

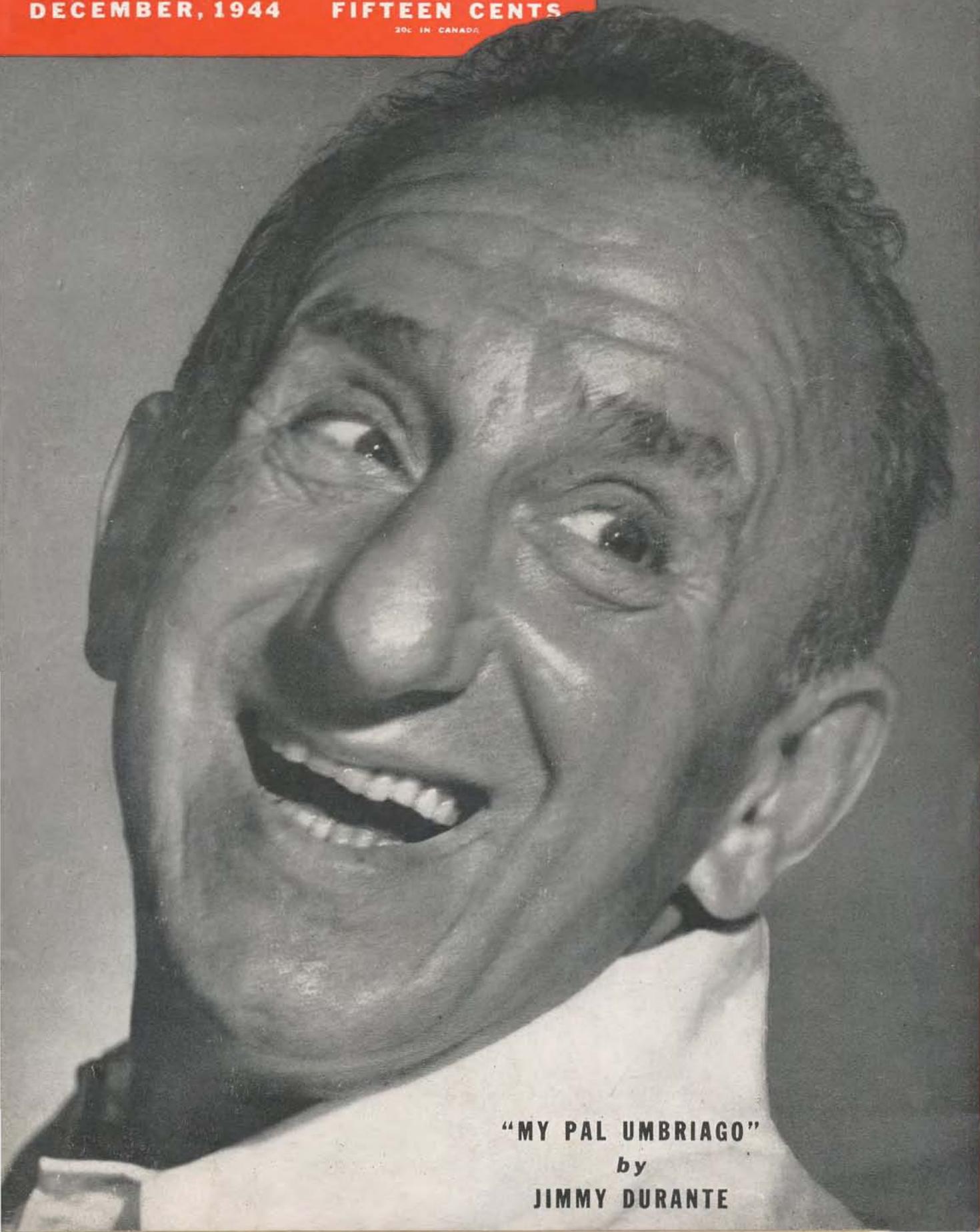
TUNE IN

DECEMBER, 1944

FIFTEEN CENTS

20¢ IN CANADA

ANC



"MY PAL UMBRIAGO"

by

JIMMY DURANTE

THE NATIONAL RADIO MAGAZINE



These people buy a battleship — every week!

Meet John S—— and Mary D——

John works at an electronics plant on Long Island, and makes \$85 a week. Almost 16% of it goes into War Bonds.

Mary has been driving rivets into the hide of one bomber after another out at an airplane plant on the West Coast. She makes \$55 a week, and puts 14% of it into War Bonds.

John and Mary are typical of more than 27 million Americans on the Payroll Savings Plan who, every single month, put a half a BILLION dollars into War Bonds. That's enough to buy

one of those hundred-million-dollar battleships every week, with enough money for an aircraft carrier and three or four cruisers left over.

In addition, John and Mary and the other people on the Payroll Plan have been among the biggest buyers of *extra* Bonds in every War Loan Drive.

When you come to figure out the total job that John and Mary have done, it's a little staggering.

They've made the Payroll Savings Plan the backbone of the whole War Bond-selling program.

They've helped keep prices down and lick inflation.

They've financed a good share of our war effort all by themselves, and they've tucked away billions of dollars in savings that are going to come in mighty handy for both them and their country later on.

When this war is finally won, and we start giving credit where credit is due, don't forget John and Mary. After the fighting men, they deserve a place right at the top of the list. They've earned it.



You've backed the attack—now speed the Victory!

TUNE IN
NATIONAL RADIO MAGAZINE

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR

Dear Editor:
May I congratulate you on your article about the splendid way in which the American School of the Air is supplementing public school work? To me, it seems almost incredible that any network should devote so much time and money to a project from which they receive no financial return whatsoever.

I first heard about these courses from my young son and assumed that it was only the ordinary use of radio in bringing good music and lectures to classroom students. Imagine my surprise, on "tuning in," to discover that this was far from the case!

The broadcasts are as interesting as anything to be found on the evening schedules and have much to teach adults, as well as children. Even a fairly recent college graduate like myself can learn a great deal he has never known about modern science, current events, geography, etc.

More power to the Columbia Broadcasting System for this amazing public service!
MRS. F. X. McDULLOCH
Chicago, Ill.

CORRESPONDENT HEROES

Dear Editor:
How about a little more recognition of the heroism and self-sacrifice that the radio correspondents make in covering the news for us stay-at-homes? Every once in a while I read an obit of one, and they were certainly killed as much in the line of duty as any soldier. Many of them take the same risks, too, though they are often above front-line age.

It's nice to see credit going to swell fellows like Joe E. Brown for all they've done abroad, but the entertainers aren't the only ones. Let's give the correspondents a break.

LESLIE ARONSON

New York, N. Y.

ADULT FARE FOR WOMEN

Dear Editor:
A rousing handclap for Leta Corte McAllister's letter knocking the sob-provoking mush on those early-morning programs. Personally, I don't tune in on them, but living in a trailer camp, I get drips of them over other radios. When are radio stations going to treat women as adults? Many like the serials, but so did children like fairy stories. Eventually they have to grow up to history and geography, and if many women in our country are still adolescent it's because the "teacher" (radio) doesn't "up the grades" for them.

New brides and young wives who listen to that drivel never get past the wishy-washy age. My husband and I, both think something could be done to bring greater help for the training and contentment of young women. Programs for women should have a Hays treatment like gangster and gunplay stories got for menfolk.

MRS. DOROTHY SANDS
El Centro Trailer Camp, Cal.

FRANKIE WINS A READER

Dear Sir:
I have only started buying your magazine since Frank Sinatra entered my life via radio. I'm certainly glad Frank crooned "Night and Day" so appealingly, for if he hadn't I might never have bought TUNE IN to tune up to "The Voice," and thereby missed reading your really swell magazine each month.

Next to articles and letters about Frank and pictures of him, I enjoy "Of Mikes and Men" and "Radio Humor" most, and I wish you'd have Bob Hope, Phil Baker and (you guessed it) "The Voice" on your cover real soon.

BERNICE BOEGGEMAN

Frankfort, N. Y.

HILDEGARDE

Gentlemen:
I'm awfully glad to see that Hildegard has really hit her radio stride at last. Everybody thinks she's swell in person, but until recently she didn't seem to come across at all over the air.

Now of course she's really in a nightclub atmosphere, even when she broadcasts — which is a good thing. Those props she talked about in her story seem to put her right in the mood for some real entertainment, even if we listeners don't see them.

ALICE BOGARTY

Seattle, Wash.

"TUNE IN"

for

COMPLETE RADIO ENJOYMENT



THE RADIO MAGAZINE
FOR EVERY MEMBER
OF THE FAMILY



IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

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

only \$1.50

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.....



IT'S
**MAXWELL
 HOUSE**
 COFFEE TIME

Starring

★
FRANK MORGAN
ROBERT YOUNG
CASS DALEY

★
With
CARLOS RAMIREZ
ERIC BLORE
AL SACK
 and **ORCHESTRA**

*Tune in every
 Thursday evening*

NBC 8:00 P.M. EWT

RADIOQUIZ

JOE HOWARD
GUEST QUIZARD

GENIAL EMCEE OF CBS' "GAY NINETIES REVUE"



1 Cuddling cosily with his trumpeter is bandleader: (A) Harry James (B) Vaughn Monroe (C) Charlie Spivak



2 Baby's not amused by the antics of: (A) Dagwood and Blondie (B) The Goldbergs (C) Lorenzo Jones & Belle



3 This husky would-be strong man is none other than: (A) Morton Downey (B) Dunninger (C) Garry Moore



4 In the Ziegfeld Follies of 1924, Fanny Brice broke hearts with: (A) My Gal Sal (B) Alone (C) My Man



5 This married radio team is: (A) Fibber McGee and Molly (B) Pons & Kostelanetz (C) Jack Benny & Mary



6 A bang-up Stork Club party follows: (A) You Can't Take It with You (B) Blind Date (C) The Breakfast Club



7 Charming Lillian Leonard is singing star of: (A) Gay Nineties (B) Kraft Music Hall (C) Fitch Bandwagon



8 Grinning at the camera—minus customary makeup—are: (A) Pick & Pat (B) Lum & Abner (C) Amos & Andy

ANSWERS ON PAGE 45

TUNE IN

VOL. 2, NO. 8 DECEMBER 1944

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ON THE COVER

JIMMY DURANTE, who gives all available data about his elusive little friend, "Umbriago," on page seven.

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AROUND THE NETWORKS



Edward R. Murrow, Chief of CBS' European staff, has been awarded an unusual tribute by the Association of American Correspondents in London. The Association has elected him president for the coming year—the first time in its twenty-five years of existence that the post has gone to a broadcaster. Murrow has been on the European scene since 1937, has often been praised for his descriptive talent and imaginative insight. Among fellow-correspondents, he is respected as an honest and accurate reporter, and it is this quality which has won him recognition from an organization largely dominated by newspaper members.

America's first lady of the theatre, Ethel Barrymore, is proving as popular with radio listeners as she has long been with stage enthusiasts. Though Miss Barrymore has been behind the footlights for more than fifty years, she was seldom heard on the air until Blue signed the actress for her own program, "Miss Hattie."



Mutual has made a pioneer step in cooperative broadcasting through its special servicemen's half-hour on Tuesday nights (8:30 to 9 P.M. E.W.T.). Designed to assist wounded servicemen in their adjustments to civilian life, the program is under the auspices of the Army, Navy and American Red Cross and originates from various hospitals. G. I. favorites Joe E. Brown, Bob Hope and Bing Crosby alternate as headliners, with costs of the entire production carried by commercial firms which act as "hosts" each week.



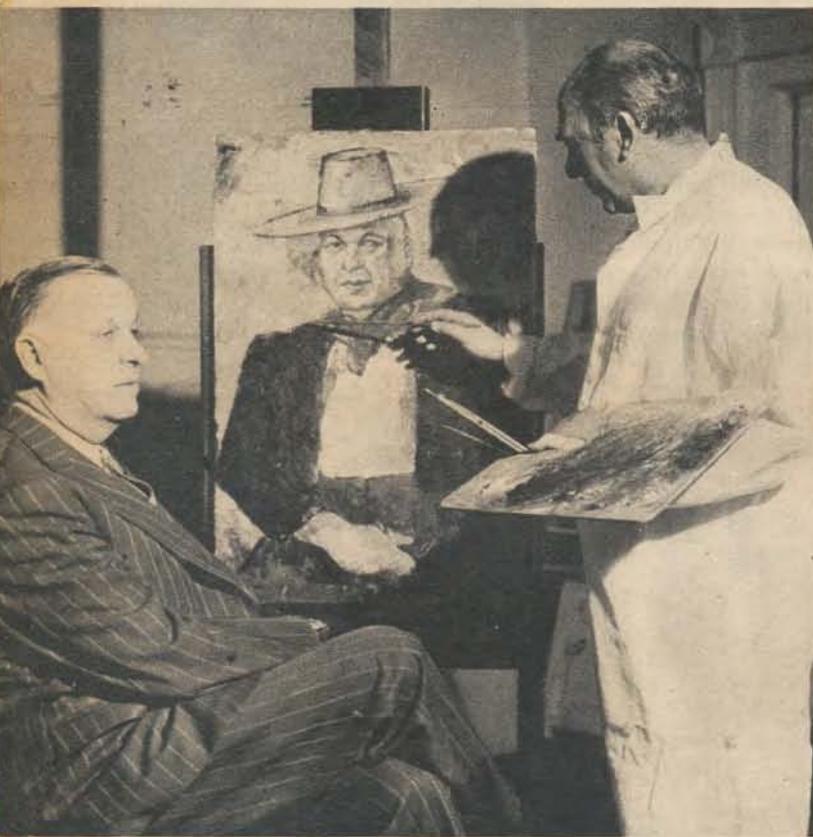
Gladys Swarthout will be heard regularly on the air again this winter. The opera singer appeared on the Prudential hour for three years, but decided to give it up last spring because of interference with her concert work. Now, however, Miss Swarthout has agreed to give 16 broadcasts on NBC's "Firestone Hour," starting with the program of November sixth. (Firestone was the songstress' first sponsor, when she made her radio debut in 1924.) In her present series, the soprano shares honors with Richard Crooks.



COLORFUL MEXICAN POTTERY—filled with appropriate food—vies with the bright costumes of the Les Tremaynes. Eileen, wife of the glib teller of tall tales, is not only as pretty as she looks but a good cook.



"BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD" describes this photo of Walter Winchell and Jimmie Fidler, Blue air-columnists—with the film colony chatterbug getting pointers from the N.Y. news-hound.



LISTENERS MAY PICTURE Major George Fielding Eliot as a quiet man, but portrait-painter Louis Quintanilla sees the CBS analyst as a vaquero—in keeping with his unusual round-the-world military background.

