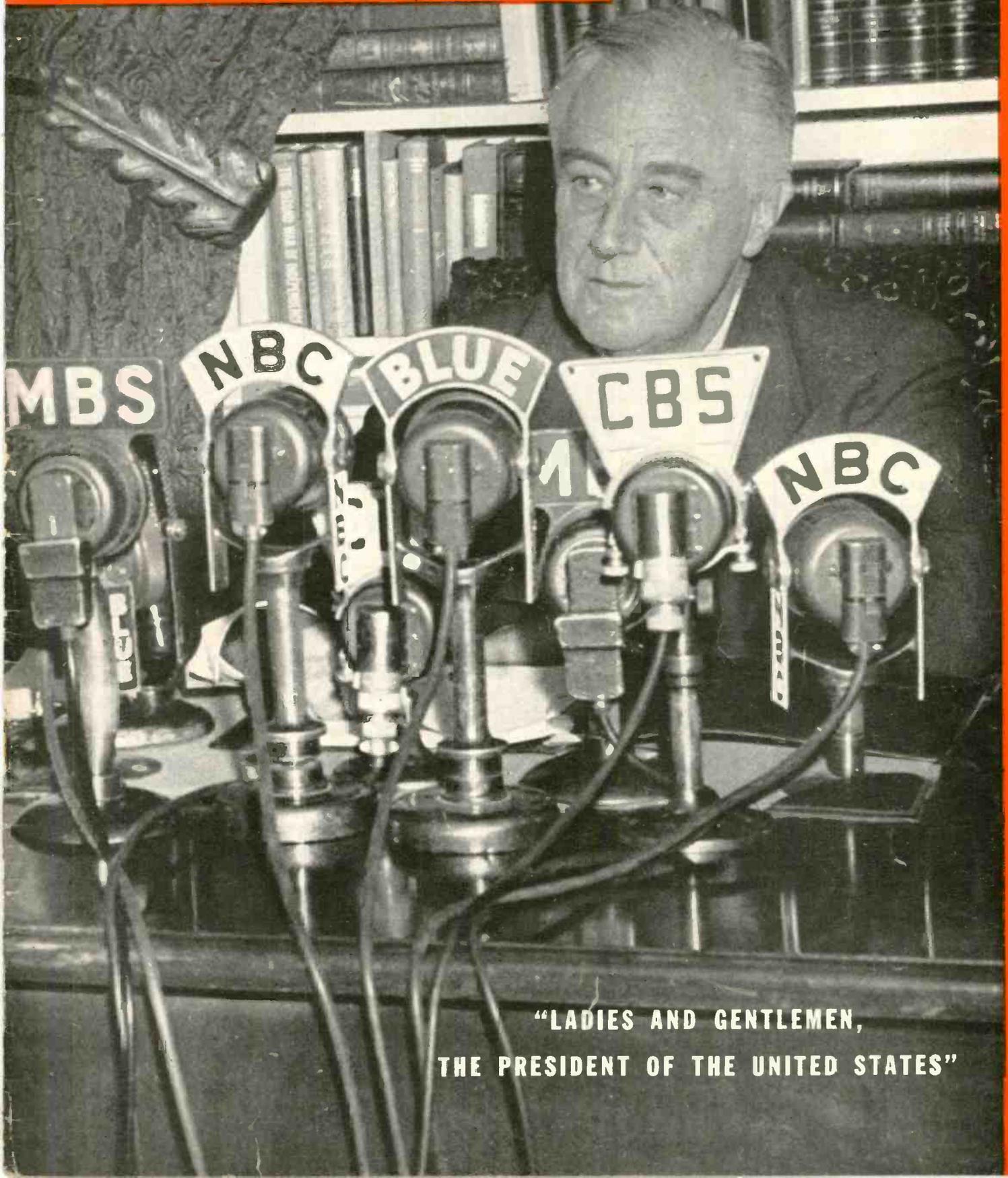


TUNE IN

FEBRUARY, 1945

FIFTEEN CENTS

20c IN CANADA



"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES"



"I hear the war's practically over...back home!"

PROBABLY it's only natural for us here at home to feel that the war's almost won, the way the good news has been pouring in.

But the war's not over for *him*—*not by a long sight!* And he's just one of a few million or more that will stay over there until they finish the bloody mess. Or kill time for a few months—or years—in some hospital.

What about *you*?

This is no time to relax. No time to forget the unfinished business. It's *still* your war, and it *still* costs a lot.

So dig down deep this time. Dig down till it hurts, and get yourself a hundred-dollar

War Bond over and above any you now own—or are now purchasing. This 6th War Loan is every bit as important to our complete and final Victory as was the first.

Don't "let George do it"—get *yourself* that *added* bond and help finish a magnificent job *right*. The quicker you reach down deep, the better you do *your* job for war, the more you'll contribute to ending the fight. And the quicker they'll come back—the guys that can *still* be killed.

After all, you're safe and sound and *home*. That's worth another hundred-dollar bond to *you*, isn't it?



Buy at least one extra \$100 War Bond today!

TUNE IN
NATIONAL RADIO MAGAZINE

VOICE OF
THE LISTENER

CASH VS. ENTERTAINMENT

Gentlemen:
I guess I'm one of the few people who isn't pleased to know how much money is spent on radio shows for my entertainment. It seems to me that every time a new show goes on the air there's a big splash in the papers about how much it's going to cost—as if that automatically meant it was going to be good.

Some of these ultra-expensive variety shows have so many stars, and guests and musicians that all you get when you listen is a kind of entertainment stew. And how about spending more money on writers and less on headliners? A good joke is funny no matter who tells it—and a bad one is an egg even if my favorite, Fred Allen, tells it. This expensive guest star business is the bunk to me. If I tune in to a comedian I want to hear him, not some other guy.

FRANK ZACHAS

Chicago, Ill.

TOM MIX

Gentlemen:
It was great to hear "Tom Mix" back on the air. Since I was a youngster I have been a faithful listener—in fact the whole family has been.

But I would like to express my thoughts to the writers and directors of this new series.

1. Take out the weird stories.
2. Give us back Wrangler and the other old characters.
3. Discontinue that organ—it's ridiculous.

Please go back to the old stories, even if you have to do them over. We don't like to hear war stories on "Tom Mix." I know I'm not alone in saying this. There are many others who would like to live over some of their fondest memories. My brother, who is now in China, was the number one fan of Tom Mix.

TOM MIX FAN

Boston, Mass.

VIC AND SADE

Dear Sirs:
I wonder if many others regret as I do the absence of "Vic and Sade" from the radio parade. Three cheers for radio's greatest comedy program, may it be back soon.

SHELDON NICOLAYSEN

Salida, Cal.

ROAD OF LIFE O.K.

Gentlemen:
In regard to the criticism leveled at "The Road of Life" by Julia Markham, permit me to say that I too have listened daily. An attentive listener would remember that every incident is fully explained. Dr. Brent's draft card was removed by the kidnappers; frequent mentions were made of Butch's being in medical school, etc.

Surely it isn't necessary to call people up over the telephone to ridicule the brilliant work author Irna Phillips is doing in this serial.

MARY M. HOPKINS

New Market, Md.

MUSIC BY MUZAK

Dear Sir:
What's happened to that proposal to pipe "Music by Muzak" into individual homes the way it's now being done in restaurants? I can't think of anything more restful myself, than coming home, turning the dial to some light classical music and just relaxing. No chewing gum and hair tonic and la-de-dah cosmetics—just music!

That's a post-war improvement I'm sure interested in.

ANNIE OXFORD

New York, N. Y.

SIGHTLESS HILDEGARDE

Dear Sir:
That was a nice article on Hildegarde—but whoever took those pictures of her forgot something. Her eyeballs. She does have them, doesn't she?

Five pictures of her and no eyeballs. If opening her mouth causes her to close her eyes, then she should shut her mouth and open her eyes! It might do her pictures more justice.

CPL. BOB CHRIST

Camp Polk, La.

Presenting

THE GREATEST SHOWS
IN RADIO!

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION

TO

TUNE IN

THE NATIONAL RADIO MAGAZINE

STEP right up . . . young and old . . . See all — read all — know all about radio. Each issue of Tune In gives you a ticket to complete radio enjoyment. You'll gain admission to your favorite broadcasts through exciting, inside stories. You'll meet fascinating personalities of the air lanes through exclusive pictures. You'll applaud the side-shows of radio humor, facts and quizzes. Hurry, hurry, HURRY — You can't afford to miss a single copy. Enter your subscription now.



AND IT COSTS ONLY \$1.50

FOR TWELVE
EXCITING ISSUES

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.....



RADIOQUIZ

DINAH SHORE

GUEST QUIZARD

SINGING FEMCEE OF THE NBC "OPEN HOUSE"



1 Real life Daddy of the handsome S/Sgt. is also radio Daddy of: (A) Judy (B) Henry Aldrich (C) Baby Snooks



2 Lending a feminine touch to this stalwart quartette is: (A) Ginny Simms (B) Lucy Monroe (C) Joan Edwards



3 Up to one of his old tricks is grinning quizmaster: (A) Art Linkletter (B) Milton Berle (C) Ralph Edwards



4 Autographing Sgt. William Dougherty's cast is maestro: (A) Mark Warnow (B) Raymond Scott (C) Louis Prima



5 Eyeing Joan Bennett's charms is Edgar Bergen's protegee: (A) Etty Klinger (B) Effie Klinker (C) Elda Kutter



6 This befrilled little lady is now well-known songstress: (A) Lily Pons (B) Kate Smith (C) Patrice Munsel



7 Parks Johnson and Warren Hull rest from their labors on: (A) Vox Pop (B) Stop or Go (C) Glamour Manor



8 Playing host on Blue Ribbon Town is handsome crooner: (A) Barry Wood (B) Bob Crosby (C) Kenny Baker

ANSWERS ON PAGE 45

VOICE OF THE LISTENER (Continued)

VICTOR JORY—TAKE A BOW

Gentlemen:
I am writing this letter because I believe you are interested in what we, who listen to the radio, think of its programs and its stars. Perhaps you haven't as yet recognized the fact, but we female fans are fast discovering a new radio matinee idol in the person of tall, dark and handsome Victor Jory.

His performances on the program, "Matinee Theatre," have been consistently fine. His portrayals of John Paul Jones and Cortez gave me an entirely new slant on history. I have come to the conclusion that history is not all dates and dry facts, but that it lives and has fire and romance. The dramatization of "The Highwayman," which has long been one of my favorite poems, reached the heights in beauty. Although I'd read the poem many times, and enjoyed it, it had lacked the spice and flavor that Mr. Jory's artistry gave to it.

Soon, I am sure, you too will recognize Mr. Jory as the "man of the hour" and when you do, I sincerely hope you won't neglect him in your magazine.

MARGARET MURTHA

New York, N. Y.

STILL FEUDING OVER FRANKIE

Dear Editor:

After you printed that letter I sent you commenting on Sinatra, my mail from bobby-sockers has been one of the funniest things I've ever seen. If these people are a cross-section of Sinatra's public, I'm sorry to say that Frankie's followers are a rather adolescent lot. The antics these children pull are surely one of the biggest puzzles of our time. But if Frankie is content with the results, more power to him.

If I were a "wheel" in the world of music, I'd surely choose the truly firm standing Bing Crosby has achieved and shrug a quizzical shoulder at Sinatra's gatherings.

PFC. ERNEST ZARAKOVITIS

Dover, Del.

Dear Editor:

Of course many fellows like Frankie and I'm one of them. I went to see "Step Lively" and the theatre was certainly full of both civilians and servicemen.

RUBEN ALVARADO

Los Angeles, Cal.

PAGING THE AUTHOR

Dear Editor:

Having been a faithful reader of your magazine since the first issue came out, I have had a chance to read many very interesting articles. Perhaps of all the articles I have read, the ones on the "soap operas" prove to be the most exciting and revealing.

I have a suggestion for better reading to offer, however—that you should run a series of articles on the authors of some of the better shows on the air, telling how they happen to create their programs and some interesting facts about them. For instance, just to mention a few: Mona Kent, Ina Phillips, Julian Funt, Katherine and Adele Seymour, Carl Bixby and Don Becker. I believe excerpts from their lives would prove just as interesting as those from actors' lives.

JOHN J. MAHONEY

Wollaston, Mass.

Dear Editor:

I wish to endorse every word of Mrs. Cook's letter on the subject of Serials Without End. I'd like to add one other to her list—Helen Trent, who will be a gray-haired old lady before she marries her hero—if ever.

The most painful thing to listen to, however, is the chant of the tobacco auctioneers.

MRS. C. S. SWEENEY

Hollyburn, B. C.

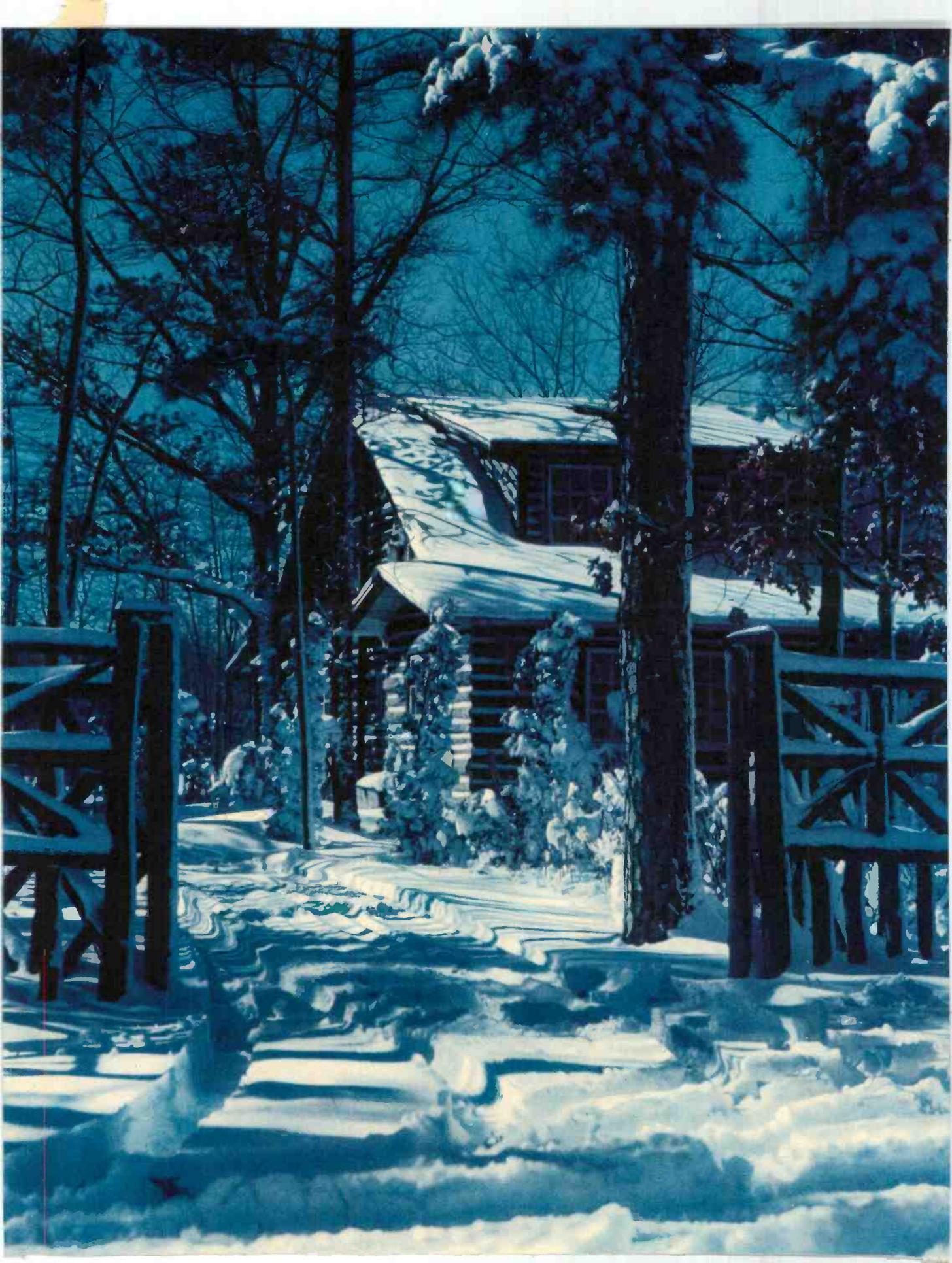
THE ALDRICH FAMILY

Gentlemen:

Thanks an awful lot for that Aldrich Family map. I always wondered how on earth the author could remember all the goings and comings of everybody, and now I know. And it makes the whole town and everybody in it seem so much more real—as if it really existed somewhere and you could go there and bump right into Henry.

