotel, so that they can get to and from their closely-scheduled, engagements without the inconvenience of commuting.

Tommy's real passion is fishing, and like other ardent anglers he'll travel 75 or 100 miles between playing dates to get in a couple of relaxing hours with rod and reel. The maestro's not the sloppy, battered-hat-and-muddy-pants type of sportsman, though, and

is always a meticulous dresser, preferring well-tailored, conservative clothes for all occasions.

Aside from fishing, the bandleader is most interested in keeping up on world affairs, has definite and strong opinions on most subjects but doesn't trot them out till he's asked. Tommy was one of the first bandleaders to take care of his men called into service, by arranging to pay them part salary during their absence. It was after talking to servicemen, too, that he decided to add his girl trio, "The Three Two-Timers" to his aggregation. "Statistics may show that there are now three girls to every boy in the country," says Tommy, "but hundreds of servicemen, some of whom haven't seen any girls for months on duty, would like to know where these girls are, when G. I. Joe is looking for a date! Next best thing is looking at three typical American girls like our trio is composed of."

Active, energetic and practical, the maestro works hard on projects to improve the "pop" music field. Right now, he's trying to outlaw "band raiding"—the practice of "stealing" musicians from rivals. And when Tommy Tucker really sets out to do something, he usually accomplishes it before giving up.



TOMMY TUCKER CHOOSES HIS BOYS FOR GOOD MUSICIANSHIP, IS SURE THEY CAN CHANGE THEIR STYLE TO FOLLOW THE PUBLIC TREND



NILA MACK LOVES CHILDREN, ENJOYS ENTERTAINING SOME OF THE "LET'S PRETEND" PROTEGES IN HER COMFORTABLE NEW YORK HOME



FOURTEEN YEARS AGO: PAT RYAN, GWEN DAVIES, FLORENCE HALOP, BILLY HALOP, DONALD HUGHES AND LESTER JAY WITH MISS MACK

LET'S PRETEND

**NILA MACK BRINGS FAIRY TALES
TO LIFE FOR EAGER YOUNGSTERS**

TUNE IN SAT. 11:05 A.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

When Nila Mack's "Let's Pretend" goes on the air, a prosaic radio studio is suddenly transformed into fairyland. At least, that's the way it seems to the peanut-munching pigtail watchers, who sit enthralled as beautiful princesses and handsome princes re-tell the old, well-loved tales of childhood.

It was more than fourteen years ago that Nila Mack first started inviting listeners to board her magic carpet and join her in the realms of fantasy. Since then, the creative writer-director-producer has discovered that her adaptations

and original stories appeal not only to those young in years, but to dialers of all ages who are still young in heart. Some of the original "family" of young actors are still on "Let's Pretend," and Miss Mack has seen them grow from children to talented adults.

Many have found the juvenile program a springboard to fame, and have made names for themselves on Broadway or in Hollywood. There's no such thing as a "Let's Pretend" alumnus, however, and all return now and then to the broadcast on which they first started.

THE PRESENT: STILL "LET'S PRETEND-ERS," THE SAME GROUP POSED ONCE MORE JUST BEFORE THE BOYS LEFT FOR THE ARMED SERVICES



THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

BEHIND THE BANDSTAND

by BOB EARLE

FRANK SINATRA, whose sensational rise has made him the brunt of thousands of jokes and jibes, shows both sincerity and a sense of humor in singing his theatre version of "Everything Happens to Me." One of the cutest parodies we have heard, the laugh-provoking lyrics poke fun at the bobby-socks baron for his so-called "bad press" on such topics as what he thinks of Hollywood.



GINNIE POWELL

Bandleader Vaughn Monroe will add a string section to his orchestra for his next recording date. The singing maestro intends to keep the strings, once they are added, making his one of the three or four "name" swing bands in the country using a violin section.

Buddy Stewart and Ginnie Powell are the vocalists with Gene Krupa's sensational new band, which carries more than 30 musicians and is breaking house records wherever it plays. Buddy was formerly with Claude Thornhill's band. Ginnie, "ex" with Jerry Wald, is the girl for whom we predicted things in one of our first "Behind the Bandstand" columns.

Ask some of those returning vets what a wonderful job Dinah Shore did in France! At many, stations, battle-weary soldiers slept for the first time, after listening to her soothing voice. Bing Crosby did a similar job for homesick servicemen and deserves similar plaudits for his trans-Atlantic trek.