SINGING STAR LYNN GARDNER wouldn't believe that the corn grew taller anywhere else than on Columbia's "Thanks to the Yanks"—so emcee Bob Hawk sent all the way to Iowa for this proof.





HAIR-RAISING STORY AT NBC: John Charles Thomas's new moustache gets plenty of unflattering comment from comedians Jack Benny and Bob Burns—the latter trying to count each wisp.



FRONTLINE BROADCASTING from battle areas is done from mobile radio trucks like this one, in which W. W. Chaplin travels forward with the Army, gathering on-the-spot data for his daily news reports to NBC.

Along Radio Row

WRITER-DIRECTOR-PRODUCER Norman Corwin explores the innards of his radio—proving that even a broadcasting "wonderboy" has to play repairman to keep home tubes burning, these days.



THE FOUR KING SISTERS not only warble for "The College of Musical Knowledge" but run a highly successful San Fernando Valley dress shop—where they serve hot tea to their customers at the day's end.

OF MIKES AND MEN

B₁

Laura Haynes

Sunday night's line-up of such stars as KATE SMITH, JACK BENNY, EDGAR BERGEN, WALTER WINCHELL, OZZIE NELSON, HARRIET HILLIARD, "Hall of Fame" and others adds up to an all-time talent-cost high of \$175,000 — according to *Variety's* estimate . . . Busiest man of that busy evening is probably HANLEY STAFFORD, who plays PENNY "Blondie" SINGLETON's and ARTHUR "Dagwood" LAKE's boss, Mr. Dithers, and FANNY "Snooks" BRICE's Daddy — just 1½ hours apart.

★ ★ ★

"Song Spinners" TRAVIS and MARGARET JOHNSON have a book which a certain NBC star would give a slightly-used racehorse to own. Called "Crosby's Musical Repository," it was published 150 years ago in England — by one B. CROSBY.

★ ★ ★

Swamped with war news, BOAKE CARTER nearly missed his own daughter's wedding — because a press agent "swiped" the engraved invitation and the Mutual commentator forgot where the ceremony was to take place . . . Maestro RAY BLOCH has taken up jiu-jitsu — so he can be "Quick As a Flash," no doubt?

★ ★ ★

Gentlemen Be Comfortable: ED EAST and his wife POLLY have their own share-the-wealth plan for uniformed visitors to their "Ladies Be Seated" funfest on Blue. A large room of their penthouse apartment — complete with radio, phonograph and reading matter — is set aside just for the use of out-of-town servicemen on leave in New York.

★ ★ ★

Casting Quirk: While ANN THOMAS is in Hollywood impersonating *Miss Duffy* in the "Duffy's Tavern" film, her secretarial role in Columbia's "Easy Aces" is being taken by FLORENCE HALOP — the same girl who played *Miss D.* on the air last winter . . . Incidentally, the screen version of ED "Archie" GARDNER's radio shenanigans shapes up as an all-entertainment marathon, with the signing of such diverse personalities as YEHUDI MENUHIN, concert violinist, and CASS DALEY, comedienne who cavorts with FRANK MORGAN on his reorganized "Coffee Time" program over NBC.

It was at FRANK SINATRA's own request that RAYMOND PAIGE and his orchestra were signed to appear with him at the New York Paramount. The theatre had to enlarge its orchestra pit to accommodate the CBS "Stage Door Canteen" musical group — biggest ever booked there!

★ ★ ★

Although KENNY BAKER's Saturday night CBS show has long since been re-named after the tenor himself, he's still entitled to the nickname, "Blue Ribbon" Baker — because of the many first prizes won by Hereford cattle he raises on his ranch. . . Youngest "father" in radio is undoubtedly BOBBY HOOKEY — Mutual's 6-year-old singing emcee has "adopted" a British war orphan his own age, through the Foster Parents' Plan.

★ ★ ★

Blue's "Happy Island" broadcasts look like a natural for television, with star ED WYNN and singers JERRY WAYNE and EVELYN KNIGHT clad in costumes of the mythical kingdom. But studio wags are wondering just how HOPE EMERSON — for all her 6-feet-2 height — will be able to impersonate a visually convincing ELSIE THE COW, come tele-cameras!

★ ★ ★

Manual Dexterity Dept. GRACIE ALLEN, latest addition to the ranks of syndicated columnists, bangs out her copy at 75 words a minute on the typewriter. Slower but more veteran journalists claim it's unfair speed-competition — because GEORGE BURNS' CBS mate has had so much practice on her successful "Concerto for Index Finger" and her new music project, "Theme for Thumb!"

★ ★ ★

NBC's "Truth or Consequences" stunts have spread so far out over the city that emcee RALPH EDWARDS now warns N. Y. policemen in advance — to prevent arrests . . . Is "b-a-a-ad boy" LOU COSTELLO reforming? He and radio partner BUD ABBOTT have teamed up to combat juvenile delinquency (of all things), by financing weekend vacations for underprivileged youngsters.

★ ★ ★

Story of the Month: After M-G-M's "Screen Test" broadcasts over Mutual, studio audiences are invited to take part in a burlesque version of the show. All went well until one night, when assistant producer MORT LAWRENCE electrified guests by asking: "Who'll volunteer to be a mother? Come on, now," he pleaded, — "it will only take a minute or two!"



He Proposed last night!

—how lucky that I wore my lovely

Evening in Paris
face powder



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



BOURJOIS
NEW YORK

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



MY PAL UMBRIAGO

by

JIMMY DURANTE

THE LITTLE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE GETS INTO THE ACT — ON PAPER!

HERE I am, sittin' on my patio, as snug as two bugs in a jug, when in comes an interviewer to see what he can interview. But does he want me? No. He looks at me, and behind me, and at

Junior sittin' beside me, and then he poses the interrogation.

"Where," says he, "is Umbriago?" Now my feelings is distinctly injured . . . in a word, I am hurt. Why does

he want Umbriago, when Junior and I — the intelligentry — are ready to be interrogated and even willin' to answer questions? But he wants Umbriago, so I goes at once to look for my little pal.



JIMMY BEAMS, AS JUNIOR (GARRY MOORE) SHOWS GEORGIA GIBBS HOW TO SING

But what does Umbriago look like? Who knows? Nose? No, knows. No nose? Of course, Umbriago's got a nose! If he hadn't, he couldn't get into *my* act. So I starts into the house on a search for the guy, not knowing whether there's a catastastroke in the offing. But that is neither topsy nor eva.

I looks in the living room, but I'm never sure whether Umbriago is living there. I gets no intimidation of his presence. I goes into the dining room, but it's a wild-moose-race, on account of no one has ever seen Umbriago dining in any kind of room.

He's not in the kitchen, so I looks in the butler's pantry, tew, and even the butler is out.

Then I gets an inspiration. Umbriago is a gay fellow — the guy who has given nonsense a new lease on life. His name is Italian for "revelry," so maybe he's passin' the time o' day in our rumpus room. I deeeeescends to the cellar and raises a rumpus. I looks under it carefully as I raises it, to make sure Umbriago will not escape me. And what do I see? . . . Nuttin'. That's the conditions that prevail.

I decides to look out in the Victory Garden, thinking mayhap my pal is commuting with Nature. As you indubitably know, I have been officially appointed "Camouflage Sentinel for the Conservation and Preservation of Vegetable Life." And what am I? A scarecrow! But Umbriago is a really auspicious character around a farm. He got his practice in botany in California

sweeping out the Rose Bowl. Of course, Junior says we shouldn't worry about farming — with our kind of corn, the Government would pay us to plow ourselves under. Nevertheless, our first day on a farm, me and my pal Umbriago we plowed 40 acres of land. We'd have done even better if we'd had a horse.

But I couldn't find Umbriago in the garden, so I continues to the stables, thinking he might be in deep consolation with a cow. I remember the day we bought a bull to keep the cows com-

pany. The bull took a look at me, roared, and chased me into a corner of the barn. There was I, caught like cheese in a trap. What did I do? I said: "Moo-oo!" The bull ups and kisses me and we've been keeping company ever since.

Umbriago is great with cows. He's an inventor. He milks them upside down so the cream comes out on top.

But the invisible Edison is not to be discerned in the stables, so I meanders back to the house, depleted.

I am definitely unable to find Umbriago. But back on my terrazzo—that's Spanish for terrazzo—what do I find? To my amusement, Junior is telling all about Umbriago. And when Junior tells all, it's in the biggest words in the Ecentipedia Britannica.

He says I first met Umbriago in Venice, when I was sailing along in a gladiola and Umbriago was selling waterwings. I buys a pair, not wishing to be over-balanced and take an unexpected nose-dive into a cabal.

Garry is a bit Confucius about that. That was no nose-dive, it was my regular profile. And it wasn't Venice, it was Looney Park at Coney Island. And Umbriago wasn't selling water-wings, he was at a counter selling Life Savers and Camels. But that's Junior for you —always one to make the mouth go and a tissue of words makes issue.

Umbriago, continues Junior, was the gink who sold minks without kinks to guys who buys drinks in Joyful Junction.



JIMMY AND JUNIOR WONDER IF UMBRIAGO'S TAKING A HOLIDAY FOR PIANO-STRINGS

Colorado. That's my boy who said that. I stops him just in time to save the interviewer from splitting an infinitive. Immediately, I sets him straight. Umbriago is not the gink who sold minks without kinks to guys who buy drinks in Joyful Junction, Colorado. Umbriago is the fella who furnished fuel, fixed flats and flattened fenders in a junky joint near Joyful Junction—jeepers, now I'm the jerk doing it!

Umbriago wasn't happy. He did a lot of odd jobs in his youth—and when he was a young man, tew. He worked splittin' peas for split-pea soup. He was so good they advanced him into the artillery, where he was in charge of shellin' peas.

But he didn't like to work. A very souperiarior guy, a little man who has more fun than anybody. He decided, and with intelligence, to make a career of having fun. He founded a society to see that pretzel benders didn't go straight. He started a research society to find out where department store Santa Clauses go in January. He began an investigation to find out how a one-track mind gets back where it started. Lately, he's had less time for scienstiffic research, on account of managing my campaign for president.

As for that campaign, like I always said—and it still bears competition, even though the dice is cast—"If Washington calls me, I'll answer the call, but they better not call me collect." No candidate could plunk a better plat-



DURANTE CAN GET IN THE GOLDARNDTEST SCRAPES—WHEN UMBRIAGO'S NOT AROUND

form and Umbriago knew it. I'd figured that, when I got to Washington, no more of this 20% off everything you get a living from. How would I look with 20% off my nose? And we were going to by-pass television for smelly-vision—what a field for Durante!

He was the best campaign manager a guy ever had—kissed the babies for me (some of 'em I picked out for myself), and when things got too tough he just made like a horn and blew. Great guy! Garry Moore says Umbriago is ubiqui-

ous—a slander which I hasten to deny. Umbriago's too busy seeing that everyone everywhere has fun. He ain't got time to be ubiquitous. He's on the air with us every Friday night over CBS, but we don't let him talk. He's kept busy lighting cigarettes for all of us human dominoes on the show.

Speakin' of the act on the airways—which I does as often as I can—Umbriago keeps us chasing him. I recalls with trepidation the time maestro Roy Barge goes to hit that high note and produces a lot of silence. What happens is that Umbriago is sitting right in the horn, positively preventing that high note from getting out—a promissory note if ever there was one!

And, of course, it's uncommon knowledge by now that Her Nibbs, Miss Gibbs—our Georgia songbird—was frequently bothered by my pal Umbriago playfully pulling her titian locks. She says "Shoo!" to him so often, it turns into the song, "Shoo Shoo Baby" . . . That's Umbriago for you . . .

Since he started working with me, Umbriago got an idea how to improve the world—an improvisation, so to speak. He got to thinking one Moore and one Schnozzola was all the world could hold, but it might be a lot better if there were more Umbriagos. Then we'd all be so busy laughing we wouldn't have time to start wars with each other. Maybe it's not so far from collosseal at that. It's going to be my campaign cry in the next big-time election—"Every man an Umbriago!"



BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE FUN-LOVING RASCAL—INSIDE, OUTSIDE, OR AROUND

PLAY "SCRAMBY AMBY"

TEST YOUR SKILL WITH WORDS ON THE AIR--AND IN THESE PICTURES

TUNE IN WED. 10:30 P.M. E.W.T. (Blue)

SOONER or later, you'll find every combination of words in the world—except one—on "Scramby Amby," today's radio version of yesterday's rural spelling-bee. The one exception is "innocent bystander." There's no such animal on this quiz show, at least not within earshot of the program's mike. One either listens to "Scramby" or one doesn't. And if one listens, one plays the game. Just like that.

People around the broadcasting studios are chortling that here is one audience participation program in which all audiences can really participate, whether on the studio spot or just tuning in. It's not only because listeners can share in the prize awards by sending in little "scrambies" all their

own. It's also because anyone with a stub of pencil and a scrap of paper can join in the fun, following the clues and unscrambling the always wrongly-spelled but often rightly used words on the program. Rumor even claims that "Scramby Amby" clubs are springing up like mushrooms all over the country, meeting, competing, and awarding their own prizes in neighborhood parlors.

Which is as it should be, perhaps, since the show stems from a parlor game of long and honorable standing in American homes. It's our old friend, "Anagrams," with its scrambled letters to be taken apart then put together to spell some fascinating word. For airwave purposes, the letters are



"NO CLUES" FINDS A CONTESTANT WANTING WHAT THE RIGHT WORD WOULD GIVE HIM—IF HE COULD PEEK IN THE BACK OF THE BOOK!

scrambled in such a way as to provide fairly sensible (or at least pronounceable) new words and phrases. The trick is—to get them back into their original form.

So far on "Scramby Amby," both studio and home participants have brain-wrestled with such logical twisters as DIAPERS for DESPAIR, such complete *non sequiturs* as VOTED A SAINT for DEVASTATION. One particularly appropriate puzzler was LOST AGAIN, for which the perfectly reasonable solution was NOSTALGIA—but, just in case someone should miss the point, songstress Lynn Martin provided a clue with a yearning rendition of "Home."

Those clues are important and also half the fun. In all but the jackpot questions, contestants have three chances, on a descending scale: \$25 on the first try, \$15 on the second, \$10 on the third, with a \$5 consolation prize for utter non-guessers. First comes a musical clue, then a "daffy definition," finally one straight from the dictionary. And here's one competitive program in which listeners are usually rooting for even the nicest contestants *not* to win, because the clues get progressively funnier.

Often, however, answers come so fast and early that only a third of Howard Blake's production-script can be used. At other times, total misses are scored by the very people one would pick as most-likely-to-succeed. One unlucky contestant

found himself faced with A LUNATIC on the big blackboard. "Barnacle Bill the Sailor" gave him no musical clue. The "daffy definition," in which they engaged him in a pointedly sea-going conversation, proved no more helpful. Even the dictionary's "Pertaining to ships, sailors or navigation" failed to inspire him with the right answer, NAUTICAL. After all, he was only a *sailor* himself.