JOHN AXON

Brooklyn, N. Y.





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ON THE COVER

PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, world-famed radio personality, and the story behind his broadcasts—on page seven.

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AROUND THE NETWORKS



Radio find of the year is Jack Benny's new singer, Larry Stevens. The baritone was completely unknown, and had never performed commercially, until he participated in a Freddy Martin bond rally at Los Angeles' Cocomanut Grove. Spotted by a scout immediately, Larry soon tried out for Mary Livingstone—and was signed up for the place vacated by Dennis Day on the NBC show.

The Andrews Sisters, singing trio of movie and juke box fame, can now be heard on their own musical-variety show over the Blue, Sunday afternoons from 4:30 to 5:00. Though their records have sold more than 30,000,000 copies and they have been cast in 16 motion pictures, Maxene, Patty and LaVerne had appeared only in guest spots over the air until their debut in the current broadcast last Christmas eve.



Harold Lloyd's long-ignored acting talents are again displayed for the American public—this time through radio. As emcee of NBC's Sunday night "Comedy Theatre," the famed character of the horn-rimmed glasses can appeal to an audience much larger than those who viewed his early films. Lloyd has not appeared in movies since the thirties, had turned producer in recent years.

CBS has spent the record amount of \$400,000 building up Raymond Scott's new dance band, not including air time or production costs. Through a 2½ hour per week schedule for the past two years, the network estimates that Scott has reached more listeners than any other radio orchestra. Unusual feature of the maestro's contract permits him to take time off for motion picture assignments.





VERY SILENT PARTNER is "Selassie," when Mrs. Elizabeth Piperno of the *AWVS* shows novelist Fannie Hurst of the *Blue Network* how the latter's Persian cat is used as a willing guinea pig for first-aid-to-animals classes once each week.



SINGER DONNA DAE of the *Pennsylvanians* hoists a souvenir glass bearing boss Fred Waring's name (in a suitable shade of *Blue*), as manufactured by their air sponsor.

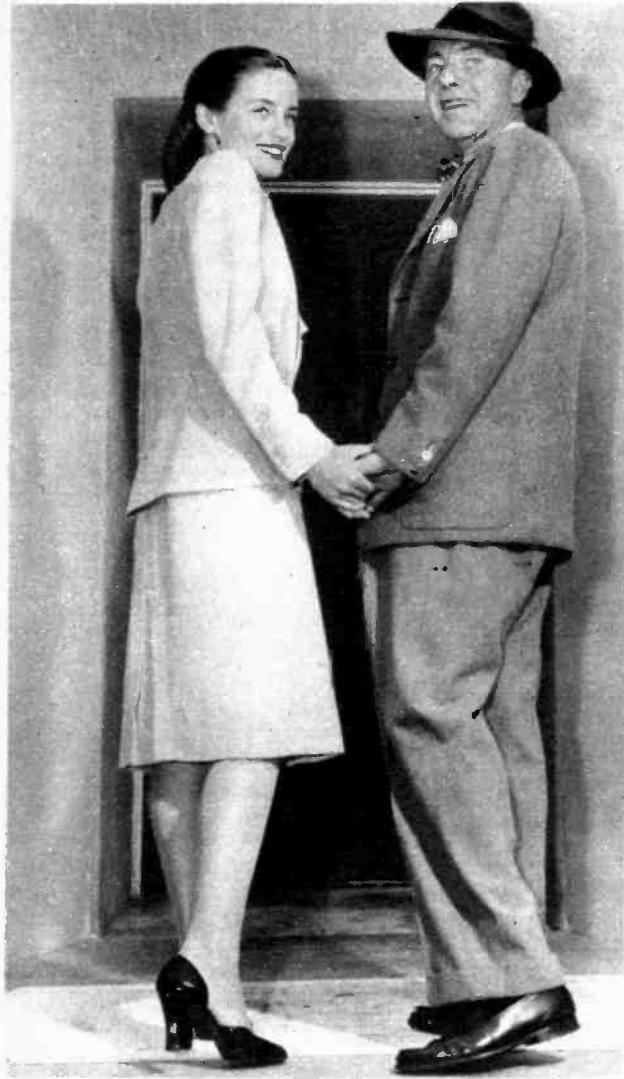


THE MARCH OF DIMES takes another step forward as Kate Smith collects from members and guests of her CBS Sunday show—Diane Carol (of "Four Chicks and a Chuck"), Mary Astor, Shirley Booth, Claire Frim (another "Chick").

Along Radio Row

ORDER OF THE DAY is a non-musical version of tea-for-two, when song boy Kenny Baker and sarong girl Dorothy Lamour take a rest at "Blue Ribbon Town" rehearsals.





"AMOS" TAKES A WIFE—Freeman Gosden of NBC's black-face team is justifiably proud of his pretty bride, who changed her name from Jane Stoneham this past fall.



GRUESOME CBS TWOSOME are Raymond Johnson and the latest victim of the "Inner Sanctum" host's passion for making headlines with news of the man-bites-dog variety. In happier hours, the pooch is the pet of thriller-actress Elspeth Eric.



A HOLE-SOME TREAT for Uncle Don from Peter Nevins (aged 5) and Roberta Ricca (5½). The youngsters are said to be world's doubles champions at donut-dunking.



LEFT-HANDED HONORS go to former New York mayor Jimmy Walker and NBC chantoosie Hildegard, as "Can You Top This?" awards them a golden chestnut and ditto egg for best and worst gags, respectively—"Senator" Ford presiding.



He Proposed last night!

-how lucky that I wore my lovely

Evening in Paris
face powder



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

BOURJOIS
NEW YORK

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

OF MIKES AND MEN

By

LAURA HAYNES

MILTON BERLE, star of Blue's "Let Yourself Go," rates a special citation for that stint he did, substituting for HENNY YOUNGMAN on the latter's NBC comedy show. Real reason (unknown to fans) was that Henny's father was dying. Inside story (known only to the trade) is that MILTON took the job even though it immediately preceded his guest-starring spot on another network, stayed up all night to prepare for it—and wouldn't accept payment.

★ ★ ★

Story behind the air-romance of "Baby Snooks" (FANNY BRICE) and "Blondie's" boy, *Alexander*, on those two CBS Sunday-night shows, is that the idea came from real life. It was written into the script right after PENNY "Blondie" SINGLETON's 8-year-old daughter met the 10-year-old son of CHIC YOUNG (creator of the original "Blondie" comic strip) and the two started writing notes to each other.

★ ★ ★

Naming Names: No less than two towns (one in Connecticut, the other in Montana) have changed their names to "Gildersleeve"—in honor of the "Great" NBC role played by HAL PEARY. . . . And a fan has sent CASS DALEY—also heard over NBC, with FRANK MORGAN—a copy of the "Cass Daily News" (a paper published in Cass, Wyoming).

★ ★ ★

Fanomania: Mutual song-star DICK BROWN just thought he was being polite when he shook hands with a young admirer the other day, was electrified when the girl carefully bound her fingers with a handkerchief and ran off, whooping: "This is the hand HE shook—I'm not gonna wash it!"

★ ★ ★

Backfire of Fame: Everyone thought KEN MURRAY, emcee of Columbia's "Which Is Which," would be mighty pleased when he learned that his program was heard by more than 2,000,000 people the very first night. Instead, the long-time star of a West Coast stage hit groaned: "I sweat and slave in a Hollywood theatre. The show's a terrific success—been running almost four

years. And we thought we'd done something when we entertained 2,000,000 patrons in 122 weeks!" . . . DINAH SHORE also had a quizzical complaint when told she was rising so fast in films that independent exhibitors gave her a high future-star rating—right behind mountainous-prize-villain SIDNEY GREENSTREET. "What a spot to be in," sighed the NBC singer. "Now no one will ever see me!"

★ ★ ★

Blue Backgrounds: DIANA KEMBLE, who cuts capers with ALAN YOUNG on his Tuesday airings, is a close relative of MABEL NORMAND, the late great screen comedienne. . . . DIANE COURTNEY, singing star of the same show, is the daughter of a former Paris Opera prima donna, spoke only French—no English—until she was 16.

★ ★ ★

Yuletide Hangover: Think you had trouble Christmas-shopping? Spare some pity for PARKS "Vox Pop" JOHNSON, who had to find something suitable for his wife. She only spends the entire year—and some \$35,000—buying the presents given away on hubby's CBS program!

★ ★ ★

FRED ALLEN's long-promised motion picture will have a cast that reads like a "Who's Who" of the airwaves. Signed up so far are JACK BENNY, RUDY VALLEE, JERRY COLONNA and WILLIAM BENDIX—not to mention such out-and-out screensters as BINNIF BARNES, JOHN CARRADINE, BOB BENCHLEY, SIDNEY TOLER, et al.

★ ★ ★

Anyone who thinks SINATRA fans have no eyes for other men should see what happens when the bobby-sockers catch sight of JERRY LAWRENCE at FRANK's CBS show! The tall, dark and handsome announcer is proving to be an effective assistant Pied Piper to the Voice, with admiring teensters trailing him over to local WMCA studios for his own 6-nights-a-week show called "Jerry Lawrence's Air Theatre."

★ ★ ★

Not New But Good: Our favorite story about PHIL SPITALNY's "Hour of Charm" ensemble is the crack GROUCHO MARX made when he first saw the all-girl orchestra in person. "Is it possible," he wondered, "that 35 women can sit all the time in the same room—wearing the same dresses and the same make-up—and not kill each other?"



AN ENTIRE NATION LISTENS—BUT FEW PEOPLE ARE ACTUALLY PRESENT—WHEN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT BROADCASTS A "FIRESIDE CHAT"

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES"

by LEE VICKERS

PRESIDENTIAL ANNOUNCER FOR THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

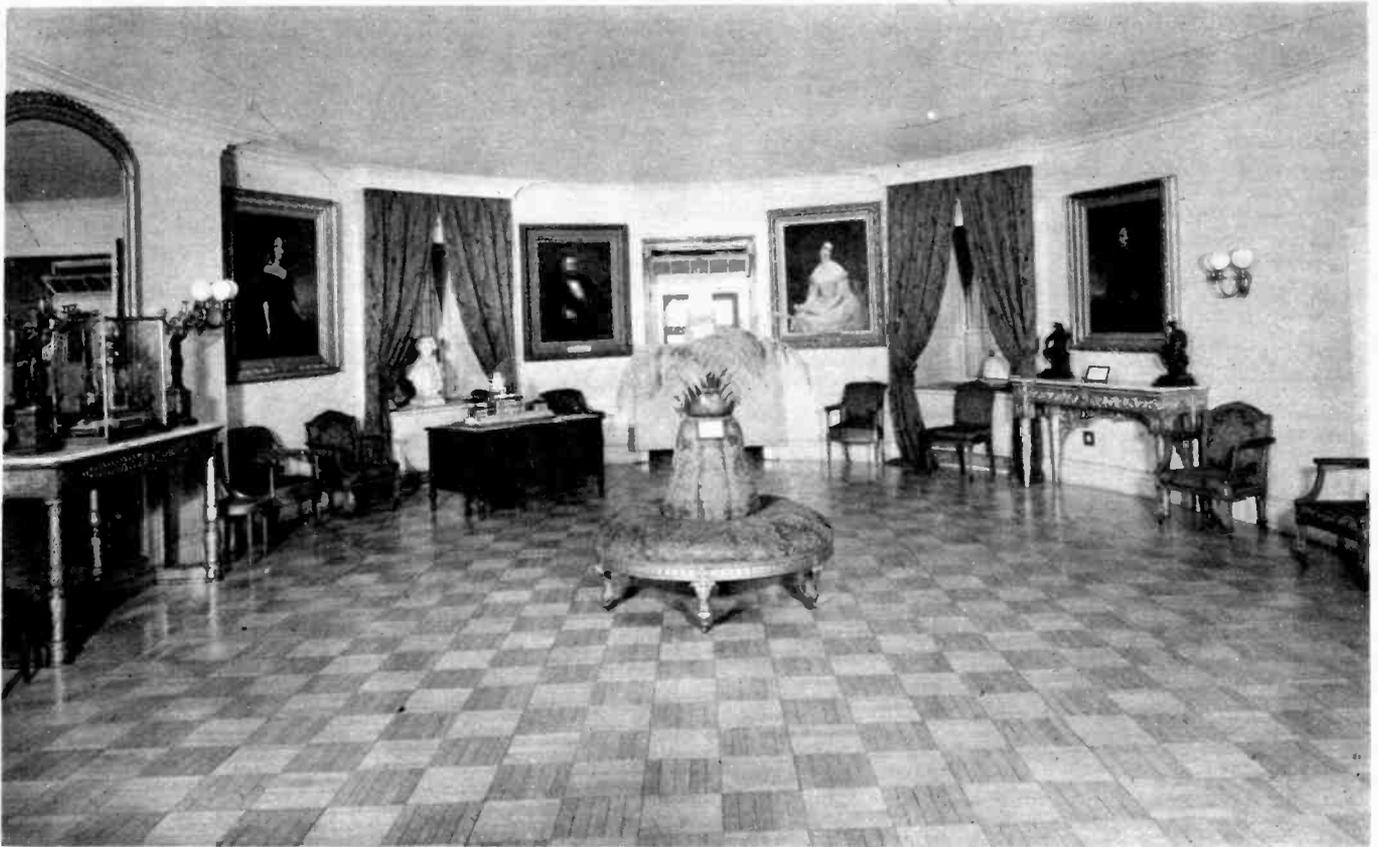
IT WAS Christmas Eve, 1943. I had arrived in Poughkeepsie very early that morning aboard the President's special train, together with the usual retinue of newspapermen, radiomen, and newsreel cameramen. It was cold, and the President was making a "fireside chat" that afternoon. Usually, such speeches originated in the White House, but this

was Christmas Eve, and the President was spending the holidays with his family at Hyde Park.

Hours before airtime, the radio engineers were setting up their equipment in the President's study in the Library and checking their regular and emergency telephone circuits to "master control" at their respective network

headquarters in New York City. Bob Wood, CBS Special Events Chief for Washington, and I were checking my introductory script, and I was giving voice tests to our engineers and otherwise helping them get our microphones lined up and adjusted. Clyde Hunt, Chief Engineer for CBS in Washington, was supervising the more technical de-

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES" (continued)



WHEN NOT FILLED WITH BUSY BROADCASTING PERSONNEL, THE WHITE HOUSE OVAL ROOM HAS THE MUSEUM CALM OF A HISTORIC SHRINE

tails. Staffs from other networks were similarly occupied. The newsreel men were setting up their cameras and sound equipment, checking their microphones and lights, setting focus on their lenses. All in all, the comparatively small room was a beehive of activity.

Inasmuch as my introduction of the President on CBS had to be synchronized with those of other networks, I had already had a session with the three announcers for those networks and we were all in agreement as to timing.

A few minutes before air time, the President entered the study, accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt, several members of the President's family, Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., a number of other guests and, of course, the Secret Service men.

By this time, the room was filled to overflowing, with most of the people standing, although Mrs. Roosevelt sat on the floor near the President, who was seated at his desk. It was all very informal, and quite in keeping with the spirit of the occasion.

A decanter of water sat on the table by my side, but, in the excitement, no one had thought to pour the President a drink. With only a minute to go be-

fore we took the air, he turned to me and asked if I would mind filling a glass for him, adding with a chuckle that you could never tell when the old voice might get a bit dry.

Needless to say, I didn't mind in the least. With all eyes on the two of us, I poured the glass of water. Everyone laughed good-naturedly and someone commented on what a wonderful opportunity it would have been for me to drop the glass. The President smiled.

