

MOST COMPLETE PROGRAM LISTINGS PUBLISHED!

RADIO GUIDE

TEN CENTS

WEEK ENDING
AUGUST 14, 1937

INTRODUCING
BET-A-MILLION
BING CROSBY

•
HOW RADIO STARS
WIN FRIENDS AND
INFLUENCE PEOPLE



CLARE BLAKE
Played by
JANET LOGAN

Happy Listening

GOOD news for Nelson Eddy fans comes with the word that he returns to the air shortly—probably this Sunday night—in behalf of the sponsor who also gives us W. C. Fields, Dorothy Lamour and Charlie McCarthy. Good news for Radio Guide readers comes with the word that we have just received from Mr. Eddy a specially posed photograph which will shortly make its appearance as a cover on your Radio Guide.

* * *

Two of the most charming actors of the theater will be available to our loud-speakers this Sunday night. The NBC-Blue network is presenting Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins in "The Last of Mrs. Cheney." Perkins is the debonair character who plunged through a window in a Broadway play, fell flat at the feet of his lady fair, proposed—and won her! Broadwayites still remember that scene and the devastating effect on Mr. Perkins when the love-bug bit him.

* * *

The dyspeptic George Bernard Shaw's five-play cycle, "Back to Methuselah," will be heard in America on August 30 in a 75-minute broadcast. His plays have been specially prepared for radio by Shaw himself, and the occasion is one which listeners are preparing for by putting extra pads on the seats of their easy-chairs, or by lay-

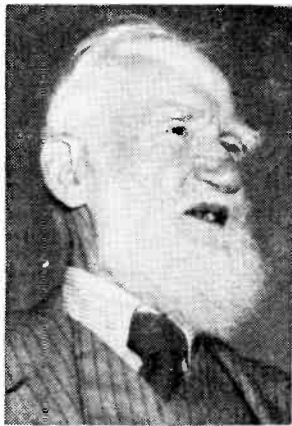
ing in fresh supplies of smokables. Those Shaw plays aren't short! Recently Mr. Shaw visited the British Broadcasting Company's studios in order to familiarize himself with the new technique of drama as presented by radio. When asked what he thought of what he saw, he replied with his usual acid humor: "I've come to two conclusions. First, when television comes along, there will not only have to be masked tenors but also masked singers of all sorts—particularly sopranos. Second, I've been listening to American broadcasting, and I hear that they're stream-lining almost everything these days, including Shakespeare. But there is only one thing they will never stream-line. That's Walter Winchell's tongue!" Check your calendar for George Bernard Shaw's plays on August 30.

* * *

Broadcasting and its power are best realized when one considers complaints by executives of the great American telephone companies. They say people aren't using their phones so much now that radio is here. In many places, for instance, during a program which is particularly popular, thousands of telephone subscribers call

Central and ask not to be disturbed. Thousands more simply will not answer.

It just makes us glad we are not in the phone business, which is tied up with a thing so powerful.



George Bernard Shaw: On Aug. 30, his "Back to Methuselah" takes the air!

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Cover by Charles E. Rubino

WASHINGTON ON THE AIR

HENRY A. WALLACE GIVES YOU
YOUR GOVERNMENT IN HIS TALK
THIS FRIDAY NIGHT ON CBS

BY
KEN W. PURDY

THERE'S a new kind of government in the air today—and when I say "in the air" I mean precisely and literally that. To an extent that Marconi himself never dreamed of, the nations of the world today are governed by radio. Indirectly, in the influence it has on the commonplace things of life, radio is a factor of tremendous importance. But it is when the statesmen of the world stand before the microphone, to speak to their people in audiences of millions, that the awe-inspiring power of radio is fully revealed. And, like all instruments of great strength, radio is a factor for evil as well as for good. The bedlam that is European broadcasting today offers ample proof of that: from the wastes of Siberia to the sunny slopes of Italy, the leaders of the European nations din their messages into the ears of the people—the same leaders, the same messages, the same people, over and over again!

In America—it's different!

That fateful night in March, 1933, when President Franklin D. Roosevelt delivered the first of his "fireside chats" to the people of America marked the beginning of a new era in American government, and since that time—increasingly in late months—there have been vague rumors of "government by radio," scattered evidence of fear on the part of some people that the use of radio by American government officials would parallel its misuse by European politicians.

There are no foundations in fact for those rumors, no substantial bases for those fears. In this instance, at least, it can't happen here. If you want proof of that, take, by way of example, the speech of Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace, to be broadcast over the Columbia network on Friday night (EDT), of this week.

The Secretary of Agriculture comes to the microphone as the fifth speaker of President Roosevelt's Cabinet to be heard over the air. All members of the Cabinet will broadcast during this special weekly series, telling the workings of their organization, their accomplishments, and their plans for the future.

WALLACE'S broadcast will be an address by a man who looms large on the American scene today. Holder of one of the vitally important government offices, frequently spoken of as a probable candidate for the presidency in 1940, Wallace is also a lifelong practising journalist, an able publicist. He knows the great power that lies in the favor of the people, and he recognizes the value of radio as an instrument for exploitation of that power. On Friday, Henry Wallace will stand before a network microphone and attempt to make the best possible use of that instrument—in the American way.

What is the American way? It's best illustrated by pointing out what is not the American way.

Suppose Henry Wallace were occupying in a dictator-governed European country a high governmental post comparable to the one he holds in this country. And suppose he decided that on a certain night he would talk to the people. He would contact the government-owned radio system, arbitrarily demand—and get—the broadcast period he wanted, no matter what else was scheduled. Throughout the coun-

try, the people, notified of the broadcast well in advance—warned would be a better word—would tune in the receiving sets on which they annually pay a substantial tax. To make sure of safety, they'd turn up the volume until the voice of the speaker became a roar—you never know which of your neighbors is a government spy, and it's treason to have a silent radio in the house when an important governmental figure is speaking. All over the country, the picture is the same—millions of people are listening to one man, not because they want to, not because they think he has anything to say—but because they're afraid to be doing anything else at that particular time!

Meanwhile, in the government-owned transmitting stations of bordering countries, technicians are busy—busy creating something that American radio engineers are forever trying to destroy—static! The reason: The speech being given in Country A is coming over the border into Country B—and somebody might hear it. So it is killed with man-made static, and the louder the better! Of course, if anyone should tune in the speech, and keep it tuned in, the chances are he wouldn't listen to a radio again for some little time. That's against the law!

WHEN Henry Wallace, United States Secretary of Agriculture, steps to the Columbia Broadcasting System microphone on the night of August 13, millions of people will be waiting to hear him—not because they have been threatened and bullied into it, but because they want to hear, and appraise, a statesman with whom America is vitally concerned.

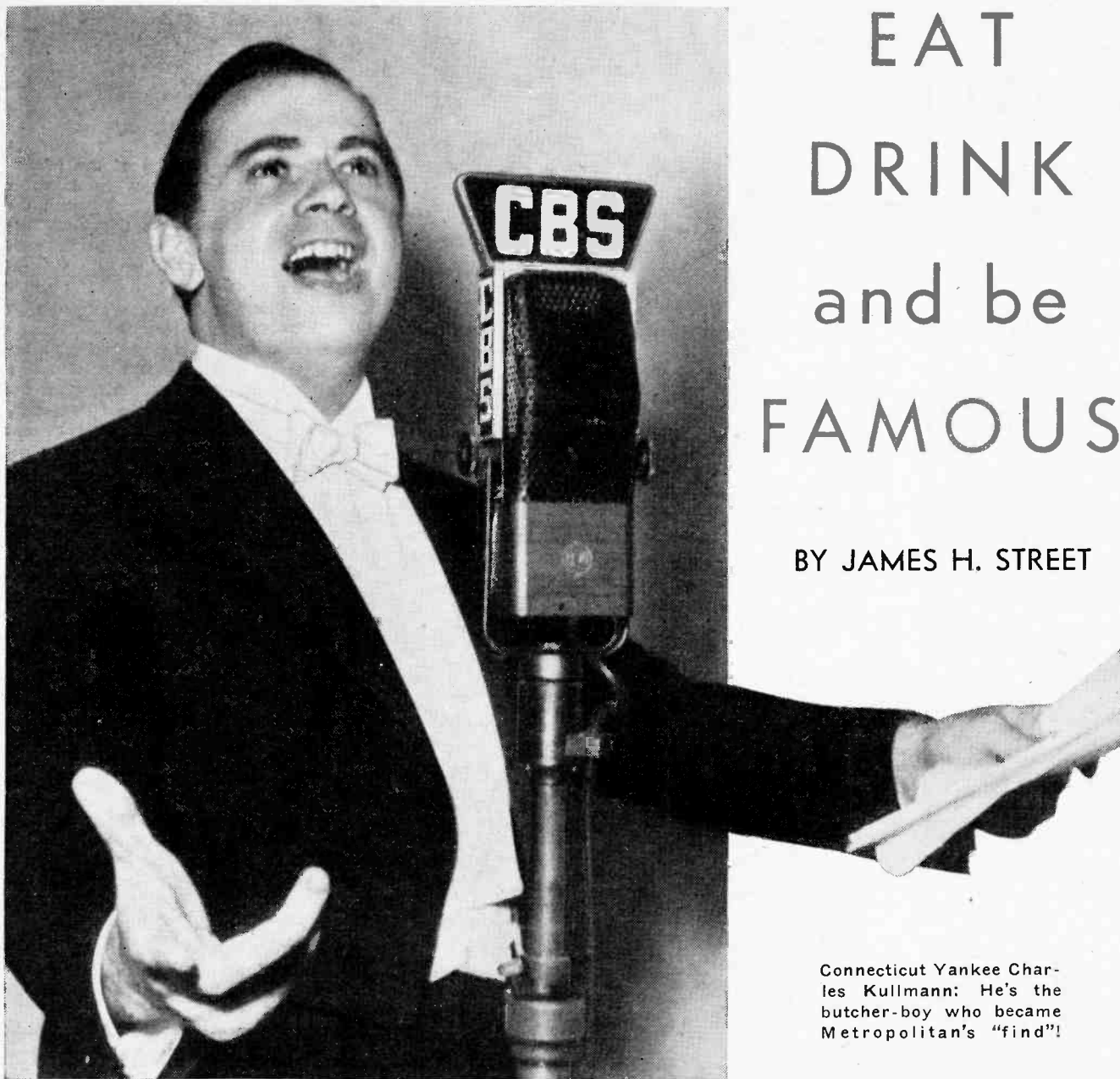
And Henry Wallace is a statesman—not a politician. Before his appointment as Secretary of Agriculture in 1933—at 44, he was the youngest member of the Cabinet—he had had no political experience. Born in Iowa in 1888, he had lived there all of his life, devoting his time and his energy to just one thing—farming and to all the phases of farming. The farm and the things of the farm have been Henry Wallace's consuming passion since boyhood. When he was barely 20, he scoured Iowa for unusual specimens of the tall corn for which the state is famed, experimented until he had produced a type of corn yielding from four to ten bushels per acre more than the type then in use. Before two growing-seasons had passed, Iowa farmers admitted it was useless to enter any other kind of corn in a county- or state-fair contest! He came to the post of Secretary of Agriculture as his father had done in the Harding administration—from the editorial offices of "Wallace's Farmer," the newspaper that is the bible of midwestern farmers. He has devoted his life, thus far, to agriculture and to the welfare of American agriculture, and he plans to devote the years that are left to that same cause.

That's Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace, the man you'll hear on Friday night—because you want to hear him!

Henry A. Wallace may be heard Friday on the U. S. Cabinet Series over a CBS network at:
EDT 10:30 p.m. — EST 9:30 p.m.
CDT 9:30 p.m. — CST 8:30 p.m.
MST 7:30 p.m. — PST 6:30 p.m.



Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace's talk is one of a series by members of the President's cabinet. They talk to America—the American way!



EAT DRINK and be FAMOUS

BY JAMES H. STREET

Connecticut Yankee Charles Kullmann: He's the butcher-boy who became Metropolitan's "find"!

CHARLES KULLMANN, the radio lark and opera star, has an appetite like a vacuum-cleaner, a thirst like a camel, and would forget his head if he didn't sing with it.

And he has violated all the axioms, scoffed all the adages, pooh-poohed all the prophecies, and proved that a home-town boy is not without honor even in his own land just because he eats all he wants, drinks what he likes and is a stream-lined model of the absent-minded professor, which is exactly what he used to be.

"What do you mean, I'm absent-minded?" Charlie demanded of me as he began removing his tie instead of his hat. "I have a good memory. Why, I know more than one hundred operas—I mean from top to bottom."

"But what about the time you entered a subway with your umbrella up?"

"Oh, I was busy thinking about something else—a song. I never forget a song."

"Sure. But what about the time you forgot curtain-time for an opera and had Berlin in a dither? And the time in Prague when you got so interested in a ham sandwich and a stein of beer that you forgot your plane?"

"Well," Charlie laughed, "maybe I am a little forgetful. But I never forget an opera. And another thing, I don't like that business about me having such a thirst. I really don't drink much—"

"Oh, yeah? Just beer! What about that time when you were in Europe with the Yale Glee Club and you

drank all your comrades under the table? And that time in Germany when you drank a litre of beer—more than a quart—without taking the stein from your lips?"

"I do enjoy good beer, but I don't eat much—"

"Oh, no, of course not! Didn't you bring your special cook from Vienna?"

"Yes. Mitzi. She's with us now. And can she cook. The cheese cake she makes! The plum dumplings, the prune dumplings!"

—THAT'S THE GOLDEN RULE OF CHARLES KULLMANN—TENOR STAR OF THE WEDNESDAY NIGHT "BEAUTY BOX THEATER" ON CBS!

"But you don't eat much. What do you eat the day of an opera, or the day of a broadcast?"