Sometimes contestants prove unfortunate in even more peculiar ways. One man split the jackpot, winning \$95, yet left the studio downcast. He was an insurance broker, but hadn't figured the odds right this time. Unmercifully ribbed by his friends for missing the grand prize on another program, he had given a false name on the air, thus couldn't brag about his current conquest to his buddies!

It's a close race to decide which part of the anagrammatic antics is most fun—rolly-poly Perry Ward's happy-hearted emceeing, tall, dark Larry Keating's soul-stirring performances in the "daffy definition" skits, or conductor Charlie Dant's musical clues, which have included such enchanting etudes as "From the Indies to the Andes in His Undies" and "Never Hit Your Grandma with a Shovel."

Whatever one's personal choice, it's a fairly safe bet that every listener is madly scribbling "scrambies"—every listener, that is, who can read, and write and count the letters.



YOO-HOO, "OH, LYDIA!" signals Perry Ward—but the unscrambled letters spell an almost "holly"-trimmed treat as popular as Christmas!



YOU MAY NOT SOLVE IT as quickly as "ataclip" suggests, but the idea is a big one and stands for something either imposing or punishing.



NO RACE WITH SATAN, no matter what letters Lynn Martin points out. The word is something Axis victims have welcomed since liberation.



ANNOUNCER LARRY KEATING and emcee Ward act out the unscrambled version of a very average word. (You'll find answers on page 45)



RESTING BETWEEN REHEARSALS AT CAMP HAAN, FRANK SINATRA AND MANAGER AL LEVY CHAT WITH OLD FRIEND CAPTAIN ROBERT BURNS

CAMP VISIT

SERVICEMEN "SWOON" FOR SINATRA

SINCE Frank Sinatra began broadcasting before all-male audiences at service bases, amazed scoffers have learned that The Voice can win over the boys in G. I. shoes as well as the girls in bobby socks. Typical reaction is what happened at Camp Haan, Uncle Sam's largest aircraft and artillery training center, near Riverside, California.

Some 1,100 soldiers packed the post auditorium, voluntarily missed evening chow, later admitted their main purpose had been to gang up on the guy who had "stolen" their sweethearts' affections. Thrown off stride by Frank's easy friendliness during his daytime tour of the grounds, they held their fire, watched with a show-me attitude as the singer ambled on stage, soon found themselves utterly disarmed by the unassuming quality of his performance.

When he arrived, Frank had only one friend there — Captain Robert Burns, manager of Tommy Dorsey's band when Sinatra and Stordahl were members. When he left, he had a thousand new friends who found him "a real Joe."



CORP. RALPH V. NYE GAGS UP ON SINATRA'S FAMED BOW TIE



JEEP-RIDING WITH CONDUCTOR ALEX STORDAHL AND SINGING PARTNER EILEEN BARTON, FRANKIE PAUSES TO GREET WAC OFFICER STORM



ANN MILLER

ALL FOUR NETWORKS USE THE TALENTS
OF THIS PERSUASIVE-VOICED BLONDE

ANN MILLER's radio career is a study in contrasts. Half her time is spent portraying neurotic, hysterical, and generally-unpleasant females—while the rest is devoted to lilting sweet commercials in a way that sells.

The Texas-born blonde says she's not really a split personality, but just an actress who can adapt her voice to fit the personality she's creating. Whatever the explanation, the combination is a good one. Though Ann's been in New York just over a year, the list of top-flight shows she's appeared on reads like a Dun & Bradstreet of radio. For 8 months the lovely lady did commercials on Gabriel Heatter's Mutual program, and her assignments include Blue's "Fannie Hurst Presents," CBS' "Aunt Jenny," NBC's "Ellery Queen."

TODAY'S CHILDREN

FIRST-GENERATION AMERICANS
BREAK WITH THE TRADITIONS
OF THEIR EUROPEAN PARENTS

TUNE IN MON. TO FRI. 2:15 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

THE serial, "Today's Children," might well have been called "Melting Pot." It is a story of typical Americans—those foreign-born citizens who came here determined to understand and love the country of their adoption.

Like many others who met the same problems before them, *Mr. and Mrs. Schultz* (originally from Germany) find life in the new world extraordinarily complicated. Gentle, simple and kindly, they still have a flavor of the old country about them, although they strive conscientiously to become thoroughly Americanized.

What the *Schultzes* want most in life is happiness for their two children—daughter *Bertha* and foster-daughter, *Marilyn Larimore*. In spite of all their efforts, however, the gulf between the two generations constantly widens as the American-raised children have no sympathy with their parents' "old-fashioned" ideas.

The *Schultzes* are portrayed very sympathetically by Murray Forbes and Virginia Payne—both of whom were reared in cities, where they had opportunities to meet the kind of people from whom these portraits were drawn.

Murray was a Chicago boy originally, and started out to be a business man. He wasn't too bad a one either, for the middle-sized redhead kept a job as bookkeeper for four years. After a while, however, he got awfully tired of figuring deficits, and leaped at a chance to enjoy the insecure but exciting life of a vaudeville stock company.

It turned out to be more insecure than exciting, and Forbes went broke with a bang. He figured up his own deficit for a change, and then hurriedly took a job as salesman in a State Street department store. The management soon de-



JUDGE COLBY FINDS IT HARD TO FORGET HIS WIFE CATHERINE'S PREVIOUS MARRIAGE



GERMAN-BORN MR. AND MRS. SCHULTZ ARE OFTEN BEWILDERED BY THEIR CHILDREN

cided that the store did better without him, and Murray despondently tried out his talents in a brokerage house. That seemed to be a pretty good idea in '28 and '29 when everyone was amassing paper fortunes, but nobody has to be told what happened next. The only thing the actor has kept out of those halcyon stock-market days is a habit of dressing like a fashion plate.

Virginia Payne, on the other hand, has been interested in drama just about as long as she can remember. The daughter of a physician, with her family packed with scientists, she doesn't really know where the inspiration came

from—unless it dates from the time she saw Maude Adams in "Peter Pan" at the age of four.

A serious-minded young miss, she collected a couple of degrees at the University of Cincinnati before starting to teach at the Schuster-Martin School of the Drama back in the early thirties. Brown-haired Virginia is still serious minded—loves to read Proust and Shakespeare, listen to Beethoven and Tchaikowsky, and detests bridge and gossip.

The role of daughter *Bertha Schultz* is a tragic one, for *Bertha* feels the domination of her foster-sister, *Marilyn*,

very strongly, and is comparatively unaware of her own beauty and talents. Moreover, her emotional life has suffered several upsets—first in an early marriage to *Keith Armour* (now serving a jail sentence as a German spy) and recently in the murder of her fiance, *Tom Leeming*.

Bertha was accused of having murdered *Tom*, and the trial sequence (heard earlier this year) was considered precedent-breaking in radio. All the trappings of a real-life trial were set up in an NBC studio, and a genuine judge (Robert A. Meier, acting Circuit Court Judge of the Cook County Court) ascended the bench at each session.

To add to the verisimilitude, spectators were permitted—an unusual innovation in soap operas. Author Irna Phillips was very much pleased by the results, for enthusiastic throngs of housewives proved that "Today's Children" would not suffer from television. Spectators and listeners alike were permitted to cast votes as to *Bertha's* guilt, and Miss Phillips was prepared to plot the action of following sequences according to the verdict of this "largest jury ever assembled."

As followers of the serial know, *Bertha* was acquitted—and actress Patricia Dunlap doesn't have to learn about jails for her role. Patricia's well suited to play the part of beautiful *Bertha*, for the chestnut-haired, hazel-eyed lass has all the good points of a professional model herself.

Pat always loved the theatre, though, and was a confirmed worshipper of William S. Hart and Charlie Chaplin before she lost her milk teeth. A little later the Illinois-born youngster organized the "Dunlap backyard theatre" and proceeded to entertain the neighbors for pins and pennies.

With such a start, professional training was a "must"—and the tiny actress handled important roles on the legitimate stage before turning to radio in 1931. In leisure hours, she likes to see football and boxing matches—and, of course, especially loves the theatre and the movies.

Co-starring with Patricia in "Today's Children" is Betty Lou Gerson with the role of *Marilyn*. *Marilyn's* a first-generation American, too, for her parents are *Catherine* (now the wife of *Judge Colby*) and *Michael Gregory*—both from Russia.

Betty, herself, is a Southern girl, born in Chattanooga and reared in Birmingham, Alabama. In taking to the theatre, she's merely carrying on a tradition established by the family, for many of her forbears were favorites in

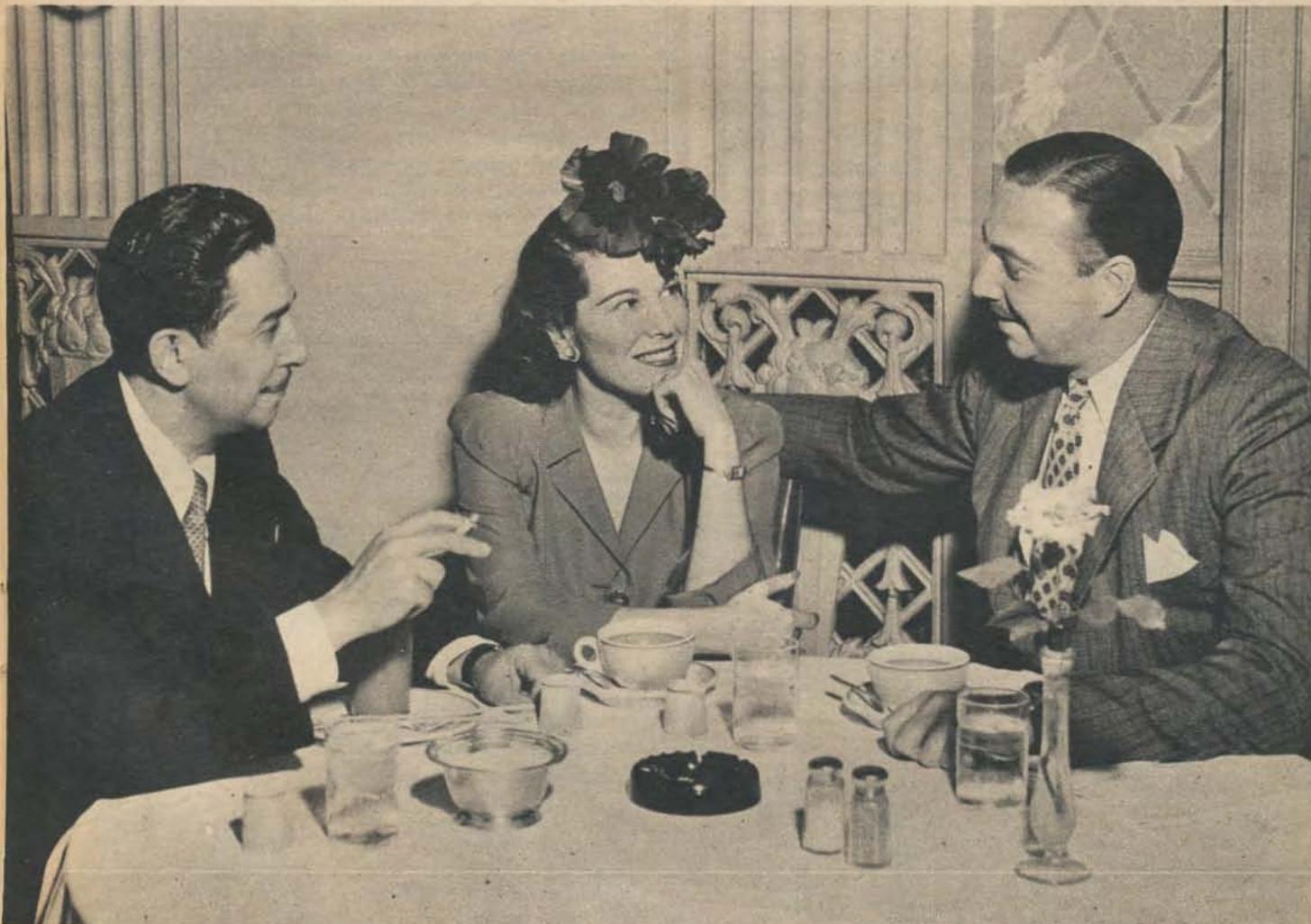
Continental opera. Today, in addition to ranking as one of radio's favorite leading women, Betty's having a fine time helping radio-director husband Joe Ainley "man" their Illinois farm.

Judge and Mrs. Colby are played by Herb Butterfield and Nannette Sargent, both stage and screen veterans. Herb really started out in radio as a director, and turned actor only by accident. "We needed a 'heavy' in 'Margot of Castlewood,'" Butterfield explained, "so I read the part temporarily till we could get one. I read it twice and then kept it as a permanent role." It sounds much too easy to be true, till the shy virtuoso admits he'd been on the stage for years before all this happened.

Other major characters are *John Murray*, handled by tall and brawny William Waterman, and *Michael Gregory*, acted by Mike Romano. Mike's the reason no legal boners occur in the "Today's Children's" script, for he's a former assistant state's attorney and still practices law in the Loop when he's not busy "handling cases" on the air.



BEAUTIFUL BERTHA SCHULTZ FEELS OVERSHADOWED BY HER FOSTER-SISTER, MARILYN



MARILYN LARIMORE HAS LUNCH WITH HER REAL FATHER, MICHAEL GREGORY, AND HER DEVOTED EX-HUSBAND, LAWYER JOHN MURRAY

RADIO WORKSHOP OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY

BROADCASTING GOES TO COLLEGE—WITH A COMPLETE COURSE AND A MODERN STATION



DIRECTOR OF RADIO RALPH MATTHEWS

HISTORY is being made, in both radio and education, "deep in the heart of Texas," at Waco's KWBU, one of the newest and most modern 50,000-watt stations in the United States. There—since February, 1944—Baylor University students and staff members have been presenting a minimum of thirteen radio programs each week to a maximum audience estimated at some three and a half million listeners.

This college workshop, high in the Tower Studios of Baylor's historic "Old Main" building, is a lighthouse on the course of exploration into the school and air of the future. Among the first to pioneer in the field of radio education, the almost century-old university has already gone far toward proving what can be done when a curriculum is planned to meet the most exacting standards of both professional techniques and scholastic ratings.