Dots Between Dashes: Best small group since the King Cole Trio is the new Phil Moore Four. Phil is composer of such ditties as "Shoo Shoo Baby" and "I'm Gonna See My Baby" . . . Woody Herman's will probably be the next band to become America's No. 1 swing organization . . . Woody has added a vibraharp to his ensemble. The new member is Marjorie Hyams, who plays excellent jazz on the instrument . . . The Benny Goodman quintet—featuring Teddy Wilson, Sid Weiss and Red Norvo on piano, bass and xylophone—should be appearing on Broadway by the time you read this, in Billy Rose's "The Seven Lively Arts."

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

(in alphabetical order)

DANCE WITH A DOLLY
EVELINA
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE
TO KISS ME IN THE MOONLIGHT
LET ME LOVE YOU TONIGHT
PLEASE DON'T SAY "NO"

STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT
STRANGE MUSIC
THE TROLLEY SONG
THIS CHRISTMAS
TOGETHER

Latest Popular Recordings

WHISPERING — Tommy Dorsey, Frank Sinatra (Victor): This perfect combination of smooth bandwork, relaxed singing and exciting harmonic and rhythmic effects features Tommy's trombone and Sinatra's voice.

THE TROLLEY SONG — Four King Sisters (Bluebird): Extra reason for this tune's popularity is the King Sisters' good all-vocal performance. Another excellent version is recorded by the Pied Pipers on Capitol.

AND THEN YOU KISSED ME—Bob Strong (Hit): With the vocal aid of a very capable newcomer — Don Carmichael—Strong weaves an arrangement around this lovely ballad which assures it of a high record rating.

HELPLESS — Glenn Miller (Victor): Miller and Ray Eberle are once more presented on wax. It's a treat to hear Glenn's distinctive band again.

SQUEEZE ME — Art Hodes (Blue Note): Pianist Hodes coralled some of Manhattan's finest jazz instrumentalists for 12-inch discs of "Bugle Call Rag," "Sugar Foot Stomp," "Sweet Georgia Brown," "Squeeze Me." Latter is best of a good lot, with Vic Dickenson and Ed Hall playing stellar "tailgate" trombone and clarinet.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN—Hal McIntyre (Victor): A new Cole Porter tune debuts here, with Jerry Stuart delighting bobby-soxers in a topnotch vocal rendition. McIntyre's Ellington-styled band forms an unusual and interesting setting for the song.

WHO DAT UP DERE? — Woody Herman (Decca): If there's a more entertaining vocalist than Woody Herman, we would very much appreciate an introduction. No matter what the material, Woody always gives a class-A rendition. His work on this is superb.



WOODY HERMAN

ON THE SERIOUS SIDE

NEWS AND PREVIEWS

Classical composition is an expensive hobby, according to Mark Schubart. The *New York Times* music critic estimates that it costs a composer approximately \$1,110—exclusive of time involved—mainly for copying and blue-printing the score and parts. In return, the composer can expect to receive \$50 for the world premiere, \$25 for each subsequent performance!

After his honorable discharge from the Army, Erich Leinsdorf went to Havana, where he rehearsed that city's orchestra and conducted its first concerts. The former conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra has later engagements to fill in America, including some at the Metropolitan Opera.

Operetta king Sigmund Romberg has composed a new one—"Way Up in Central Park," to be produced by Michael Todd. Setting is New York in the 1870's . . . Arnold Schoenberg is being feted in the longest birthday celebration we can recall. The entire orchestra season is interwoven with his work, saluting the great composer's entrance into his seventieth year . . . Marian

Anderson has received a silver cup from the Hollywood Bowl. Her first appearance there shattered a 10-year attendance record, with a turnout of 20,000 eager listeners!

Since 1919, when the historic New Orleans Opera House burned to the ground, music dramas have had to shuttle about the city, wherever performances could be given. Now, however, sufficient funds have been raised by civic-spirited Robert Loubat to purchase new land and, by 1945, Loubat expects to have enough money to start building operations on an exact replica of the original opera house.

Gladys Swarthout, who opened the Chicago Opera season singing the mezzo soprano title role in "Carmen," has something else to be very proud of. Her husband, Frank Chapman, is now a captain in the U.S. Marine Corps.



GLADYS SWARTHOUT

RECORD RELEASES

WALTON: BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST—DENNIS NOBLE, Baritone; HUDERSFIELD CHORAL SOCIETY, LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA, and Brass Bands, WILLIAM WALTON, Conducting (Victor Album M-DM 974): Technically, this recording is one of the finest ever done on a choral work. Conducted by the composer, the brilliantly orchestrated score surges with excitement and blazes with musical color, as it describes the biggest bacchanale in Biblical history. Text was adapted from the Psalms and Book of Daniel.