"Why, I eat very lightly, of course. For breakfast I'll have lamb chops, fruit, eggs and a few light things like those. And for lunch I'll have eggs and fruit. Then after I sing I have a good meal—maybe Tartar steak. You know: raw meat shredded with raw eggs beaten in it. Some beer, and a few trimmings!"

Whew! I told Charlie I knew men who would give a million dollars for an appetite like that.

"And it would take that much to satisfy it," he laughed.

Charlie Kullmann, the Connecticut

Yankee who chips his tones from the rainbow, looks like an athlete, talks like a bar-room buddy, is a husky, two-fisted fellow, an all-right guy. And he sings tenor!

About 25 years ago, Charlie—a butcher-boy—was humming a little ditty as he stood by his boss' meat-block and whittled off a slab of beefsteak. His customer, one of those dear Connecticut housewives with a series of chins and a nutmeg temper, piped: "Young man, if you would pay more

attention to meat-cutting and less to singing you might get somewhere."

Charlie sheathed the butcher-knife and started to carving a career for himself, and at 34 he has made history as the Yale Yankee who put reverse English on the European practise of granting generous American singers the honor of paying to sing.

It's a trade secret in the opera-singing craft that ambitious young Americans are granted the privilege of paying Papa's money to get a debut in France and Italy. It's a skeleton in most stars' closets. Here is how it happens: When the average American singer goes to Europe for the first time, he usually tours the tank-towns and is

invited to sing in the opera house. The American, realizing what it means back home to have a European debut, accepts. Of course, the opera tycoons explain, the American will take a few tickets to the performance. The singer can sell them, give them away or chuck them in the river—so long as they are paid for.

But if you think Charlie Kullmann paid a penny for the glorious privilege of singing to Europeans, you don't know Charlie.

A fellow gypped him out of two bits once, and since then he simply refuses to be gypped.

The old gang at New Haven, where he was born in 1903, called him Charlie. He could cut-eat any boy in the bunch, and by natural inclination his first job was peddling groceries. He used his sister's bicycle and licked the guys who called him "Sissy." He was in the butcher-boy business when another fellow suggested one day that Charlie should sing in the St. Paul Episcopal Church choir.

"I get fifty cents for each new singer I get," the solicitor explained, "and if you'll join I'll split the profits."

Charlie took the job and demanded his cut. The solicitor laughed, and Charlie learned a valuable lesson. Soon he was getting a nickel for each performance, then seven cents and eventually a quarter!

He studied music and medicine at Yale, then gave up medicine for music, went to the Juilliard School. After studying in France on a scholarship, he came home, got a job teaching music at Smith College.

The Juilliard School sent Charlie to Germany. He made his debut there, and was well paid for it: soon he was singing in the top-flight houses. His wife and baby lived in Vienna and he toured the big cities by planes.

Charlie likes Vienna. He joined a "gesungverein," a social singing-club, and often spent summer evenings with his pals, singing and drinking. One night, there was a drinking bout and the Connecticut Yankee drank the Teutons under the table. His award was a beer mug! It's Charlie's most-prized possession—his talisman.

BY SHREWD Yankee business methods, he made more money in Germany than the bank presidents, but his greatest honor came when he was signed for the Metropolitan Opera in New York. New Haven closed its doors and came to New York to hear the butcher-boy. There were more than 1,700 Connecticut Yankees in the cheering-section at the opera.

Radio, naturally, wouldn't overlook such a find. He was engaged immediately for the Ford and General Motors hours, and then Palmolive teamed him with Jessica Dragonette.

"Radio? Of course I like it," he paced the floor humming "Maytime" between sentences and questions. "It is doing more to make America appreciate good music than any other medium. Come on, let's go get a drink of beer, and a bite of food. Not much, maybe three steins and some sandwiches."

You would never know that guy is an opera singer, an amateur boxer, a football fan and the biggest eater I've ever seen. But there's not an ounce of fat on him.

"Eat! Drink! Be merry," he said, "tomorrow we may diet."

Charles Kullmann may be heard Wednesdays on Beauty Box Theater over a CBS network at:

EDT 9:30 p.m. — EST 8:30 p.m.
CDT 8:30 p.m. — CST 7:30 p.m.
MST 6:30 p.m. — PST 5:30 p.m.

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO TONY WONS?

THE CLOCK TICKING OFF THE SECONDS ON THE AIR DROVE TONY WONS TO—VIOLINS!

BY CARL PRENTISS

His thousands of listeners haven't forgotten the sound, kindly philosophy of Tony Wons. It is because of these listeners that Tony will return to the air this fall, thrice weekly, beginning October 4. But the question his listeners have been asking is this—What has he been doing in the year he hasn't been on the air? RADIO GUIDE answers this question by bringing you his story.

—THE EDITORS.

PRECISE, sedate, inevitable as death and taxes, the second-hand of the big clock on the studio wall moves toward the hour. Seventy-five people are watching that clock, and no prisoners at the bar ever stared at a stern-faced judge more intently than

timers manage to stand that kind of life—and what they think they get out of it."

He stopped for a minute, as men will when they have become used to being much alone, searching for the grain of truth in a word.

"I sometimes think radio needs a dictator," he said. "Sometimes I even think I'd like to be that dictator myself. Radio stars don't seem to understand that a good thing can be overdone; that the public is entitled to a rest once in a while—to a change, at least. No, they keep on, pounding away at the same old stuff, reaching farther and farther for effect—and wondering why there isn't any kick any more. They ought to be made to take vacations—try forgetting radio for a while. It would do them



After more than a year's absence from the airwaves, Tony Wons returns with new faith, new philosophy—gained during quiet hours making "fiddles" in his barn-studio (at left) in Wisconsin



they stare at the ruler of their lives—a clock! Ten seconds, five, two—click! You're on the air! Not a second before, not a second after—but dead on the hour!

That's radio, the fastest business in America and the world today. Not even the incredible bustle of newspaperdom moves at a more frenzied pace than radio. Here, time travels like a rocket. A program may be conceived, written, rehearsed and broadcast in an afternoon. New stars catapult into prominence overnight, plummet into obscurity just as quickly. Radio waves move faster than sound, faster than light! Click! You're on the air! Whatever you do, do it fast! You'll have to, because—that's radio!

TONY WONS pulled slowly at his battered pipe, stared out of the window for a minute. The smooth, white top of the violin he was making turned slowly in his hands.

"That's radio," he said. "The maddest rush in the world, bar none. I often wonder how some of the old-

good. And do the public good, too."

Tony Wons himself hasn't been on the air for over a year. On April 26, 1936, he faced the microphone for the last time, folded up the last script for his "Tony Wons Scrapbook" show, walked out of the studio his own man once more, free to do as he liked without regard for the caprice of the crowd or the jerky march of the hand of a clock.

That was a year ago. What has he been doing since? He'll answer simply enough: "In the winter, making violins and playing them. In the summer, taking care of a little place I own on an island up north—and making violins. Oh, I've been happy!"

"Yes, sir, I just walked out of the studio that day, took a good, deep breath, picked up a block of century-old curly maple that I'd been saving for 20 years, and started making violins. I've made fourteen violins, and most of them are right here."

The violins, as beautiful as any I have ever seen, were scattered all over the little shop. This was in

Kenosha, Wisconsin, in the early spring. Tony Wons got up and closed the door leading to the rickety stairs that climb up to his "studio."

The barn—carriage-house was the proper term when it was built, in the '90's—stands at the rear of Wons' rambling house on the outskirts of Kenosha. The Wisconsin winters have left their mark upon it and it looks lonely and neglected. But inside, at the top of the creaking stairs, there is an astonishing little room, trim and bright. Wide windows flood it with light. Book shelves line one wall, and across from them a desk, a sturdy music-stand, and at the end of the room, dominating everything, a solid work-bench, covered with shavings, half-finished violin parts, ranks of carving-tools. This has been Tony's haven for the last year and more.

TONY WONS is a thin, shy man whose graying temples make him seem much older than he is. Slight and retiring in appearance, he has the air of a man who knows what he wants, and means to get it. Typical of his attitude is the fact that when he felt that radio was asking too much of him, when he felt it was in his interest and that of his thousands of listeners—he walked out. Now, he's planning to go back. In the fall, the sound, kindly philosophy of Tony Wons will be on the air again. He knows his fans haven't forgotten him, he knows they want him back. If they had forgotten, if they didn't watch for his return to radio with

eager anticipation, he says, he simply wouldn't go back.

Typical, too, is his violin-making. Tony Wons is an artist, and creation of any kind is his especial delight. And he is wise enough to know that the happiest men in the world are craftsmen who find joy in good things, well made with their own hands. Tony Wons has pattered with violin-making since boyhood. But he never had time enough for his hobby. There was always the insistent press of responsibility.

SO I decided I'd take time off to do it well," he says. "And I have!"

Tony Wons took a violin out of one of the cases on the table. In its construction this instrument was perfect, flawless. Modeled after Guarnerius, its classic lines were of the essence of beauty. A dark red in color, the perfect grain of its 100-year-old wood shone through the clear varnish like a sunset in a crystal mirror.

Tony Wons tucked the violin away in its case as if he were putting a baby to bed.

"I refused \$2,500 for that fiddle not long ago," he said quietly.

The offer had come from a Chicago violinist. In Kenosha, he had been brought to the workshop by a member of the "Wons quartet"—a group of men who make Tony's studio an exclusive club. They are an unusual group: a Russian priest, a millionaire manufacturer, a veterinarian, and a young, locally famous athlete. They

(Continued on Page 16)



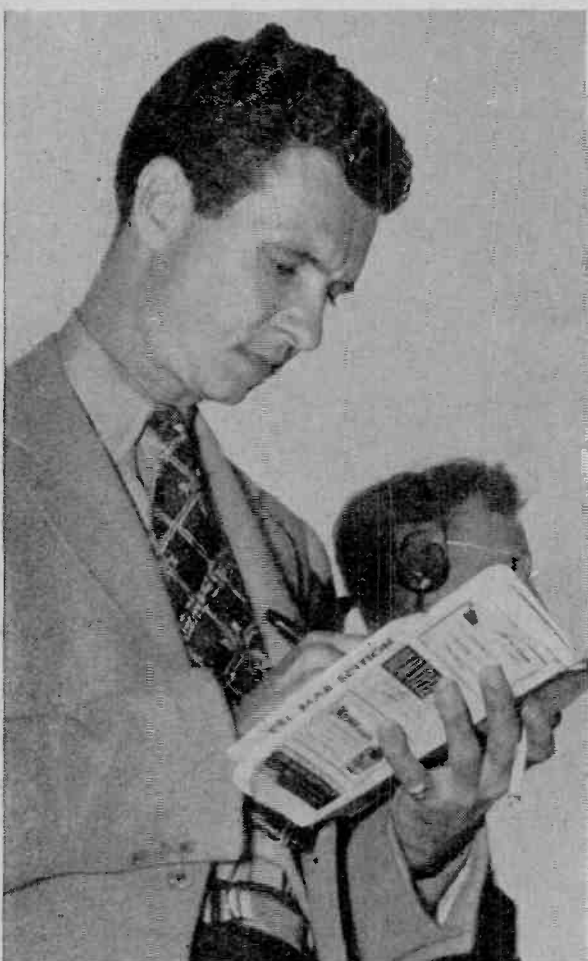
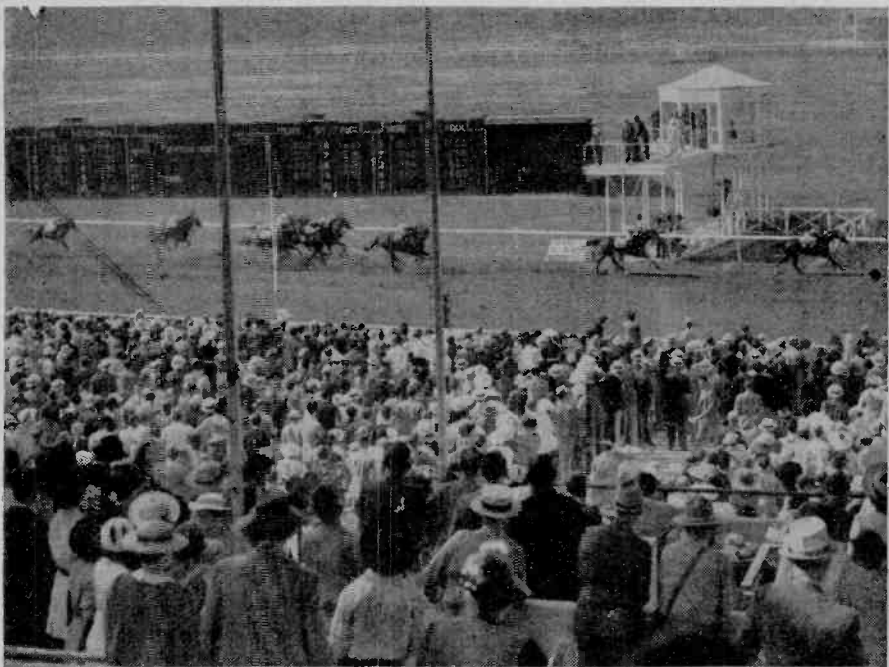
On July 3, Bing Crosby opened his new million-dollar race-track, Del Mar, at San Diego, and all Hollywood attended. Left: NBC Announcer Clem McCarthy (shown with track announcer, at right) aired the races!

Above: Bing (left) was at the gate when the bettors began to arrive—but he took time out to watch his horse win the first race! In keeping with the track's Spanish motif, ushers were dressed in Spanish costumes—like the one at right



INTRODUCING BET-A-MILLION BING

CROONER CROSBY HAS LEFT THE MIKE TO GIVE HIS TIME TO THE HORSES— BUT HE'LL BE BACK IN SEPTEMBER!



Above, left: Finish of one of the races. NBC had Bing, Don Wilson air vox-pop programs from the new track, interview stars that were present, July 16, 23, 30!