Typical of the newness of such an undertaking is the youth of the Workshop's key staff members, who might easily be (and often are) mistaken for undergraduates on the campus. Pace-setter for the ambitious project is young, exuberant Ralph Matthews—who had already had considerable experience, nevertheless, in both commercial and experimental radio on the Atlantic coast and in northern states, before taking

over his present challenging job as Director of Radio for the university. Known to his admiring students as "the man with the beautiful voice," the dark, curly-haired dynamo supervises the regular broadcasts, conducts daily classes, runs weekly meetings at which student-written plays are directed and produced, issues monthly newsletters to former members of the Workshops who are now scattered all over the world in Uncle Sam's service.

Matthews' equally enthusiastic lieutenant is Director of Continuity Mary Hinely, the pretty brunette who not only conducts the courses in radio writing but passes on all scripts that reach the air each week. Together with their studio staff members and the speech department teachers, guest lecturers from other schools, visiting artists from big broadcasting companies, who instruct the various classes in acting, announcing and interpretation, Directors Matthews and Hinely keep a firm hand on the controls.

But it is still the students themselves who are the stars of the programs put on over Station KWBU. The Workshop is a completely practical apprentice laboratory and the majority of the shows produced are written and directed by the undergraduates. About 75 strong each semester, these stu-



INFORMAL DISCUSSIONS AMONG KEY STAFF MEMBERS ARE LED BY WORKSHOP CHIEF MATTHEWS AND CONTINUITY DIRECTOR MARY HINELY

dents run the control board, serve as technicians, announcers, news editors, write most of the scripts in the classroom. In one instance, a former Workshopper "somewhere in the Pacific" heard that a radio drama he had turned out in class was broadcast after his departure. Figuring that they must be "pretty hard-up" for scripts, Pfc. Howard Bramlette promptly sat down in his foxhole and dashed off another, "Tomorrow Is Behind Me," which has proved to be one of the most successful of all student originals.

Regular programs cover a wide variety of subjects, from "The College Church" to "Flight to Victory." The former is a 30-minute Sunday broadcast with guest speakers and two separate choirs, one a chorus of 16 voices, the other a group of young people who recite verses in unison. "Flight to Victory" is a tribute to American aviators, sponsored by the Baylor Wings Club, which keeps up correspondence with all former students now serving in the air forces.

Audience-participation shows, done from the stage of the college theatre, are represented by "Hoodwinks at Baylor," in cooperation with the Tank Destroyer Replacement Center at nearby North Camp Hood. Highlight of this half-hour is a feature in which civilians attempt to "Do It the G. I. Way" (see picture at right). At the other extreme is "The News Roundtable," at which specially qualified faculty members discuss headline events of the week.

Other phases of college life get their turn at the mike, of course. Classical and popular concerts are presented by the music department, with undergraduate talent. "The Baylor Hour" takes listeners into every corner of the campus, from laboratory to home economics kitchen. In all these, members of the Radio Workshop take active part.

It isn't all unremitting toil and mike-debut trembling, however. Workshopppers have plenty of fun, too, climaxed by the annual banquet at which Director Matthews cites the best actor and actress of the year—and the students award their own humorous "Oscars." And, just to prove that radio has really gone to college, that the campus has really come to radio, there is now a *national* broadcasting fraternity, Lambda Lambda Nu, originated at Baylor University itself!



THE COLLEGE MIKE INVADES HOME ECONOMICS DEPT. KITCHENS



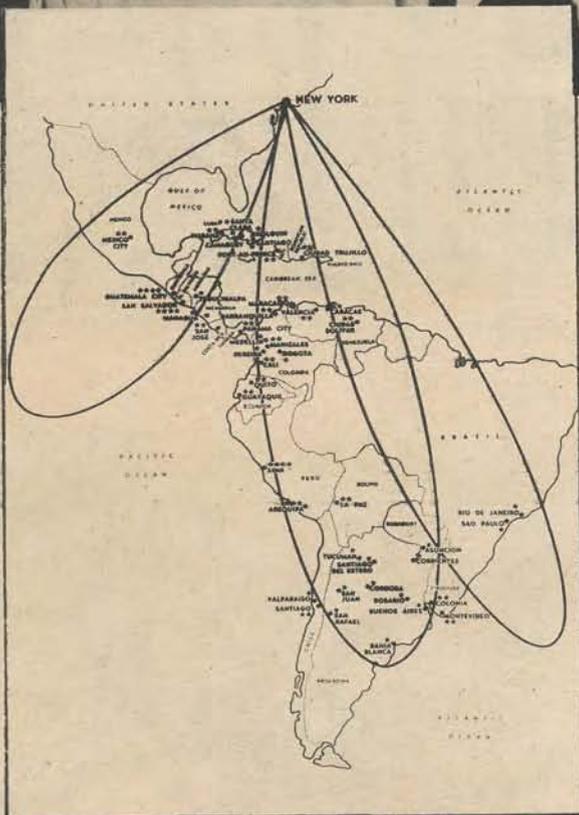
A COED "DOES IT THE G.I. WAY" ON "HOODWINKS AT BAYLOR"



STUDENTS PUT ON A PERFORMANCE OF "TOMORROW IS BEHIND ME," WRITTEN BY A FORMER BAYLOR MAN WHILE ON DUTY IN PACIFIC



A CUBAN REUNION: EUSEBIA COSME AND THE TRIO SERVANDO DIAZ



THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM
LATIN-AMERICAN NETWORK
CBS Cadena de las Americas

The three lobes indicate the powerful beams of CBS' 50,000 watt transmitters, directed daily to Latin America by a complex system of antennas. The transmitters are all of the most modern design, and are located near New York. WCBX is beamed in the direction of Brazil; WCRC is beamed at South America and WCBN at Central America. The coverage is greater than is indicated on the map, since the lobes merely indicate areas in which the signals are strongest. Programs can also be heard in territory outside the loops.

VIVA AMERICA

**CBS SHORT-WAVE BROADCASTING BRINGS
 OUR LATIN AMERICAN NEIGHBORS CLOSER**

THE Latin-American rhythms you hear on "Viva America" (Thursday nights at 11:30 E.W.T.) are the real thing. No home-made imitations can make the grade on this show, for it's beamed to the republics "south of the border" as well as to our own 48 states.

CBS planned it that way for a definite reason. "Viva America" is meant to be not only a half-hour of tropical music entertainment, but also a "show-window" for United States listeners. Through it Columbia demonstrates the type of program which is carried on its Latin-American network, Cadena de las Americas.

The pictures on these and the following pages represent just a few of the colorful artists who star on the network, and appear from time to time on "Viva America." Most of them were well-known headliners in their own countries before being brought to New York to contribute their talents to this tremendous broadcasting service. Paradoxically enough, these "Manhattan Latins" now reach a larger number of their Spanish and Portuguese-speaking compatriots than they would have had they remained in their native lands.

CBS has been beaming short-wave programs to Latin

America ever since 1929, but it was only four years ago that definite plans for a network were evolved. At that time, Columbia President William S. Paley made an extensive air tour of the republics to the South, intent on gathering first-hand knowledge of the radio needs of our neighbors in the Western Hemisphere. He found out many interesting things on that trip, and his conclusions shaped the policy which has made the network so important a link today.

The Latin Americans were intensely world-news conscious, at a time when the average United States citizen was still comparatively unconcerned with events abroad. Most of the countries are not as self-sufficient as the United States, and a resident of Chile, for example, might be directly affected by a new law passed here. For this reason, news programs were among the most popular on the air, and listeners tuned in eagerly to our short-wave newscasts because they found them unbiased and free of propaganda.

The only trouble was that many people had difficulty getting good reception, and a large number of home radios lacked short-wave receivers entirely. Consequently, listeners turned to the newscasts on their local stations, which in some cases were influenced by the Nazi propaganda machine. This problem was overcome by concluding agreements with a leading station in each country, so that CBS short-wave programs are picked up by the station and then re-transmitted over long-wave. Improved and more powerful short-wave transmitters were also built to insure clearer reception. With

these changes in force, United States newscasts are more popular than ever, particularly since no attempt has ever been made to counteract Nazi ballyhoo with direct democratic propaganda. Both CBS and the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs (the government agency which supervises broadcasts to Latin America) believe only in the "propaganda of truth"—a fact which the sensitive South American listener realizes and is grateful for.

Equal in importance with newscasts are musical programs, and this "universal language" is one which both countries can understand. CBS found that much so-called Latin-American music, the rhumbas and tangos heard daily over our own radios, was distinctly "ersatz" south of the border. Most of it was (and still is) a strictly tourist version of Latin music, tailor-made for North America. So a huge project was begun—of "combing" the republics for native artists, who could be brought to this country to interpret genuine Southern rhythms for their own people.

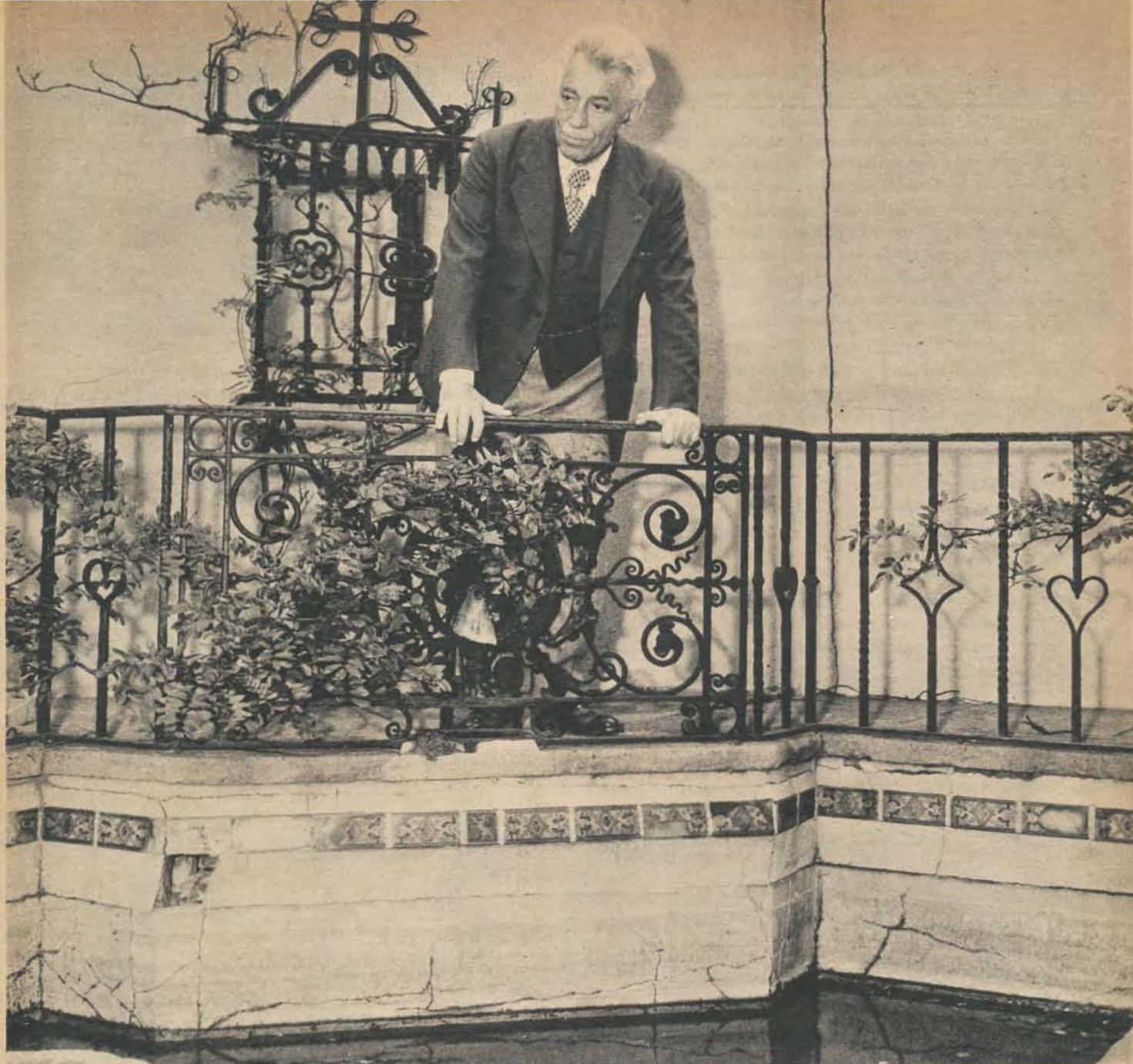
CBS wanted to do more than this, however. They wanted to make Cadena de las Americas a network of good-will, an instrument of friendship and understanding among the peoples of the Western Hemisphere. As Mr. Paley realized, the average United States resident knows much less about his Southern neighbors than he does about European peoples, and is "far too prone to think of Latin Americans as a mass of black-haired, backward people who owe what security they have, in the midst of their well-costumed revolutions,



MEXICAN SINGER EVA GARZA IS NOW TOURING IN LATIN AMERICA



NESTOR MESTA CHAYRES IS "VIVA AMERICA'S" SINGING STAR



FRITZ KREISLER FINDS A PEACEFUL PATIO HIGH ABOVE THE BUSY STREETS ON A VISIT TO RADIO CITY'S "GARDENS OF ALL NATIONS"

Fritz Kreisler

WORLD-FAMED VIOLINIST THRILLS MILLIONS ON "TELEPHONE HOUR"

TUNE IN MON. 9 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC), Jan. 1 and 29; Feb. 19; April 16

FRITZ KREISLER'S decision to broadcast was an earthshaking event in the musical world. During the great violinist's long career, he had always firmly refused the innumerable radio offers tendered him and it was generally felt that he would never be heard over the air. Thus NBC's announce-

ment (early this year) that the 69-year-old musician would give a series of concerts on "The Telephone Hour" came as a great surprise and unexpected boon to music lovers all over the world.

Like many other decisions in the outstanding humanitari-

an's life, this one was inspired more by consideration for others than through any desire to increase his already overwhelming fame. Chief factor causing him to take the new step was "the many and increasing number of letters from the more isolated places of America asking me to broadcast. Many of these people have never been able to hear a recital because of lack of money or because they are too far from the cities." Kreisler also took into consideration the fact that wartime traveling conditions made it impossible for him to give concerts in many localities he had formerly reached, and that requests from servicemen could be answered by recordings of his broadcasts.

Like all great artists, the white-haired musician is a perfectionist and would not undertake a performance in this new field without thoroughly understanding the medium. He spent months studying microphone technique and listening to programs, then announced with characteristic modesty that he "hoped he was ready" to play.

It is 55 years since Fritz Kreisler first performed for an American audience. The master of violin interpretation was then only thirteen years old, but had already won the Premier Grand Prix in Paris. To everyone's astonishment, at the close of his successful American tour, the young prodigy returned to his native Vienna determined to give up music and be-

come a physician like his father. He did study medicine intensively for several years (an interest he retains to this day) but his schooling was interrupted by a period of military service during which he became an officer in a regiment of Uhlans. It was after a full year as a soldier that Kreisler turned to the violin once more.