A moment later, into microphones connected with their respective networks and to millions of radios throughout the world, four voices simultaneously announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States."

Ordinarily, the President's fireside chats are given in the Oval Room of the White House—a long, low-ceilinged chamber which received its name from its shape. On the walls hang portraits of a number of famous Americans.

A desk, specially adapted to the use of microphones, sits near the south end of the room, with the broadcasting and newsreel equipment opposite. In a recessed entrance covered by heavy drapes, I stand with CBS mikes to introduce and "sign off" the President. Chairs for

the President's guests are placed near the north end of the room.

Hearing Mr. Roosevelt, you may have wondered how many people are present in the Oval Room at such times. Actually there are around thirty men representing the radio networks and newsreel companies. Add to that half a dozen Secret Service men and a dozen or more guests, and you have a total of some fifty people in the room watching the President as he speaks.

Of the guests who come to hear the President, Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. John Boettiger (their daughter), and Harry Hopkins are the most frequent. Others have included members of the Cabinet, ambassadors, other members of the Roosevelt family, and close friends.

Sometimes Fala, the President's famous Scottie, is present on these occasions. The dog lies down on the floor near his master, wagging his tail as the Rooseveltian cadences are heard around the world. Occasionally, he gets up, stretches, and walks around the room, being very friendly to everyone.

Usually, the President arrives ten minutes or so before air time, preceded by one of his secretaries, who says without ostentation: "Gentlemen, the President."

Everyone stands and the President enters, greeting us individually and collectively with his affable "Good evening" or "How are you?"

Until time for the broadcast, he sits at his desk, thumbing through the pages of his script, chatting with the network and newsreel crews, and smoking cigarettes. Many a good joke has been enjoyed in the Oval Room, both before and after broadcasts—often at the President's expense.

The four networks make their individual pickups at the White House but it is not uncommon, at the end of the President's remarks, for all networks to switch to one studio in New York for the playing of the national anthem. On one such occasion, while we stood at attention, out of the loud speaker in the Oval Room came just about the seediest rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner" I have ever heard.

All eyes turned to the President to see what reaction he would have, if any. He sat very quietly until the anthem was finished. Then, in that split second before everyone relaxes, he looked up and said, with that twinkle in his eye: "What are you fellows doing—saving money on the musicians?"

The Roosevelt sense of humor is ever present. I will never forget another time, when the President spoke on a big War Bond show, produced by Orson Welles and originating elsewhere.

Back in the White House, the President thought he was going to be introduced by Welles himself. However, when the time came for the switch to the Oval Room, it was Secretary Morgenthau who made the introduction.

After the broadcast, Mr. Roosevelt commented that he had been expecting Orson Welles to introduce him and was all prepared to say: "Thank you, Orson. I'm speaking to you from Mars."

Often, in giving a preliminary voice test, he will kid the announcers and engineers. His good-natured jibing is always returned and he seems to get a big kick out of chatting with us. He almost always enjoys at least one good hearty laugh before he goes on the air, and usually clears his throat before beginning his speech. Once or twice, while I have been giving the introductory announcement, I have heard him clearing quietly in the background.

Our engineers have commented countless times on how easy it is to "ride gain" or control the volume of the President's voice for good production. They never have to worry about "high peaks" in voice level—that bugaboo of all radio

engineers. Perhaps that's because of his complete self-assurance. It is very seldom that he appears nervous before or after broadcasts.

He often pencils revisions in his script at the last minute. Invariably, the speeches are typewritten, double-spaced, the pages neatly arranged in a loose-leaf binder. Just as invariably, he keeps his scripts after the broadcasts. Mimeographed copies are always available in the White House press room, in advance, but under no circumstances is anyone allowed to release any part of the speech before the President actually delivers it. He almost always ad-libs a few remarks, although he may have penciled them in before air time. His delivery is so conversational it is difficult to tell whether he is reading or ad-libbing.

The President seldom looks up from his typewritten pages while on the air. Of course, when talking for the newsreels, he looks at the cameras almost constantly, because of the importance of facial expression on the screen. In most cases, these shots are taken after the broadcasts, although they are sometimes taken before, when the President arrives sufficiently ahead of time. Almost always, the "still" photographers for news services, papers and magazines get their pictures before the broadcast, in order to meet deadlines. They usually leave the Oval Room before the broadcast starts.

When he is on the air, the bright newsreel floodlights are turned off and,

aside from the usual lighting fixtures in the Oval Room, a single goose-neck lamp on his desk throws light upon his script. With the soft glow of this lamp upon the pages, the President puts his elbows on the desk, relaxes completely, and settles down to give the speech, thoroughly enjoying every moment of it—in much the same way you or I would sit deep in a comfortable chair and talk over old times with one of our closest friends.

He talks in a set tempo, apparently disregarding the wrist watch that lies in front of him. There are almost always mild wagers between the President and us radiomen as to whether or not he will finish his speech in the allotted air time. He bets he will; we bet he won't. He usually wins.

When the speech is finished and the newsreel shots completed, out comes the most-caricatured cigarette-holder in the world, in goes a cigarette, out comes a match or lighter (usually a match—and he usually lights his own cigarette). Then, puffing away between hearty "goodnights," the President of the United States leaves the room.

We relax. Engineers and newsreel men begin packing up their equipment. In a few minutes we are all leaving the White House, anxious to get a copy of the nearest newspaper to see what the President said—all the while realizing that we, a small group of announcers, engineers and cameramen, have just witnessed what billions of the world's people would give a great deal to see.



Author Lee Vickers tells his story from personal experience as a Presidential announcer.



Granville Klink—whom the President calls "Tingle"—sets up a microphone for F. D. R.



BOB BURNS

THE "ARKANSAS TRAVELER" SHUTTLES BETWEEN FARM AND STUDIO

TUNE IN THURS. 7:30 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

YOU can't talk about "Bob Burns" without talking about the bazooka. The "Arkansas Traveler" and his renowned musical hybrid just naturally go together—like man-and-wife or ham-and-eggs. And sometimes it's real hard to tell just what should come first. Did Bob Burns make the bazooka, or did the bazooka make Bob Burns?

The story of how that instrument extraordinary came to be is worth re-telling. It seems that, many years ago, when the now-fiftyish teller of tall tales was a green and untried sprig, he and other members of the Queen City Silver Tone Cornet Band used to practice of an evening in the Van Buren (Arkansas) plumbing shop. Our hero was mandolin player and, becoming bored with his job, picked up two pieces of gas pipe, slid them together and blew. The boys laughed — so Bob added a funnel to the thing, took it to his heart, and called it a bazooka.

That gas-pipe tuba — humble though its origins—was fated to make both its owner and his home town famous. Never one to hide his light under a bushel, the common-sense philosopher of the airlines is now proud to bring to mind that even the

Japs and Germans quiver at its name — ever since the Army named its anti-tank gun the "bazooka." Why, if it hadn't been for his inventing that instrument, a lot of folks would call him lazy. His having done that removes him from the good-for-nothings and makes him a dreamer. "In other words," says Burns, "a dreamer is a lazy man who got a break."

If you're interested to know, Bob boasts that he still has the original bazooka that started him in show business more than 30 years ago. "Of course, I had to add a new funnel when I smashed the old one throwing it on the stage, and once the handle broke off and I welded a new one, and another time the iron pipe rusted through, so I had to get another one, but otherwise, it's the same original bazooka I made back in Van Buren when I was a boy."

Well, you can believe that or not—but one thing the wild-yarn spinner is not kidding about is his farm. With somewhere around 500 acres under cultivation, "Bazooka-

Berk Farm" is the largest individually-owned commercial "plantation" in San Fernando Valley, yields tons of alfalfa, walnuts and lima beans, pays a sizeable income tax to the government. There's plenty of livestock, too, including those famous porkers and Mrs. Burns' specially-bred canaries, and Burns even has a pipe made out of olive wood from his own olive orchard. "Why, that's nothin'," says the homespun Bazookan, "that place is really self-sufficient. We even raise the worms that feed the fowl that feed the Burns!"

Bob also takes his citizenship seriously. As honorary mayor of Canoga Park, California, he attends all civic gatherings, is prominent in war and welfare drives, even

turns up at Parent-Teacher Association and school board meetings. He's also a member of the OPA rationing board, devotes a lot of time to it. "If more citizens took their citizenship seriously," quips the hill-billy from Van Buren, "fewer citizens would be taken by the politicians."

The leading citizen role is not really a strange one, however, for Bob's folks were quite respectable and not at all like their wacky counterparts on the air. Bob was originally called Rob-

in, son of a civil engineer, even studied engineering himself for a while at the university of Arkansas. But show business lured him, and he made the rounds of carnivals and vaudeville—though without much success.

It was Rudy Vallee who introduced Bob to the trans-continental audience in 1935, and that time he made an instant hit. Burns fans know the rest of the story—a featured spot on Bing Crosby's "Music Hall," then his own show in 1941.

Chief interest now is in his family — 21-year-old Robin, Jr. (son of his first marriage), Barbara (5), Billie (4) and Stephen (3). His blonde and pretty wife, former secretary Harriet Foster, is also his working partner.

The comedian himself looks much like his air character—a tanned, blue-eyed 200 pounder who carries his weight well on his 6-foot-2 frame. Neighbors say he's easy to know, can take kidding as well as give it. Armed with his trusty bazooka, Bob Burns sees no stop-lights ahead now.



BOB'S A REAL FAMILY MAN, DEVOTED TO WIFE HARRIET AND HIS CHILDREN

OVERSEAS WITH TED MALONE

WAR CORRESPONDENT STEPS OUT OF THE LIBRARY INTO THE FRONT LINE

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

It's probably no accident that two of the best-loved "people's reporters" in this war bear no resemblance to the flashy war correspondents of fiction. Like Ernie Pyle of the newspapers, Ted Malone of the airwaves is no handsome hero to behold, no dashing adventurer in his own right. He's just a pretty average guy, with thinning hair and not-so-thinning figure, who's doing a far better than average job of telling the folks back home about their boys overseas.

Frankly, the network was dubious when, early in 1944, it allowed Ted to drop such popular Malone programs as the 15-year-old "Between the Bookends" to become a member of the Blue news staff in Europe. Why should a man who read poetry so well—and so profitably—give it all up for an almost anonymous job over there? It still didn't make much sense, even after Ted landed a regular overseas show of his own, complete with sponsor. The fact remained that Malone was no military analyst, no veteran newshound, no world traveler, no linguist.

But such minus signs don't trouble Ted. The chatty, chubby 41-year-old leaves explanations of tactics and strategy to "the experts," has never missed journalistic experience, inasmuch as he has covered every phase of radio since he first began broadcasting back in 1923. Lack of foreign languages has proved no stumbling block, either, in his microphone meanderings through Iceland, Belgium, France, Italy. The genial Westerner—Colorado-born, Missouri-bred—makes friends easily in any country, finds willing interpreters everywhere.

The great plus-value throughout Ted's career has been his sincere and hearty interest in his fellow men. Never a true literary scholar, even by his own standards, Malone loves poetry simply because it means so much to so many, adores puns and stories he can tell with lots of gestures just because they make people laugh, has enough exuberance and energy for a regiment. GIs think he's great, their families swell his fan mail with thanks, and the children of Europe trail him down the streets as though he were some new Pied Piper.

Being under fire hasn't been able to change Malone's character, but it has certainly altered his habits. Back home, his only exercise consisted of running for the train from Bronxville to New York. Now, he's always on the go, by bike, jeep, plane or hop-skip-and-jump into the nearest trench. Once a hearty eater, Ted often goes two days or more without food—which explains why so many of his broadcasts are devoted to mess sergeants and KPs, when he finally catches up with them. As a result, he's lost 15 pounds to date, writes home wistfully: "I don't know *where*, when I take my measurements—unless I'm getting hollow inside!"



BIKE-RIDING "over there" is transportation, not sport, to much-on-the-go Ted Malone.

THE FAR-FLYING RADIO REPORTER SELDOM LOOKS AS DAPPER NOW AS IN THE COCKPIT OF THIS PASSENGER RECONNAISSANCE PLANE





TED MALONE MAKES FRIENDS WITH TWO VERY YOUNG MAM'SELLES



A SHINY CAMERA IS THE ONLY CHIC NOTE IN HIS WORKING GEAR



HITCH-HIKING HAS CARRIED TED CLEAR INTO THE BATTLEFRONTS



AS CHEF, HE HANDS A HOT SIP TO MESS SGT. MORTON F. PRATT



THE SUCCESS STORY OF "JOHNNY THE CALL BOY" PROVES THAT GOOD THINGS COME IN SMALL PACKAGES

HISTORY is filled with the sagas of little men who set out to prove they could be big conquerors *despite* their under-average stature. But stories of those who have won wide fame *because* of their very diminutiveness are relatively rare. In fact, the success of Johnny Roventini—not quite four feet tall—is unique in our generation.

As "Johnny the Call Boy," on two major network shows each week, the miniature Mr. Roventini is the only radio star who has an ironclad life-time contract, the only living "vocal trademark" on the air, the only broadcasting personality of such magnitude that he has a corps of understudies to broadcast from the West Coast, make personal appearances elsewhere, and do other jobs

he can't handle while busy with his two CBS shows from New York—"It Pays to Be Ignorant," on Friday nights, "Crime Doctor," on Sundays.

These "Johnny Juniors"—most noted of whom is the one appearing on the Ginny Simms program from Hollywood—are trained by Roventini himself, since it was his peculiar vocal quality and intonation, as much as his tiny size and pert appearance, which carried the former bellboy from a hotel job at \$15 a week (plus tips) to his present lofty position of \$20,000 a year.

For all his 47 inches in height and mere 59 pounds of weight, the original Johnny has a strong, penetrating voice, coupled with an unusual ear for pitch. No matter what the musical background

as he begins his famous "Call for Philip Morris," the 32-year-old in the size-2 shoes and size-8 shirts attacks the phrase with a clear, true B-flat—a trick not easily learned.

No poor little rich man, Johnny has many interests, haunts the movie houses (who-done-it pictures preferred), drinks 8 cups of coffee a day, is such a devoted baseball fan that he has to be dragged from Dodger games to keep from rooting himself hoarse. He dreads colds, gorges on vitamin pills and tonics, has never been seriously ill.

The only tiny member of his family, with one brother in the Army and the other in defense work, the little boat-lover has but one regret about his size—because it keeps him out of the Navy.

FOR ALL HIS FAME AND FORTUNE, JOHNNY STILL LIVES IN HIS HOME TOWN OF BROOKLYN—WITH FATHER AND MOTHER AND SISTER EVA





JOHNNY'S BEST "PAL" is a dog of that name, his constant companion on Brooklyn strolls. A big beast—alongside of his 47-inch-tall master—Pal is one part Collie, part Spitz, several parts just plain unidentified pooch.



TO PROTECT HIS VOICE, Johnny watches his diet carefully (aside from a fondness for hot dogs), exercises faithfully in his cellar gym. He hasn't missed more than a broadcast a year, in all his 11 years on the air so far.



THE GASOLINE SHORTAGE is all that keeps the little chap from driving an automobile as much as he'd like. With built-up cushions, extensions on clutch, brake and accelerator, he can handle his car with professional dexterity.



HIS CHILDLIKE SIZE creates some problems, in a family of otherwise average height. Johnny—who, at 32, still buys most of his clothes in the "junior" departments—has to use a specially-built platform to reach the basin.



BEING A CELEBRITY has compensations of its own, however—particularly when he can kiss lovely ladies like Marlene Dietrich. While on the job, Johnny also collects autographs by the dozen for his many relatives and friends.



FISHING AND BOATING are his peacetime hobbies. Johnny owns a 26-foot cabin cruiser, makes all repairs himself, has studied navigation and code, was turned down by the Coast Guard Auxiliary only because of his size.