Del Mar has 8 races a day, is a corporation of Hollywood's biggest names—and Bing is president! Left: Chester Lauck, Lum of Lum and Abner, figuring a bet

After the races, the Turf Club, featuring Jimmy Dorsey's band, was packed with stars. Below: Among those who were there — Mr. & Mrs. Don Wilson

Because Del Mar is on the site of a filled-in swamp, it was necessary to transplant the full-grown trees which shade the track entrance (above, right)

There is no betting limit at the track. \$75,000 to \$100,000 a day must be handled to make expenses! Opening day, \$180,000 went through the windows (right)!

During the first day, there were such stars present as (below, left to right) George Jessel, Hedda Hopper, Barbara Stanwyck, Gail Patrick, Robert Taylor!



Photos by Jack Albin

DRAMA: "THE FOUNTAIN"—MON.

ONCE again adventurous cavaliers sail the Spanish Main, once again the spirit of old Spain lives as it did in the days of its greatest glory—this time, on the radio!

Turning back the clock, forgetting the war-torn Spain of today, NBC reconstructs the Fifteenth-Sixteenth Century era when proud, power-mad, adventure-crazed Spain ruled the world, lays the background for one of Eugene O'Neill's greatest plays, and provides the height of dramatic entertainment on your dial this week. For on this Monday night (EDT) "The Fountain," second in a series of four O'Neill plays, will be aired from Coast to Coast over the NBC-Blue network, giving listeners another opportunity to hear the works of the three-times Pulitzer Prize-winning dramatist who is the foremost playwright of modern times.

For those who like robust thrillers—and those who like tender romance—"The Fountain" is made to order. Expertly done by the hand of an acknowledged master, the play blends both of these elements, is considered a classic of today. And when it makes its air debut on Monday night, an able cast, headed by Ian Keith and Francesca Bruning, will present it at its best. Keith, who stands out in the memories of listeners for his superb acting in a recent CBS broadcast of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," will play the part of Juan Ponce de Leon in "The Fountain."

Juan Ponce de Leon, an adventurous Spaniard who laughs at love, whose life is dedicated to the glory—and enrichment—of his native land, personifies the spirit of the old Spain, of the Spain that fought for a false goal—and found the real one too late. A fearless leader of men, reckless, daring Juan first heard tales of the mythical fountain of youth from the lips of a Moorish minstrel, and decided at once to accompany Columbus on his second trip to America, hoping to find the wonderful fount. Casting aside the love of Maria de Cordova, his paramour, and killing her husband in a duel, Juan sets sail for the Indies.

Twenty years later he is governor of Porto Rico, but the desire to find the fountain of youth still burns within him. Finally, led by a captive Indian prince whom he has tortured into promising to lead him to such a fountain, he and his bloodthirsty men set sail—but not before his serene life at the Government house has been affected by a lovely girl who has come to him from Spain. She explains she is Beatriz, daughter of his paramour, and that she has come to live with him now that her parents are both dead. He falls in love with her, and makes her promise to marry no one till he returns or until he presents her with his double.

Fired with thoughts of revenge for Juan's cruelty, the Indian leads him to a Florida spring, where the adventurer is set upon by Indian warriors. There he is left for dead. But he regains consciousness, only to see feverish visions that reveal the real meaning of life to him. Found later by his comrades, he is taken to a monastery in Cuba, happy in the thought he can marry Beatriz.

But there another surprise awaits him. Another caller has come, this time, his nephew, Juan—a lad who is his youthful double! And Beatriz and Juan are deeply in love! Realizing the situation, he gracefully gives the pair his blessing. Shortly after they leave the room, he dies. Attending priests sing a mass over his body. Their chant and the happy voices of Beatriz and Juan in the courtyard blend, exultantly—"filling the air in an all-comprehending hymn of the mystery of life."

Height of the dramatic action is the point at which the injured Juan regains consciousness at the fountain, sees visions of all those who have played an important part in his life since his dashing youth, visions so fraught with significance that they cause him to cry out: "Age—Youth—they are the same rhythm of eternal life. Light comes! Light creeps into my soul! I see! O God, Fountain of Eternity, Thou art the All in One, the One in All—the Eternal Becoming which is Beauty!" The mystery of life has revealed itself to him—too late. And the romantic action reaches its highest peak when Juan returns to Beatriz, finds her in the arms of his double, his nephew Juan. Yet it is difficult to pick out any points of the story as outstanding. It is so skilfully woven into a unit that it should be considered as one piece—a masterpiece that it will be a privilege to listen to on Monday night.



Gladys Swarthout (top): "Magic Key of RCA" guest singer Sunday. Mischa Mischakoff (above): Violinist star of NBC Chautauqua Institution program Sunday. Below: Russ Morgan and his orchestra play on the MBS "big name" series Sunday night. Bottom: Lotte Lehmann and Ezio Pinza sing "Marriage of Figaro" at Salzburg Wednesday



PREVIEW: "ONE MILE FROM HEAVEN"—FRI.

BIGGEST film preview on the air this week brings scoops and sob-sisters to Columbia network listeners when the Twentieth Century-Fox film, "One Mile from Heaven," is aired on the "Hollywood Hotel" broadcast on Friday night. It will be under the supervision of Harriet Parsons, film-city gossip-writer and news commentator, who is substituting on the program for Louella Parsons.

"One Mile from Heaven" is an unlikely story built around a framework of newspaper-workers' activities and a typical juvenile-court case. Its chief charm is in the sometimes lusty, sometimes heart-tugging dramatizations of the players and the reality of the plights of some of the characters. The story borders on Hollywood taboos in some spots, but is handled in its direction in such a manner as to avoid objections. Judge Ben B. Lindsey, famous barrister, is author of the play, and will also appear in the cast as judge of the juvenile court.

Claire Trevor, sometimes called Hollywood's "sultriest" blond beauty, plays the romantic newspaperwoman—a part glamorized as usual by filmmakers' imaginations. She gets off to a start with her male competitors in the newspaper business by trouncing them in a game of poker—and in revenge they send her on a wild-goose chase for the body of an unidentified person. In the Negro section of the town, Miss Trevor, known as "Tex," fails to find the body—but gets a good story anyway.

She sees a little white girl in the midst of a crowd of picaninnies, and through her paper gets the juvenile court to investigate the case. In the meantime, her rivals, scooped by her story leading to the investigation, steal a picture of Sunny, the little girl, and unearth a birth certificate which assertedly makes her the daughter of one Flora Jackson, a Negress. Tex in turn retaliates by proving that Flora's baby died a few days after it was born.

The identity of Sunny remains a mystery until two convicts, plotting blackmail, enter the plot. One, played by Douglas Fowley, reveals to a fellow convict that Sunny is the daughter by a former marriage of Barbara Harrison, played by Sally Blane. The second convict, on his release, keeps his promise to smuggle in a gun to Fowley, but tips off the guards at the same time. Fowley is killed as he attempts to break jail so he can blackmail Barbara. This leaves the blackmail field clear for the released convict.

He contacts Barbara and demands \$15,000 for not revealing Sunny's identity. When he realizes that he is being chased by Tex, he throws Barbara out of the car. Tex notifies the police, and the convict is killed.

Tex gets an entrance into the juvenile court, from which her competitors are barred, when Sunny's case comes up. She proves that Barbara is the mother of the little girl, but she suggests that to avoid scandal Barbara adopt Sunny and hire Flora as her nursemaid. As in the beginning, Tex wins a scoop—in keeping with the Hollywood tradition for girl reporters.

Musically highlighting the program will be Frances Langford and Jerry Cooper, supported by Igor Gorin and Anne Jamison. Raymond Paige, maestro of the "Hotel" orchestra, will be replaced by his assistant, Dion Romanoff, while he is on vacation.

THRILL: HAMBLETONIAN TROTTING RACE—WED.

MODERN radio science joins one of America's oldest sports on Wednesday of this week—when NBC airs the eleventh renewal of the \$40,000 Hambletonian Stake trotting-race—to bring listeners the thrill of the week!

Although the harness turf dates back to pre-Revolutionary days, this is only the second year in which big-time radio has given listeners the color, excitement and thrills of hair-line finishes, dangerous upsets on the track, and brilliant crowds of society spectators whose backing of the sport accounts for today's popular interest in harness-racing.

Born of the spirit of county fairs and nursed by rich society fans, the Hambletonian and harness-racing as a whole have grown into one of the most enthusiastically followed sports of current times.

Clem McCarthy, NBC sports announcer, will describe the pageantry of the race and of the 45,000 enthusiasts who are expected to attend the Hambletonian, held at Good Time Park, Goshen, New York.

The Hambletonian Stake was launched in 1926 as a permanent memorial to the greatest stallion of the trotting-turf—Hambletonian 10, so named because he was the tenth horse to be named Hambletonian. Foaled in 1849, four miles from Goshen, the great horse died in 1876 after earning nearly half a million dollars for his owner, William Rysdyk, in stud fees. Today, it is estimated that 90 percent of all trotting- and pacing-horses are related directly to Hambletonian 10.

While the broadcast of the Hambletonian by Clem McCarthy on Wednesday afternoon is the major sports program on the air this week, NBC programs on other harness races at Goshen will begin on Monday afternoon (EDT). At that time Clem and Frances E. Post, nationally famed young horsewoman of Long Island, will compete in a race, with short-wave transmitters attached to their sulkies. Broadcasts they make during their race will be carried by NBC.

That same night (EDT), Clem will invade the ancient Orange Inn at Goshen to broadcast in an impromptu manner the reactions of horsemen, owners, drivers and trainers to the highly touted record-breaking attempt scheduled for the next day by Greyhound, America's greatest living trotting-horse, and to the Hambletonian itself.

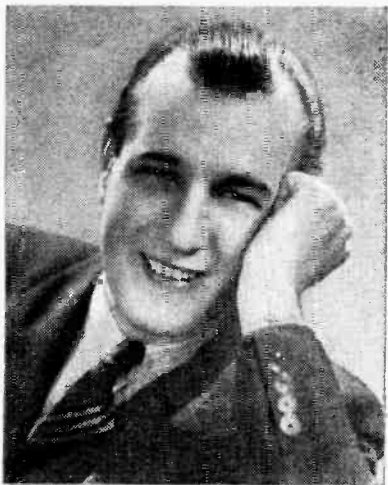
The attack of Greyhound on the 15-year-old world trotting-record of Peter Manning will also be broadcast by McCarthy. That this great trotter, owned by E. J. Baker, of St. Charles, Illinois, and driven by Sep Palin of Indianapolis, will smash Peter Manning's jealously guarded mark is generally conceded, for Greyhound is thought by all to be in top form.

Wednesday afternoon the biggest broadcast of a sporting event this week is on. The Hambletonian is decided in heats, with the winner of the best two out of three heats winning. All three of the heats will be broadcast, with radio time reserved by NBC in case a fourth heat is required.

This week's radio brings listeners another unusual treat—trotting racing! Wednesday afternoon is the time—the classic Hambletonian, the event. NBC is the ticket of America's sports-loving millions to the sport of kings!



Hal Kemp (top) begins Tuesday and Saturday NBC airings this week. Roy Shield (above) conducts the Monday night Carnation program during Frank Black's vacation. Below: Alfred Wallenstein takes over "Voice of Firestone" Monday night. Works of Richard Wagner (bottom) are featured Thursday by the Boston Symphony



SPECTACLE: METEORS—THURSDAY

FROM the observation roof of the RCA Building, Radio City, New York, radio's most unique program of the week will originate on Thursday night (EDT). On that night an amazing phenomenon will luminate the summer sky—a brilliant shower of meteors.

And one of the world's leading authorities on meteors, the University of Pennsylvania's observatory director, Dr. Charles P. Oliver, will describe, interpret, and explain this bright spectacle to NBC listeners.

Although the fall of these meteors occurs during a period including ten days on either side of August 12, it is on that date that they are always at their peak, and leading meteorologists assert they will be exceptionally scintillating this year. So on that night, from midnight (EDT) through the following fifteen minutes, NBC will carry Dr. Oliver's description and discussion on a Coast-to-Coast network.

The very nature of the broadcast's subject-matter is thought-provoking, stimulating—the heavens at their active, awe-inspiring best! For thousands of years this same shower of meteors has thrilled observers, intrigued astronomers. First discovered in 811 A. D., this swarm of fiery bodies has made an annual appearance within a close range of the earth—but this year, the meteors' mystery to observers will be removed by the understandable explanation of a competent astronomer.

It is expected that Dr. Oliver will explain to his listeners the origin of meteors, and specifically how this particular swarm of them, known as the Perseids, came into being. Probably he will tell how meteors—minute fragments of comets—move through space with an incomprehensible speed, unnoticed—until they strike the earth's atmosphere. Then, because of their velocity, they produce a heat so intense that they glow brilliantly. Moving at a speed of from 19 to 25 miles a second, meteors first become visible when they come within 70 miles of the earth's surface. When they are within 50 miles they shatter and fall in the form of dust—although meteors were once seen to enter the atmosphere in England, travel some distance, and leave again, unaffected.

Most spectacular of heavenly bodies are comets, and Dr. Oliver will undoubtedly discuss them as fully as his limited time will permit—for it is to them that meteors are attributed. Comets, though millions of miles in area, are so light that it would take 100,000 of the largest to equal the weight of the earth. They consist of a head, or nucleus, composed of meteors and various earthy substances, loosely packed, and a tail or tails composed of hydrogen and other gasses.

Showers of meteors from these comets are not rare. But the Perseids are the most regular of all. There are three outstanding showers which appear every year, and the Perseids is one of them.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Oliver will have sufficient time to tell about the other two, for their history adds significance to the Perseids, shows clearly how meteors originate.

Biehla's comet was found in 1826, a comet with a period of return every six or seven years. It was observed again in 1832 running its regular course, but in 1846 it was found to have split into two comets. They returned as a pair in 1852 and then disappeared into space—to return later as one of the three most important and regular meteor swarms, the Biehlids—now visible every November! Also visible in November is the third of these three swarms, the Leonids. Just as the Perseids get their name from the constellation Perseus, from which they fall, the Leonids are called after the constellation Leo.