MOZART: QUARTET NO. 16 IN E-FLAT MAJOR—THE BUSCH QUARTET (Columbia Album M-MM 529): "It was from Haydn that I learned to write quartets," said Mozart, dedicating this opus to "Poppa" Haydn. In his turn, Haydn told Mozart's father: "Your son is the greatest composer I know, personally or by reputation." The chamber-music public will probably be glad to join that musical admiration society after hearing this smooth performance by the Busch Quartet.

OTHERS: Another musical friendship is recalled, as Victor links Liszt's "Liebestraum No. 3 (A Dream of Love)" with Chopin's "Impromptu in A-Flat, Op. 29," impeccably played by pianist Alexander Brailowsky on a 12-inch record . . . A 2-disc Red Seal album of interest—but hardly of musical importance—is Ilka Chase's readings of poems by Dorothy Parker . . . Listen, too, to Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony in a Columbia album of the ever-popular "Nutcracker Suite" by Tchaikovsky.



ARMY WIFE WINS WRITING SUCCESS AFTER 2 MONTHS' TRAINING

"I am an army wife who followed her husband South to his military post. Two months after enrolling for N.I.A. training, I acquired a position as a reporter on the *Columbian-Enquirer*. In four months I have had two raises and the prospects of becoming City Editor look very promising." —Mrs. Marion M. Blondel, Columbus, Georgia.

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

HERE'S THE ANSWER . . .

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

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

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

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

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

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

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RADIO HUMOR

● Bert Lahr: I think I've got a wavering infinitive there some place.

Milton Berle: You should watch your syntax.

Bert Lahr: I should watch my what?

Milton Berle: Syntax! Syntax!

Bert Lahr: Don't tell me they've got a tax on that, too!

—*Let Yourself Go (Blue)*

● Laurie: You know, the funny thing about the Scotch is that they're the only nationality that doesn't kick about gags about them.

Hershfield: Why should they complain? They're getting them for nothing.

—*Can You Top This? (NBC)*

● John Reed King: Well, Johnny, I think I could help you. I know quite a bit about being a detective.

Johnny Morgan: You a detective? Who'd ever take you for a detective?

John Reed King: Remember, I'm one card higher than Ellery Queen.

—*Johnny Morgan Show (CBS)*

● Miss Lowbridge: I think it's a shame the way women are pushed around . . . the way they're mistreated.

Ransom Sherman: What makes you say that?

Miss Lowbridge: Look what happened to me last night on my date.

Ransom Sherman: What happened?

Miss Lowbridge: Nothing. It's a shame the way women are mistreated.

—*Nitwit Court (Blue)*

● Eddie Cantor: Russian, I want you to be good tonight. You are standing in the presence of my sponsor.

Bert Gordon: Your whatsit?

Eddie Cantor: Russian, what do you call a man who pays my salary?

Bert Gordon: Sucker.

—*Time To Smile (NBC)*

● Jimmy Durante: Where am I? I'm dancing at the Palladium and you oughtta see how I look. I'm wearing a tan jacket and my trousers are checked.

Garry Moore: Well, so what?

Jimmy Durante: So hurry over and get me—I just lost the check!

—*Moore-Durante Show (CBS)*

● Ralph Edwards: How can you make a slow horse fast?

G.I. Contestant: Don't give him anything to eat.

—*Truth or Consequences (NBC)*

WITH THE NATION'S STATIONS



JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Station WPDQ—These WPDQ staff members seem to be lost in a blizzard of war bulletins. But announcer Bob Willard, control operator Leroy Johnson and news editor Gene Flanagan, managed to disentangle themselves, and piled it up for the salvage campaign.



CHICAGO, ILL.—Station WGN—When Dick (Two Ton) Baker first lowered himself onto this piano bench, the legs gave way. The next time, houseman Elmer Panzke was called in to prevent another catastrophe. Two Ton weighs 325, has his own program every morning at 8:15.



CINCINNATI, OHIO—Station WCKY—Announcer Fred Bennett can't be bothered drinking tea when he's surrounded by so photogenic a bevy of lovelies. It's WCKY hostess Dorothea Drew proffering the disdained brew, while "Glamorettes" hover telling Fred how wonderful he is.



CHICAGO, ILL.—Station WMAQ—Early bird Ed Allen finds there's a woman-shortage, too, and has to take on the job of making a crazy quilt of scraps sent in by listeners. Ed celebrated the anniversary of his program by asking fans to send in pieces of cloth with romantic backgrounds.

RADIO FACTS

◆ Radio reception has been found to vary with the phases of the moon, according to a report by Dr. Harlan True Stetson of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. After more than 20,000 hours of observation, it was found that reception improved from the time of the moon's first quarter to shortly before full moon. After full moon, reception deteriorated, but began to improve again from about the last quarter until a few days before new moon.