PHOTOGRAPHER CASEY AND REPORTER ANN WILLIAMS OFTEN GET IN DUTCH WITH THE PAPER'S EDITOR THROUGH THEIR CRIME-SOLVING SPREES

Casey - Press Photographer

ADVENTURES OF A DASHING NEWS CAMERAMAN MAKE EXCITING LISTENING

TUNE IN TUES. 11:30 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

TROUBLE and *Flash-Gun Casey* are practically synonymous. As the devoted followers of "Casey, Press Photographer" know, the intrepid cameraman manages not only to dig up the obvious news story on every assignment, but also unearths and solves the mystery behind it.

As is often the case with amateur detectives, the extra-legal methods used by this human bloodhound make him far from a favorite with the forces of law and order—in this case personified by *Lieutenant Logan* (played by Jackson Beck). *Logan* sometimes doubts just whose side *Casey* is on. After all, there must be some fire where there's so

much smoke — and the photographer seems to fall over corpses with alarming frequency. Batting in *Casey's* corner, however, are his slangy side-kick, girl-reporter *Ann Williams* (Alice Reinheart), and the hilariously dopey and lovable bartender, *Ethelbert* (John Gibson). Somehow the trio manage to extricate themselves from their dangers and difficulties, and come up smiling each week.

All of the thespians involved in the series admit modestly that they're just good actors, and have no experience with either crime or newspapers in real life. Alice did take a course in journalism once, but never put it to any

practical use, while John Gibson states firmly that he has no connection with bars at all.

Only Staats Cotsworth, who plays the title role, will come right out and confess a peccadillo or two in his past, which give him a kind of inside slant on jail and jailers. His only American irregularity was a case of speeding and sassing a Philadelphia cop as a youngster, and he'd almost forgotten that prank. He hasn't forgotten, however, the lurid glimpse he once had of the hoosegow in a Mexican border town.

It seems that about 1928, the adventurous young Cotsworth set out in an old Ford, with his eventual destination

Honolulu, and took a .22 revolver along to shoot crows with. On Xmas eve, he strayed across the Mexican border, stayed too long at night, and was picked up and thrown into the jug as a dangerous character—because of the .22.

That would have been bad enough—especially on the night before Christmas—but it was a particularly unhealthy jail for Staats. It was the custom to let petty crooks out for certain periods during the day, when they ambled over to the nearest bars and cadged drinks from visitors. Earlier, Cotsworth had refused their requests (since many of them were already drunk) and now found himself locked up in the same room with 35 or 40 "hostile birds."

Dinner-time didn't improve his spirits, either, for when the food came it turned out to be a huge cracker can full of beans in which each man had to dig with his fists. Staats says he didn't feel hungry—and still shudders when he thinks about it.

But luck was with him, as it always is with *Casey*. The town magistrate felt a touch of the Xmas spirit, and offered to let a few of the boys out if they came across with a present. Cotsworth joyfully shelled out \$10, made a dash for his Ford and the States, and hasn't been back since.

Casey knows what he's talking about when he says that "crime doesn't pay."



A BLOODHOUND HAS NOTHING ON THIS PAIR WHEN THEY HIT THE TRAIL OF A HOT STORY

DETECTIVE LOGAN FINDS THEM WITH A BODY



BARTENDER ETHELBERG SUPPLIES BOTH SAGE ADVICE AND PICK-ME-UPS TO HIS GOOD PALS



JESSICA DRAGONETTE

SOPRANO STAR OF "SATURDAY NIGHT SERENADE" IS A RADIO PIONEER

TUNE IN SAT. 9:45 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

BEING an "institution" isn't the easiest of burdens for a human being to carry, but Jessica Dragonette—whose own life-story is virtually a history of modern broadcasting—wears her laurel wreaths with an air of complete comfort, with a youthful tilt as jaunty as the mad little hats for which she has such a consuming passion.

And well she might. In an industry which still measures its generations by 13-week periods, rather than decades, even a "pioneer" like Jessica can be as pretty, as petite, as popular as ever. The lyric soprano may have faced her first mike when radio was just a bawling baby, but she herself was only a teenster then, a talented young orphan who found the new medium a perfect answer to the problem of supporting herself while continuing her vocal studies. Jessica and commercial broadcasting grew up together.

As a result, the bantam songbird with the warm-gold skin, the cool-gold hair and the liquid-gold voice is now an established radio institution, the First-est Lady in the entire field. Her "career bracelet," composed of charms given her by devoted fans, reveals some of the reasons why. Miniature automobiles, oil cans, soap cakes, concert grand pianos, soft-drink bottles—jostling the tiny Pet Milk can which stands for her present sponsorship—represent some of the early commercial programs she helped launch. Jessica was featured or starred in the first of all broadcasts for General Motors, Coca Cola, General Electric, when these series pioneered with new formats and techniques.

She was also a stellar attraction of the first international hook-up and the initial broadcast to Admiral Byrd at the South Pole. Her pathfinding hasn't been confined to music, either. The grand opera student not only did the very first condensed operettas, straight concert series, variety shows and first songs in Spanish over the air, but also was the first singer to do her own acting in scripts, the first performer of any kind to do Shakespeare, modern one-act plays and children's fairy tales for radio.

Many of these experiments were the result of little Jessica's own suggestions. Wanting to sing more than anything else in the world, she still found all the new medium's unexplored possibilities irresistible, haunted the bare, primitive studios of those days for 18 hours at a time, asking questions of announcers, engineers, technicians. Primarily, she was interested in learning how to conquer those early mikes—which did such strange things to the singing voice—but every problem challenged her attention.

The Dragonette curiosity is just as lively today, but, now that radio has become a more standardized medium, is turning in other directions. Some years ago, she made her concert debut in Philadelphia, had several successful seasons to her credit (in Hawaii, as well as all over the United States) and had flown the equivalent of five times around the world before wartime restrictions put an end to such musical meanderings. Now she confines her tours to enter-

taining at bond rallies, camps and bases—while studying intensively for her long-postponed operatic debut.

Result has been many new awards (Army and Navy wings, an honorary colonelcy, American Legion, U. S. O. and Treasury Department citations) to be added to those she already had, which range from "Oscars" won in innumerable popularity polls to the coveted Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice cross conferred upon her by Pope Pius XII for her many charities.

Oddest of all her honors was probably her induction as an adopted Crow princess, in Wyoming. A Cinderella in reverse English, the about-to-be-christened "Princess Singing Bird" almost started a fresh feud between two peaceful Indian tribes, when the antelope-skin boots especially made for her—and carefully embroidered with Crow emblems—proved much too large for Jessica's size-3½ feet.

Someone provided smaller moccasins which she gratefully donned, only to learn that they were decorated with symbols of the Cheyenne tribe. Wearing them would have been worse than a social error, under the circumstances, and the tiny inductee saved the day, at zero hour, by putting on the Crow originals—plentifully padded out with newspapers. (This, coupled with her doubts as to just what might happen in such an initiation ceremony, accounts for her uncertain footing in photograph reproduced below!) All went well



THE TINY SONGBIRD IS AN INDIAN PRINCESS—BY ADOPTION

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE) 19

JESSICA DRAGONETTE (continued)

and today Indian souvenirs vie for place among the cups, statuettes and plaques which make the Dragonette study a veritable trophy room. Nevertheless—in contrast to the rest of Jessica's apartment, with its luxurious L-shaped living-room, medieval fireplaces and oil paintings—this study still manages to look most business-like.

Here are Jessica's mammoth record-playing machine, her racks upon racks of sheet music, ceiling-high shelves filled with tomes of music and the several hundred record albums of broadcasts she has made in almost two decades on the air. Here, too, are enormous fine-leather volumes—each



JESSICA'S STUDY IS FILLED WITH MUSIC BOOKS AND ALBUMS

larger than an unabridged dictionary—containing representative or specially cherished letters from her fans.

"Air friends" is the more intimate phrase Jessica prefers, when speaking of the people with whom she has corresponded for years, the devotees who send her so many gifts—pecans from Georgia, cactus from Arizona, fruit from the Hood River Valley (every time she sings "Annie Laurie!"), holly and mistletoe from almost everywhere at Christmas time. Largest of these presents is undoubtedly a hand-made organ, turned out by a listener in Indiana and now a fixture in her New York home. Smallest is a feather, "sent" her by an attentive parrot—pet-owning Dragonette enthusiasts even claim that their canaries develop higher notes from listening to their beloved singer over the radio!

Since, to most of that steadfast audience, Jessica was a disembodied voice, she long hesitated about facing them in person. Suppose they had imagined her as being statuesque instead of little more than five feet tall, brunette instead of blonde, blue-eyed instead of hazel? Now, of course, several millions have seen her on the concert stage—150,000 at a single appearance in Chicago's Grant Park—without signs of either dismay or disappointment. And television is widening the spectator-horizon still further.

In the very beginning, Jessica's picture (synchronized with a recording of her voice) was the first ever telecast. Today, true to her pioneer tradition, she has just finished a modern television series, the first regular commercial programs in the field. History is still repeating itself, and the ultra-feminine Columbus discovered that—just as in the early days of radio—she had to build her own "video" programs, write most of her own material.

Writing comes easily to Jessica, who has done the English lyrics for many of the numbers she sings, used to compose many a line of verse. She hasn't written much poetry of late and about her only recent example is the doggerel she penned, denying rumors of a secret marriage:

"Dear Walter:
Your column you must alter,
I'll sure give you the tip
When I take a honeymoon trip,
But as yet I haven't been to the altar!"

It was signed "Perplexedly yours—Jessica Dragonette," and addressed, of course, to Walter Winchell.

Rhythm and rhyme may be a bit ragged, but the sentiment holds true even now. Jessica is still unmarried, manages to find time for a goodly number of dates, loves to go to the theatre, dance at the Plaza, visit the Planetarium, ride on top of Fifth Avenue's double-decker busses. Though her schedule is so packed that a frequent complaint is, "It takes too long to do too little," she's fond of stealing moments for her favorite pastime, window-shopping.

Clothes are almost a cult with the bright-plumaged songster who wears varied costumes to fit the moods of her music program, specializes in bouffant gowns and Grecian-style evening wraps. Since she never dares go with her head uncovered, for fear of colds (she keeps to an athlete's schedule of eating and exercise), hats are a particularly important wardrobe item—and hers are wonderful to behold.

Which is as it should be, according to Jessica's theory that headgear should reveal a woman's imagination, be controversial, something to talk about. In fact, she gets such a lift from choosing a new bonnet that the Dragonette post-war betterment plan states definitely: "It would be very nice if every woman could have a new hat every three weeks!"



JOE GENTILE AND RALPH BINGE MAY LOOK LIKE OTHER RADIO ZANIES, BUT A WAITING LIST OF SPONSORS PROVES THERE'S A DIFFERENCE



THE BOYS THINK UP IMPROVISED SKITS AND PATTERNS RIGHT ON THE AIR

HAPPY JOE & RALPH

IMPUDENT DETROIT POMPOSITY-BUSTERS WIN LAURELS FOR INSULTS ON A.M. SHOW

TUNE IN MON., WED., FRI. 11:30 A.M. E.W.T. (Mutual)

B EING on the air for 3½ hours a day, 6 days a week would give most of radio's top-notch comedians a first-class case of heart failure. An average network show takes days of preparation, batteries of writers to get things set for the great American public.

That's why "Happy Joe and Ralph" are different. As Detroit listeners know, they're on the job at CKLW, batting out laughs every weekday morning from 6:00 to 9:30, with nothing but the flimsiest outline of a script to hang on to. Their formula is simple—kid the pants off the advertisers (50 of 'em at present), and invite in both "common men" and celebrities for debunking, too.

And, boy, does that formula work! Former dance-hall manager Joe Gentile and one-time door-to-door salesman Ralph Binge can point to 11 years on the air, a waiting list of plaintive would-be sponsors, and now a network show. Constantly asked to expand, the boys boom "No! Whaddya think we are—Supermen"

"Is There a Doctor in the House?"

DAYTIME SERIAL FANS FIND NO SCARCITY OF WORTHY MEDICOS

THE matinee idol of today no longer sports six-shooter and spurs—nor is he the idling man-about-town in top-hat and tails. On the contrary, if radio indications are any guide, the modern hero is a mighty useful citizen, and he holds a scalpel in his hand.

Best proof of the way science has invaded the entertainment field is provided by the daytime serials, which are highlighting doctors in ever increasing numbers. The trend began somewhere around 1937, when author Irna Phillips put her "Road of Life" on the air. "An illness of my own," says NBC's prolific writer, "made me realize how impor-

tant doctors and nurses are to all of us and how much of their service to humanity is forgotten when pain is over." Then, too, listeners are always eager to get a glimpse of lives that are different from their own—and where is there a more dramatic and varied parade of humanity than behind the closed secret walls of a hospital?

Since then, many fictional M.D.'s have made places for themselves on the air, as the pictures on these pages show. None of them are saints—they make the same mistakes in personal affairs as other erring mortals. But because they are healers, dialers love and respect them in spite of faults.



DR. PURDY, as portrayed by veteran actor Hugh Studebaker, represents the old-fashioned type of small-town doctor in "Woman in White."



DR. BURTON is "Woman in White's" hospital chief of staff. Ken Griffin plays not only this M.D. but is Dr. Brent in "Road of Life."



DR. McNEILL, a family practitioner, is heard in "The Guiding Light." Actor Sidney Breese likes the role, once intended to be a doctor.



DRS. BURKE, BRENT AND PARSONS (Ralph Camargo, David Ellis and Jack Petruzzi) are serious young internes in "The Road of Life."

TELEVISION IN THE MAKING

EVERYONE wants to know about television and how it works. But, with only a handful of adequately equipped "video" stations operating on regular schedule at present, most people have little chance of satisfying their curiosity. For them, the picture at right may well serve as a preview "guided tour."

The average man can see at once how much there is of both radio and film technique in the new medium. The bare hall looks far more like a Hollywood sound stage than a sequestered broadcasting studio. There are bright lights, banks of cameras, actors working without scripts. Only one thing is lacking to create a movie-lot illusion—the director.

Instead of being out on the set, that all-important gentleman is back in the control room, separated by glass from his performers, camera crew and stagehands. He's seated, in the foreground of this photograph, with two technicians, his "switcher" and "shader."

In front of them are three images of the two views being photographed simultaneously across the studio. The central image is the long-shot picked up by the "dolly" camera, the crane-like contraption with a special seat for its cameraman. The others show the close-up taken by the smaller "pedestal" camera, which can be raised or lowered and use either upper or lower lens, as visible here.

It's the group picture which is now "on the air," put there by the switcher, who changes cameras at the director's command. Meanwhile, the shader—whose job is to bring the images into their sharpest focus—is "clearing" the close-up for transmission.

With no re-takes or "rushes" possible, as in movies, the center of television activity must be the control room, as in radio. This has created a new job never heard of before in either field—the floor manager. He's the chap crouching in the shadowy middle, the silent mouthpiece of the director. For he's the man who, getting the latter's instructions over his headphones, transmits them by sign-language to both the performers and the technical crew.



AN UNUSUALLY COMPREHENSIVE PICTURE OF A TELEVISION STUDIO—AS SEEN THROUGH THE CONTROL ROOM WINDOW OF COLUMBIA'S STATION WCBW, NEW YORK—SHOWS CAMERAS (CENTER), PERFORMERS (REAR), SPOTLIGHT (RIGHT)

WANTED! *Edith Arnold*-GUN MOLL

THE GANGSTER GIRL OF "CRIME DOCTOR" LEADS A VERY DOUBLE LIFE

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



BEING "the best gun moll in the business" isn't all fame, fireworks and fun. What Edith Arnold really needs is sympathy! She's more to be pitied than censured. By actual count, the young actress has been murdered—over the mike—more than 200 times, in "Crime Doctor's" some four years on the air. The slim, sweet-tempered redhead is more often corpse than criminal, earned her title only because she almost invariably—and always successfully—portrays the kind of wicked woman for whom Crime Doesn't Pay.

Edith's career is perfect proof of the triumph of acting ability over native temperament. In private life, the shy but friendly bachelorette holds two college degrees (including an M. A. in metaphysics), prefers her two farms (in San Fernando Valley and on a Connecticut island) to any night club, thinks she looks a lot like her dog "Freckles" (except for his long, silky ears). The spaniel does have almost as many freckles as his mistress and hair almost as beautifully red-gold as her own—but Edith's brilliant sea-blue eyes are a far cry from his melting brown ones.