As Dr. Oliver will undoubtedly explain, meteors generally follow the known orbits of comets, and it is generally accepted that they are in reality merely fragments of comets, just as meteorites are parts of meteors. They vary in size from minute fragments to masses weighing several tons, and are composed either of iron with a 5 percent nickel alloy or of stone.

Throughout the thousands of years that meteor showers have occurred, their appearance on each occasion has generally been mistaken as the beginning of the destruction of the world—until so recent a date as 1832! But in this enlightened day people know and accept them for what they are, an interesting phenomenon of the skies. This year, however, the August meteor shower will hold even greater interest. The description of the meteors by a man who knows all about them should provide a rare quarter-hour of educational entertainment on Thursday night, a radio event not soon to be forgotten.

BY
DORA
ALBERT



HOW RADIO STARS

Walter Winchell (left) and Ben Bernie may be "professional" enemies—but they're real friends. Early in life Winchell learned a valuable lesson—be trustworthy!

Win Friends and Influence People

SO OFTEN, our success in life depends upon the friends we make and the people we influence.

Arthur Jones has plenty of executive ability, yet all his life he has remained a badly paid underling. Nor can he understand why other men with no more ability than he should rise so far above him.

If you happen to be an Arthur Jones or to be married to someone like that, this story is for you.

Arthur Jones may be right. He may have just as much ability as the man who is promoted over his head, but he has failed in cultivating one important essential of success—the ability to win friends and influence people, which is so important that a book on the subject written by Dale Carnegie immediately became a best-seller.

In "How To Win Friends and Influence People," Dale Carnegie tells you in words how to make people like you. But the radio stars have discovered their own rules, and they have been putting them into action. If they had not learned the art of making friends, they would not be on the air today; they would not have attained the great measure of success they have won.

Take Frank Parker, for instance. A number of years ago, when he was first starting out in radio, he appeared on the same program with a very talented Russian pianist. He soon discovered that this man was a genuine personality, with an amazing back-

ground of experiences in Russia.

More and more, Frank became interested in this man. He listened intently while the Russian pianist told about his dreams, his ambitions, his hopes.

The pianist in turn was interested in the young singer who was so obviously interested in his problems, and they became friends.

The years passed, and the pianist climbed to greater and greater fame.

A few months ago Frank Parker felt that he had reached a turning-point in his life. Dissatisfied with the progress he was making in radio, he heard of a very important radio show for which a number of singers were being auditioned. Someone was needed to take Lily Pons' place on the Chesterfield programs when her broadcasts for the summer ceased.

Though he had very little hope of getting this program, Frank Parker auditioned for it.

He was incredulous when he heard that he had been chosen. To this day he doesn't know the real reason. A very influential man had spoken to the board of directors of the program, recommending him very highly. That man was Andre Kostelanetz, who had been the struggling Russian pianist of his early radio days.

So, Rule 1: *Take an interest in other people and their problems.*

So often people err in being brutally honest with other people. The radio stars realize that you rarely accomplish

anything by criticizing other people adversely. But there is another kind of honesty which, they have found, is very helpful in influencing people. That is being honest about your own limitations.

Marion Barney (mother of "Pepper Young's Family" of the air) was the daughter of a very wealthy San Francisco man, who cradled her in luxury all during her girlhood. Then something happened to his money. When she was sixteen, he died, leaving her and her mother penniless.

Frantic, not knowing where to turn, she made up her mind that somehow she would get a job. At first no one was particularly interested. But Marion walked into a full-dress rehearsal, confronted Tim Frawley, who was managing a theatrical company on the Coast, and pleaded with him for a job.

"Can you act?" he asked her.

"No," Marion Barney admitted, "but I am determined to learn."

NOW for several weeks, actresses had been storming Frawley's office. Every one of them had bragged about her experience and her ability. To listen to them, you might have imagined that each and every one of them was a second Bernhardt.

Frawley was tired of their bragging, and found the candor and humility of this new girl refreshing. He agreed to give her a chance.

Rule 2, then: *Be honest about yourself and your own limitations.*

However, it isn't always necessary, when you go seeking a job or trying to influence other people, for you to be humble about yourself. Different people are influenced by different things. If it is natural to you to fight for what you want, by all means go ahead and fight for it.

It seemed to Nellie Revell, whom you hear doing interviews with other radio celebrities on the air, that day she stood outside the office of the publisher of the Denver Post, that never in her life had she wanted anything so badly as she wanted a job on that newspaper. Her father was ill in Colorado Springs, and she wanted to be near him; she wanted to take care of him. A job on the newspaper would make those things possible.

So she pushed open the door marked "Publisher" and saw a man sitting at a roll-top desk.

"Are you the publisher?" she asked.

He didn't look up from the papers on his desk. "Why?" he growled.

"I don't know why," she said, "but are you?"

"I am. What of it?"

"I want a job writing," said Nellie.

"Can you write?"

"A little."

Still the publisher didn't look up. His voice was mocking. "How little?"

Nellie Revell lost her temper. What right did this man have to be so rude?

"I can write a whole lot better than you can," she said.

The publisher put down his pencil

and looked up at her for the first time.

"What do you know about the way I write?" he asked. "Where did you ever see anything I'd written?"

"In your newspaper. The editorials."

"What made you think I'd written them?" he said. "They're not signed."

"I knew you must have written them," said Nellie Revell. "They're so bad they would never have been printed if the owner of the newspaper hadn't written them."

The owner of that newspaper was a man who loved a fighter. Also he had a sense of humor. He sent for his managing editor. "This young woman," he boomed, "seems to think the paper needs her, and I think she's right."

So, Rule 3: *If you want something badly, fight for it.*

Jane Froman and Don Ross, her husband, believe the only way to make friends and influence people is to be yourself at all times.

WE SAT on the back terrace of their beautiful penthouse apartment on East 79th Street in New York, with its glass-topped table with chairs for an outdoor meal, its window-boxes with beautiful plants, and a small weeping-willow tree, of which Jane and Don are very proud.

All this luxury they've won for themselves by being themselves. Don sat there with one green sock and one blue sock, brandishing a broom, talking with a midwestern accent.

Jane, leaning back in her seat, said: "Sometimes it isn't easy to be yourself. So often people are tempted to put on an act."

"I remember once when I almost lost a friend that way. One day a charming Italian boy, whom Don and I had known for about three months, invited us to his home for an Italian dinner."

"When we arrived at his home, we discovered that his people, who were of Italian peasant stock, stood rather in awe of us because we were radio singers. I wanted to make them feel at ease, so I tried to be very cordial.



Rosaline Greene, mistress of ceremonies on the Monday night "Hour of Charm," finds it easy to win friends if you're kind, understanding

EVERY SUCCESSFUL PERSON HAS THE ABILITY TO HANDLE PEOPLE—AND HERE'S HOW SEVEN OF RADIO'S GREAT LEARNED THE SECRETS THEY KNOW

Too cordial, as a matter of fact."

Naturally a little reserved, Jane became almost effusive in her efforts to put them at ease.

It didn't work. For twenty minutes, the atmosphere was as strained as it could be. Then Jane thought: "It's no use. Everyone is feeling uncomfortable."

She sat back and decided to relax, to be herself. She refused to put on an act any longer. And it worked like a charm. The entire group got along beautifully after that; and today Jane can count that boy and his parents as her friends.

So, Rule 4: *Don't put on an act to impress people. Be natural.*

One of the best-liked people in radio is Mrs. Roosevelt, the wife of the President of the United States. No one has ever caught her putting on an act. One day a guide at NBC said to her, when her broadcast was over, "Mrs. Roosevelt, shall I escort you to your car?"

"Escort me to my car?" laughed Mrs. Roosevelt. "I didn't come in a car. I walked."

But the real reason for Mrs. Roosevelt's popularity is even more fundamental than that. It lies in her consideration for other people. When Rosaline Greene was selected to appear on some broadcasts with Mrs. Roosevelt, she was elated but also

frightened, for she realized her responsibility very keenly. She was also afraid that she might unwittingly do something to offend Mrs. Roosevelt.

The very first rehearsal was called for eleven o'clock one morning in Washington, D. C. Rosaline Greene took a plane, but unfortunately it was grounded, and she discovered that she couldn't possibly get to Washington in time. She sent a telegram, and took a train.

Naturally she arrived hours late, and full of foreboding. It had seemed to her so terribly important to be on time for this first rehearsal!

Mrs. Roosevelt greeted her with the utmost graciousness. "You poor child," she said, "I'm sorry to hear you were forced down."

Suddenly Rosaline felt at ease. She realized that she was in the presence of a woman who was as kind as she was great. And so she said, "I was terribly worried about coming late, but the airport officials told me that you, of all people, would understand about being grounded, because you travel in planes so much."

Mrs. Roosevelt laughed; and Rosaline and she got along famously.

So, Rule 5: *Put yourself in the other person's place. Be tolerant and understanding.*

IT WAS in his early youth that Walter Winchell learned a lesson that was to serve him well all his life. As everyone knows, one of Winchell's inviolable rules is never to disclose the source of his information. It is because of this rule of his that his informants really trust him, for they know that no matter how difficult may be the position in which he is put, he will never betray a confidence.

His hatred of informers was born when as a boy he was fired from a job as a member of Gus Edwards' troupe because another boy lied about him and reported to Gus Edwards that Winchell had broken an expensive prop vase used on the stage.

(Continued on Page 17)



Contralto Jane Froman of the Sunday night "Jell-O Program" believes there's only one rule for impressing people: Be yourself!



Actress Alice Reinheart once faced a difficult problem: She had to turn an enemy into a friend—or lose her job!



Tenor Frank Parker of the Wednesday night "Ches-terfield" show: His success today is partly due to the interest he long ago took in a struggling artist



After presenting her 150th dramatic broadcast over NBC this Friday night (EDT), Radiactress Irene Rich will move the series to Sundays, beginning August 15

PLUMS and PRUNES

BY BEN BYERS

YOUR correspondent was talking to Lum and Abner recently, and learned the following: Seems that Norris Goff (Abner) lives about fifteen to twenty miles outside Hollywood and was bothered one night by his dog barking. Being a thoroughbred hillbilly, he knew the animal had treed something, so he grabbed a robe and went outside to look. He found nothing, so quieted the dog and went back to bed. The hound persisted in its howling, however, and he once again fared forth, this time with a flashlight. You'd never believe it, but the dog had treed a possum on the front porch!

The following night the Goffs invited a group of radio people out for the evening. After dinner, Don Ameche, Chester Lauck, Don Wilson and a host of others decided to take down their hair and be kids again . . . they did, and played hide and seek!

Perhaps you wondered why Raymond Massey did not appear on the "Julius Caesar" broadcast over CBS. It's quite a story: During the War, Massey received a nasty shrapnel wound. It bothers him but seldom, excepting in extreme heat. During the last day of rehearsal, Massey could stand it no longer and succumbed. Last-minute arrangements were made to replace Raymond with Morris Ankrum, and the program went on . . . without Massey. Since then he has recovered, and is up and around again.

W. C. Fields, who is sponsoring a lad in the Soap Box Derby, pulled a fast one recently. He, as did others who were sponsoring boys in the event, slipped the lad seven dollars to pay the expense of building the soap-box car. Fields talked to his lad for a while, and then gave him the seven dollars, grinning all the while. Suddenly with that typical Fields grin, he crooked his finger and called the boy to one side . . . "Here, now get in and win with that redwood special," whispered the comedian as he slipped the boy an extra ten dollars.

When Al Pearce was in New York,

he used to listen to Cliff Nazarro, who broadcast from the Coast late at night. At that time Al made up his mind that if he ever came to the Coast, he would look Cliff up and use him. Then Al made the trek west. When he arrived in San Francisco, Pearce found that Nazarro had gone to Hollywood, so he left for the city of cinemania. Al arrived in Hollywood, and found when he went to look for Nazarro that he had forgotten his name. Not discouraged, he visited agency after agency, show after show, hoping that he would see or hear the lad . . . but in vain. Finally the National Broadcasting Company called Al and told him they had a personality that should fill the bill for him . . . just the type, so Al in desperation went to the studios to hear the audition. Everything was set, they seated Al in the audience room, and the voice went on the air . . . and Al almost fell off his seat. The voice was that of Cliff Nazarro!

Walter Winchell, recognized as the essence of Broadway, found that his favorite alley had deserted him. Walter recently went back for a six-weeks stay . . . he stayed on the Great White Way but a short week. When asked why he returned so soon, Winchell gave the intense heat as his reason. The real reason is that Walter found the big city quite dead. The news that makes his column so spicy was not there! At last Mrs. Winchell's little boy Walter is forced to admit that Hollywood is now the spot.

A deal is now on the fire, and the contracts are practically signed, which will place Joe E. Brown in a new fall show for Henry Ford. Joe is to go into a half-hour production, depicting a rural character. A name band will be used on the show, which will originate in Hollywood. Talent expense will be \$12,500 per week, with Mr. Brown cutting in for one-half.

Jerry Belcher conducted his program from the home of Jimmie Fidler recently. Present were Andy Devine and his youngster, Richard Arlen and



Paris-born Jean Colbert, actress, heard on Helen Menken's Tuesday night (EDT) CBS "Her Second Husband," has appeared on many major NBC & CBS dramatic shows. She came to radio via the stage & movies

his son, Jane Withers and Brian Donlevy, as well as a number of other guests. During the broadcast the Devine and Arlen youngsters were playing about the swimming-pool . . . the broadcast was going along smoothly when Arlen suddenly sped toward the pool and dived in, clothes and all. The startled spectators turned in time to see Arlen emerge with Andy Devine's child under his arm . . . the little dickens having dived into the pool and almost drowned.