◆ Canadian manufacture of communications equipment for the Allied forces will reach a record figure of \$200,000,000 this year, states the Department of Munitions and Supply. This represents a tremendous expansion, since before the war Canada's radio and electrical industry turned out goods at the rate of about \$16,000,000 a year.

◆ The inner workings of airplane engines can now be studied through an electronic photographing device known as the cathode ray oscillograph. By means of this new instrument, electrical events that occur in as short a time as one-millionth of a second are graphically recorded. Engineers hope to use the facts obtained from these studies in building faster and more powerful warplanes.

◆ Approximately 10,000,000 receiving tubes are needed for military use each month. The end of the European war is expected to reduce these requirements slightly, but supply experts predict that it will be a year after Germany's defeat before a 45% drop can be hoped for. (At present, about 13% of the total tube production is allotted to civilians for replacement purposes.)

RADIOQUIZ ANSWERS

(Quiz on page 2)

- 1—(B) Mr. District Attorney. 2—(C) Frank Morgan. 3—(B) Joe Howard. 4—(A) I Love a Mystery. 5—(C) Georgia Gibbs. 6—(A) Merwyn Bogue. 7—(C) men marching. 8—(A) Reveille Roundup.

TUNE IN'S SELECTION OF OUTSTANDING PROGRAMS

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

SUNDAY

9:00 a.m. News of the World (C)
 9:00 a.m. World News (N)
 9:15 a.m. E. Power Biggs (C)
 10:00 a.m. Radio Pulpit (N)
 10:00 a.m. Church of the Air (C)
 10:30 a.m. Wings Over Jordan (C)
 11:00 a.m. AAF Symphonic Flight (B)
 11:05 a.m. Blue Jacket Choir (C)
 12:00 noon War Journal (B)
 12:00 noon Tabernacle Choir (C)
 12:30 p.m. Stradivari Orchestra (N)
 12:30 p.m. Transatlantic Call (C)
 1:30 p.m. Sammy Kaye's Orchestra (B)
 1:30 p.m. Chicago Round Table (N)
 2:30 p.m. Westinghouse Program (N)

3:00 p.m. Shaeffer World Parade (N)
 3:00 p.m. N. Y. Philharmonic (C)
 3:30 p.m. Miss Hattie (B)
 3:30 p.m. The Army Hour (N)
 4:00 p.m. Darts For Dough (B)
 4:30 p.m. Pause That Refreshes (C)
 4:30 p.m. Music America Loves (N)
 4:30 p.m. Metropolitan Auditions (B)
 5:00 p.m. General Motors Symph. (N)
 5:00 p.m. Family Hour (C)
 5:00 p.m. Mary Small Revue (B)
 6:00 p.m. Catholic Hour (N)
 6:00 p.m. Adven. of Ozzie & Harriet (C)
 6:00 p.m. Philco Hall of Fame (B)
 *6:30 p.m. Great Gildersleeve (N)
 6:30 p.m. Toasties Time (C)
 7:00 p.m. Kate Smith Hour (C)

7:00 p.m. Jack Benny Show (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. Edgar Bergen (N)
 *8:30 p.m. Crime Doctor (C)
 8:30 p.m. Joe E. Brown (B)
 8:45 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
 9:00 p.m. Man. Merry-Go-Round (N)
 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)

MONDAY

9:00 a.m. Mirth & Madness (N)
 9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
 *10:00 a.m. Valiant Lady (C)
 *10:30 a.m. This Changing World (C)
 10:30 a.m. Finders Keepers (N)
 *10:45 a.m. Bachelor's Children (C)
 10:45 a.m. Lisa Sergio (B)
 11:00 a.m. Road of Life (N)
 11:00 a.m. Breakfast at Sardi's (B)
 11:30 a.m. Star Playhouse (N)
 12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (C)
 12:15 p.m. Big Sister (C)
 12:30 p.m. Farm & Home Makers (B)
 1:45 p.m. The Goldbergs (C)
 2:00 p.m. Guiding Light (N)
 2:00 p.m. Joyce Jordan, M.D. (C)
 3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)
 3:00 p.m. Mary Marlin (C)
 3:00 p.m. Morton Downey (B)
 3:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (N)
 3:30 p.m. Pepper Young (N)
 5:30 p.m. Just Plain Bill (N)
 6:00 p.m. Quincy Howe (C)
 6:15 p.m. Serenade to America (N)
 6:45 p.m. The World Today (C)
 7:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr. (M)
 *7:00 p.m. Music Shop (N)
 *7:00 p.m. Heidt Time (B)
 *7:00 p.m. I Love A Mystery (C)
 *7:15 p.m. Hedda Hopper's H'wood (C)
 *7:30 p.m. Thanks to the Yanks (C)
 7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)
 *8:00 p.m. Cavalcade of America (N)
 8:00 p.m. Vox Pop (C)
 *8:15 p.m. Lum 'n' Abner (B)
 8:30 p.m. Voice of Firestone (N)
 *8:30 p.m. Frank Sinatra (C)
 8:30 p.m. Blind Date (B)
 8:55 p.m. Bill Henry (C)
 *9:00 p.m. Telephone Hour (N)
 9:00 p.m. Lux Radio Theatre (C)
 9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
 9:30 p.m. Spotlight Bands (B)
 9:30 p.m. Information Please (N)
 10:00 p.m. Carnation Program (N)
 10:00 p.m. Screen Guild (C)
 10:30 p.m. Johnny Morgan Show (C)
 10:30 p.m. "Dr. I. Q." (N)