The Arnold freckles had to be liberally covered with make-up to produce the tough-looking, over-sophisticated pictures at left. In fact, it took many poses, plates, and a thumping photographer's bill to achieve the desired results. Edith had never held a gun in her hand before, is scared to death of firearms. Sound effects men handle such weapons on the air, and her bad-girl roles on the stage (where she has appeared with such stars as Walter Huston and Richard Bennett) have been less murderous than plain "immoral"—ever since she got her start, at the age of 16, playing "The Woman Taken in Adultery" in a California passion play.

THIS IS WHAT EDITH SOUNDS LIKE WHEN SHE'S ON THE AIR



THIS IS WHAT SHE REALLY LOOKS LIKE WHEN SAFE AT HOME



DR. LANDIS (acted by one-time medical student Harry Elders) makes work of a resident physician real for "Woman in White" listeners.



DR. MALONE (Alan Bunce) is the romantic hero of "Young Dr. Malone," encounters emotional difficulties in course of his duties.



DR. JORDAN (played by Betty Winkler), leading character of "Joyce Jordan, M.D.," fights prejudice and illness as a woman practitioner.



DR. FRAZIER, skilled in his profession but villainous in private life, is presented on "Road of Life" by handsome Willard Waterman.



DR. WAYNE (Staats Cotsworth), husband of the title character in "Big Sister," is interested in his patients' physical and mental welfare.



DR. CHRISTIAN—and his impersonator, Jean Hersholt—have become symbols of hard-working country medicos to radio and screen fans.

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



BEING "the best gun moll in the business" isn't all fame, fireworks and fun. What Edith Arnold really needs is sympathy! She's more to be pitied than censured. By actual count, the young actress has been murdered—over the mike—more than 200 times, in "Crime Doctor's" some four years on the air. The slim, sweet-tempered redhead is more often corpse than criminal, earned her title only because she almost invariably—and always successfully—portrays the kind of wicked woman for whom Crime Doesn't Pay.

Edith's career is perfect proof of the triumph of acting ability over native temperament. In private life, the shy but friendly bachelorette holds two college degrees (including an M. A. in metaphysics), prefers her two farms (in San Fernando Valley and on a Connecticut island) to any night club, thinks she looks a lot like her dog "Freckles" (except for his long, silky ears). The spaniel does have almost as many freckles as his mistress and hair almost as beautifully red-gold as her own—but Edith's brilliant sea-blue eyes are a far cry from his melting brown ones.

The Arnold freckles had to be liberally covered with make-up to produce the tough-looking, over-sophisticated pictures at left. In fact, it took many poses, plates, and a thumping photographer's bill to achieve the desired results. Edith had never held a gun in her hand before, is scared to death of firearms. Sound effects men handle such weapons on the air, and her bad-girl roles on the stage (where she has appeared with such stars as Walter Huston and Richard Bennett) have been less murderous than plain "immoral"—ever since she got her start, at the age of 16, playing "The Woman Taken in Adultery" in a California passion play.

THIS IS WHAT EDITH SOUNDS LIKE WHEN SHE'S ON THE AIR



THIS IS WHAT SHE REALLY LOOKS LIKE WHEN SAFE AT HOME



DR. LANDIS (acted by one-time medical student Harry Elders) makes work of a resident physician real for "Woman in White" listeners.



DR. MALONE (Alan Bunce) is the romantic hero of "Young Dr. Malone," encounters emotional difficulties in course of his duties.



DR. JORDAN (played by Betty Winkler), leading character of "Joyce Jordan, M.D.," fights prejudice and illness as a woman practitioner.



DR. FRAZIER, skilled in his profession but villainous in private life, is presented on "Road of Life" by handsome Willard Waterman.



DR. WAYNE (Staats Cotsworth), husband of the title character in "Big Sister," is interested in his patients' physical and mental welfare.



DR. CHRISTIAN—and his impersonator, Jean Hersholt—have become symbols of hard-working country medicos to radio and screen fans.



RUSSELL BARTLETT FINDS "RELAXING AT HOME" STRENUOUS SOMETIMES, WITH DAUGHTERS JILL, LINDA AND PENNY TO PLAGUE HIM

My Best Girls

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF FATHERHOOD RAISE HEARTY LAUGHS

TUNE IN WED. 8:30 P.M.; REPEAT 11:30 P.M. E.W.T. (BLUE)

ACCORDING to psychologists, girls are much easier to manage than boys — but *Russell Bartlett* is sure the experts don't know what they're talking about. As a harassed father with three growing daughters, he's got a few definite opinions of his own on the subject. But in spite of all the scrapes and embarrassing moments the trio land him in, he wouldn't exchange "My Best Girls" for any other family in the land.

Just to bring dialers who have not yet tuned in to this domestic circus up-to-

date, *Russell Bartlett's* a typical American self-made man. At 44, he's pretty well established in his mid-Western town and architect's business, and his real problems occur right at home, where three pert and audacious youngsters keep him in hot water most of the time. Like many fathers, he's more indulgent than severe, and tends to laugh at rather than scold the girls for their clumsy efforts to be helpful.

Though *Bartlett's* life is far from a dull one, his days are spent quite dif-

ferently from those of the adventurous real-life actor who plays the role. Roland Winters' restless spirit never let him stay in one place very long — or in any one job either.

Listeners who have noticed Roland's excellent speech may be surprised to know that he first learned English at the age of ten. Though born in Boston, he spoke only German and Italian to his Austrian musician-father and German mother in early years. Perhaps it was at Harvard (where his parents sent

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



IT LOOKS AS IF JILL IS FINDING OUT A THING OR TWO—FROM HER SISTER'S DIARY



LINDA'S REACHED GLAMOUR-GIRL AGE, BUT DOESN'T IMPRESS BOBBY-SOXER PENNY

MY BEST GIRLS (continued)

him to be polished off into an American gentleman) that the lad picked up the fluency and diction which are now so marked. At any rate, Harvard didn't hold him very long, for the well-built husky early developed a passionate love of the sea, and couldn't bear to spend his hours poring over books when he could be bouncing on the waves instead. So he abandoned education and took up sailing, working his way to South America and the West Indies among other fascinating ports of call.

Sailing is still Roland's favorite hobby, and in peacetime he operates a boat called the "Antoinette" all up and down the coast from Maine to New York, whenever he can snatch a few days from his work. Even though acting makes him a landlubber most of the year, he's managed to find an apartment near Manhattan's East River, where he can at least see and hear the ships go by.

Acting is really just a fluke with Winters. Many years ago, he tried it as a lark, found that he liked it—and has been on the boards more or less ever since. His first Broadway show was "The Firebrand," which starred Frank Morgan and Joseph Schildkraut, as well as Allan Joslyn and Edward G. Robinson. "I hardly have to tell you," he says, "that nobody noticed me."

They did notice him in stock, however, when he toured the country from Maine to Dallas. Only 24 at the time, he was the youngest character actor in the company, and spent most of his time in "old man" roles.

Then came that rival old man—Depression—and nobody had the money to pay for theatre seats. Winters decided he'd better look around for another field, spotted radio as a good bet—and landed a job as staff announcer in Boston. Sports next claimed the virtuoso's interest, and for five years he called the turns at baseball and football games. But at last he settled down to acting again. You've probably heard him in various parts, for he's appeared on numerous programs such as "The Aldrich Family," "Young Widder Brown," "Gang Busters" and "Famous Jury Trials." Roland's specialty is playing German "heavies" because of his knowledge of the language, and at one time or another he's been every one of the leading Nazis—Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels and Goering.

Strangely enough, the one thing Winters has had no experience with is fatherhood. Married for 14 years, he has no children of his own, spends his spare time reading and playing the guitar in-

stead of solving adolescent troubles. But, as he explains, he knows all about children from watching the hi-jinks when visiting family-man friends.

Linda, oldest of the three *Bartlett* girls, is played by photogenic blonde Mary Shipp. Mary comes by her acting ability naturally, for she is a cousin of the late theatre queen, Jeanne Eagels. Her own stage career, however, has been limited to amateur productions and community theatres.

In radio, on the other hand, Mary's well known for she's played leads in such outstanding broadcasts as "Cavalcade of America," "Sherlock Holmes" and "Blondie." Even her husband, executive Harry Ackerman, was met through radio—when she was cast for a part on "The Phantom Pilot" program. Outside of a Broadway career, the former model's greatest ambition is to have a ranch in Arizona. Only thing she's worried about at present is that both dreams may come true at the same time — and then she'll have to choose between them.

Mary Mason, who takes the part of *Penny*, was also born to the footlights, and traces her love of the stage back to a grandfather who was in Edwin Booth's company. Miss Mason's best-loved possessions are her Connecticut farmhouse, dating back to 1797, and an extensive collection of stage actors' letters, including such famous names as David Garrick and Mrs. Siddons.

In private life, Mary is really very much interested in domesticity, for she's married to Technical Sergeant Carl Fisher and has a two-year-old daughter who keeps her very busy. Though she herself passed up college for the stage, she admits to being proud of her Phi Beta Kappa husband, hopes to produce a play with him some day.

Even kid-sister *Jill's* role is handled by a veteran, Lorna Lynn. Though only ten years old, this child-star has already had ten stage successes—one for every year of her life. Jed Harris first chose her at the age of three for Ibsen's "Doll House" and other appearances include "Trojan Women," "Panama Hattie" and "Peter Pan."

Result of all this experience is that Lorna often hears herself called the "Shirley Temple of radio," and hopes to follow through her childhood profession to adult success.

Lorna's still a youngster at heart, though, and gets as much of a kick out of teasing "Daddy" Roland Winters in the studio as she does in the script. The rest of the cast join in with great glee—and the *Bartlett* family seems to have a lot of fun—both on and off the air.



SLIDING DOWN BANISTERS WITH A NEXT-DOOR PAL IS JILL'S IDEA OF A GOOD TIME



PENNY'S MORE INTERESTED IN CHATTING WITH THE GIRLS THAN IN HER BOY FRIEND



A TYPICAL "GUINEA PIG" AUDIENCE SIGNALS ITS REACTIONS BY PRESSING GREEN BUTTONS FOR "GOOD," RED BUTTONS FOR "POOR"

THUMBS UP - THUMBS DOWN

PROGRAM ANALYZER GIVES LISTENERS A CHANCE TO TALK BACK

HAVE you ever wished, as you angrily switched the dial to another station, that you could reverse proceedings just for a minute and tell that program what you thought of it? Well, so have we all. And now CBS is asking listeners to do just that — talk right back about radio entertainment.

The whole thing is being done very scientifically — by means of a gadget known as a Program Analyzer. This device is an invention of Dr. Paul F. Lazarsfeld of the Office of Radio Research and Dr. Frank Stanton of the Columbia Broadcasting System. These two researchers felt that ordinary radio polls weren't sufficient — they merely indicated how many people were listening to a particular broadcast, but gave no clue to whether those listeners liked it or not.

With this new system of testing, dialers are asked to come right down to the studios, settle themselves comfortably in easy chairs (much as they might in their own homes) and then just listen quietly while a previously-recorded program

is being played. The chairs differ from your own fireside models only in that each one is equipped with two buttons—a green one to be held in the right hand and pressed whenever you like the program, and a red one for the left hand to be pressed when you dislike the program. If you don't care much one way or the other, you press neither.

Since listeners are tested in groups of ten, a few precautions have been added to see that everything is on the square and scientific. Recorded instructions are identical for each group, and emphasize that your buttons are to be held under the table, so that there's no "cribbing" or peeking — and your neighbor cannot be influenced by your "vote."

The "score" is kept on a piece of tape in the next room, equipped with 20 pens — one green and one red for each person in the group. When Listener No. 7 presses his red (I-don't-like) button, the red pen connected with it makes a mark on the tape indicating at what second he started dis-

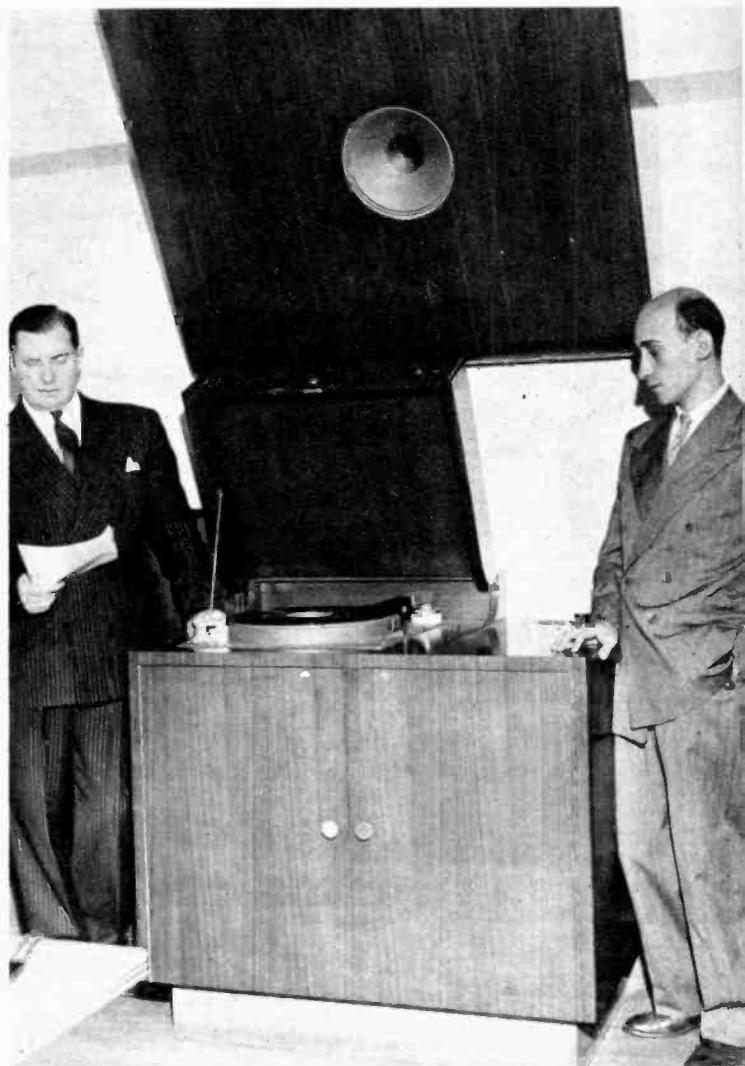
liking the broadcast and how long that dislike continued. By the end of the half-hour program, the psychologist in charge has a complete graph showing at what moment each listener in the room was pleased, displeased or indifferent.

Armed with his tape, the psychologist then starts a discussion with participants, aimed at finding out the whys and wherefores of the "good" and "poor" reactions. With a stenographer taking down every word (but "guinea pigs" protected by anonymity) opinions are lively and positive.