The pay-off: Belcher thought it a gag and did not use it on the air.

Elinor Harriot, who takes those female parts on the Amos and Andy show, will be married on August 18. Elinor met Frank Nathan about four months ago at Palm Springs. It was love at first sight. They will have a private marriage at the home of friends, and will sail the same day on the Mariposa for Honolulu. They will set sail from Honolulu on the Empress of Asia to Vancouver, B. C., and from there will go to Lake Louise and Banff. Nathan is an insurance man from Los Angeles . . . Elinor will continue on the air, is simply taking a month's leave of absence.

Rudy Vallee, who has been trying to get to Hollywood for lo, these many moons, will finally reach his destination when he opens at the Cocomanut Grove around October first. Vallee will have a six-week engagement there and will then go into pictures. His radio show will originate in Hollywood.

When you heard Newlyweds Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers on the air just after their return from their hon-

eymoon, there was a little human-interest drama that went unnoticed . . . Here it is: . . . Mary, whose show followed that of Rogers', was SO nervous about Buddy. She tiptoed downstairs to the studio in which Buddy was to broadcast, and slipped up on the stage. Arriving backstage, she peeked around the corner of the draperies and watched nervously . . . Soon Buddy went into his song and Mary heaved a big sigh of relief . . . went back downstairs and went to work.



Saturday Little Jack Little and his band begin a week's stay at Chicago's Trianon ballroom. They'll be aired nightly over MBS



Blond Screen Star Claire Trevor—she'll be featured Friday night (EDT), in "Hollywood Hotel's" preview of the film, "One Mile From Heaven." Claire is 5' 3" & weighs 112. Loves: Football, polo

AT THE moment this is being written your local radio station is in a very precarious state due to the secret meetings now being held in New York by the American Federation of Musicians. The bigwigs of the AFM are trying to enforce a rule banning all musical records and transcriptions and supplant them with live-talent orchestras, making jobs for the thousands of unemployed musicians. It is reported the stations have been given until August 14 to prepare

for the change. If they don't agree to the demands, it is likely all musicians will be called out on strike.

If this happens, you can just about imagine what you might expect to hear out of your loudspeaker. Talk, talk and some more talk.

The ban will also affect orchestras playing from hotels, night clubs and dance halls, unless the broadcasting stations hire what they call stand-by bands. In other words, they feel that if these bands were not permitted to broadcast from these spots, the stations would have to hire other bands to put on programs from the studios, thus creating more jobs. Everyone in the radio industry is keeping his fingers crossed and hoping for the best.

The networks will not be affected, because they do not permit the use of transcriptions except for the purpose of sound-effects.

Mentioning the networks reminds me that they are about to enjoy their best season since the inception of commercial broadcasting. Sponsors trying to buy good evening spots will confirm this. As a matter of fact, the other day a popular orchestra leader was telling me three different sponsors want his band, but they can't get suitable half-hour spots before January.

From the inner office it is learned that preparations are being made for Irene Wicker, the "Singing Lady," to start a new Sunday afternoon series over the Mutual network, which will be in addition to her daily stint heard over NBC.

Charlie Butterworth has definitely been signed for the same auto sponsor



Young American baritone, Conrad Thibault: He will be guestar of the Ol' Maestro, Ben Bernie, Tuesday night (EDT), of this week



Ramona, piano-song stylist, will be heard this Saturday afternoon (EDT)—in a series of MBS' "popular star" airings from the Great Lakes Exposition at Cleveland

INSIDE STUFF

BY MARTIN LEWIS

he worked for last season. He is the only member of the old crew to remain.

You may recall that Fred Allen started his guest policy on the Town Hall program with amateurs. After a while he gave up this policy of presenting amateurs and substituted little-known professionals or beginners, and still later, just before Walter O'Keefe took Allen's place for the summer, he had well-known gueststars, for one time only. Now O'Keefe is making a further change in the program regarding guests; he is recalling the most successful professionals for return appearances.

A funny thing happened during a recent "Sunday Night Party" program which features Jimmy Melton and Robert Dolan's orchestra. After Dolan had finished a musical number, there was a lull in the studio, caused by the fact that the man in charge of the applause sign was day-dreaming. Melton went over and kicked him in the leg and up went the sign, causing many chuckles from the studio audience.

Another funny incident took place last week. As some of you may know, Arthur Godfrey, who is the *aide-de-campe* to Prof. Quiz on Saturday night over CBS, conducts a daily early-morning program from Station WJSV in the nation's capital. During these sessions Godfrey does a lot of kidding, and as a gag on one particular morning he told his listeners that he had just bought a new airplane and if anyone cared to come to the airport at four the next morning, he'd take him up. When Godfrey arrived at the field, an exact count showed 273 people waiting to be taken for an airplane ride. Every plane and pilot was mustered in to make Godfrey's bluff good, putting a nice dent in his bankroll.

Something else amusing comes to my attention. For the past three weeks, Benny Goodman has been entertaining delegates from the Society for the Suppression of Swing on his

Tuesday night CBS "Swing School" programs. Because these delegates were such comical guys as Victor Moore, Charlie Ruggles, and Lionel Stander, nobody took them seriously and everyone considered it all a big laugh.

Imagine, then, the surprise of all Goodman fans when they learned that there was actually a Society for the Suppression of Swing with headquarters in Huntington, California.

And imagine their further astonishment when they received bombastic literature from this group which blasted "swing" as an uncivilized misrepresentation of the present generation—a musical distortion that was threatening to poison the musical tastes of the radio listeners.

Nor is the subversive tactics of the Society limited to attacks upon Benny Goodman as the King of Swing. In Brooklyn, New York, a resident succeeded in gaining an injunction against a "swing" combo in a neighboring hotel. The cacophony of "swing," he claimed, gave him headaches and kept him awake nights. The courts granted the justice of his claim and established another setback for swing by ruling that the hotel band could not play "swing" after 9 p.m.

Goodman and Jane Ace are celebrating their eighth year on the air this week, which calls to mind a funny story told to me about Goodman, who hasn't been feeling so well of late. It seems the doctor told him to spend more time in the open air and suggested he take up golf. The first day he went out to the links he took an adding-machine along with him.

Eddie Duchin arrived at the Newark Airport, New Jersey, shortly after his wife, Mrs. Marjorie de Loosey Oelrichs Duchin, gave birth to a son in a New York private hospital on July 28. It is their first child. Eddie had been in Chicago and winged his way in a transport plane to be near his wife during the critical period. A police escort helped speed him to the hospital.

This is . . . "AUNT JENNY"

—WHOSE "REAL LIFE
STORIES," HOUSEHOLD
HINTS AND BITS OF
PHILOSOPHY ARE ON
THE AIR WEEK-DAYS
OVER A CBS NETWORK!

Photos by GENE LESTER



Dan Seymour (left), announcer on the CBS "Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories," heard week-day mornings, attended Amherst College before entering radio. Aunt Jenny (right) formerly appeared on the stage. In real life, as on the air, she depicts exactly the character she is, a homey, philosophical woman reared in the Midwest. Her stories are all presented in from two to five episodes



Players alternate on this program to fit parts in Aunt Jenny's stories. Sometimes you hear Franc Hale and Ed Jerome. Ed was a telegraph operator for twelve years!



Two members of the cast who are of English-Irish parentage are Eddie O'Brien and Peggy Allenby. Peggy claims she's also Spanish. She was born on St. Valentine's Day



Ed MacDonald and Nancy Kelly have both done motion-picture work. Nancy was once called "America's Most Photographed Child" . . . is now sixteen . . . still attends school



Others who assist Aunt Jenny are (left to right) Helen Claire, who boasts a Phi Beta Kappa Key; Clark Andrews, director of both "Big Sister" & "Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories"; & Ruth Yorke, the former "Little French Princess." Ruth attended Max Rheinhardt's School in Vienna



Alfred Corn, Agnes Young, Ed MacDonald and Peggy Allenby (left to right) often help dramatize Aunt Jenny's stories. All four can be heard on numerous other shows on the air. Aunt Jenny also offers helpful household hints, recipes and bits of homely philosophy to her listeners!

WORD FROM THE WISE

BY KATI CUFF

EVERYBODY'S talking about baseball. In restaurants, avenues, night clubs. Even in the radio studios. . . . But true to an old family tradition, I preferred to be perverse. So maybe that's why Eric Sagerquist scowled a little when I asked him what he thought men could teach women about staying young. Poor chap—he wanted to tell me what he thought of White Sox, and I was asking about beauty.

But the Swedish maestro of the "First Nighter" and "Feature Hour" programs isn't a Garbo sort of person at all. He has a ready smile, and even in a crisis, like when he wants to describe a home run and a pesky female asks him about how to stay young, he can still take it!

It may not be according to the best Hoyle tradition to ask a man how we wimmin should try to stay young and beautiful(?), but Eric represents a strange combination of virtues, and one that many a gal wants to hear about.

Eric is 37 now. He looks 19. The enthusiasm he puts into his music, into that lovely poignant violin, are the freshness, the vitality of a youngster. Yet his life had been a hard, cruel struggle. He's had the kind of life that usually makes dry, parched skins, tense lines circling the eyes, and a grim line to the mouth.

THAT'S why I wanted to talk to Eric. To get the actual lowdown on how a person could "work up" as he has and still be so free of lines, wrinkles and nasty scowls.

"I never think much about those things," he said first while he examined carefully the ceiling of the reception room at the Columbia Chicago studios, "but I've got a couple ideas, and if they'll help you . . ."

"Let's see—you said you wanted the women's angle!" I thought maybe he was stalling, but it's hard to accuse a Sagerquist. . . . Finally he came out with it . . .

"Well, from the women I've observed, in radio and in business, I've often thought they wore themselves out trying . . . It always seemed to me they'd get just as far by taking things in their stride. I think they create a tension around them . . . Somehow they don't seem to have the ability to 'let go' that men are more apt to have . . . I've often thought that was one reason the cosmetic companies did so well . . . Women get excited and tense; then look for a magic formula in a jar to smooth away their wrinkles . . ."

BY THIS time Mr. Sagerquist had me fairly hypnotized. His easy, friendly way of talking had a fascinating charm that I'd never seen in "performers." Completely natural. Sort of an effervescence of good fellowship. And some of the stories I had heard about him started popping into my mind. Such as the time, when he was out of work, or rather out of a contract, a few years ago:

An executive of a ver' famous advertising agency called him up one afternoon. Eric was out on the shores of Lake Michigan enjoying the good, warm sunshine. So the executive left the message with Eric's wife, and the next day Eric called up.

"You call me?"
"Yes, got a dandy commercial program going on a major network . . . Have you any commitments right now?" the fellow asked.

"No, not at present. What's the program . . ."

And the executive told him. Then came the shock (to the advertising man).

"Well, I'll come down and listen to rehearsal tomorrow; if I like it, I'll do it . . ."

Eric was right from a career standpoint. If the program didn't have the

makin's, it wouldn't help his band to be associated with it. But can you imagine a woman in such a situation? She'd have had a long business session on the phone, her heart would have beat in 9-4 time for a week, she'd have lost at least two nights' sleep, worrying until the contract was definitely signed and set.

ANOTHER thing I've noticed a great many women do," continued Eric, "is carry their pride and ambition to the golf course or the tennis court. If they're tennis enthusiasts they play till they have to rest up from the tennis. I've seen very few women in my lifetime who enjoyed a sport merely for the enjoyment of it. Either they're losing weight or building muscles or improving technique . . . I often wonder how they get any fun out of it that way."



Eric Sagerquist: Ke knows all the rules for staying young!

"How much better do you think men do at attaining their health without pain?"

Eric flushed a little . . . But he grinned, too.

"Well, the fellows around here" (he meant the lads in his band) "all enjoy sports. But that's it, they enjoy them. It's not exercise. When summer finally does come 'round in Chicago, we usually week-end at Bill Moosberg's Ludington cottage . . . We lay around up there, swim, play cards, golf. Relax. I mean we don't do anything consciously for the health of it."

AFTERWARDS I looked into the private life of Mr. Sagerquist, and found out some more things. One way Eric keeps his swell young looks is, on a sunny summer afternoon, to find a nice fine bench up in Lincoln Park and just sit. Sometimes he even goes to sleep. And he loves it.

When the sun isn't so kind, he takes a short walk across the Chicago River bridge, and down the side of the river along Wacker Drive.

He thinks wrestling-matches are dandy, and a baseball game is Heaven—and fishing . . . well, Webster didn't think of enough words to describe the fun of fishing. But, as he said, it's all in fun, not for vitamins. And he also gets a good deal of fun out of watching six-day bike races.

Born in Karlstad, Sweden, Eric stands five feet, ten inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, and, true Norseman that he is, has light hair. And further testimony bearing out the fact that he's Swedish—his favorite dish is herring and cold potatoes!

MUSIC of the MASTERS

BY CARLETON SMITH

OCCASIONALLY this department receives letters condemning the studio audience and the broadcasting of applause. We have been asked in no uncertain terms to "do something about ending this nerve-wracking clatter."

Considering the complaint rationally, we would say first—radio is a fast-changing and experimental medium. We can still number the months in which serious music worthy of the name has expanded into a dominating broadcast feature.

In the beginning, programs were accompanied by naive footnotes as to conditions in the studio and the neighborhood in general. Following the opening period the pendulum edged over to the other extreme. While this era lacked most of the early glamor, the humorous stories of studio sign language are legion.

Being by nature curious creatures we began to collect at studios to see as well as to hear. Gradually the studio audience broke down the old silence taboos until the pendulum was back at the noisy extreme of the amateur hour. Now we hear stories—of a program that ended much ahead of scheduled time, so, to avoid an "awkward pause" the program director broadcast several minutes of hearty cheering; of a dance-hall management that stampeded the dancers to the band platform at the appearance of the "Now Broadcasting" sign so that a wild acclamation gives promise of a "gala party."