Since that time the musician has laid aside his bow only twice. The first time came as a result of the first World War, which broke out while Kreisler was in Switzerland. Returning to Austria, he rejoined his former troops but was injured after only four weeks' military duty and discharged from the army. The United States was still neutral, and the composer started an extensive concert tour in this country, but was forced to change his plans and go into retirement with America's official entry into the war.

The second time occurred only recently, in 1941, when Fritz Kreisler was 66 years old. Struck by a truck while crossing a New York street, little hope was held out for the recovery of the aging musician.

Eventually, Kreisler knew that he'd had a skull fracture, but it never occurred to him that such an injury might affect his playing. Mrs. Kreisler (American-born Harriet Lies, whom he married in 1902) worried about it constantly, however, and finally put her fears to the test by casually asking



AT 69, THE EMINENT MUSICIAN IS AS ALERT AND ACTIVE AS EVER. HERE FRIENDS POINT OUT A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE N. Y. SKYLINE

FRITZ KREISLER (continued)

her husband to play Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto for her. To her great joy, his touch proved as sure as ever, and the warmth and clarity of tone which have placed Kreisler among violin immortals remained unchanged.

Though for half a century Kreisler has had showered on him the highest praise the world can bestow, the musician is still a simple man, sincerely democratic and genuinely friendly. Reporters have found it possible to interview him in the usually sacred few minutes before a concert. Technicians who work with him on "The Telephone Hour" are amazed at his lack of tension, his love of a good story, his delight in chatting with people in the studio. Nothing distresses him so much as being "lionized," and his kindly, lined face bears witness to a life fully lived, in which his talent has never been permitted to set him apart.

Kreisler's physical vigor and enquiring mind belie his white hairs, and he makes it a point to keep up with young musicians and young ideas. Typical of his wide tolerance is the fact that he's tried his hand successfully at musical comedy, is fond of improvising—including occasional jazz splurges. Children are always welcome at the violinist's home, and their noise doesn't bother him. Neither does the yapping of his two dogs, who always protest violently when their master tries—most unsuccessfully—to sing.

Never vain about his accomplishments, Fritz Kreisler feels grateful that he is a musician, for "music makes a wall between me and the ugliness in the world. I would brave punishment to play, as some men brave punishment for religion."



KREISLER IS AN OUTDOOR ENTHUSIAST AND LOVES THE COUNTRY



AS A COMPOSER, KREISLER HAS MADE NOTABLE CONTRIBUTIONS TO VIOLIN REPERTOIRES, BOTH ORIGINAL WORKS AND ADAPTATIONS

CHARLIE MEETS EFFIE

THE KLINKER DEMOISELLE IS TOO WELL-AGED
AN OAK FOR SPRIGHTLY ACORN McCARTHY

THAT new addition to the Bergen family didn't come with the stork. No sir-ee. Effie's really a eugenic baby, planned down to the last brush-stroke.

Unlike most infants, she didn't start out as a glint in her father's eye. It was more like a catch in Bergen's throat. The antiquated bachelor-girl's voice was born first, and then the proud Poppa called in a batch of Disney cartoonists to concoct a suitable frame for the cackle. Still in the kernel stage, so to speak, the embryo Effie traveled from clay modeler to wood carver, and then to Max Factor for the grafting on of complexion, make-up and hairdo. Craving only the best for his first girl chee-ild, Edgar even called in a portrait painter for finishing touches on his aged-in-the-wood vintage belle.

Effie's stiff-necked, but she's no saint. The ultra-respectable Miss Klinker loves nothing better than rolling a luscious bit of gossip over her backfence tongue—except perhaps coyly accepting polite attentions from a gentleman-friend. Thus far, though, Charlie's been a knotty problem to her.



EFFIE'S ALL A-TWITTER at "Daddy's" news that she's going to meet that wise-cracking, devil-may-care limb of Bergen, Charlie McCarthy.



"THAT DUMMY'S NOT MY TYPE," asides Charlie, giving Effie's painted charms the hard-headed once over. "Back to the woodpile for her."



SETTING EFFIE'S HEART AFLAME is no trick at all for McCarthy as he gets ready to limber up an old bit of lumber with the hot foot.



STAR-SPANGLED LUCY MONROE

PATRIOTIC SOPRANO HAS SUNG THE NATIONAL ANTHEM 5000 TIMES

TUNE IN "SWING SHIFT FROLICS" SAT. 12 noon E.W.T. (Blue)

THINK back to the last time you heard the "Star Spangled Banner" being sung in a clear soprano voice. Nine chances out of ten, you were listening to Lucy Monroe. Ever since 1937, when the American Legion made Lucy "official soloist" of their New York convention, the pink-cheeked

brunette has been warbling the national anthem at patriotic affairs from Maine to Kalamazoo.

The "Star Spangled Soprano" herself can't be bothered keeping track of the number of times she's rendered her favorite song. Friends and well-wishers have been keeping

tabs for her, however, and they say the record runs near 2700 performances. Add to that a rehearsal or two for each public appearance, and the grand total sums up to well over 5000.

Lucy says she's not a bit tired of it yet, but resents the fact that some people say she can't sing anything else. That's far from true, for since 1941 (when she became Director of Patriotic Music for RCA Victor) the slender, green-eyed New Yorker has led innumerable community sings in such old-time favorites as "The Caissons Go Rolling Along," "Let Me Call you Sweetheart," "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," and even "The Man on the Flying Trapeze."

Moreover, the tall and comely lass insists that she's not even a one-field singer. "I do so much 'in person' work that some people forget I've worked in any other medium, but I have. I've been on the radio, on records and on the musical comedy, opera and concert stages. In Columbia's series of movie shorts, 'Sing, America, Sing!' I lead community sings from the nation's screens—and a mighty exhilarating experience it is, too."

True enough, Lucy started out in showbusiness back in 1929—with no thoughts of becoming a "Star Spangled Girl." Her first important part included singing three numbers in the "Little Show" in 1930—and not one of them was the national anthem. Her operatic debut was made at the Hippodrome under the direction of Alfred Salmaggi, and was followed by performances at the St. Louis Grand Opera Company, the Chicago Opera Company and the Metropolitan. Radio knew her, too, for she had several major network shows of her own.

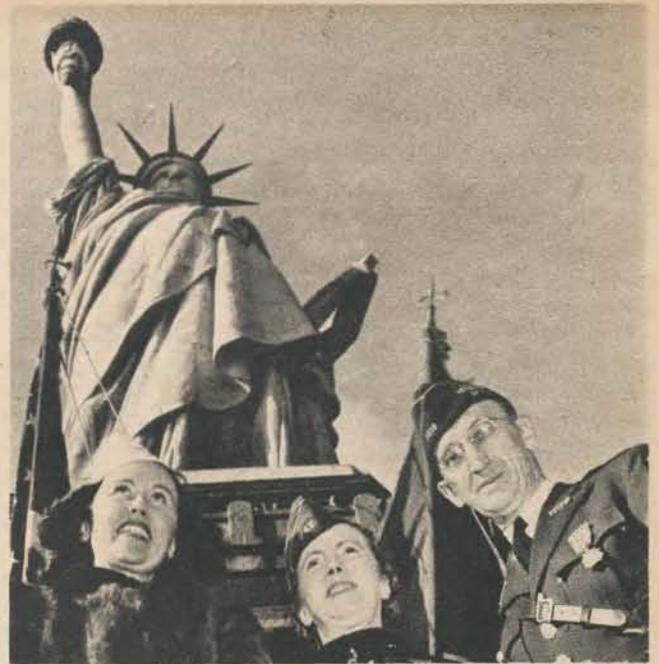
Nevertheless, to millions, Lucy and the "Star Spangled Banner" are practically inseparable. Following her performances for the American Legion came an invitation to sing at the Memorial Day services before the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. That started a trend, and whenever a public function was to be held, the officials just automatically thought of Miss Monroe. At the World's Fair alone, where she worked in "American Jubilee," Lucy sang the national anthem four times a day, seven days a week for six months. And that wasn't all—for the invitations kept pouring in to sing for various visiting delegations in other parts of the Fair, as well as for outside affairs.

Miss Monroe can well be proud of the fact that she has never accepted payment for any of these "outside assignments." In her present role as "representative at civic affairs" for the Blue Network, Lucy acts as a kind of official hostess and greeter, and often sings in the course of her day's work. She also emcees the defense workers' Saturday program called the "Swing Shift Frolics." All camp show, hospital, servicemen's canteen and other non-commercial appearances are strictly on her own, however, and Miss Monroe even pays her own traveling expenses to attend these public service functions.

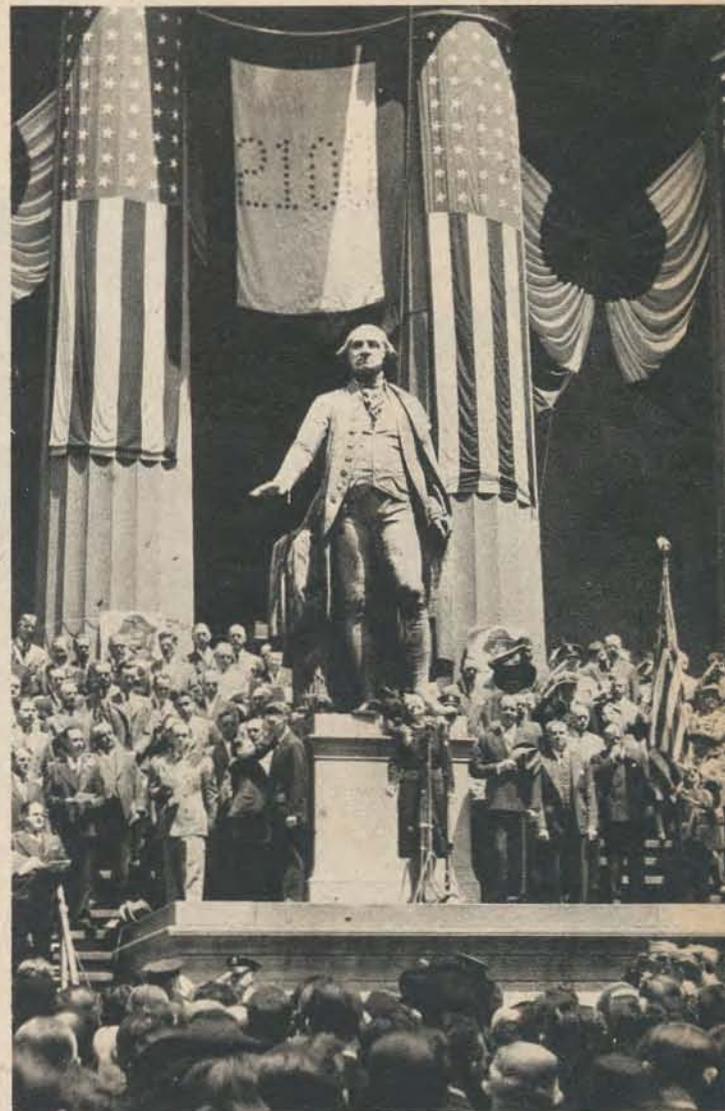
Lucy admits to being a little shy with individuals, and something of a wallflower at parties. But when she's all dressed up and facing a group of people who want to sing, you'd never guess it. She gets a real thrill out of feeling the lift that community singing gives to tired defense workers and homesick G.I.'s.

Various souvenirs of service have been showered on the winsome soprano, ranging all the way from a colonel's eagles to a private's overseas cap. A Baltimore museum presented her with a facsimile of the original manuscript of the "Star Spangled Banner," and an army camp came through with a patriotic cake as big as a good-sized table.

Though she cherishes these mementos (except the cake, of



LUCY LEADS A RALLY IN THE SHADOW OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY



SINGING THE ANTHEM AT NEW YORK'S SUB-TREASURY BUILDING

LUCY MONROE (continued)

course) and likes to have them around, nothing seems sillier to Lucy than the stories she reads about going overboard on the subject of patriotism. Most emphatically, her apartment is not decorated in red, white and blue, nor does she dress in those colors at home. As a matter of fact, Lucy appeared twice on the Fashion Academy's "best-dressed" list, and prefers black or navy dresses with soft feminine touches. Her apartment is a conventional one, overlooking New York's Central Park—and there's nothing ultra Uncle-Sammy about it.

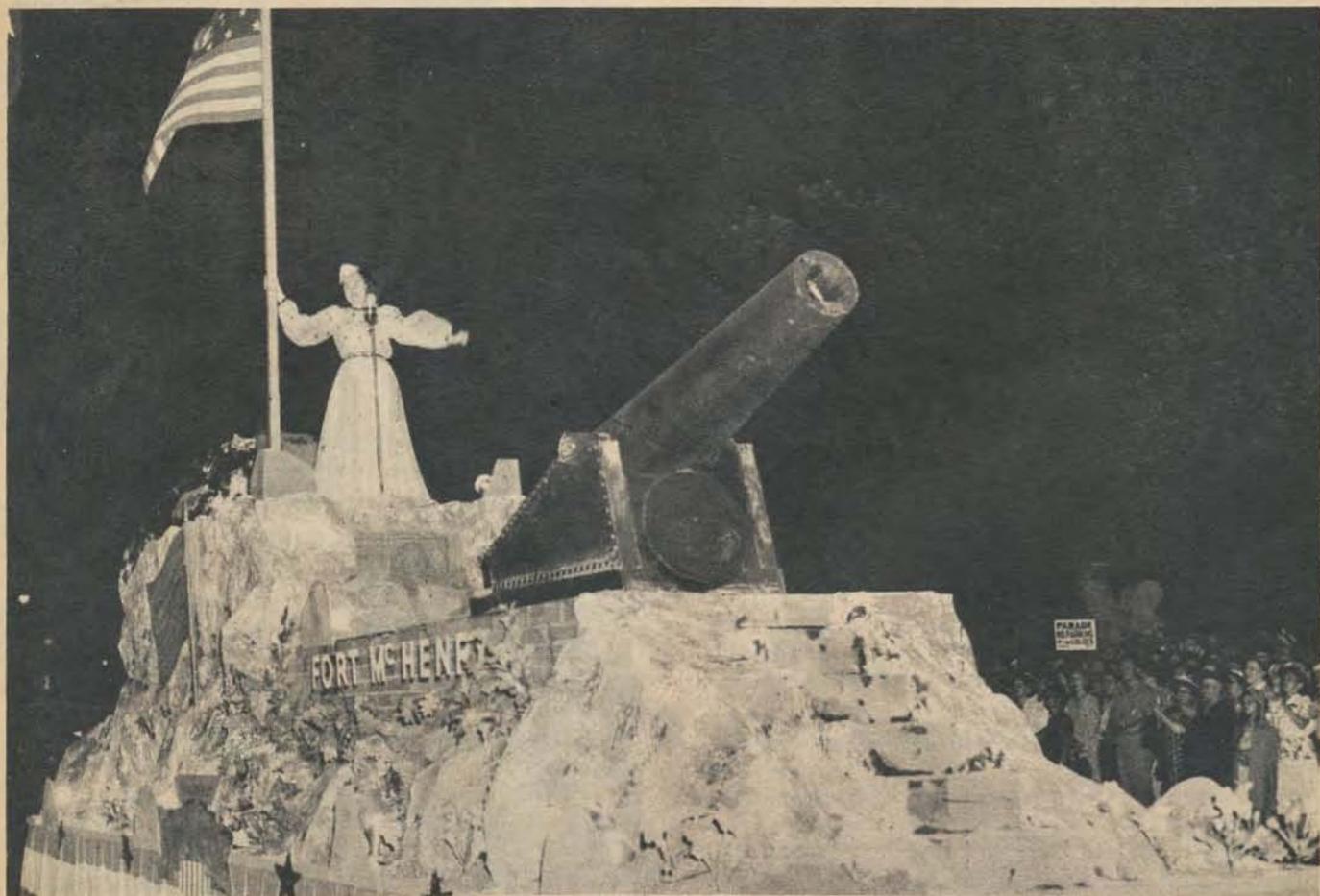
The "Star Spangled Banner" is not the only national anthem Miss Monroe knows, either, for she can sing "La Marseillaise" in French, the "Internationale" in Russian, the "Hatikvah" (Zionist song) in Hebrew, and—strangest of all—the Chinese national song in Chinese. In spite of the 5000 renditions of our own song, the patriotic lass admits that on two different occasions she's forgotten completely how it goes—right in the middle of singing it!