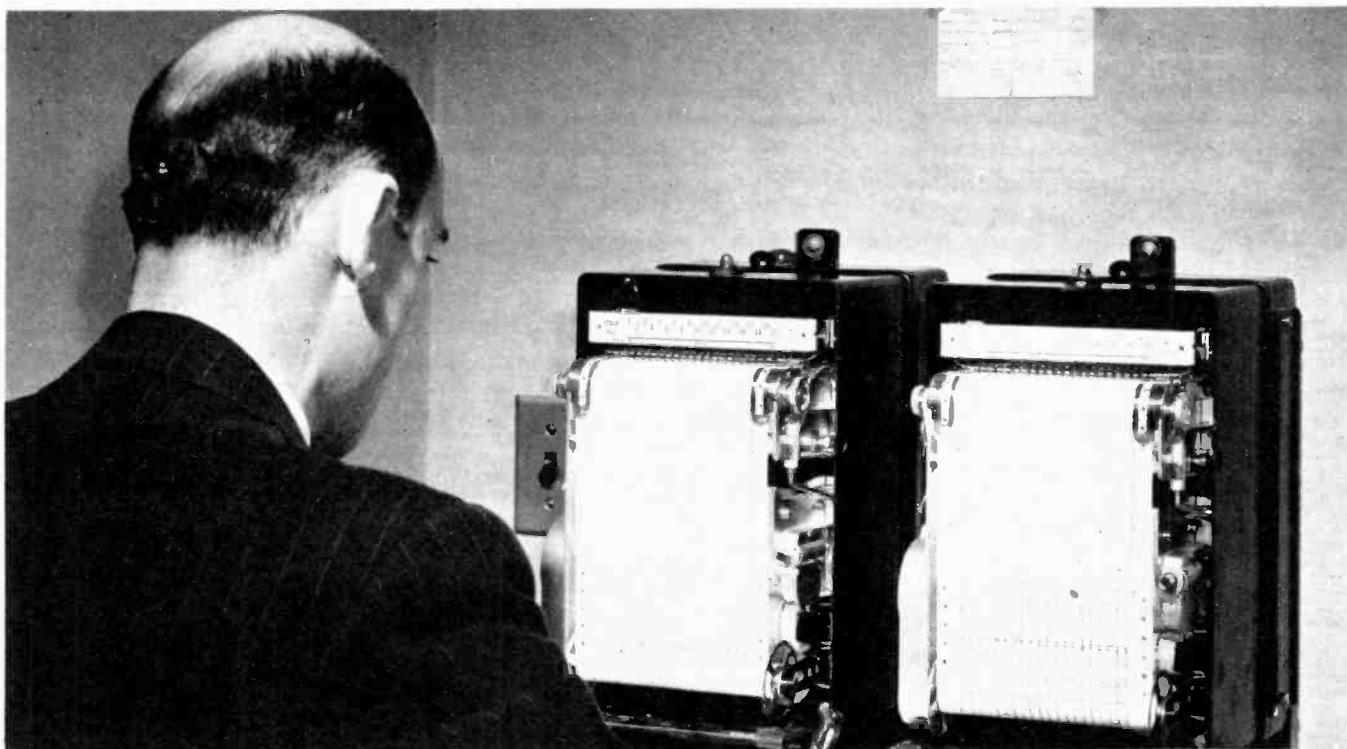
Out of the numerous tests performed in the last few years, Assistant Director of Research Oscar Katz has come to some interesting conclusions. Audiences tend to dislike loud noises, intricate musical arrangements in which the melody is lost, confusing dramatic sequences in which they don't know who is talking or where the action is taking place. Most people prefer situation comedy (in which the jokes arise naturally from the action) to straight gags unconnected with the rest of the show. In news broadcasting, an excess of place names, statistics and specific distances usually bewilder rather than inform the hearer, and the erring commentator is likely to be turned off in favor of a rival with a simpler style.

At the present time, audiences are drawn exclusively from New York, through invitations given as spot announcements over WABC. Several test trials in other parts of the country demonstrate, however, that reactions are pretty much the same unless the show has regional appeal. Every attempt is made to have the groups represent America's millions of radio fans by selecting audiences from different sex, age and education groups. And, after the war, when equipment is available, portable units will probably be sent out to give everyone a chance to talk back from Maine to California.

Program analysis has its funny moments, like the time everybody detested the program, and one woman got so tired of pushing her red button that she put it on her chair and sat on it. But its real purpose is serious — to give you just the kind of entertainment you want to hear over the air.



CBS RESEARCHERS PLAY RECORDED PROGRAMS FOR GROUPS OF TEN



TWENTY PEN POINTS (TEN WITH GREEN INK, TEN WITH RED) JOT DOWN SECOND-BY-SECOND LIKES AND DISLIKES ON MOVING TAPES



HAPPY WINNER PFC. STANLEY CONRAD THINKS BACK TO HIS HIGH SCHOOL DAYS FOR THE ELUSIVE AUTHOR OF THAT GILT-EDGED QUOTATION

HE ANSWERED THE \$1,900 QUESTION

A QUOTATION-WISE G. I. WINS THE "DR. I. Q." WARBOND JACKPOT

WHEEE! \$1900! That was Pfc. Stanley Conrad's first reaction. Second thought was to bless the teacher who made him *Lincoln* in the senior class play—just two years ago.

It all came about because Stanley had a couple of hours to kill before catching his train back to the Air Corps. When he entered the theatre in Rochester, N. Y., he didn't even know that "Dr. I. Q." contestants had missed the "Quotation Question" for 18 weeks—that a jackpot of \$1900 had been rolled up for the correct answer that day.

But when announcer Dean Harris shoved that mike in front of him, and asked who had said: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right"—he knew. You bet he knew—he'd had to say those dozens of times in his role of *Lincoln*.

And now Stanley's going to get more of the valuable education that won him 1900 smackers. He's going to apply that money toward college expenses after the war.

If the reader is wondering whether he could have cashed in on one of those earlier quotations—here they are, with the amounts each correct author netted.

\$100—To err is human, to forgive divine. \$200—For all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, "It might have been." \$300—The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world. \$400—Better know nothing than half-know things. \$500—The secret of success is constancy to purpose. \$600—We have forty million reasons for failure, but not a single excuse. \$700—A man is never too old to learn. \$800—Great truths are portions

of the soul of man; great souls are portions of Eternity. \$900 — If a man is worth knowing at all, he is worth knowing well. \$1000—Truth crushed to earth shall rise again. \$1100—I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more. \$1200. 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, be it ever so humble there's no place like home. \$1300—This above all: to thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man. \$1400—I am the master of my fate; I am the captain of my soul. \$1500—Lives of great men all remind us, we can make our lives sublime, and, departing, leave behind us footsteps on the sands of time. \$1600—If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you, if you can trust yourself when all men doubt you, but make allowance for their doubting too . . . \$1700—It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it Home. \$1800—I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat.

ANSWERS

\$100—Alexander Pope. \$200—John Greenleaf Whittier. \$300—William R. Wallace. \$400—Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche. \$500—Benjamin Disraeli. \$600—Rudyard Kipling. \$700—Thomas Middleton. \$800—James Russell Lowell. \$900—Alexander Smith. \$1000—William Cullen Bryant. \$1100—Richard Lovelace. \$1200—John Howard Payne. \$1300—Shakespeare. \$1400—William Ernest Henley. \$1500—Henry Longfellow. \$1600—Rudyard Kipling. \$1700—Edgar A. Guest. And \$1800—Winston Churchill.

JOAN ALEXANDER

EXPERT HORSEWOMAN

JOAN Alexander's success story would not make good bedtime reading for children. Though she's won acclaim in two different fields, the young lady got her start by putting something over on her parents.

The first time occurred when Joan was just a youngster who'd gone "horse-crazy." The grown-ups felt that six was much too tender an age for riding lessons, but the determined little miss hung around stables and talked horses until they capitulated in self-defense.

At a much later date, after graduation from finishing school, the ambitious girl felt a similar irresistible urge to act. Producers didn't seem overwhelmed by this golden opportunity until Joan ran across one who needed costumes for his entire cast. Never-at-a-loss Miss Alexander immediately offered to supply them in exchange for a part—all to be done on Mother's charge accounts.

Now that Joan's a double success—both as horse-woman and actress (she plays the lead in CBS' "Bright Horizon")—nobody minds those enterprising starts a bit.



JOAN STARTED RIDING AT 6, NOW OWNS A THOROUGHBRED, "POWER"



MISS ALEXANDER COMPETES IN NUMEROUS SHOWS, HAS AN IMPOSING COLLECTION OF AWARDS, CUPS AND RIBBONS—PLUS CASH PRIZES

JUDY'S HOLLYWOOD DATE

LOUISE ERICKSON GETS A PHONE CALL
FROM BARRY MINEAH THAT WASN'T IN
THE SCRIPT FOR "A DATE WITH JUDY"

MOST people will agree that dates are dates and youth is youth, the whole world over—except perhaps in Hollywood! The average person makes a little mental reservation there, wondering if puppy love can be quite the same in the fabulous film colony, particularly when the teensters themselves are making good money on screen or radio.

The answer to that depends a great deal on the youngsters themselves, but those who've seen them at the skating rinks, dance halls and soda fountains will testify that the majority behave almost exactly like Johnny and Mary of Everytown, U. S. A.—which means very much like *Judy* and *Edgar* of "A Date With Judy" (heard every Tuesday at 8:30 P.M. E.W.T., over NBC).

Exhibits A and B are the original *Judy* and *Edgar* in person—blonde, blue-eyed Louise Erickson, 16, and slim, dark Barry Mineah, 17, a real-life two-some off the air as well as on. A candid camera record of one of their last dates, before Barry enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve, brings out some facts many people might not expect.

For the way these youthful radio stars (Louise is also a budding movie starlet) really spend an evening together doesn't look much like those imaginary Hollywood scenes of gilded night clubs and silver-plated cars in a sea of champagne with islands of ermine!

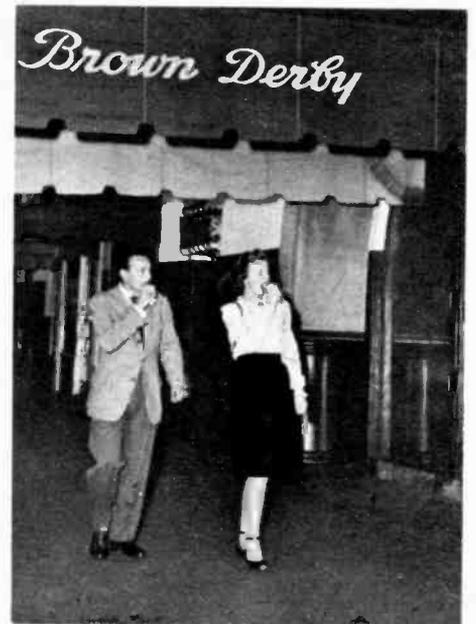




It's streetcars, not taxis, for Louise and Barry, when dating on a typical teen-age budget.



Hot dogs and pop provide food and drink—the passing parade provides the floor show.



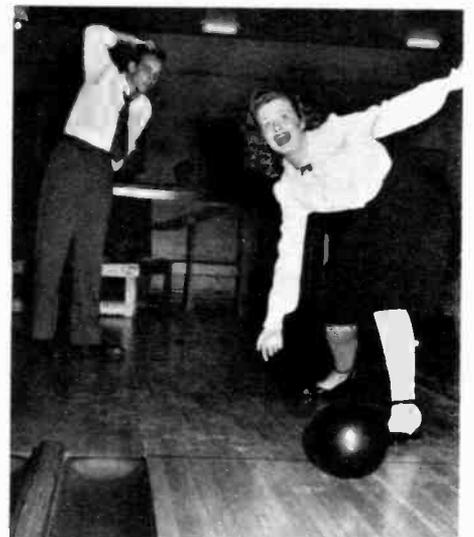
The refreshment situation already in hand, they sail past a popular filmland rendezvous.



"Wall of Fame" outside Earl Carroll's restaurant can be admired without going inside.



A slot machine ball game catches their interest—and also a few of their precious nickels.



The main event is bowling, for maximum excitement at minimum expenditure of cash.



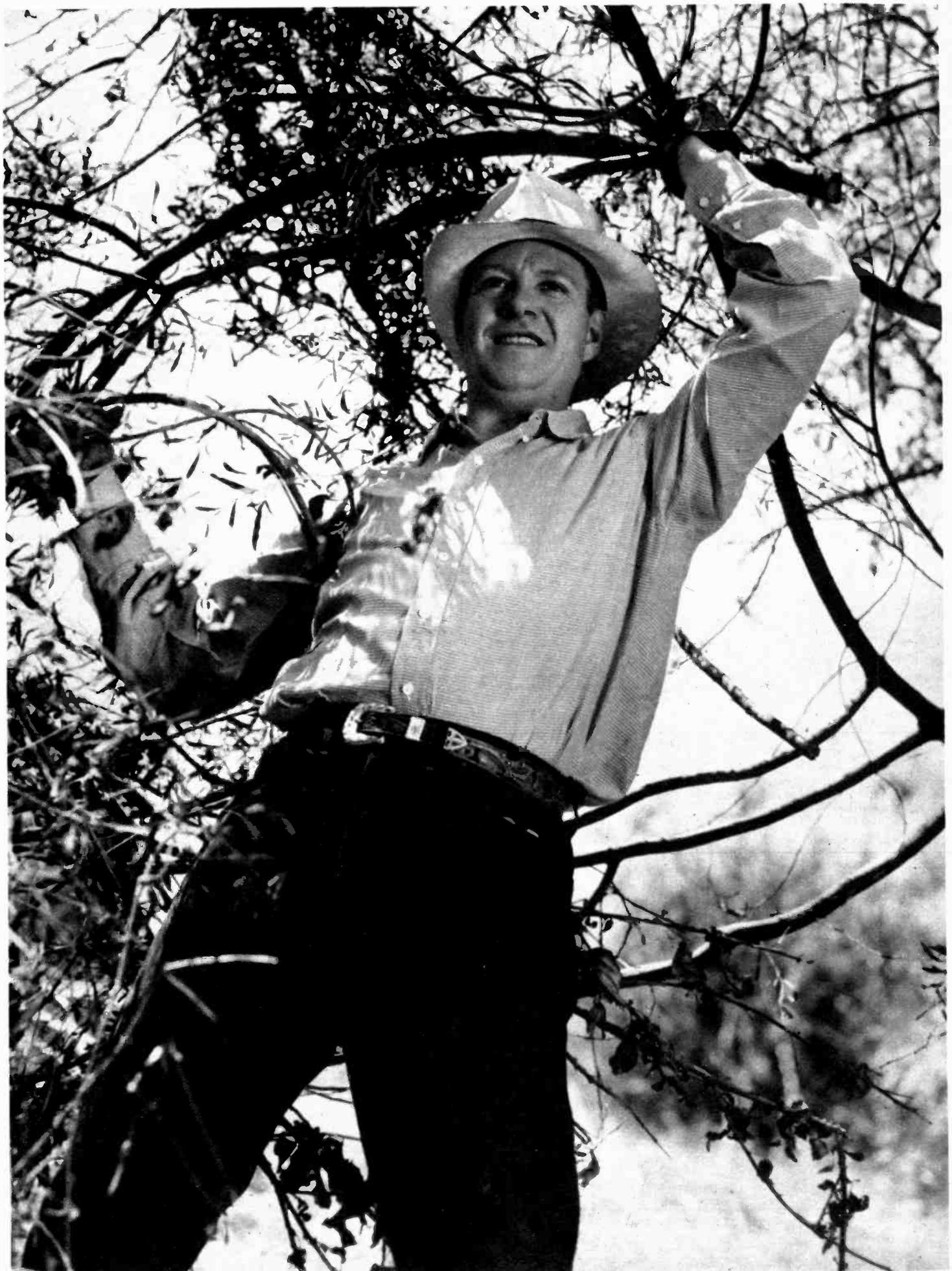
The Palladium's dance band lures Louise but is now beyond Barry's fast-dwindling means.



Movie magazines are a temptation, too, even to youngsters who live right in Hollywood.



The final touch is also very all-American—two ice cream sodas at the corner drug-store!



Nelson Eddy

THE "ELECTRIC HOUR" BARITONE NOW ENJOYS HARD-WON SUCCESS

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

THERE'S nothing stage-y or stand-offish about Nelson Eddy. The husky, blond baritone takes his work seriously but sees no reason to be grim about it. Described by friends as a big Newfoundland puppy in temperament (at least in lighter moments), he loves telling jokes, enjoys meeting people, thrives on working himself to a frazzle to please numerous guests.

Never too busy to talk shop or help somebody do something, the Viking heart-throb of millions has one definite phobia—newspaper reporters. Like most celebrities, he's been misquoted and made ridiculous so often by sobsisters and scoop-at-any-price penpushers that he doesn't trust them any more, is afraid to act natural.

When the towering 43-year-old is not under observation, however, it's easy to see what won him a permanent place in the limelight. Talent was part of it, of course, but talent alone wouldn't have kept him a top-drawer radio favorite during the years when he had no program of his own. (Before the "Electric Hour" debut last September, Nelson had not been heard regularly on the air for quite a while.) What gets across to dialers is the friendly warmth of the Eddy personality, the fact that Nelson really likes to sing and likes the people who hear him.