TUESDAY

9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
 10:00 a.m. Lora Lawton (N)
 *10:00 a.m. Valiant Lady (C)
 *10:30 a.m. This Changing World (C)
 10:30 a.m. Finders Keepers (N)
 *10:45 a.m. Bachelor's Children (C)
 11:00 a.m. Breakfast at Sardi's (B)
 11:15 a.m. Second Husband (C)
 11:45 a.m. David Harum (N)
 11:45 a.m. Aunt Jenny's Stories (C)
 12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (C)
 12:30 p.m. Farm & Home Makers (B)
 *1:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (C)
 2:30 p.m. Women In White (N)
 3:00 p.m. Mary Marlin (C)
 3:00 p.m. Morton Downey (B)
 3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)
 3:15 p.m. Hollywood Star Time (B)
 4:00 p.m. Backstage Wife (N)
 5:45 p.m. Front Page Farrell (N)
 6:00 p.m. Quincy Howe (C)
 6:15 p.m. Serenade to America (N)
 *6:15 p.m. Edwin C. Hill (C)
 6:45 p.m. Lowell Thomas (N)
 *7:00 p.m. I Love A Mystery (C)
 *7:00 p.m. Music Shop (N)
 7:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr. (M)
 *7:15 p.m. Chesterfield Time (C)
 7:30 p.m. Dick Haymes (N)
 7:30 p.m. Melody Hour (C)
 *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. Gracie Fields (B)
 9:00 p.m. Burns & Allen (C)
 9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
 9:30 p.m. This Is My Best (C)
 9:30 p.m. Fibber McGee & Molly (N)
 9:30 p.m. Spotlight Bands (B)
 10:00 p.m. Bob Hope (N)
 10:00 p.m. Raymond Gram Swing (B)
 10:30 p.m. Raleigh Room (N)
 10:30 p.m. Let Yourself Go (B)

WEDNESDAY

9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
 10:00 a.m. Lora Lawton (N)
 *10:30 a.m. This Changing World (C)
 10:30 a.m. Finders Keepers (N)
 10:45 a.m. Listening Post (B)
 11:00 a.m. Road of Life (N)
 11:00 a.m. Breakfast at Sardi's (B)
 *11:30 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)
 2:15 p.m. Today's Children (N)
 2:30 p.m. Young Dr. Malone (C)
 3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)
 3:00 p.m. Mary Marlin (C)
 3:00 p.m. Morton Downey (B)
 3:15 p.m. Hollywood Star Time (B)
 4:15 p.m. Stella Dallas (N)
 6:15 p.m. Serenade to America (N)
 6:45 p.m. Lowell Thomas (N)
 7:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr. (M)
 *7:00 p.m. I Love A Mystery (C)
 *7:00 p.m. Music Shop (N)
 *7:15 p.m. Chesterfield Time (C)
 7:30 p.m. Easy Aces (C)
 7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)
 *8:00 p.m. Jack Corson (C)
 *8:00 p.m. Mr. & Mrs. North (N)
 *8:15 p.m. Lum 'n' Abner (B)
 *8:30 p.m. Dr. Christian (C)
 *8:30 p.m. Carton of Cheer (N)
 *8:30 p.m. My Best Girls (B)
 9:00 p.m. Inner Sanctum (C)
 9:00 p.m. Eddie Cantor (N)
 9:00 p.m. Dunninger (B)
 9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
 9:30 p.m. Which Is Which? (C)
 9:30 p.m. Mr. District Attorney (N)
 10:00 p.m. Kay Kyser College (N)
 10:00 p.m. Great Moments in Music (C)
 10:30 p.m. Electric Hour (C)
 10:30 p.m. Scramby Amby (B)
 11:15 p.m. Joan Brooks (C)