Honors have piled up in recent years for Lucy, and she's met everyone from the President to the Dionne Quintuplets. John and Jane Doe are her favorites, though, and there's no thrill quite like singing before a hospital of wounded soldiers returned from the war.

In spite of all the responsibility and glamour of her job for the Blue Network, and the accolade bestowed on her by millions of adoring Americans, Lucy Monroe's charm and simplicity have remained unchanged. She still loves singing the "Star Spangled Banner" for everyone who really wants to hear it—and that's a very large order indeed.



"STAR SPANGLED BANNER" RINGS OUT IN FATHER DUFFY SQUARE



PERCHED ON TOP OF A FORT McHENRY FLOAT, LUCY MONROE REPRESENTS THE SPIRIT OF PATRIOTISM AND DEMOCRACY IN A WAR PARADE

JULIE CONWAY

**"FINDERS KEEPERS" THRUSH
IS A REAL JILL-OF-ALL-TRADES**

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

EARNING a living is no chore for Julie Conway. The pert and pretty redhead finds work a real adventure, for she never knows just what she'll be doing next.

Only 24 this year, Julie's already conquered enough fields to last an ordinary lass a lifetime. Her green orbs and vocagenic warbling first won praise when the Illinois-born miss was on vacation from Northwestern and kept boredom away by singing at Chicago night spots. Stage, screen and radio breaks followed right along after that, with Julie's longest assignment a year with Kay Kyser's "College." On the side, the talented songstress plays a hot sax, composes songs and knits a mean sock now and then.





LYN MURRAY TRIED JOURNALISM AND SEA-FARING BEFORE FINDING HIS RIGHT FIELD

LYN MURRAY

**THE MAESTRO HAS AN ODD
BACKGROUND—FOR MUSIC!**

TUNE IN MON. WED. FRI.
6:15 P.M. E.W.T. (CBS)

AS RADIO composer-conductors go—and they go pretty far these days—Lyn Murray is right up there among the most successful of the moderns. Exhibit A: The Squibb show for which he conducts orchestra, chorus and various guest stars three times a week. Exhibit B: Saturday night's "Your Hit Parade" choral group, which he has directed for the past half-dozen years or so.

Exhibits C to Z can be found at almost any random point on the dial, anywhere that Lyn Murray compositions, choirs, arrangements or conducting could conceivably be fitted in. Judging by these, it seems safe to say that the London-born naturalized American—who, at 34, looks more like a studious but quizzical Princeton undergraduate than most native New Jersey lads ever



HIS RISE AS CONDUCTOR, CHOIR MASTER AND COMPOSER IS THE RESULT OF FEW FORMAL LESSONS, MUCH SELF TRAINING AND HARD WORK

look—has won quite a success in his adopted country and chosen field.

All this must come as something of a shock to the musician's guardian angel, for the one-time Lionel Breese showed few indications of such talent in childhood, had almost no formal training for such a career. Little Lionel was positively no infant Mozart astounding the crowned heads of Europe with his prowess at the keyboard.

"Breezy" was just the all-boy who laughed like anything when the family piano fell through the floor into the cellar, thus putting a temporary stop to the endless practicing. "It wasn't that I didn't like music," he explains today, "but that English parlor was like an icebox. You could have hung a side of beef in there all winter!"

The future choral master-composer-conductor won no precocious grand prizes for his knowledge of the intricacies of harmony and counterpoint, for the simple reason that he never competed for any, never studied such subjects in any academy. His one achievement along such lines occurred at high school in Philadelphia, where he moved with his family at the age of 15.

His general music class had been assigned the task of composing individual, original hymns, and the one turned in by the lad now known as Lyn Murray

was so excellent that the instructor refused to credit it, insisting that he must have copied it from some source teacher was unable to trace.

Lyn was more flattered than otherwise by this strong skepticism, since he knew the song was all his own. His steadily growing love of music was given a sudden though left-handed boost. But the shove wasn't strong enough to keep the teenster from trying to be first a journalist, then a sailor.

When the 20-year-old finally turned to a professional career in music—as assistant organist to the late, great "Fats" Waller at a silent-movie house in Philadelphia's Little Harlem—he had no better preparation behind him than several assorted months as copy-boy on the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, a year as wiper on sundry oil tankers in the Atlantic, and a few lessons he'd received back in England, in exchange for pumping the bellows for a church organist at Barrow-in-Furness.

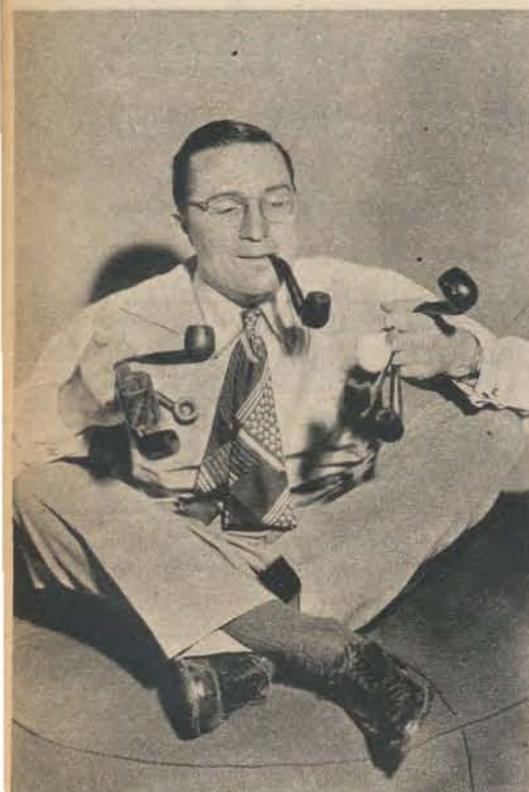
In later years, after Lyn had got a toehold in radio, he remembers most gratefully the help he got from Bernard Herrmann and the late Joseph Schillinger. It was composer-conductor Herrmann who first encouraged him to write music for radio and requested that he get the chance to be the first conductor of Columbia's new chamber music or-

chestra. It was maestro Schillinger who then gave him the only formal lessons in composition he has ever had.

Today, for all his lounging air of laziness and the impish humor which lurks beneath an almost impassive expression, the crop-haired, bespectacled Murray takes music very seriously indeed. His style is versatile, his output prodigious. He has written incidental music for many of the biggest prestige programs on the air, including some of Norman Corwin's finest scripts, has published a number of lighter pieces, such as "Nurseryland Sketches."

At present, his proudest achievements are "Liberation," a dramatic cantata composed at the special request of the U. S. Treasury Department to commemorate recent events in Europe—with text by Millard Lampell—and "Camptown," a ballet which has been accepted by the new Ballet International group for choreography by Agnes De Mille.

Such projects leave him little time for hobbies, other than listening to the radio whenever he can and smoking a series of pipes even oftener than that. Today, the erstwhile piano-hater has only two real enthusiasms outside of music—his wife Florence, whom he describes as "tall, dark and well-balanced," and his baby daughter Lynn, for whom he can find no adequate adjectives at all!



LYN HAS LOTS OF PIPES, SMOKES 'EM ALL!



HE DOES THE MUSIC FOR MANY SHOWS WRITTEN AND PRODUCED BY NORMAN CORWIN



CONDUCTOR HOWARD BARLOW AND TENOR RICHARD CROOKS FIND A NOTE OR TWO OF LAUGHTER IN THE "VOICE OF FIRESTONE" SCORE

A CORNER GLIMPSE OF THE FIRESTONE ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS



Richard Crooks

THE POPULAR SINGER HAS SET MANY MARKS IN CONCERTS, OPERA, RADIO

TUNE IN MON. 8:30 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)

IF FIGURES don't lie, a certain singer from New Jersey has broken all existing records for Metropolitan Opera stars making consecutive appearances on a single air show. The 1944-45 season marks, not only the 16th anniversary of "Voice of Firestone," but Richard Crooks' 14th year on that program—and his 13th at the Met.

Breaking records and setting precedents is an old habit of this tall, hefty tenor, who hummed tunes before he could talk, was a church soloist at 9 and a star of the Trenton Music Festival at 12—when Mme. Sehumann-Heink embarrassed the boy soprano's entire baseball team by embracing him heartily and predicting a great future.

In later years, the unknown youngster's concert debut with the New York Symphony at Carnegie Hall resulted in enthusiastic reviews and eight succeeding engagements with that orchestra, an unheard-of achievement in those days, when exotic names and European reputations were a "must." His belated bow at the Metropolitan, a decade or so later, set a record of 37 curtain calls. Long an American favorite, his

1936 and 1939 South Pacific tours proved him to be one of the biggest boxoffice attractions Australia has ever known. Three times, he has been crowned "most popular male classical singer on the air."

Such successes, of course, are no accident. The sports-loving, hard-working singer has always kept his eye on the ball. If he couldn't be among the best of singers—and there were two years of doubt in his teens, while his voice was changing—Dick was fully prepared to tackle the insurance business, saved pennies toward both careers by taking on such difficult after-school jobs as scaling 80-foot ladders to paint gas tanks.

When he had made the successful transition from soprano to tenor, the 17-year-old went to New York, sang solos in church on Sundays, saved money for lessons by "doubling up" with five other boys in a \$5-a-week room where they slept in relays—then gave it all up as the United States entered World War I. Already six-feet-two, Dick lied about his age and enlisted as an aviator.

Pilot Crooks was just ready to go overseas when the Armistice was signed. No singing jobs available, he took to selling insurance, sharing a room, living on crackers and milk—and shelling out \$25 a lesson for the best vocal teachers. Yet, during this time, he turned down a \$1000-a-week offer to sing in "The Student Prince"!

Coupled with the Crooks will to win is a passion for perfection which has never permitted him to accept any assignment until he was prepared for it, to his own satisfaction. Twice in his twenties, Dick turned down bids from the Metropolitan because he "wasn't ready yet." Instead, he took his young wife to Europe, made concert tours, did more studying, began his operatic career in smaller theatres over there. Even after his return, he sang opera, concert, church and radio engagements everywhere else in the country, for three years, before he felt he was ready for that record-making Met debut.

Crooks carries his great gusto into all other fields. At his home in the Pocono Mountains near Buck Hill Falls, Pennsylvania, he has felled 30 trees in a season, cleared out underbrush, chopped up firewood. When his Victory garden plans were balked by thin soil over solid rock, he brought in more dirt. And, when that washed away in the next rain, he constructed a retaining wall. Mrs. Crooks canned much of the resultant bumper vegetable crop—and Dick built a stone storage pit for that.

Even his marriage is based on the same well-planned foundation as the rest of his life. Mildred Crooks was his childhood sweetheart, the girl who played the accompaniment at their graduation exercises, when Dick sang "The Glow Worm" while ten young maidens in white twinkled through a pantomime. They have been inseparable since their marriage in 1921, and the whole family of four used to go on father's tours, until daughter Patricia got married and son Richard, Jr., became a naval cadet.

Hobbies in the household are many, mostly centering around Dick's studio, a converted barn filled with musical instruments, camera and recording equipment, operatic costumes, program and picture collections. War has put a temporary stop to his beloved flying, fishing and hunting, but Dick finds his spare time more than filled by his tours of hospitals, camps and bases, his recordings for overseas troops and bond rallies. Life—present, past and future—has fitted perfectly into the pattern of Richard Crooks, who has always maintained that a successful singer must first of all be a happy human being, leading an active, normal life.

DICK HAS MANY HOBBIES — FROM MUSIC (OF COURSE) TO FARMING



THE TENOR LIKES TO PUTTER AROUND IN HIS GARAGE WORKSHOP



THE PIPE ORGAN IS ONE OF MANY INSTRUMENTS IN HIS STUDIO



WHEN IT COMES TO FARM CHORES, HE PITCHES IN WITH A WILL



Bob Chester

**THE HUSKY-AND-HANDSOME MAESTRO
BY-PASSED A CAREER IN BASEBALL
TO WIN STARDOM AS A BATON-WAVER**

BOB CHESTER doesn't have to worry about keeping on the right side of the musical ledger. He's doing all right as a bandleader, of course,—and has been for the last five years—but if ever he found his notes going sour, there are a number of other fields he could turn to.

Pitching's one of them. Ever since the broad-shouldered husky starred on his high school team, he's had a yen to play professional baseball. The speed-balls he managed at the University of Dayton were sufficiently wicked to warrant a second glance from big-league scouts—and, for a while, both the Boston Red Sox and the Detroit Tigers were chasing him around with contracts in their pockets.

Bob had dedicated his life to a musical career long before that, though—ever since the day that Jimmy Dorsey had presented his gangling adolescent admirer with a sax. The stalwart stick-swisher hasn't let business interfere too much with fun, however, and in all the fifteen-or-so years since college days has kept his hand in the pitching racket by leaping from theatre stage to diamond whenever opportunity knocks. Opportunity knocks pretty often when you're really on the lookout, and Bob manages to get into semi-pro games with some regularity. More than once fans have been treated to a sight of the usually-immaculate maestro ascending his platform in baggy slacks, when the lure of the field has made him forget all about his band till the last moment.