Perhaps it's because this headliner knows a lot more folks—and different kinds of folks—from most concert artists. Nelson Eddy wasn't born with a golden—or even silver—spoon in his mouth. Dad was a machinist, Mother a housewife. You couldn't even say the family was musical—except that they did like to sit around in their Providence, Rhode Island home of an evening and play the piano just for fun. Nelson's first "pro" experience was singing as boy soprano in a church choir.

When the lad was fourteen, the Eddys packed up and moved to Philadelphia, and it was there that the ambitious youngster learned that his size was an asset—that he could add a couple of years to his age and start helping out

the family budget. He worked in an iron foundry, at a switchboard, at dozens of odd jobs. By the next year, he was taking ads on a newspaper for eight dollars a week, making extra money by writing obituaries in his spare time.

Several years as a reporter brought him in contact with all kinds of life—police lineups, city hall ins and outs, sports. (Eddy bemoans the fact that he had no time to participate in sports then because he wasn't successful; now he has no time because he is. But he still gets fun out of watching.)

The professional side of Nelson's career is pretty well known—singing at weddings, funerals and parties; learning opera from records at home; a few sparetime attempts at regular study—and the meeting with Alexander Smallens, "the man who made him into an opera singer." Then the movie, "Naughty Marietta," with Jeanette MacDonald, which swept him into overnight fame.

Offstage, Nelson's more the "hail-fellow-well-met" type than a stuffed shirt. Still a big fellow, he's husky rather than fat, smokes sparingly, takes

a drink now and then, doesn't feel sorry for himself or the loss of boyhood pleasures, because he's making up for them now.

Married to Ann Franklin, he lives in a spacious Brentwood Hills, California, home—a home without swimming pool or tennis court, but with chickens, flowers and Victory garden instead. Hobbies are collecting pewter, learning languages (Russian and Chinese are the latest), listening to the record player which is wired to loudspeakers all over the house.

Nelson really gets a kick out of jokes, both the practical and the story kind, answers the telephone with an elaborate accent, loves to "gag up" pictures, goes in for horseplay and tuning up the musicians' instruments at rehearsals. Not a bit self-conscious in public, he went through a pantomime routine in the Brown Derby recently that had the whole place applauding.

Those perfect features don't thrill him as much as they do his fans, either. Nelson once tried to sculpt a head of himself, said: "Not a good idea. I get so darned tired of looking at my pan."



FOOLING AROUND WITH INSTRUMENTS IS ONE OF NELSON'S FAVORITE INDOOR SPORTS



1 Holder of the lucky ticket is greeted by NBC's Lathrop Mack. Mrs. Sunderman and her husband were visitors No. 5,000,000-1.



2 The Texas couple start their tour of the studios with a look at the "heart of the network," control board for 140-odd stations.

The 5,000,000TH Visitor To N.B.C.'s New York Studios

NETWORK REWARDS ITS SPECIAL GUESTS WITH A FULL DAY OF EXCITING SURPRISES

THE guided tour of Radio City is one of the sights of New York—like the Statue of Liberty or the lights of Broadway. Ever since 1933, when NBC first opened its doors to the public, out-of-towners and natives of Gotham alike have flocked to see a mighty network in action.

Crowds stream in daily, so technicians have learned to go about their business almost unconscious of the eager eyes peering at them through "showcase" windows. Just once every two years or so, the network throws aside this mask of indifference and declares a gala holiday—whenever the count of visitors has reached another million. Honored guest of the occasion is the buyer of the millionth ticket.

Latest visitors to be dazzled by NBC's hospitality were naval Lieutenant and Mrs. J. E. Sunderman, proud owners of ticket No. 5,000,000 (and 5,000,001). As pictures on these pages show, heads of departments pigeonholed work to act as hosts for the day; the Sunderlands asked, looked and poked to their hearts' content; were feted like royalty. And now things are normal again—till No. 6,000,000 rolls around.



3 The busy newsroom thrills the Sundermans with its international time clocks and fresh front-line dispatches just off the tickers.



4 Noted commentator J. W. Vandercook takes time off to discuss the latest battlefront reports with the Lt. (j.g.) and his wife.



5 The visiting Texans feel quite at home with this barn dance group, whom they meet during rehearsals for a television show.



6 A lunchtime party with NBC executives in the English Grill glassed-in restaurant alongside the Radio City skating rink



7 The Lieutenant learns a trick or two about sound effects. Here he tries his hand at creating hoof beats on the wide, open plains.



8 Sights of the glamorous city of skyscrapers come in full view through a telescope mounted on top of the 65-story RCA building.



9 A real studio audition, with special scripts, gives the Sundermans a chance to find out just how they would sound on the air.



10 Last, but not least, the couple are presented with a recording of the audition, to prove to folks back home it really happened.

THE ANIMAL KING

BRAD BARKER is his real name, but most people won't believe it—because imitating animals is his airwave job. In fact, most of the "dogs" you hear in daytime serials are really Brad, who plays not only pup but parrot in "The Story of Mary Marlin" over CBS.

It was a bark that began Barker's strange radio career, some 16 years ago. Playing a sea captain, the veteran actor threw in some seal-barks just for fun—and found that radio needed his vocal "hobby," developed as a sideline while he was making *silent* pictures.

It was an early circus film which started Brad studying the beasties under the Big Top. And it was "personal appearances," back about 1919, which showed him he could entertain audiences with his animal impersonations.

Now there's hardly a call the young-looking oldtimer can't duplicate. Hardest he ever learned was a gorilla scream—because he had to create it from descriptions given by others. Easiest was a dinosaur call—because no modern man has heard it and none can criticize!



BRAD BARKER BROUGHT "LIVE" ROARS TO RADIO. Until he started broadcasting, all animal calls had been imitated by sound men with makeshift mechanical gadgets.



HIS GAY CIRCUS DEN, with priceless old posters and early-day photos, reveals his real interests.



BEFORE BRAD BEGAN "IMPERSONATING" ANIMALS on the air, a lion's roar was created by such uncertain methods as pulling a rope through a drum-headed butter tub!

LOOKING BACK WITH "AMOS 'n' ANDY"

WHEN Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll celebrated their 18th anniversary as a successful blackface team, they simply took it in their stride. "Goz" and Charley aren't the kind of chaps to go in for champagne parties—but the event marked a big milestone in radio history, just the same.

An 18-year partnership is an achievement in any phase of show business. In broadcasting, it's a real record—and truly unique, when one considers the almost-unbroken popularity of "Amos 'n' Andy" (Gosden and Correll, in the usual left-to-right order).

Behind that blackface teamwork is a story of even longer friendship, for "Goz" and Charley first met back in 1920, in North Carolina. Gosden was working for a small theatrical producing agency. Correll was employed in that agency's Durham office. Together, they started going "on the road," staging amateur shows in clubs, lodges and community halls all over the country.

The two actually made their radio debuts that year—speaking into a long megaphone (granddaddy of the microphone) for an experimental station in New Orleans—but didn't think much of the new medium, except for being impressed because a woman called up right after the program. She wanted to report that the reception was fine, even though she lived four blocks away!

It wasn't until a couple of years later in Chicago, where they shared an apartment during summer months, that they thought of radio again. One of their favorite pastimes was singing duets. More or less as a gag, they auditioned as vocalists at a local station, were dumbfounded when they won.

They recovered sufficiently to take a job as singing team, stayed on for 7 months, finally quit of their own accord. They had just caught a recording of Bing Crosby singing with Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys—and knew real competition when they heard it.

Then, in 1924, Chicago station WGN asked them to do a skit on married life. Bachelors, they declined on grounds of ignorance, asked for permission to do blackface comedy instead. Gosden—born in Richmond, Virginia—knew Southern dialects well. Correll—a Northerner by birth—had spent much of his life below the Mason-Dixon line.

The result was "Sam 'n' Henry," direct ancestor of "Amos 'n' Andy" and



IN 1926 — CORRELL AND GOSDEN WERE "SAM 'N' HENRY" ON A CHICAGO STATION

an instant success in its own right. As *Sam* and *Henry*, they remained there for two years, changed the names to *Amos* and *Andy*, just while riding up in the elevators to make their first broadcast over a different station.

Under the new aliases, Gosden and Correll pioneered in electrical transcriptions, sending them to 46 other stations—from Pittsburgh to the West Coast—until their ingenious "network by transcription" caught the attention of NBC, who arranged for a sponsored series over their own "live" chain.

"Amos 'n' Andy" made their initial broadcast for NBC on August 19, 1929.

have been prime public favorites ever since. They have visited the White House, made movies, launched this, christened that, had oil wells and railroad cars named after them.

With all this publicity, Gosden and Correll have never lost their heads. From the beginning, their idea has been only to present two characters blessed with the virtues, cursed with the faults to be found in almost everyone. And their proudest boast is that the perennial popularity of *Amos* and *Andy* (as heard over NBC on Friday nights at 10 P.M. E.W.T.) stems primarily from the inherent honesty of their portrayals.



IN 1929 — THEY FIRST WON NATIONWIDE FAME AS "AMOS 'N' ANDY," OVER NBC

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

BEHIND THE BANDSTAND

by BOB EARLE

MOST sensational feature of Artie Shaw's band (aside from Artie's clarinet) is the nimble trumpet of Roy Eldridge, formerly featured with Gene Krupa's orchestra. Roy's monthly check from Shaw is in four figures . . . One of Victor Records' most popular bands for 1944 was that of David Rose—an Army sergeant who didn't even have a band that year but hit popularity peaks with his "Holiday for Strings" and "Poinciana" discs, both recorded in 1942.



HAL MCINTYRE

No doubt you've seen the familiar placard in drugstore windows: "One Night Only—Convention Hall—Hal McIntyre and His Orchestra." But have you ever stopped to consider what the band endures to meet those dates, one-night stand after one-night stand? Recently, we spent several days with that great dance band of saxophonist Hal McIntyre's. After the hardships we experienced (and which they take so calmly), we're now ready to present a solid gold medal to every man in the band, to Mac himself, and to manager George Moffet—for bravery on the entertainment front!

Playing theatres from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. . . . riding all night on trains so crammed with wandering humanity that they only half sleep while standing in swaying coach aisles. . . . eating hamburgers for dinner on 15-minute stop-overs . . . being stranded at 4 A.M. in roadside ballrooms with no taxis, busses or trains available . . . that's what traveling bands undergo to play for your evening of dancing.

Charlie Spivak will augment his band with French horns and a harp—but will not follow the current trend by adding violins . . . Sammy Kaye's "Sunday Seernade" air series is the most popular for the nation's femme listeners—appropriately, since his sponsor manufactures cosmetics . . . Sinatra almost missed his own radio show, while doubling at theatre performances. Mobbed outside both stage and studio doors, Frank took 45 minutes for the 10 minute trip between, arrived at the mike just 60 seconds before his own regular broadcast went on the air.

There are such things as angels. On Broadway, an angel is a chap with a chubby checkbook, who puts his money on a show mainly because he has no other use for it and gets a thrill out of being "in show business." There are also, we learn from Lew Gray, angels out West.

Lew Gray is a California bandleader who was unknown before 1944. Then an angel came along. Now Gray has built a band whose personnel reads like a musicians' "Who's Who," bought the finest arrangements, leased major West Coast ballrooms to present his band (who get paid whether they work or not). Publicity is lavish, too. Angels? They're wonderful! Just ask Lew Gray about them.

Latest Popular Recordings

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE—Charlie Barnet and His Orchestra (Decca): King of the moody saxophone, Barnet displays his skill in a sprightly ditty from Sinatra's flicker, "Step Lively." Kay Starr sings the lyrics and the band performs in lilt-ing style with powerhouse punctuations.

CROSBY CLASSICS — Bing Crosby (Columbia): Columbia stole a march on Decca, present owner of the Crosby contract, with these 8 sides—more than 10 years old—from their historical file. Bing's voice has changed considerably, but, once you become accustomed to his early style, you'll like the set.

I HATE MUSIC—Jerry Colonna with Paul Weston's Orchestra (Capitol): There is ample comedy in the story of Jerry's early days of practicing the trombone. Routine is clever and execution by both Colonna and Weston is superb. "Can't You Hear Me Calling, Caroline" — on the flipover — is hilarious.

JOSH WHITE ALBUM—Josh White (Asch): As aptly described on an inner flap, White is a "blues singer who sings easy," but there's more than blues here—both comedy and folk songs. Josh is excellent and so is the album.

THE TROLLEY SONG — The Pied Pipers (Capitol): Formerly with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, the Pied Pipers present themselves in the same style as they did with that ensemble. Their harmonies are lilt-ing, composed of interesting sounds, and they make the most of this number's possibilities.

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

(in alphabetical order)

ANY MOMENT NOW	MORE AND MORE
CAN'T HELP SINGING	STRANGE MUSIC
DANCE WITH A DOLLY	SWEET AND LOVELY
I'LL WALK ALONE	THE TROLLEY SONG
LET ME LOVE YOU TONIGHT	TOGETHER

ON THE SERIOUS SIDE

MENUHIN TOURS THE EUROPEAN THEATRE OF WAR

AT the cabled request of General Eisenhower, Yehudi Menuhin's annual winter concert tour was postponed a



fortnight this season to enable the famous fiddler to play for servicemen in England, Belgium and France. Veteran of many such trips—which have taken him as far as both Brazil and the Aleutians—Menuhin found this whirlwind 6-week plane tour most exciting of all.

The violinist (pictured at right with his family) gave his recitals on an aircraft carrier—in Salisbury Cathedral in Southern England—less than two miles from the fighting front in Brussels—and at Versailles, where G. I.

Joes packed Madame de Maintenon's discreet powderbox of a theatre to its gilded 17th Century rafters.

First artist to appear at the Paris Opera after that city's liberation, Menuhin played an opus which had not been heard there publicly for nearly five years—the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto—because of the Nazi prejudices.



RECORD RELEASES

DVORAK: IN NATURE'S REALM—CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, FREDERICK STOCK conducting (Victor Album DM 975): This overture—which Antonin Dvorak wrote and dedicated to Cambridge University, after receiving an honorary degree in 1891—is lively, sparkling music, full of tuneful melodies. Also included in the present album is a lusty Bohemian folk-dance polka by Josef Suk, a Dvorak pupil who subsequently became the composer's son-in-law.

FAMOUS OVERTURES—LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA, conducted by **SIR THOMAS BEECHAM** (Columbia Album MM 552): The overtures assembled here include Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Mendelssohn's "The Hebrides (Fingal's Cave)," Nicolai's "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and Berlioz' "Roman Carnival." As a Mozart maestro, Sir Thomas Beecham needs no introduction; his Berlioz and Mendelssohn readings in this album are equally expert.

DELIBES: COPPELIA BALLET SUITE (DANCE OF THE AUTOMATONS, WALTZ AND CZARDAS)—BOSTON "POPS" ORCHESTRA, conducted by **ARTHUR FIEDLER** (12-inch Victor record in special children's album, Y-603): One of ten picture albums issued as part of Victor's elaborate children's program is in the "12-and-over" age group. "Coppelia," for instance, is a fairy-tale ballet of appeal to youngsters, and the performance is gay.



SELLS SIX STORIES WITHIN 3 MONTHS AFTER ENROLLING

"During the first three months that I studied with the Newspaper Institute, I sold six manuscripts. My only interest at present is free lance writing, since I have four young children and do all my own housework. The publications which have purchased my recent work are: The Atlanta Journal, The Working Boy (two stories), and Our Sunday Visitor."—Mrs. Eileen Hall, 981 Sells Avenue S.W., Atlanta, Georgia.

Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

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

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

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on local activities, business, hobbies, household affairs, social matters, fashions, human interest stories and radio, as well.

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

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The story is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on the Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. And upon the very same kind of actual assignments given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by doing, not by studying individual styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical writers. Gradually they help to clarify your own distinctive style. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

Have You Natural Ability?

Our Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy taking this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below, today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925).

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RADIO HUMOR

● Sheriff Mark Chase congratulated Cousin Cassie on her driving: "Why, you're handling that car like a veteran!" "How do you know?" countered Cassie, "you've never seen me handle a veteran!"

—*Death Valley Sheriff (CBS)*

● Cass Daley: I've got men by the score.
Robert Young: Then why are you still chasing them?

Cass Daley: I'm looking for one who doesn't know the score.