TELEVISION

WHILE the general public eagerly awaits full-scale television for sheer entertainment value, groups within the industry are looking forward to other possibilities for the new medium. On the educational side, executives prophesy that visual programs may help break down barriers of language and local custom—with exchange telecasts between different countries for example. On the commercial side, manufacturers foresee new outlets for displaying their wares — through fashion shows a cosmetic, kitchen or other household demonstrati

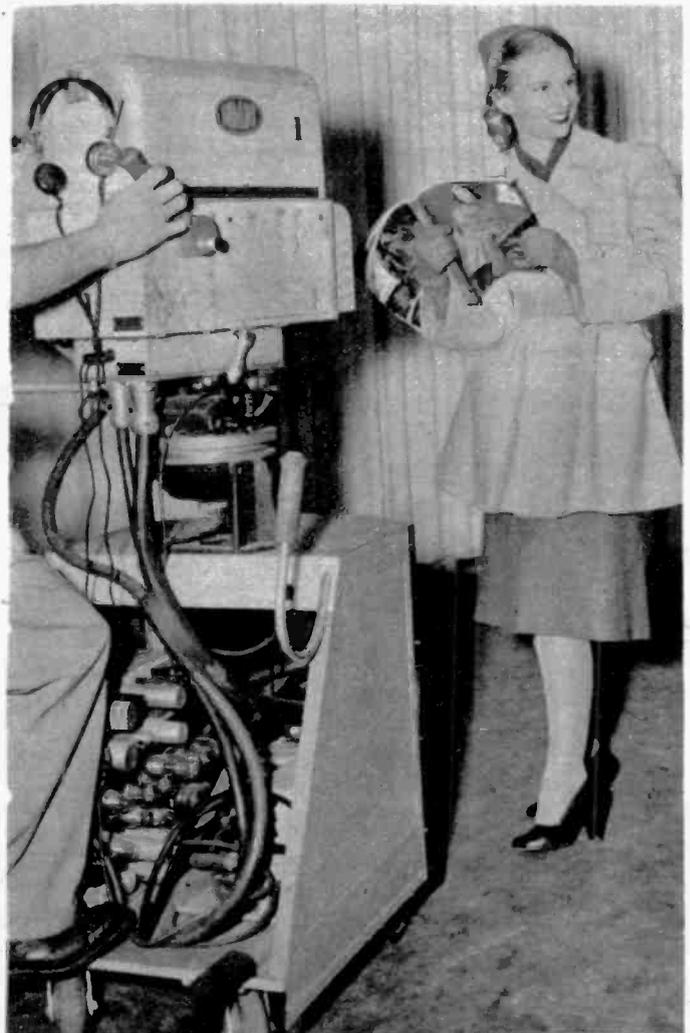


ENTERTAINMENT IS THE AIM of a Television Workshop presentation of the drama, "Eighth Step," over General Electric's Schenectady station—featuring Robert H. Harris, Ethel Crafts.

COSMETICS FOR TELECAMERA are not as weird as most people imagine. Make-up magician Edward Senz proves it, as he prepares Conover model Jackie Michel for a "video" program.



EDUCATION VIA TELEVISION is emphasized in a discussion of Chinese art, by Miss Mary Tsui Chu (of China Relief) and J. D. Hatch, Jr. (Director, Albany Institute of History and Art)—over station WRGB.



COMMERCIAL POSSIBILITIES of the new medium are demonstrated by a mammoth fashion show telecast over DuMont, with Pat Townsend—cover girl of the sponsor's catalogue—leading off the style parade.

THURSDAY

9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
 10:00 a.m. Valiant Lady (C)
 *10:30 a.m. This Changing World (C)
 10:30 a.m. Finders Keepers (N)
 11:00 a.m. Breakfast at Sardi's (B)
 11:00 a.m. Road of Life (N)
 *11:30 a.m. Bright Horizon (C)
 11:30 a.m. Star Playhouse (N)
 12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (C)
 12:15 p.m. Big Sister (C)
 12:30 p.m. Farm & Home Makers (B)
 *1:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (C)
 1:45 p.m. The Goldbergs (C)
 2:00 p.m. Joyce Jordan, M.D. (C)
 2:30 p.m. Young Dr. Malone (C)
 3:00 p.m. Morton Downey (B)
 3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)
 3:30 p.m. Pepper Young (N)
 5:30 p.m. Just Plain Bill (N)
 6:00 p.m. World News (C)
 6:15 p.m. Serenade to America (N)
 6:45 p.m. The World Today (C)
 6:45 p.m. Lowell Thomas (N)
 *7:00 p.m. I Love A Mystery (C)
 7:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr. (M)
 7:00 p.m. Music Shop (N)
 *7:15 p.m. Chesterfield Time (C)
 *7:30 p.m. Bob Burns (N)
 7:30 p.m. Mr. Keen (C)
 *8:00 p.m. Suspense (C)
 8:00 p.m. Maxwell House (N)
 *8:15 p.m. Lum 'n' Abner (B)
 *8:30 p.m. Death Valley Sheriff (C)
 8:30 p.m. Dinah Shore Show (N)
 8:55 p.m. Bill Henry (C)
 9:00 p.m. Kraft Music Hall (N)
 9:00 p.m. Major Bowes (C)
 9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
 9:30 p.m. Joan Davis Show (N)
 9:30 p.m. Spotlight Bands (B)
 9:30 p.m. Corliss Archer (C)
 10:00 p.m. Abbott & Costello (N)
 10:00 p.m. Raymond Gram Swing (B)
 10:30 p.m. Here's To Romance (C)
 10:30 p.m. Rudy Vallee (N)
 10:30 p.m. March Of Time (B)
 11:30 p.m. Music of New World (N)