There's quite a story behind that sax Jimmy Dorsey gave him, by the way. Bob was a pioneer of sorts, for he was a jitterbug and band-follower in the twenties, when that now-popular pursuit was still unknown. Any outfit that hit Detroit was sure to find one earnest-faced youngster following each note and motion with doglike devotion, and the musicians couldn't help but see that they were gods from another world to Bob.

Both Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey (then just starting out in the musical world themselves) encouraged the lad, and Bob feels he owes his choice of a career to them. Before he was twenty, the future orchestra leader had already started playing his tenor sax for such big names as Paul Specht, Ben Pollack and Irving Aaronson.

The boys who know Bob well say he hasn't changed a great deal from the early days. Good-fellowship's still his middle name, and he likes nothing better than to step out after a long day of baton-swishing and hear other musicians jam and jive. Established night clubs don't hold much interest for him, but he enjoys visiting little out-of-the-way spots to see if he can find talented players who are still unknown. Bob's aim is not so much to hire them, but just to become acquainted with and hear them. He still thinks that the best fun in the world is hanging around a band.

The Chester orchestra didn't make its appearance until after college days. It started out as a syrupy-sweet outfit in the thirties, and didn't really hit its stride until Tommy Dorsey looked the aggregation over and told Bob it would have to be more versatile to succeed. At Tommy's suggestion, Bob reorganized and enlarged the band so that it could play swing and novelty numbers as well—and that was the beginning of big hotel and theatre dates which put the six-foot leader permanently in the "pop" music groove.

Strangely enough, with his band's success came the chance of still another lucrative career for the muscular 180-pounder. A picture called "Trocadero" for Republic, plus a few shorts for Universal, made movie moguls sit up and realize that Bob had the kind of masculine good-looks which caused palpitations among feminine fans. When a nice, fat contract was presented, the handsome musician would have been delighted to sign—except for one slight flaw. Holly-



THOSE CONOVER GIRLS LOOK PLEASED-AS-PUNCH-WHEN-MORTON-DOWNEY-BRINGS-THEM-ON-STAGE-TO-MEET-THEIR-FAVORITE-BANDLEADER

wood wanted him to give up his outfit and act as leader to a "prop" band in movies. Bob held out for taking his boys with him, Hollywood stood firm—and the deal fell through. That prospect's still an ace in the hole, though and maybe one day Chester will take his rugged frame, tweeds and pipe to California and set up some competition for Walter Pidgeon.

Probably some of the credit for Bob's ease of manner and successful stage personality must go to his more-than-comfortable home background. Step-son of wealthy Albert Fisher, retired head of the Fisher Bodies Corporation, Bob was accustomed to the best of everything in his youth. Nevertheless, as far as his musical career is concerned, the maestro's proud to proclaim that his present reputation is entirely his own—family money and prestige having had nothing to do with it.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Fisher had quite different ideas about his son's future—and was all set to make him an accountant. Bob obeyed parental wishes insofar as studies were concerned, but when it came to devoting his life to numbers, he rebelled. Maybe it's just as well, for though Bob can handle musical notes to everyone's satisfaction, keeping track of bank notes just gives him a headache—and his checkbook would make a Philadelphia lawyer admit defeat.



A FRIENDLY VISIT WITH ALVINO REY AND COMIC SKEETS HERFURT



THE NOTED AUTHOR IS ALSO FAMOUS FOR WEARING CALLA LILIES (REAL, WAX OR JEWELLED) AT ALL TIMES—EVEN AT THE MIKE



The radio newcomer loves dogs, has many pets—but very little leisure time in which to play with them.

"FANNIE HURST PRESENTS" AN ACE STORY-TELLER ON PAPER FINDS STORY-TELLING ON THE AIR AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE

TUNE IN SAT. 10 A.M. E.W.T. (Blue)

FANNIE HURST is admittedly "radio-struck." One might imagine that the internationally famous writer would find broadcasting relatively unexciting, after years of seeing her books become best-sellers in 14 languages and her characters become stars of big-boxoffice plays and pictures. But "Fannie Hurst Presents"—a precedent-setting series of her own stories dramatized for the air, with the author herself as narrator—is the joy of the calla-lily lady's life nowadays.

"Radio," she says, "gets me out of my ivory tower and into a new, young universe. I'm afraid of *grooves*—even the word sounds too much like *graves*!" The "grooves," so far as this craftsman is concerned, are purely imaginary. No writer has been less prone to follow a set pattern for success. The "ivory tower" comes closer to being real, in a literal sense, for the Hurst office is an airy room with stained-glass windows and cathedral carvings, at the topmost corner of her fabulously-furnished, 3-story apartment in a tall studio hotel.

But the Ohio-born, St. Louis-bred individualist has never been content just to loll in luxury, from the after-college days when she refused to remain the pampered only child of well-to-do parents, set out to prove she could earn a literary living (despite 35 rejection slips from *The Saturday Evening Post*). Her one regret about radio is that it steals two days from her Spartan weekly writing schedule of arising at six, working till late afternoon, having her only meal at dinner time!

Muriel Starr

A SHOW BUSINESS VETERAN OF HALF A CENTURY FINDS A FRESH CAREER IN RADIO

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

FIFTY years in show business may sound like a lot, but they have passed lightly over one curly gray head. Looking at Muriel Starr's trim figure and alert blue eyes, it's hard to realize that the fresh-faced actress—who passed the half-century mark this fall, while playing *Susan Leighton* in "Amanda of Honeymoon Hill"—made her theatrical debut in the Gay Nineties!

Montreal-born Muriel MacIver can look back on five exciting decades on-stage—making her bow at the age of 5, being "stranded" in a New England town at 13 and taking on her first grown-up roles with another company which passed through, having a successful play written specially for her at 16.

Most people would find enough thrills for a lifetime in this veteran's memories of one-night stands in the 10-20-30 melodramas, appearances with the late John Barrymore, round-the-world tours which made her one of the most traveled of all players (17 years in Australia, 3 in Africa, others in England, India, China, Japan).

But the past holds no charms like the present for the ever-active Miss Starr. She has loved broadcasting from the day she first conquered an acute case of mike fright, some two years ago. A devoted Yankee fan, she dotes on baseball, plays enthusiastic bridge, has little time for either, between her many radio roles and war work.

Active assistant at the Stage Door Canteen, Merchant Seaman's Library and local Red Cross, she's also a hostess at the Anzac House—where she meets many Aussie soldiers who remember their dads raving about the Muriel Starr who became "down under" in hit plays from "the States"!



HER "GOLDEN JUBILEE" FINDS MISS STARR INTERESTED ONLY IN TODAY'S ACTIVITIES



BACK IN 1912, SHE PLAYED WITH JOHN BARRYMORE (HIS FIRST SERIOUS DRAMATIC ROLE)

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

BEHIND THE BANDSTAND

by BOB EARLE

COME TO POPSIE: One of the best-known people inside the band business is "Popsie" Randolph, Woody Herman's bandboy, who has held that job with many of the nation's best dance orchestras. Popsie takes care of equipment, serves as general handyman for the crew, loves to sit and jitter on the bandstand, idolizes the leader for whom he works, sincerely insists the band is the best in the land. He won't allow his boss to choose his own clothes, picks everything himself with the utmost care. A fabulous character, Popsie Randolph.

Another Bandboy: In a recent engagement at Hartford, Conn., Sammy Kaye's band was reviewed by drama-music critic Bill Ely, who later confided that he'd always wanted to work with a band. Sammy told him the only job he had open was as bandboy, but he was welcome to that. Now Sammy has his own critic in the troupe! Ely is also helping prepare the scripts for Kaye's air shows.



ARTIE SHAW

Clarinetists at Work: The nation's two most famous clarinetist-maestros, who helped debut this stuff called swing in their field, are undoubtedly Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw. For many months, however, both have been inactive as bandleaders. Shaw has been resting to regain health he lost while on extensive Navy duty overseas, and Goodman laid aside his baton after a fracas with his booking office. Both are now re-entering the band business. Glad to see you back, Benny and Artie!

Spike Speaks: Spike Jones, leader of the City Slickers band, reports on overseas entertaining. "Five times we set up the bandstand to play for a show for one frontline Army Group," he sighs, "and five times the troops advanced just as we were ready to start. We chased those boys halfway across Europe, caught them on the sixth show and can report that not a single man got away."

Dots Between Dashes: Ultra-modern jazz pianist Mel Henke replaced Jess Stacy at the all-important piano chair of Horace Heidt's orchestra . . . Bob Crosby's in the Pacific with the Marines . . . Tenor saxophonist Eddie Miller, long featured with Bob's orchestra, later a leader in his own right, has his honorable discharge from the Army, is doing studio work but may return to bandleading.

Latest Popular Recordings

BUNNY BERIGAN MEMORIAL (Victor Album): Bunny Berigan is probably as immortal a jazz trumpeter



BUNNY BERIGAN

as Bix Beiderbecke, famous "young man with a horn." Bunny found his initial fame with such bands as Tommy Dorsey's, later organized his own group,

which was just rising to the top when Berigan died. This album includes eight sides made by Bunny with his own band. Most famous is "I Can't Get Started," with the leader trumpeting and singing. It's wild.

AND HER TEARS FLOWED LIKE WINE—Stan Kenton (Capitol): Stan and a pair of collaborating writers tested their humor on this romantic ballad with a twist of slapstick. The band is fine, Anita O'Day sings well, but the comedy lyrics steal the disc.

PASSION FLOWER—Johnny Hodges (Bluebird): Johnny performs almost solo throughout this slow tune, which gives the great jazz saxophonist a chance to exploit his glissando style and depth of feeling. He's accompanied by other members of the Ellington band with which he regularly works.

TOGETHER—Guy Lombardo (Decca): Other bands may alter their scores with the changing modes, but Lombardo keeps the same sweet style, year after year, and also keeps his popularity. Guy and his men roll through this lovely waltz in fine fashion.

MY HEART SINGS—Four King Sisters (Bluebird): This simple French song makes a new bid for popularity with revised lyrics in English. The girls sing it well, with possibly a touch too much rhythm for its expressive words. It's an excellent record.

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE—Bob Strong (Hit): Bob does this wonderful tune from the Sinatra film, "Step Lively," with appropriate rhythm and bounce. The disc reflects the song's contagious quality.

TUNE IN'S SELECTION

OF THIS MONTH'S TEN BEST POPULAR SONGS

(in alphabetical order)

AND HER TEARS FLOWED
LIKE WINE

DAY AFTER FOREVER

I'LL WALK ALONE

I'M MAKING BELIEVE

IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T
SALT WATER COWBOY

SAM'S GOT HIM

THE TROLLEY SONG

WOULDN'T IT BE NICE

ON THE SERIOUS SIDE

NEWS AND PREVIEWS

A letter received by this department from Oran gives an interesting report of the visit Jascha Heifetz made there with his accompanist, Milton Kaye. The writer describes the violinist's relaxed manner in recital and goes on to tell of the humor Heifetz injected into the



JASCHA HEIFETZ

program by telling amusing stories to entertain the battle-weary soldiers. After the concert, the violin virtuoso sat down at the piano with Kaye and keyboard con-

gave an ad-lib cert from Gershwin to boogie-woogie. The correspondent's closing comment reads: "The Heifetz concert was a tonic we shall never forget."

Dimitri Shostakovich is completing the orchestration of an opera written by Benjamin Fleishman, young Soviet composer who died in action near Lenin-

grad. The score of the one-act opera, **WAGNER: TRISTAN UND ISOLDE** (Excerpts from Act III)—LAURITZ MELCHIOR, Tenor, and HERBERT JANSSEN, Baritone, with the ORCHESTRA OF THE COLON OPERA HOUSE of Buenos Aires and the COLUMBIA OPERA ORCHESTRA (Columbia album M-MM 550): Singing the role of *Tristan* on record is, for Melchior, merely an echo of many Metropolitan appearances. Janssen has also played his role of *Kurvenal* there. The singing—especially that of Melchior—is superb, and the orchestral accompaniment is adequate.

RACHMANINOFF: CONCERT NO. 4 IN G-MINOR, OP. 40—SERGEI RACHMANINOFF, Pianist, and the PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA, EUGENE ORMANDY, Conductor (Victor album M-DM 972): Last concerto to be recorded by its composer with full symphony orchestra, Rachmaninoff's fourth was revised and re-introduced in 1941, after having been dropped from his repertoire since the early '20's. This reading by the pianist is excellent and the orchestra performs well.

OTHERS: Enzo Pinza sings "Signor Padrone" from "The Marriage of Figaro" on a 10-inch Victor disc, accompanied by the Victory Symphony Orchestra . . . John Charles Thomas sings "Song in My Heart" and "Once to Every Heart" on another Victor 10-inch, accompanied by Frank Tours and the Victor Concert Orchestra . . . Columbia presents a 12-inch single disc of the Halle Orchestra of England playing the overture from "The Wasps," a contemporary work by Vaughan Williams.

"Rothschild's Violin," was sent to Shostakovich soon after the boy's death and has been assured of a full hearing in Russia.

Opera should have a substantial rebirth in this country after the war, if stories from Italy are to be believed. Servicemen on The Boot are repeatedly discovering that Italian operas are beautiful, well sung, well played—and fun to attend. They've even suggesting that certain stars be invited to appear in America later on.

New York City band audiences show a definite preference for the music of Johann Sebastian Bach, according to a survey made by Edwin Franko Goldman, conductor of the famous band heard regularly in Manhattan's Central Park Mall . . . Pianist William Kapell, cellist Edmund Kurtz and composer-conductor Sigmund Romberg are the most recently announced additions to the Victor Red Seal record label . . . Meanwhile, Decca promises to venture into the classical side of disc-making, with its signing of New York conductor Leonard Bernstein to exclusive contract.

RECORD RELEASES



Operatic Tenor LAURITZ MELCHIOR



ARMY WIFE WINS WRITING SUCCESS AFTER 2 MONTHS' TRAINING

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

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

HERE'S THE ANSWER . . .

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

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

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

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

Learn To Write by WRITING

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

Each week you receive actual newspaper-type assignments as though you worked on a large metropolitan daily. Your stories are then returned to us and we put them under a microscope, so to speak. Faults are pointed out. Suggestions are made. Soon you discover you are getting the "feel" of it, that professional touch. You acquire a natural, easy approach. You can see where you are going.

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

The N. I. A. tells you where you are wrong, and why, and shows you what to do about it.

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RADIO HUMOR

● Marilyn Maxwell: Well, Ukey, I'd like to help you but I can't put up a fight.