Applause is an ancient ghost and, if we may mix the similes, one of many flavors. Ever-current scandal in our best opera houses is the amount of money being used to hire a professional cheering section. Many an artist has returned from long-sustained curtain-calls to meet the uplifted eyebrows of fellow members of the cast. (If not something more violent or expressive.) And many an ovation has failed to impress the discerning critic who has seen his old friends of the tough-palmed gentry scattered throughout the concert hall.

SERIOUSLY, applause is a tonic of unknown quantities. A hushed, silent audience absolutely absorbed in the performance, reacting spontaneously with hand-clapping or breathlessness is certainly a factor in the work of any sensitive artist. With the climax it is only natural that the audience should stand and relieve itself by the physical action of handclapping and cheering.

While the body functions in this natural way to secure its release, there are artists that believe the whole effect of the music just finished is destroyed by this physical return to normal. Toscanini is probably the most notable example. He is quick to flee the final applause because he earnestly believes that this diverts attention from the music. He is even more

opposed to the spontaneous applause interrupting the progress of the music.

Applause in the opera house or concert hall will always be a matter concerning a relatively small number of people and can be to an extent mutually controlled. In radio there is a great mass of people affected by the reaction of a mere handful. At the end of a particularly satisfying concert, the radio listener does not feel the need of standing to escape the rigid confines of a cramped chair and clapping and stamping to revive sleeping muscles. The roar of applause then hits the radio listener and the effect is nerve-shattering.

This, at least, is the opinion of the radio listeners that have been writing this department. Is it yours?

* * *

ANOTHER of the compositions written expressly for radio is given its premiere performance Sunday, August 8. This work is one of the group commissioned by the Columbia Broadcasting System and will be aired by that network on the "Everybody's Music" program with Howard Barlow and the Columbia Symphony Orchestra.

This time it is the head of composition at the Westminster Choir School, Roy Harris, that brings a new work to the microphone. Roy Harris was chosen as one of the six prominent American composers by Columbia to write a composition specifically for radio. If you have forgotten, the other five composers were Aaron Copland, Walter Piston, Howard Hanson, Louis Gruenberg and William Grant Still.

After an appropriate study of radio requirements, Mr. Harris has picked on the time element for the essence of his new opus. As he says:

"The minute becomes a unit of space in music just as the square foot is a unit to the mural artist. We need to fill that minute as an organic thing for which the music seemingly has grown."

Hence, the work which has been named "Time Suite" is divided into six movements dedicated respectively to "Broadway," "Religion," "Youth," "Radio," "Philosophy," and "Labor."

According to the composer: "The complexity of today needs clarification. We need to bring order out of it. Radio demands a better quality of material than the concert hall does because the microphone holds it up to such minute inspection. Radio is an absolute showdown." Well, the showdown for Mr. Harris' "Time Suite" is at hand.

Although the selection will be open to question until the premiere is over, Mr. Barlow has chosen to conduct the famous "Clock" Symphony of Haydn. Certainly it is an excellent opportunity to listen with a critical ear. What is it to be? We hope a place for both, but in this, as in all musical trends, the public is the judge. Listen closely!

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RADIO GUIDE'S X-WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

- ____ Ponselle, soprano
- Serpent
- Singin' _____, the Minstrel Man
- ____ Melba
- Feeble
- Anger
- Single-masted vessel
- Shep _____, bandleader
- American Indian
- Rude
- To dress
- Julia _____, Crumit's partner
- Medical (abbr.)
- Born
- ____ Davidson, bandleader
- Forever (poet.)
- ____ Singhi Breen, songstress
- Denudes
- Pertaining to a series
- Near
- Torrid
- Part of a circle
- Act
- A seal
- Last name of star in the portrait
- Chinese religion
- Ornamental vase
- Howard _____, conductor
- Diffuse in minute particles
- Printer's half-measure
- Room in a harem
- Swiss river
- Game played for stakes
- Activity
- Species of fir
- Arthral
- Female hare
- High (mus.)
- Japanese monetary unit

- Greek letter
- Wilfred _____, bandleader
- Cravat
- Idol of the airlines
- ____ Barnes, Flanagan or Kennedy
- Decomposed
- Protective covering
- Milton _____, comedian
- Kind of cloth
- Article of furniture
- Cot
- Sheep
- Vegetable

VERTICAL

- Crude watercraft
- Vegetable
- Beleaguements
- Entirely
- Southwest (abbr.)
- Conceited persons
- Metric measures
- Exclamation of satisfaction
- Wing
- Natural

Solution to Puzzle Given Last Week

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO TONY WONS?

(Continued from Page 5)

play with Tony when the mood strikes them—all on Wons violins, of course; they discuss the comparative merits of woods and varnishes, argue, criticize, praise.

"The night this fellow from Chicago was here," Tony told me, "we were arguing about the old masters. The musicians'll see me hung for this," he went on, "but I can make as good a violin as anybody who ever lived, and I can prove it!"

"I think I proved it that night. This fellow from Chicago had an Amati that he valued at \$25,000, and when I told him I'd made violins that were just as good, he hit the ceiling. He thought I was crazy. Finally I took his Amati and one of my fiddles to the other end of the room, had him turn his back, and played 'em both, in rotation. He couldn't tell his own violin from mine!"

"Whether my violins are good or not—all that's beside the point, of course," he went on. "The main thing

is that this year I've had, working here, sometimes as much as ten hours in the quiet of this little room, has been a blessing. It has given me new strength, new faith, two things I needed badly."

"And all these violins—what are you going to do with them?"

"My fiddles? Well, I could sell them, but I'm not going to. I'm going to give them away, probably to young violinists who can't buy their own."

"I've had a good time here," he said. "My fiddles—and my friends. I've learned a lot, too. If I have a philosophy of life, I think it has come to me here, mucn of it."

Tony Wons has a philosophy of his own, all right, and I think I know what it is. I found it in a little verse he wrote:

*"All men rate the same with me
The wise, the fool, the slave, the free;
For no man on this earth does know
What made him thus, another so."*

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HOW RADIO STARS WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 11)

In time, Winchell's hatred of people who told on their friends grew to be almost an obsession.

You may recall the story of the Vincent Coll murder. Five hours before Coll was murdered, the newspapers containing Winchell's column were being sold in New York. In it, he said: "Five planes brought dozens of machine-gats from Chicago Friday to combat the town's Capone. Local bandetti have made one hotel a virtual arsenal and several hot-spots are ditto because Master Coll is giving them the headache."

When Winchell was summoned before the grand jury to tell where he got his information, he told them, "It was an anonymous piece of information."

To this day no one knows whether Winchell was telling all he knew. But the story has become one of the legends of Broadway, and the wise-guys on Broadway were convinced that Winchell was shielding the man who had given him the information.

SO, RULE 6: *Never betray a confidence. Be trustworthy, and people will trust you.*

Of all the people I know on Radio Row, Alice Reinheart, famous radio actress whom you hear on the Court of Human Relations and other popular programs, faced the most difficult problem of all; how to turn an enemy into a friend.

Till she was fifteen she had led a very sheltered life. Then suddenly came her chance to get on the stage, for Reginald Travers, believing she had theatrical ability, said he would allow her to play in one matinee during the second week of "Hay Fever" at the San Francisco Players' Guild. He couldn't offer her anything better than that because she was so inexperienced.

At once Alice began to watch rehearsals, trying to learn what she could of the theater and its ways. Then one day during the dress rehearsal Reginald Travers had a quarrel with the regular ingenue, and turning to Alice he said, "Do you think you could play the role?"

She had watched the rehearsals so long and so intently that she knew every word, every line of the part, and without hesitating a moment, Alice answered breathlessly, "I'll do my best."

Travers shoved her into the role the very first night.

RIGHT then and there," Alice Reinheart told me, "my troubles began, for the leading lady, Emily Melville, whose protegee the ingenue was, resented me and did everything she could to hurt my scenes. She upstaged me; she stepped on my laughs; she stole my scenes. When she upstaged me (walked further up the stage so that my back was turned to the audience), I walked up after her until she hit a piece of scenery and had to quit."

For several nights thereafter Alice and Emily Melville were at daggers' points. Alice knew that this couldn't continue, that if she and Miss Melville remained enemies she would surely be forced out of the company eventually by the older, more-experienced trouper. So she made up her mind to win Miss Melville over.

Making a few discreet inquiries, she learned that Miss Melville was an experienced Shakespearian trouper, so Alice went to Miss Melville and asked her if she would be willing to give lessons in Shakespearian acting. Flattered, the older woman consented, and Alice studied Shakespeare with Emily

Melville for the next six months.

"But more important than that," she told me, "I won Miss Melville's friendship. It was a lesson to me in how to handle people."

And it gives us rule seven: *To turn an enemy into a friend, flatter her subtly. Make her feel important.*

FLATTERY should not be laid on with a trowel, since any intelligent person can see through that kind of flattery and will resent it. But if you flatter people by your actions rather than just by words, you will win them.

If we want to make the most of all our assets; if we want to win friends

and influence people let's be sure to—

1. Take an interest in other people and their problems.
2. Be honest about ourselves and our own limitations.
3. If we want something badly, fight for it.
4. Be natural, never putting on an act to impress people.
5. Put ourselves in the other person's place and be tolerant and understanding.
6. Be trustworthy, and never betray a confidence.
7. Flatter people by our actions rather than by our words, making them feel important.

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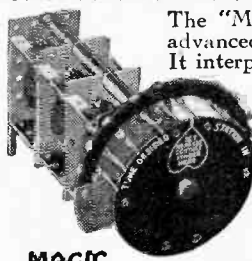
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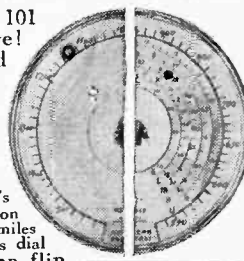
AMAZING NEW FEATURES GIVE HUMAN PERFORMANCE

The "Magic Mystic Brain" is just one of 101 advanced features, many of them exclusive! It interprets your touch button signals and controls the electric motor. Nine contact fingers can be easily set to any stations you desire. Even a child can do it!



MAGIC MOVIE DIAL

Now, you can delight in the world's finest six-continent overseas reception with a range of 12,000 and more miles (125 to 20,000 KC.). Note that chassis dial shows only broadcast band. Then flip 6-wave band switch, and, instantly, five additional bands are projected on the dial.



MIDWEST WORLD-WIDE RADIOS

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
DEPT. AA-94 CINCINNATI, OHIO, U.S.A.



Take an AERIAL VACATION →

AMERICAN AIRLINES

AMERICA



1 Giant airliners are radio bigtimers' release from the Hollywood climate. California-New York are only 15 hours, 50 minutes apart, so Langford plans a trip with airline's Maurine Browning, confers about routes, rates

with FRANCES LANGFORD

3 Her ticket allows her up to 35 lbs. of luggage. For more than that, passengers must pay 75 cents for each additional lb.! Below: Jack Bernard is weighing the grip she's taking along with her

2 Hardly a week passes that east-bound planes don't carry star-loads. Speed gives them time to visit and return for next show. Round trip costs \$270. One way \$150—but it's fun. The plane she takes weighs 12 tons when loaded, has wing-spread of 95 ft., has two 1,000 h.p. engines which burn 85 to 90 gallons of gas an hour. Tanks in wings hold 822 gals.



7 Each skysleeper has four completely equipped dressing-rooms with every comfort facility (below). On request, even electric razors are provided! The stewardess makes up the berths whenever the passengers are ready to retire for the night



5 Frances, who was a soprano before a tonsillectomy made her a contralto, was the highest-ranking woman in Radio Guide's recent election, was 4th in the Star of Stars group! Above: She takes off for New York

6 Meals aloft are free, are prepared, served by the stewardess (left). When they are hired, these girls must be registered nurses, no older than 26, no taller than 5' 5", weigh no more than 120 lbs., be pretty!



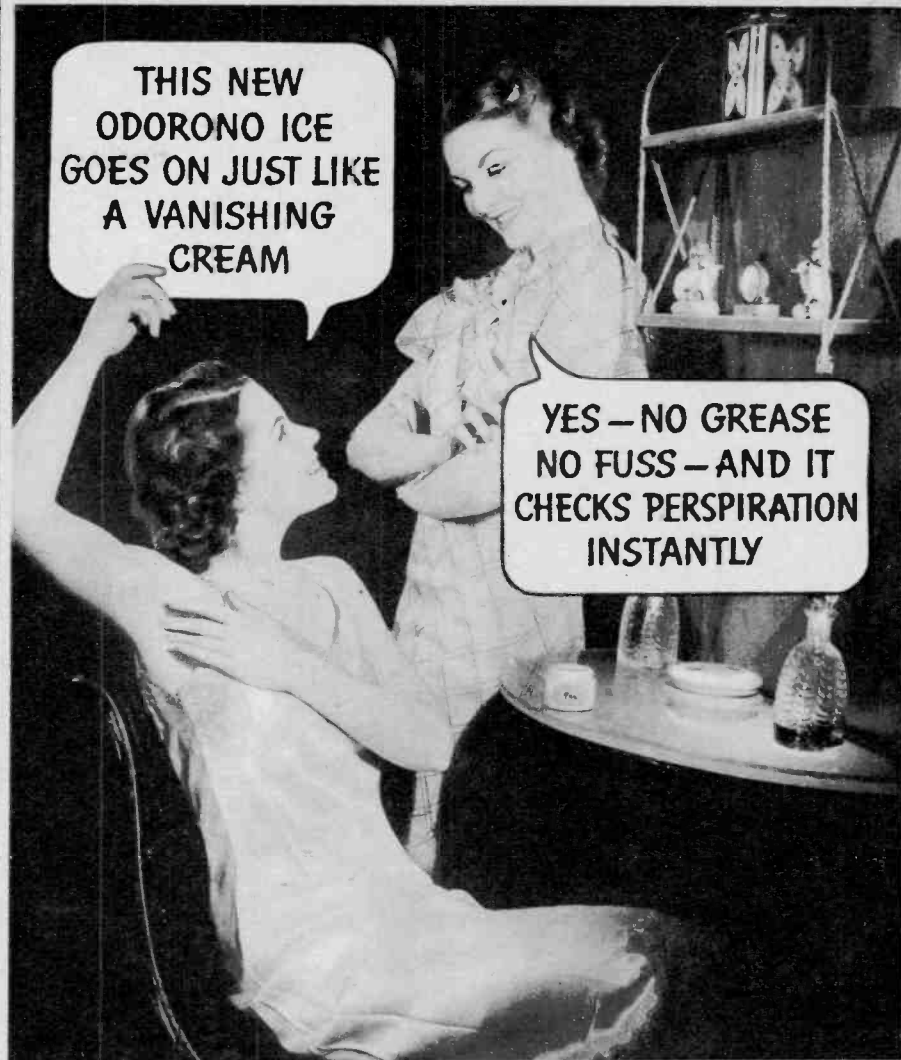


4 Carrying enough gasoline to fly 2,000 non-stop miles, the airliner Frances is taking has a cruising speed of 190 miles an hour, a top speed of 220 miles!