FRIDAY

9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
 10:00 a.m. Lora Lawton (N)
 *10:00 a.m. Valiant Lady (C)
 10:30 a.m. This Changing World (C)
 10:30 a.m. Finders Keepers (N)
 11:00 a.m. Breakfast at Sardi's (B)
 11:00 a.m. Road of Life (N)
 *11:30 a.m. Bright Horizon (C)
 11:30 a.m. Star Playhouse (N)
 11:45 a.m. David Harum (N)
 12:00 noon Kate Smith Speaks (C)
 12:30 p.m. Farm & Home Makers (B)
 *1:15 p.m. Ma Perkins (C)
 1:45 p.m. The Goldbergs (C)
 2:00 p.m. Guiding Light (N)
 3:00 p.m. Mary Marlin (C)
 3:00 p.m. Morton Downey (B)
 3:00 p.m. Woman of America (N)
 4:00 p.m. Backstage Wife (N)
 4:30 p.m. Lorenzo Jones (N)
 5:45 p.m. Front Page Farrell (N)
 6:15 p.m. Serenade to America (N)
 6:45 p.m. The World Today (C)
 6:45 p.m. Lowell Thomas (N)
 7:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr. (M)
 *7:00 p.m. Ed Wynn Show (B)
 *7:00 p.m. I Love A Mystery (C)
 *7:00 p.m. Music Shop (N)
 7:30 p.m. Friday On Broadway (C)
 7:45 p.m. H. V. Kaltenborn (N)
 *8:00 p.m. Aldrich Family (C)
 8:00 p.m. Highways In Melody (N)
 8:30 p.m. Famous Jury Trials (B)
 *8:30 p.m. Duffy's Tavern (N)
 8:30 p.m. The Thin Man (C)
 8:55 p.m. Bill Henry (C)
 9:00 p.m. Waltz Time (N)
 9:00 p.m. Gangbusters (B)
 9:00 p.m. Gabriel Heatter (M)
 *9:00 p.m. Pays To Be Ignorant (C)
 9:30 p.m. People Are Funny (N)
 9:30 p.m. Spotlight Bands (B)
 9:30 p.m. That Brewster Boy (C)
 10:00 p.m. Amos 'n' Andy (N)
 10:00 p.m. Moore-Durante Show (C)
 10:30 p.m. Stage Door Canteen (C)
 10:30 p.m. Sports Newsreel (N)
 11:00 p.m. News (C)

SATURDAY

9:00 a.m. Breakfast Club (B)
 10:00 a.m. Youth on Parade (C)
 *10:00 a.m. Fannie Hurst Presents (B)
 *10:30 a.m. Mary Lee Taylor (C)
 11:05 a.m. Let's Pretend (C)
 11:15 a.m. Trans Atlantic Quiz (B)
 11:30 a.m. Billie Burke (C)
 12:00 noon Theatre of Today (C)
 12:15 p.m. Consumer's Time (N)
 12:30 p.m. Nat'l Farm & Home (B)
 12:30 p.m. 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)
 2:00 p.m. Metropolitan Opera (B)
 4:02 p.m. Horace Heidt (B)
 5:00 p.m. Grand Hotel (N)
 5:00 p.m. Philadelphia Orchestra (C)
 5:45 p.m. Starring Curt Massey (N)
 5:45 p.m. Hello Sweetheart (B)
 6:00 p.m. Quincy Howe (C)
 *6:00 p.m. I Sustain The Wings (N)
 6:15 p.m. People's Platform (C)
 6:15 p.m. Harry Wismer (B)
 6:45 p.m. The World Today (C)
 *7:00 p.m. Mayor of the Town (C)
 7:30 p.m. America In The Air (C)
 7:30 p.m. Ellery Queen (N)
 *7:30 p.m. Meet Your Navy (B)
 7:30 p.m. America In The Air (C)
 *8:00 p.m. Early American Music (B)
 8:00 p.m. Kenny Baker Show (C)
 *8:30 p.m. Truth or Consequences (N)
 8:55 p.m. News (C)
 9:00 p.m. Nat'l Barn Dance (N)
 *9:00 p.m. Your Hit Parade (C)
 9:30 p.m. Spotlight Bands (B)
 9:30 p.m. Can You Top This? (N)
 9:45 p.m. Saturday Night Serenade (C)
 10:00 p.m. Guy Lombardo (B)
 10:00 p.m. Palmolive Party (N)
 10:15 p.m. Correction Please (C)
 10:30 p.m. Man Called X (B)
 10:30 p.m. Grand Ole Opry (N)
 11:00 p.m. Maj. Geo. F. Eliot (C)
 11:00 p.m. Hoosier Hop (B)
 11:00 p.m. News (N)
 11:15 p.m. Dance Music (C)