Leo Sherin: Yeah? Well, then, what are you doing later?

—*Kraft Music Hall (NBC)*

● Tom Howard: What's an oboe?
George Shelton: An English tramp.

—*It Pays To Be Ignorant (CBS)*

● Lawrence Tibbett: If you want to learn how to sing, Milton, you should vocalize with a mouthful of pebbles.

Milton Berle: I tried that out in the back yard, but I got the hiccups and broke fourteen windows.

—*Let Yourself Go (Blue)*

● Eddie Cantor: Last night was so cold I couldn't sleep. I was shivering and shaking all over.

Harry Von Zell: Were your teeth chattering?

Eddie Cantor: I don't know. We don't sleep together.

—*Time To Smile (NBC)*

● Jack Carson: Remember, money is the root of all evil!

Arthur Treacher: Then shoot the root to me, Toots.

—*Jack Carson Show (CBS)*

● Miss Lowbridge: I knew a woman in Glendale whose husband was run-ning around with another woman but she put a stop to it . . . I'll tell you.

Ransom Sherman: How did she do it?

Miss Lowbridge: She threatened to shoot me.

—*Nit Wit Court (Blue)*

● Mrs. Bloomberg: Mrs. Epstein, you know, you look awful!

Mrs. Epstein: I feel terrible. I was awake all night with a terrible pain in the neck.

Mrs. Bloomberg: I know how you feel. My husband kept me up last night, too.

—*Can You Top This? (NBC)*

● Jimmy Durante (telephoning): I'm dancing at the Palladium and you oughta see how I look . . . I'm wearing a tan jacket and my trousers are checked.

Garry Moore: Well, so what?

Jimmy Durante: So hurry over and get me, I just lost the check.

—*Moore-Durante Show (CBS)*

WITH THE NATION'S STATIONS



CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Station WBT—One of the first things Private James W. Case did on returning to the U.S.A. was to present a bouquet of flowers to A. D. Willard, general manager of WBT, as "a token of appreciation" from Carolina boys in North Africa who listen to that station.



WORCESTER, MASS.—Station WTAG—Nostalgic memories of radio's infant days are revived by this picture of an early all-glamour-girl musical combination. The "Worcester Buick String Quartette" made many WTAG listeners' hearts beat faster when it was a regular feature in 1930.

RADIO FACTS

◆ Radio cabinets of the future are expected to have the durability of metal while retaining the appearance of finely-grained wood. By the application of a new processing method, the inexpensive soft woods can be made almost as hard as iron. In addition, the process makes them waterproof and warp-proof.

◆ Transcriptions of nearly sixteen hours of news programs broadcast by CBS on D-Day have been placed in the files of the National Archives in Washington. These permanent records to be kept for posterity consist of 67 sixteen-inch discs.

◆ Television will be used in the not-too-distant future as a powerful aide of the police, according to Frank J. Wilson, chief of the United States Secret Service. Not only will pictures of criminals-at-large be broadcast to the public, but tele will also be used in crime and accident prevention programs by demonstrating traffic dangers, spots which promote juvenile delinquency and other menaces.

◆ Experiments in television being conducted by experts for Cable and Wireless Ltd., in London, reveal the possibility of transmitting 750,000 words a minute. Technicians at work on similar experiments here believe that figure may even be exceeded in the U. S.

◆ A two-way radio telephone system (operating on FM) has been installed in the Panama Canal Zone, and is being used to police this vital area. The equipment, which permits quick communication throughout the entire region, was installed in just three weeks' time.

RADIOQUIZ ANSWERS

(Quiz on page 2)

1—(C) Charlie Spivak. 2—(A) Dagwood and Blondie. 3—(C) Garry Moore. 4—(C) My Man. 5—(A) Fibber McGee and Molly. 6—(B) Blind Date. 7—(A) Gay Nineties Revue. 8—(C) Amos and Andy.

"SCRAMBY AMBY"

(pages 12 and 13)

NOCLUES—Counsel. OHLYDIA—Holiday. ATACLIP—Capital. ENDEVILRACE—Deliverance. DUMMIE—Medium.



BUFFALO, N. Y.—Station WBEN—Van Patrick and Charlie Lewis demonstrate just how they're breaking into the local news with their fast-moving "Quiz of Two Cities" on WBEN each Sunday afternoon at 4:30. Van quizzes and quips, while Charlie pays off and gives out credits.



DETROIT, MICH.—Station WJR—Young admirers of Father Flanagan of Boys Town, Nebraska, besiege him in the WJR studios after the famous priest and Judge Paul W. Alexander of Toledo participated in a discussion of youth problems and their effect on juvenile delinquency.

TELEVISION

Up until recently, clothes and cosmetics have had very little to do with the field of radio—except for whatever laughs a comedian could get from actual studio audiences, by wearing strange garb and even more awe-inspiring wigs. Television, however, opens up new vistas for the use of costume, style, and character make-up—as illustrated by these on-the-set photographs of current types of television programs.



"Miss Photogenic of 1944" (17-year-old Jean Lindow of Kentucky) shows how fashions will be modeled for viewers.

Cowboy costumes add color to a "Hoe Down Night" program, as telecast by the singing Sage Brush Four over WRGB.



Comic opera comes into its own, as Gerhard Pechner—Metropolitan bass-baritone—dons full regalia for General Electric program in Schenectady.



Yesterday's *Guy Nineties* frills cross knees with today's "cheesecake," when smiling Rita Blake poses after a revue heard-and-seen over W2XWV.



Perhaps I'm one war older than you are!

Believe me, after the last war I saw what happened. Will you let me give you some advice?

If you've got a job today—for your own sake, fellow, be smart! Think twice before you fight for a wage increase that might force prices up and land you behind the eight-ball in the end.

Salt away as much as you can out of your present wages. Put money in the bank, pay up your debts, buy more life insurance. Above all, put every extra penny you can lay your hands on into Uncle Sam's War Bonds—and *hold 'em!*

Nobody knows what's coming when the Germans and the Japs are licked. Perhaps we'll have good times. Okay. You'll be sitting pretty. Perhaps we'll have bad times. Then they're sure to hit hardest on the guy with nothing saved.

The best thing you can do for your country right now is not to buy a thing you can get along without. That helps keep prices down, heads off inflation, helps to insure good times after the war.

And the best thing you can do for your own sake, brother, if there *should* be a depression ahead, is to get your finances organized on a sound basis of paid-up debts—and

have a little money laid by to see you through!

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 price. Pay your ration points in full.
3. Keep your *own* prices down. Don't take advantage of war conditions to ask for more—for your labor, your services, or the goods you sell.
4. *Save.* Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to help pay for the war and insure your future. Keep up your insurance.



Imagine Fibber McGee and Molly...

on TELEVISION



brought to you by **NBC**

Yes, on **NBC Television** that crowded closet at Wistful Vista—the foibles of lovable Fibber and the trials of patient Molly, for instance—could all become real visual experiences... experiences for you to *watch* as well as hear.

Think what television programs originating in studios of the National Broadcasting Company...such programs as the top-notch sound radio which has won NBC the distinction of America's most popular network...will add to home entertainment!

Already, plans—within the limitations imposed by wartime—have been placed in operation by NBC...plans which with the cooperation of business and government will result in extensive NBC television networks...

chains spreading from Eastern, Mid-Western and Western centers... gradually providing television after the war, to all of the nation.

Moderate-priced television receivers will provide your home with sight and sound programs consistent with the highest standards of NBC... offer the most popular of the shows in this new, vastly improved field of entertainment. Look forward to other great NBC accomplishments such as FM, noise-free reception... faithfulness of tone reproduction.

* * *

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

National **B**roadcasting **C**ompany

America's No. 1 Network



A Service of Radio Corporation of America

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Please help in the preservation of old time radio by supporting legitimate organizations who strive to preserve and restore the programs and related information.



MAESTRO LAVALLE LEADS HIS MEN IN ONE OF THE ARRANGEMENTS HE HAS CREATED SPECIFICALLY TO BRING OUT THE STRADIVARI TONE



\$225,000 WORTH OF STRINGED INSTRUMENTS ARRIVE—UNDER ARMED GUARD—AT THE NBC NEW YORK STUDIOS, FOR EARLY REHEARSAL

Stradivari Orchestra

THE INSTRUMENTS THEMSELVES--RATHER THAN THEIR PLAYERS-- ARE THE STARS OF THIS PROGRAM CONDUCTED BY PAUL LAVALLE

TUNE IN SUN. 12:30 P.M. E.W.T. (NBC)



COVER GIRL PEGGY CORDREY VISITS THE PROGRAM AND RECEIVES A PRESENT OF PERFUME

Now it can be told: "The Stradivari Orchestra" wasn't named after a perfume—or even a violin. It was named for a violin-maker of Cremona. That spelling had us a little confused, until conductor Paul Lavallo explained that the more familiar term, *Stradivarius*, was simply the Latin version of his name employed by master craftsman Antonio Stradivari, when he lovingly labeled the fine instruments he made in Italy, between 200 and 300 years ago.

The present orchestra can rightfully claim its title. All eight of the violins and one of the two cellos, in this 15-piece ensemble, are genuine "Strads." Not only that, but they are among the finest of these stringed aristocrats in existence, so valuable that they can be brought together only by borrowing them from separate sources for each rehearsal and broadcast.

Each Sunday morning, they are brought to the studio by either their individual owners or by bonded messengers. The nine instruments are valued at an estimated \$225,000. But,

even more important, they are literally irreplaceable, so rare in quality that musicians actually kissed them ecstatically, at the orchestra's first rehearsal!

That's not so ridiculous, since these wasp-waisted beauties have personalities and names all their own. They sound different. They look different. Not only the tone but the *tint* varies, because Stradivari, like Picasso, had his color periods—in varnish.

Program's 222-year-old prima donna is the golden-bronze "Earl," which is played in solos by concertmaster Jacques Gasselin—and posed in pictures for Matchabelli advertisements. The much older "Jean Becker" (1685) is russet-brown and mellow-voiced, while the younger "De Rosiers" (1733) is flaming-red and throbbing-rich in vibrancy.

No one knows why the Stradivari tone is so magnificent—perhaps it is the varnish used by old Antonio and never duplicated since. Whatever the cause, the quality is so unique that an entire musical program has been built around it, centuries after Stradivari's death!



PAUL LAVALLE AND CONCERTMASTER GASSELIN EXAMINE AN ALMOST PRICELESS "STRAD"

to the Monroe Doctrine and North American cash." Moreover, many Latin Americans thought of the typical *yanqui* "as a man thirsting for profit, with too much intensity and too little culture, who thinks he can force people to understand his language if he talks loud enough."

To combat these unfortunate notions, CBS evolved its "two-way street" policy, by means of which the Cadena de las Americas could effect a cultural interchange between the two continents. Though the full development of this idea will have to wait until after the war, much is being done at present to promote an international "Good Neighbor" feeling.

"Viva America" itself is an example of that, for it brings the characteristic rhythms of Latin America to the attention of millions of our radio listeners. Each selection is introduced by a brief explanation in English, which makes clear to unfamiliar dialers something of the origin and background of the piece to be played. Another program, "Calling Pan America" (heard on Saturday afternoons at 2:30 E.W.T.) originates in a different Southern capital each week, and brings both the music and folklore of the neighbor republics to United States audiences.

On the other side of the "two-way street" are the typical North American broadcasts which make up about 30% of the Cadena de las Americas shows. Every type of music, from "Hit Parade" melodies to Philharmonic symphonies is "tailored" in Spanish for beaming to the South.

Best proof of the enthusiasm with which these Yankee airings are received is the torrent of fan mail which pours into CBS daily. Since the war, all letters are sent by air—

which means that Latin Americans are spending considerable sums to express their appreciation. Demure señoritas take pen in hand to pour out their love for Sinatra—as "The Voice" has won their hearts completely. Others express joy at being able to hear our great orchestras, and congratulations on the accuracy of newscasts are constantly received. North American fan mail for "Viva America" is mounting, too, with a large proportion of listeners requesting that it be broadcast at an earlier hour so that they can hear it regularly.

Among the many kinks which had to be ironed out in setting up the network was the problem of pronunciation. Like our own regional differences in speech, the Spanish spoken in one country was often considered difficult to understand—if not downright illiterate—in another. This challenge was met by Edmund A. Chester, Director of Latin American Relations for the network. Drawing on his background of more than twenty years in Latin America for the Associated Press, Mr. Chester developed a standard pronunciation of Spanish which all speakers are required to use. Texts are written in simplified phonetics where necessary so that no slip-ups will occur. The phonetic system comes in handy, too, for Spanish announcers introducing an English song or phrase. Here, for example, is the way Chester wrote the opening stanza of "Home on the Range":

O guiv mi a joam wer the bufalo roam
Wer the dir and tha antilop ple
Wer seldom is jurd a disquerejng wurd
And the skis are nat claudy awl de.

(To unravel the above verse handily, it must be remembered

that in Spanish the letter "j" is pronounced as though it were "h." Apart from that clue, the rest is pretty easy to decipher even for an American.)

The combination of attention to small details and long-range planning has made possible the success and growth of Cadena de las Americas. Formally dedicated on May 19, 1942, with 76 affiliates, the Network of the Americas now numbers 109 affiliates with wide Latin-American coverage. Originally, programs were broadcast only in the evening hours, but requests for regular daytime shows were so numerous that a number of additional afternoon features have recently been added.

Of interest from the financial point of view is the fact that the entire network is a service project, carried voluntarily by CBS. Costs for performers and equipment on the schedule of programs (now including news, music, drama, special events and educational features) plus salaries for a large staff of Spanish and Portuguese-speaking linguists, run to sizeable amounts each year. Present profits are entirely in "pride and joy"—but it is expected that after the war commercial firms will be interested in advertising their products by taking time on the network.

Official recognition has already come to CBS—in the form of honors for its contribution to hemispheric solidarity and unity. The Cuban government, the Dominican Republic and the Pan American Colombista Society have all presented the network with their highest awards. With all this acclaim, however, Columbia is still not content—but hopes to broaden and amplify its "two-way street" when the war is won.



North America's Evelyn Knight dons a sombrero to sing our own tunes to Latin America, aided by Spanish guitarist Vicente de la Garza.

The Johnny Rodriguez Trio, rhythmic Afro-Cuban and instrumental stylists, are the newest addition to the Cadena de las Americas group of native artists. Their interpretations of Caribbean rumbas, guarachas and congas are shortwaved from New York studios several times weekly to all parts of Latin America.



Handsome Chucho Martinez is known as the Sinatra of Latin America. Spanish ladies—and lots of U.S. damsels—swoon over his voice.



Cuban star Marian Inclan combines feminine charm with a gift of song, making her a most welcome headliner in programs of two continents.