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL'S STAR WHO BROADCASTS FRIDAY NIGHT SHOWS HOW SHE SPENDS WEEK-END 3,000 MILES AWAY



8 Frances calls it a day and retires to her berth. She'll spend a day or so in New York, then wing her way westward—be back in Hollywood in ample time for her Friday night show!



THIS NEW ODORONO ICE GOES ON JUST LIKE A VANISHING CREAM

YES—NO GREASE NO FUSS—AND IT CHECKS PERSPIRATION INSTANTLY

NEW-TYPE CREAM DEODORANT

Leaves no grease on skin or clothes—checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

UNTIL now you just had to put up with them. Cream deodorants were greasy, sticky, ruinous to clothes—no wonder women complained!

But here at last is deodorant perfection—Odorono Ice—a cream that disappears without leaving a single trace! As easy and pleasant to use as your vanishing cream. And unlike ordinary cream deodorants, it really does check perspiration!

You've never known anything to approach the new Odorono Ice for convenience and effectiveness. It's like magic! You smooth this fluffy, dainty cream on . . . and presto! It's gone! And your underarms will be free

of both dampness and odor for days.

In two seconds your clothes are safe, your mind at rest about perspiration embarrassment for 1 to 3 days. No ruined dresses, no extra cleaners' bills. Get some! Work this miracle for yourself.

Odorono Ice has no strange odor of its own to turn musty after a while. There's only the clean, fresh smell of alcohol that evaporates completely the minute it's on. It's so pleasant to apply, so wonderfully effective, that 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used!

Don't mess about with smelly, greasy, ineffective creams another day. Save your clothes, your time, your temper, by availing yourself of this newest scientific advance in deodorants.

The wonderful new Odorono Ice is only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments. Buy a jar tomorrow!



* Trade Mark
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ODO-RO-NO ICE
NON-GREASY

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 8-G-7, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



You
asked for
them

—John Haley Photo

PATTI CHAPIN (above), whose real name is Augusta Patricia Chapin, was born in Atlantic City, N. J., May 11, 1909. In high school she was a basketball, swimming and hockey star. She stands 5' 6" tall, weighs 122 lbs., has light-brown hair, blue eyes. She is fond of gardenias, emeralds, sport clothes—and always knocks on wood for luck!



JANE FROMAN (a band, Donald Ross place for the summer 5' 5" tall, weighs 1 makes all her own



DEL CASINO (above), who sings on the "Rippling Rhythm Revue," was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Three years a high-school boxing champion, he lost only 2 of his 23 fights! Del is a cousin of Strongman Charles Atlas and a distant relative of the late Russ Colombo

TOMMY HARRIS (left) hails from San Francisco and is 25 years old. Often called a tenor, he's really a high baritone. Tommy has been married 6 years. He is 5' 4", has hazel eyes, dark curly hair. His favorite sports: golf and swimming. He wants to learn to fly!



—and
here they
are!



—Ray Lee Jackson Photo

(above), who with her husband, has taken Jack Benny's place, is 29 years old. She's 20 lbs., likes to play golf, and hates black!

—Ray Lee Jackson Photo



—Maurice Seymour Photo

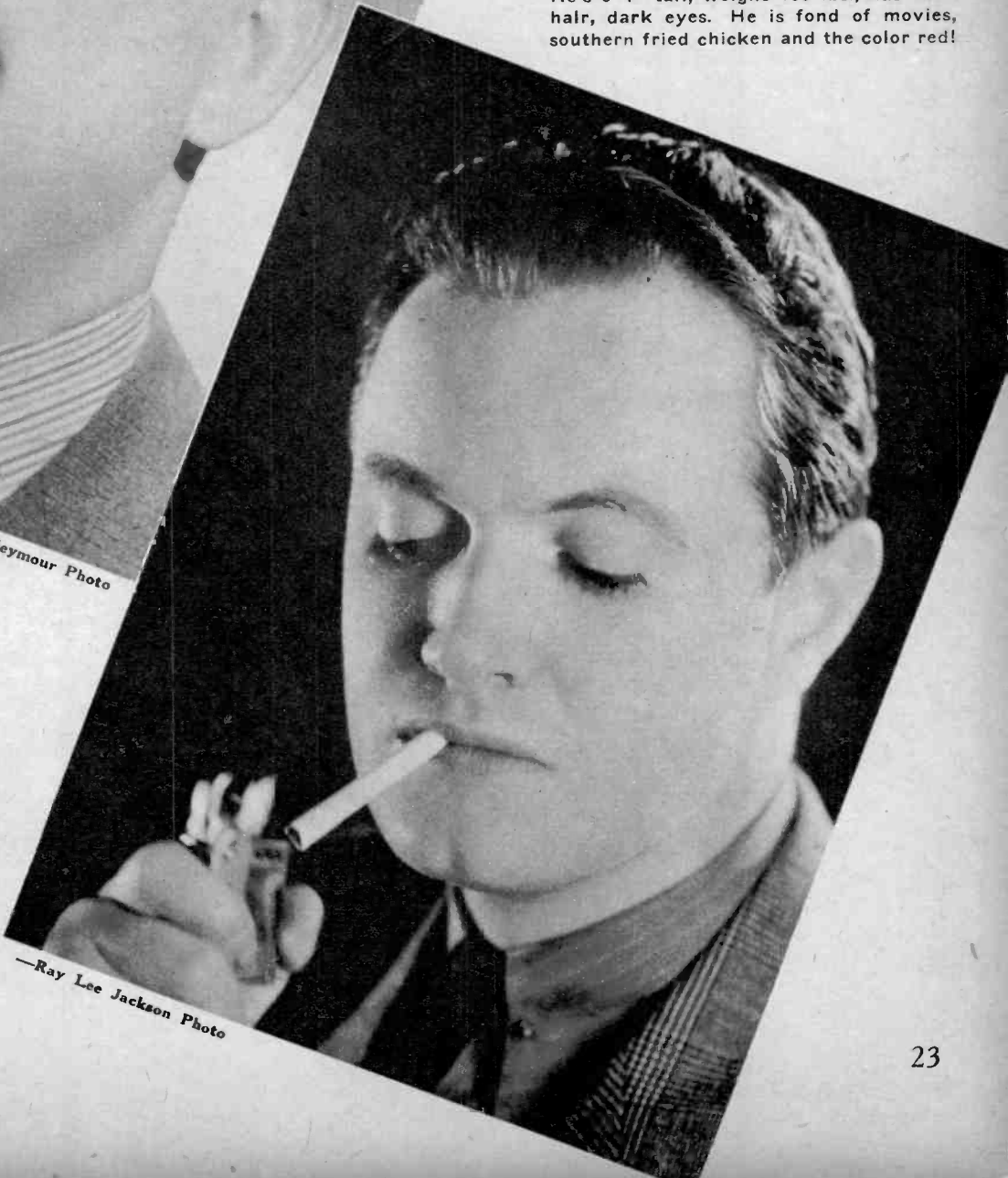
JOAN KAY (above), petite NBC actress, was born in Flint, Michigan, came to Chicago 3 months later. She has blue eyes, stands 5' 4", weighs less than 100 lbs. She likes swimming, tennis, hiking, horseback riding, needlework



—Maurice Seymour Photo

DOROTHY LOWELL (left) is "Our Gal Sunday" on CBS' five-a-week program of the same name. 21-year-old Dorothy was born in New York, is 5' 4", weighs 112 lbs.—and has green eyes! She has played in the movies, is known on the stage, is a good swimmer

JOSEPH CURTIN (right) was born in Cambridge, Mass., attended grammar and high school there—but went to Yale to study drama! He is 27 years old, stands 5' 10" tall, weighs 155 lbs., has blue eyes, brown hair, a fair complexion—likes baseball, tennis



—Ray Lee Jackson Photo





NOTICE

PLEASE HAVE YOUR
BADGE OR PASS
IN FULL VIEW
WHEN YOU ENTER GATE

Fibber
McGee
and Molly in
Hollywood
—CLIMB FILM FENCES,
BUT THEY HAVE A KEY
TO THE FRONT DOOR!



Marian and Jim Jordan—radio's "Fibber McGee and Molly"—recently went to Hollywood for their first movie, "This Way Please." The cast includes Buddy Rogers and Shirley Ross. Left: The comedians visit Grauman's Chinese Theater

"Fibber McGee and Molly" began in April, 1935—but the Jordans had one of the Middle-West's first sponsored programs! Before radio, they were in vaudeville. Below: Tom-foolery with a model of Marlene Dietrich's figure



Natives of Peoria, Ill., Marian was 16, Jim, 17, when they met. They married three years later. Now Daughter Kathryn is 15, Son Jim, Jr., 11. Above: "Fibber" learns make-up from a master, Henry Westmore

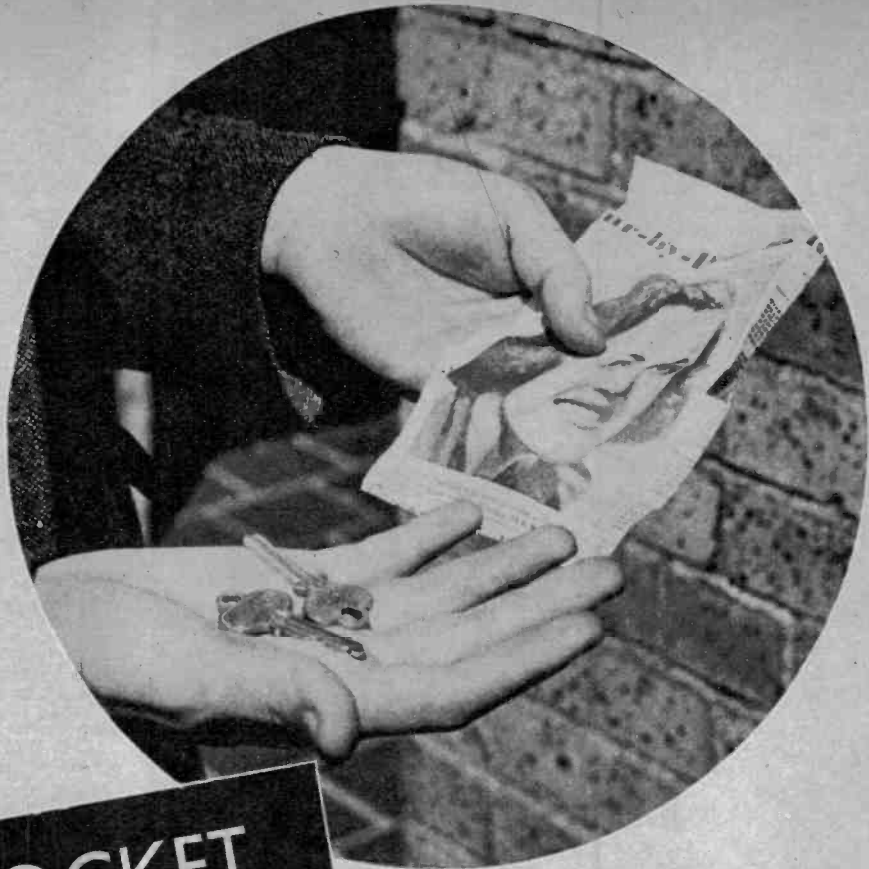
Below: The lesson didn't take! During the time the Jordans were in Hollywood, Jimmy Grier played on their program. July 12 they returned to Chicago. A week later, Ted Weems' orchestra resumed its duty



In 1923, Marian and Jim first went on the air—at \$10 a week! They quit, returned to vaudeville, came back to radio in 1924. Now they are on NBC every Monday night. Left: They visit Hollywood's Brown Derby

Marian & Jim, aided by Bill Thompson, Hugh Studebaker, take all parts on their broadcasts. Marian plays parts with ages varying from 6 to 75 years! Below: End of the Hollywood tour, the Trocadero!





PICKPOCKET PICTURES
 POCKET-PEEKING REVEALS
 PERSONALITY—MEET PAGE
 BOY-SINGER BOB GIBSON!

Above: Bobby's right-hand pocket produced two keys, a newspaper clipping. One key is for his 3-room apartment on West 91st St. in Manhattan—the other for a CBS locker, which he used when he was a page boy. The pretty young lady (on the clipping) is his sister Fredda, who, like Bob, lately became a star! She's vocalist on "Your Hit Parade"



Left: The ticket in Bob's wallet is for the "Pick and Pat" CBS Monday night show. His Social Security card and bills (not photographed because of Uncle Sam's orders) were also in the wallet



Bob Gibson is not used to being suddenly stopped by cameramen—for until four weeks ago he was still a page boy at Columbia's No. 3 Playhouse in N. Y. Now he's baritone song stylist with Freddie Rich's orchestra on "The Captivators," heard Tuesday & Thursday mornings over CBS

Instead of a wrist watch, Bob is old-fashioned, and carries his watch in his pocket! (Above, right). It's not an expensive one—cost only one dollar. It's noisy, heavy, but Crooner Bob likes it. He's never late, because it keeps the correct time—always!