—*Maxwell House Coffee Time (NBC)*

● Ed Wynn discovers the secret of perpetual motion—"That's a cow drinking a pail of milk."

—*Happy Island (Blue)*

● Joan Davis says a gentleman is nothing but a wolf with his ears pinned back.

—*Joan Davis-Jack Haley Show (NBC)*

● Now that Gracie Allen has adopted newspaper reporting as a sideline to her radio activities, she's looking for a scoop. "Gee," says Gracie, "I wish I had some real news. If only Crosby would have a girl—or Cantor would have a boy—or Tommy Manville would have a wedding anniversary."

—*Burns & Allen (CBS)*

● Alan Young: I want a strawberry and peach and marshmallow chocolate nut sundae . . . with plenty of strawberries . . . the peach cut up in the ice cream . . . the nuts on the side . . . the marshmallow on the chocolate ice cream only, with a slight sprinkling of cinnamon on the strawberries.

Soda Jerker: Can you come in next Tuesday for a fitting?

—*Alan Young Show (Blue)*

● A man had been trying to get a hotel room for a week. He finally found a vacancy and moved in bag and baggage. No sooner had he gotten himself settled than there was a knock on the door, and a blonde and a brunette moved in, bag and baggage. The man strode over to the telephone and called the room clerk. "It's outrageous. The brunette has to go!"

—*Harry Hershfield, Can You Top This? (NBC)*

● Harry M'Naughton: I had a date with a girl from Palm Springs once . . . a window dresser.

Tom Howard: A window dresser?

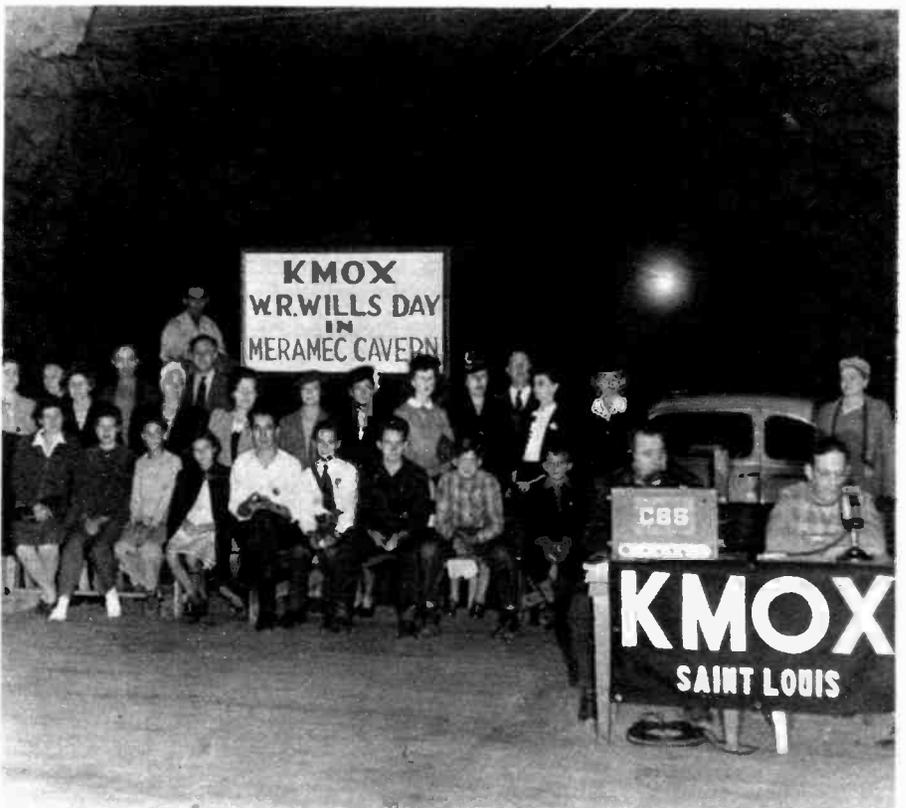
Harry M'Naughton: Yes, she never pulled the shade down.

—*It Pays To Be Ignorant (CBS)*

WITH THE NATION'S STATIONS



CHICAGO, ILL.—Station WGN—Music director Henry Weber is mighty pleased with this ebony and silver baton, presented to him by manager Frank P. Schreiber on his tenth anniversary with WGN. As conductor of classics, however, he's surprised to find boogie woogie bass on it.



ST. LOUIS, MO.—Station KMOX—With a thrilled audience watching, news analyst W. R. Wills makes a unique stunt broadcast from a Missouri cavern, 500 feet underground. Wills was a former correspondent in Tokio, and one of the first war prisoners of the Japs to return.



GUADALCANAL—The Mosquito Network—Radio City Hollywood has a pocket-sized but efficient counterpart in this American Expeditionary Station, set in cocoanut grove at Guadalcanal. This station is one of six units, heard through the Solomons, the New Hebrides and New Caledonia.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—Station WRC—When musical timekeeper Bill Herson celebrated his birthday this year, there was a special reason for rejoicing. Just 12 months ago, on another over-the-air party, he introduced Dee and Lester Zirkle—and this time they turned up as newlyweds.

RADIO FACTS

◆ Among the novel uses for post-war television is a deep-sea grappling unit which will make it possible to recover sunken treasures without the use of a human diver. The mechanical grapple will be sunk to the sea floor, and then guided from above by means of the television device without risk to the workers.

◆ According to an estimate by Sumner H. Slichter, chairman of the Research Advisory Board Committee for Economic Development, the demand for radio receiving sets has reached an all-time high. Mr. Slichter predicts that at the end of the war (assuming that is in 1945 or 1946) people will require more new radios than any of the six hundred articles of iron and steel that have not been made for civilian use since 1942.

◆ Experiments are under way to provide farmers in remote districts with regular telephone service through use of the "walkie talkie" radiophone now employed for Army field communications. In the past, many isolated areas were without service because of the tremendous expense of stringing miles of wire on poles. This would not be necessary with the new radio arrangements.

◆ A fool-proof, burglar-proof automatic garage "key" has been invented for car-owners. The "key" is really an electronic control which will open the garage doors as the car drives up and then switch on both garage and house lights. The device is regulated so that only the owner's car will cause it to go into action.

◆ A wire recorder developed by the Armour Research Foundation will enable the radio listener to record his favorite program as it comes over the air. The device will be inexpensive, costing \$35 or less, and can be "set" to catch shows that the dialer is unable to listen to at broadcast time.

RADIOQUIZ ANSWERS

(Quiz on page 2)

- 1—(C) Baby Snooks. 2—(A) Ginny Simms. 3—(C) Ralph Edwards. 4—(B) Raymond Scott. 5—(B) Effie Klinker. 6—(C) Patrice Munsel. 7—(A) Vox Pop. 8—(C) Kenny Baker.

TELEVISION

WITH new television sets not expected to reach the market for some years as yet, experts in the industry are concentrating at present on building



SEEN AT HOME—ON A ZENITH SET

up programs of such entertainment value that people will be glad to stay home with their "video" receivers when they do get them. Among the most effective telecasts so far, according to most recent tests, are those which carry a lot of action and can be "ad-libbed" without script—such as audience-participation games and views of popular sporting events.

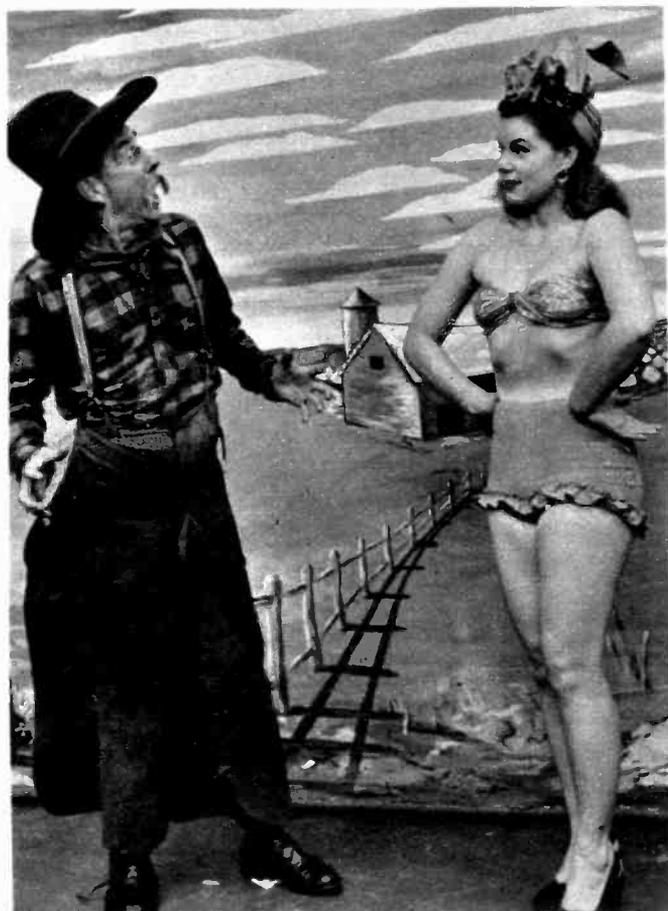


FOOTBALL HAS GREAT SPECTATOR APPEAL. That's why Philco's station WPTZ has been televising games from Franklin Field, Philadelphia, for five years now.

"THE BOYS FROM BOISE"—A PIONEER VIDEO ACHIEVEMENT

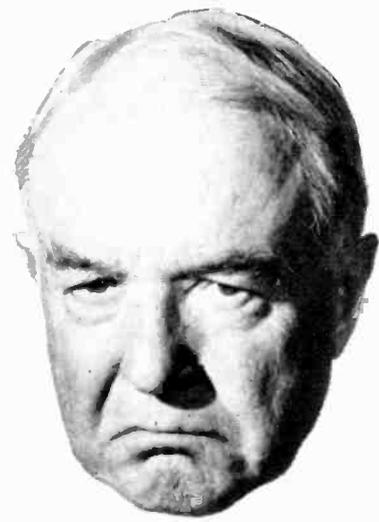


Biggest news in the campaign to improve television program quality has been the debut of the medium's first original full-length musical comedy, over Dumont station WABD, New York. Though suffering from the trials and errors peculiar to all pioneer ventures, "The Boys from Boise" has been hailed by critics as a landmark in video progress, because of its specially-created script, score, costumes, settings, unusually large cast, unprecedented two-hour running time.





"I'll tell you GOOD
TIMES ARE COMING!"



"I'll tell you
BAD TIMES AHEAD!"

What's it to you?—PLENTY!

OKAY! Maybe the optimists are right. There'll be good times after the war.

OKAY! Maybe the pessimists are right. We'll have another depression.

What's it to you? PLENTY! It's largely in *your* hands as to which we'll have.

The one way to make it *good times* is to do your share to help keep prices down now!

That means *buying only what you really need*. It means *paying off your debts, saving your money*.

And here's where you're lucky.

The same program that helps insure prosperity is also the best possible way to get yourself in shape to take another depression if one does come. So what? *You're right both ways*—if you save your money. *You lose both ways*—if you splurge right now.

Think it over, fella. Then get in there and fight. Read—and observe—the four rules to head off inflation. The war isn't over yet. And the war against *inflation* isn't over yet—by a long shot. Remember World War I? The cost of living rose twice as fast *after* the war as it did during the war itself.

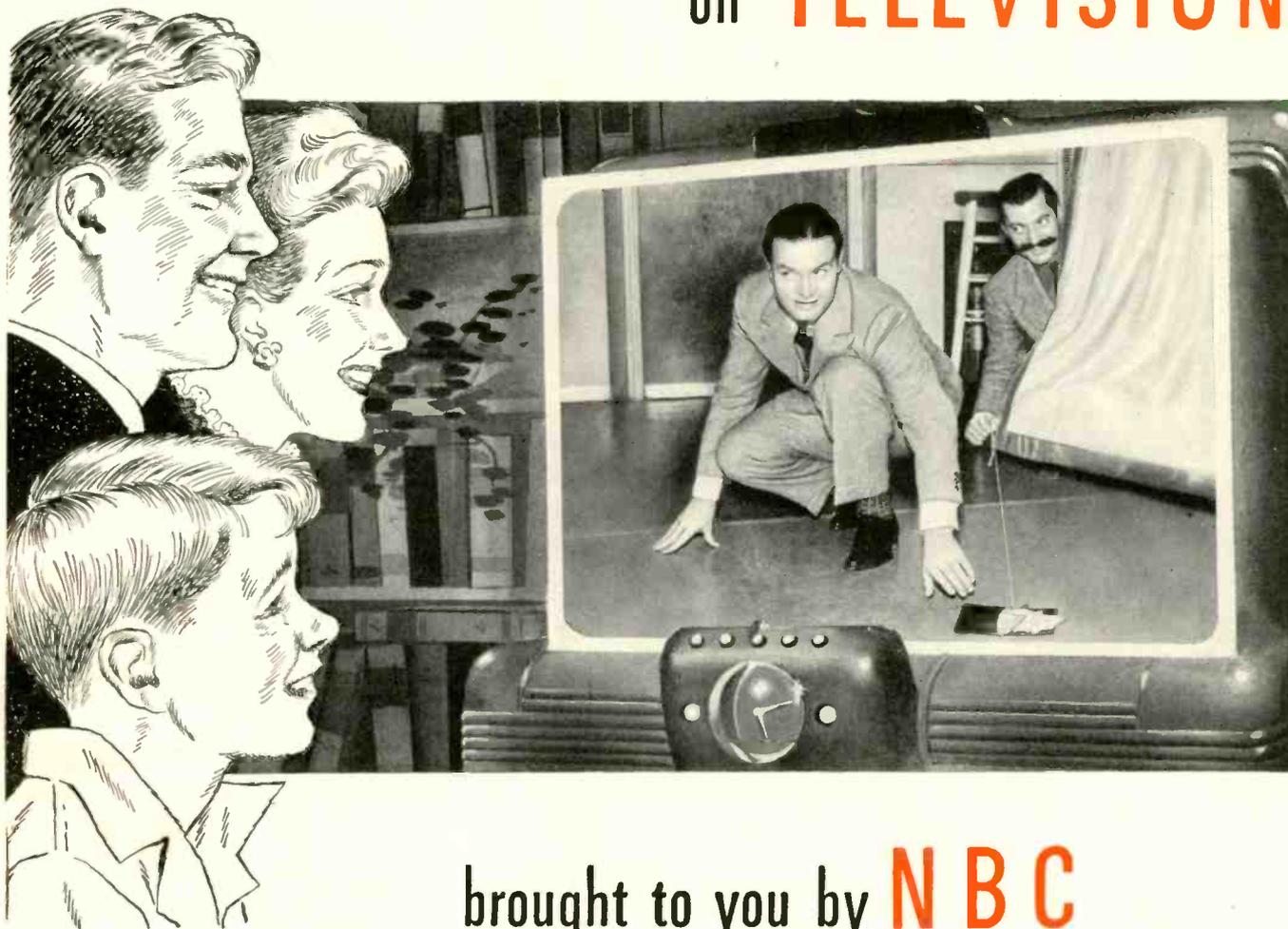
4 THINGS TO DO to keep prices down and help avoid another depression

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



Imagine Bob Hope...

on TELEVISION



brought to you by **NBC**

Think how, on NBC Television, the amusing antics of America's greatest comedians... the zany adventures of Bob Hope, for example... could take place before your eyes in hilarious *visual action*.

Just picture how television programs from the studios of the National Broadcasting Company... where the nation's most popular sound radio programs now originate... are going to up the excitement of home entertainment.

At the present time, NBC has extensive television plans under way. With the cooperation of business and government these plans, after the war, will bring about vast NBC Television networks... networks

gradually sprouting from Eastern, Mid-Western and Western centers and finally grouping together... forming coast-to-coast links to provide television for the whole nation's post-war enjoyment.

Popular-priced television receivers will bring to your home sight and sound programs up to the highest standards of NBC... television programs of the finest shows in this fascinating and improved field of entertainment.

Depend on NBC to lead in new branches of broadcasting by the same wide margin that now makes it "*The Network Most People Listen to Most.*"

National Broadcasting Company

America's No. 1 Network



A Service of Radio Corporation of America