SHORT WAVE

CITY	E. W. TIME	STATION	DIAL	CITY	E. W. TIME	STATION	DIAL
Ankara	1:00 p.m.	TAP	9.456	Moscow	6:48 p.m.		15.23
Berrie	3:45 p.m. — 4:15 p.m.		10.335		6:48 p.m.		11.948
	9:30 p.m. — 11:00 p.m.		6.345		6:48 p.m.		5.44
	9:30 p.m. — 11:00 p.m.		7.210		6:48 p.m.		11.885
Brazzaville	2:50 p.m.	FZI	11.97	Rio de Janeiro	8:30 p.m.	PSH	10.22
	4:45 p.m.	FZI	11.97	Shepparton	8:00 a.m. — 8:45 a.m.	VLC6	9.615
	7:45 p.m.	FZI	11.97		11:00 a.m. — 11:45 a.m.	VLC6	9.615
Caracas	Times vary	YVSRN	6.2		9:45 p.m. — 10:45 p.m.	VLC4	15.315
Chungking	9:30 a.m. — 3:00 p.m.	XGOY	6.13		1:10 a.m. — 1:40 a.m.	VLC4	11.840
	5:00 p.m. — 10:00 p.m.	XGOY	6.13	Stockholm	2:45 a.m. — 3:10 a.m.	SBP	11.705
	11:30 p.m.	OAX4	6.08	(Weekdays)	7:00 a.m. — 7:55 a.m.	SBT	15.155
Lima	9:30 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.		9.78		7:00 a.m. — 7:55 a.m.	SBP	11.705
Leopoldville	5:15 p.m. — 8:00 p.m.	GVX	11.93		11:00 a.m. — 2:15 p.m.	SBT	15.155
London	5:15 p.m. — 10:00 p.m.	GSC	9.58		11:00 a.m. — 2:15 p.m.	SBP	11.705
	5:15 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.	GRH	9.825		2:30 p.m. — 5:15 p.m.	SBP	11.705
	8:00 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.	GSL	6.11		2:30 p.m. — 5:15 p.m.	SBU	9.535
	8:15 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.	GSU	7.26		9:00 p.m. — 10:00 p.m.	SBU	9.535
	10:15 p.m. — 11:30 p.m.	GSS	9.51		9:00 p.m. — 10:00 p.m.	SBU	9.535
	10:15 p.m. — 11:30 p.m.	GRW	6.15	Stockholm	4:00 a.m. — 11:00 a.m.	SBT	15.155
	10:15 p.m. — 12:45 a.m.	GRC	2.88	(Sundays)	4:00 a.m. — 2:15 p.m.	SBP	11.705
	10:45 p.m. — 11:30 p.m.	GRM	7.12		12:00 noon — 2:15 p.m.	SBT	15.155
Melbourne	11:00 a.m. — 11:45 a.m.	VLG	9.58		12:00 noon — 5:15 p.m.	SBP	11.705
	1:10 a.m. — 1:40 a.m.	VLG3	11.71		2:30 p.m. — 5:15 p.m.	SBU	6.066
			15.75		2:30 p.m. — 5:15 p.m.	SBU	9.535
Moscow	7:40 a.m.		15.75	Vatican	5:20 p.m. — 5:50 p.m.	SBU	9.535
	12:00 noon		9.57		11:00 a.m. (Tuesday)		17.401
	6:45 p.m.	RKE	15.1		11:00 a.m. (Tuesday)		5.96
	6:48 p.m.				11:00 a.m. (Tuesday)		17.19



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