The envelope (at right) is postmarked Worcester, Mass., Bob's home town. It is from his brother Morris, who still lives there—so do his mother and father. 21-year-old Bob carries the music so that he can practice any time, any place!



Below: Bob shows us his bank book, which he keeps in his back pocket—with flap buttoned down. Many entries have gone in the book since Bob has become a star! He banks, in a savings account at compound interest, one-third of his salary!

Frequencies

KMOX-1090 KOA-830 KSD-650 KWK-1350 WAAF-920 WBAA-890 WBBM-770 WCBW-1310 WCCO-810 WCFL-970 WDN-1020 WENR-870 WFAM-1200 WFBM-1230 WGN-720 WHA-940 WHAS-820 WHO-1000 WIBA-1280 WIND-560 WIRE-1400

WBOW-County Agr Agent WCFL-Man on the Street WDN-Crossroads Trading Post WIND-News; Musical Comedy Selections WIRE-Farm Hour WISN-Ivory Interlude WJBC-Reid & Vin WLS-Dinnerhell Prgm WMBD-His Majesty, the Baby WMT-News; Hillbillies; Question Man; Voice of Iowa WOC-Farm Bureau WOVU-Wilbur Pickett's Orch. WROK-Round the Town WSBT-Man on the Street WSUI-Farm Flashes WTAD-Organ Music WTAQ-Farmhands WTMJ-Heinie's Grenadiers

WIND-Studio Orch. WJJD-Fred Beck, organist WKBW-Luncheon Musicale WLS-Market Summary WLW-Betty & Bob WMBD-Dean & Gail WMT-Joe Doakes: Aunt Fanny WROK-Service Sam: Home Folks' Hour WTAQ-News WTMJ-Sidewalk Reporter

WBOW-Christian Science WCBW-Movie Notes WCFL-Baseball WDN-Organ Melodies WGN-Baseball Headliners WIBA-Club Matinee WIND-Sports Globe WJJD-Warren Brown, baseball talk WLS-Home Service Club WMBD-Trading Post WROK-Melodeers

NBC-The Guiding Light, sketch (White Napha): WMAQ WHO KSD WTMJ WLW (sw-15.33) Baseball Game: WISN WCCO KMOX-Depe from the Dugout KWK-Man in the Stands WAAF-Salon Interlude WDN-Sweet Music WMBI-Question Hour WTAD-Juanita Colpits, pianist



JANE ACE "Easy Aces" Wed. 5 pm CST (6 CDT)

AFTERNOON

12:00 CST CBS-News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pontiac): WBBM WISN WKBW WCCO KMOX NBC-Fantasia in Rhythm: WHO WCFL (sw-15.33) MBS-Concert Orch.: WGN News: WJBC WOC WMBD WTAD KSD-News; Markets; Orch. WAAF-Josephine Bell WBAA-Farm Facts WBOW-Street Reporter WCBW-J. C. O'Hair WDN-Man on the Street WFBM-Markets; Farm Circle WHA-Noon Musicale WHO-Markets; Weather WIND-Italian Hour WIRE-Government Markets WJJD-Mid-day Roundup WOVU-Emergency Council Spkr. WSBT-News; Harlan Hogan WSUI-Rhythm Rambles

12:05 CST NBC-Opera, Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" from Salzburg: WCFL WHO (sw-15.33) 12:15 CST MBS-To be announced: WGN News: WROK WKBW KMOX-Refreshment Time WBAA-Luncheon Dance Time WBBM-Kitty Keene, Inc. WBOW-Wrangers WCCO-Chili Reaners WHO-Councilman Lem Turner WIRE-Farm Hour; News WISN-Musical Heat Wave WJBC-Dance Music WMBD-Town Crier; Farm Mkts. WMT-Question Man; Voice of Iowa WOC-Inquiring Mike WOVU-Market Service WSBT-Farm Flashes WTAD-Cy & Freckles WTMJ-Livestock Markets

12:30 CST CBS-Montana Slim, songs: WOC WSBT WFBM NBC-Bennett & Wolverton: WOVU WCFL News: WHO WIBA WMAQ WIRE Man on the Street: WROK WKBW Rhythm Rascals: WTAQ WTMJ KMOX-Magic Kitchen KWK-Organ Melodies WAAF-Billy Meyers WBAA-D-Meditations WBBM-Linda's First Love WBOW-Your Ice Man Delivers the News WCBW-Hit Tunes WCCO-Hope Alden's Romance WDN-Plow Jockeys WGN-Lucky Girl, sketch WHA-Farm Prgm. WIND-Livestock Markets; Piano Interlude WJJD-School for Taxpayers WLS-Livestock Summary WLV-Variety Time WMBD-Farm News WMT-Markets; Hillbillies WTAD-Farm & Neighborhood

12:45 CST CBS-Ted Malone's Between the Bookends: WSBT WOC WCCO WFBM NBC-Music of the Moment: WIRE KSD WHO WMAQ (sw-15.33) NBC-Reggy Wood Calling: WOVU WCFL MBS-Memory Songs: KWK WAAF-Music in the Air WBAA-Market Reports WBBM-Truman Bradley WBOW-Merry Melodies WCBW-Rhythm Men WDN-What's Doing in Danville? WGN-Couple Next Door WIBA-Livestock; Poultry Markets

1:00 CDT NBC-Hambletonian Stakes: WOVU (sw-15.21) The running of the famous Hambletonian Stakes, grand circuit trotting races and the richest harness race for three-year-olds in the world, a purse of \$30,000 goes to the winner - will be broadcast with Clem McCarthy, ace NBC turf commentator, at the microphone. The classic trotting race will be described by McCarthy from the NBC booth at the Good-time Mile Track in Goshen, N. Y., at various intervals throughout the afternoon. CBS-Manhattan Matinee: WOC WSBT WKBW WCCO (sw-15.27) NBC-Pepper Young's Family, sketch (Camay): KSD WHO WMAQ WLW WTMJ (sw-15.33) MBS-Memory Songs: KWK News: WFBM WTAD WIND WLS Man on Street: WMBD WTAQ KMOX-Inquiring Reporter WAAF-Red Hot & Low Down WBAA-Booknotes WBBM-Radio Gossip Club WBOW-Rev. Archie Brown WCBW-Polish Prgm. WCFL-Grace Wilson, songs WDN-On the Mall WGN-Marriage License Romance WHA-News & Views WIRE-Police Court Broadcast WIBA-Melody Moments WISN-Mary Ann Presents WJJD-Adult Educational Council WMT-Manv Happy Returns; Tim Brady's Roundup WROK-Lion's Club Luncheon

1:15 CST NBC-Oxydol's Own Ma Perkins, sketch: WMAQ WTMJ WLW WHO KSD (sw-15.33) CBS-Manhattan Matinee: WISN NBC-Hambletonian Stakes: WIRE KMOX-Hope Alden's Romance KWK-The Woman's World WBAA-Edward Foley, pianist WBBM-Meet the Missus WCCO-Front Page Parade WCFL-Organ Music WDN-Markets Close WFBM-Apron Strings WGN-June Baker, home talk WIBA Man on the Street WIND-Tommy Ott, organist WJJD-Ben Kanter, pianist WLS-Homemakers' Matinee WMBD-Shut in Prgm. WMT-German Band WTAD-Quincy Marches On WTAQ-To be announced; Grain Quotations

1:30 CST NBC-Vic & Sade, sketch (Crisco): WHO WMAQ WLW KSD WTMJ (sw-15.33) CBS-Current Questions Before the House: WSBT WISN WOC WTAQ WKBW WFBM (sw-15.27) NBC-Continental Varieties: WIRE WOVU WBOW (sw-15.21) News: WCFL KWK KMOX-Linda's First Love WBAA-Melody Time WBBM-Flanagrams WCBW-Rhythm Men WCCO-Markets WDN-Ruthie Moore's Harmonica WGN-Arthur Wright & Piano WHA-Organ Melodies WIBA-Rhythm and Romance WIND-Bleacher Bug WJJD-Happy Harmonies WMT-Movie Man WROK-Today in Baseball

1:45 CST NBC-THE O'NEILLS, SKETCH (Ivory Flakes): WLW WHO WMAQ WTMJ KSD (sw-15.33) CBS-Columbia Concert Hall, Music of the Past: WSBT WKBW WTAQ WFBM WOC WISN WCCO (sw-15.27) For today's program Nicolai Berzovsky, violinist, and Emanuel Bay, pianist, have chosen Strauss' "Sonata in E Flat Major" (Opus 18). NBC-Dance Orch.: WIRE WOVU (sw-15.21) KMOX-Josephine Halpin, organist KWK-Musical Headlines WBAA-Typing School of the Air WBBM-Dugout Dope

2:00 CST NBC-Hambletonian Stakes: WENR WMT WOVU WBOW KWK (sw-15.21) NBC-Lorenzo Jones, sketch (Phil lips): WMAQ WHO WIRE KSD (sw-15.33) Baseball; Chicago Cubs vs. Pittsburgh: WBBM WCFL WGN WIND WJJD CBS-Concert Hall: WMBD KMOX-Ma Perkins WBAA-Wilbur Hall, bar. WCCO-LADIES FIRST WDN-Birthday Party WHA-Musical Interlude WLW-Ralph Nyland, tr. WMBI-Sunday School Lesson WROK-Matinee Musicale WTAD-News WTMJ-Home Harmonizers

2:15 CST NBC-Edward MacHugh, Gospel Singer (Ivory Soap): KSD WHO NBC-Personal Column of the Air (Chips): WTMJ WMAQ (sw-15.33) CBS-Securities Exchange Commission Talk: WISN WFBM WKBW WMBD WOC WTAQ (sw-15.27) The topic for this quarter hour will be "Your Pocketbook—How the Securities Exchange Affects It." The speaker has not been chosen. Kitty Keene: KMOX WLW WAAF-Salon Music WBAA-British Isles WDN-News WHA-Magazine Review WIRE-Matinee Varieties: News WTAD-Women in the News

2:30 CST CBS-Columbia Summer Session Choir: WFAM WOC WKBW WMBD WCCO WFBM WTAQ WISN (sw-15.27) A program by the Columbia Summer Session Choir, composed of music teachers from all over the country, and from two foreign countries, in New York for the summer to study at Columbia University, will be devoted to music of Purcell, with "Te Deum" and "Jubilate" as the presentations. NBC-Carol Weymann, sop.: KSD WMAQ WHO WLW (sw-15.33) NBC-To be announced: WENR WMT WOVU WBOW (sw-15.21) KMOX-Houseboat Hannah KWK-Baseball Warm-Up WAAF-Cocktail Capers WBAA-Tune Tips WDN-Man's Wife on the Train WHA-Music of the Masters WHO-Way Down East WIBA-Pop Concert WISN-Dugout Doings WMBI-Hymns You Love to Sing WROK-Musical Joke Book WTMJ-News; Tunemiths

2:45 CST NBC-Hambletonian Stakes: WENR WMT WOVU WBOW (sw-15.21) 3:00 CDT NBC-Not for Ladies; Ben Alexander, commentator: WMAQ WIBA WIRE WHO Baseball; St. Louis Cardinals vs. Cincinnati: KMOX KWK WOVU-Talk of the Town WDN-Rev. Mark Borror WENR-Music Circle WJBC-Christian Story Hour WLW-Houseboat Hannah WMT-Count Hussey's Orch. WROK-Afternoon Concert WTAD-News WTMJ-Kitty Keene

3:00 CDT NBC-Dot & Pat, songs & patter: WOVU WIBA WENR WLW NBC-Marlowe & Lyon: WMAQ WHO CBS-Academy of Medicine: WISN WFAM WTAQ WMBD WFBM WKBW (sw-15.27) The Academy of Medicine speaker will be Dr. Wallace Morrison, Clinical Professor of Rhinology at the Poly-clinic Hospital in New York, speaking on "The Eye and Ear of the Growing Child." NBC-While the City Sleeps (Darius Rich): (sw-15.33) WAAF-Song of the Strings WBOW-Devotional Service WIRE-Harry Bason WMBI-Tract League WOC-Afternoon Recess WTAD-Lawrence Glosemeyer WTMJ-Guess Who?

3:30 CDT NBC-Kellogg's Singing Lady, Irene Wicker: WLW (sw-15.21) Today the Singing Lady tells the story of "The Blue Bird," simplified from Maeterlinck's play. CBS-News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pontiac): WFBM NBC-Don Winslow of the Navy, sketch: WIRE WBOW (sw-15.33) NBS-Will Hollander's Orch.: WENR WMT CBS-Doris Kerr, songs: WKBW WTAQ WFAM WMBD WOC WISN (sw-15.27) WAAF-Organ Melodies WCBW-Devotional Service WJBC-News WMAQ-Tea Time Varieties WMBI-Sacred Music WOVU-Ace Williams WROK-Alice Blue, songs WTAD-Dance Hour WTMJ-Friendship Circle

3:45 CDT NBC-Johnnie Johnston, bar.: KSD WBOW WMAQ (sw-15.33) NBC-Kiddoodlers Quartet: WOVU WENR WIRE WLW (sw-15.21) 4:00 CDT CBS-Funny Things, children's prgm.: WMBD WTAQ WFBM WKBW WOC WFAM (sw-15.27) On today's program Nora Stirling will reveal how the silver loving cup given these modern days for athletic prowess was evolved from the ancient Greek custom of awarding bells to champions. WAAF-Troy Glahn, tr. WBBM-Tenth Inning WDN-Concert Hall of the Air WJBC-Strings WMT-Crystal Cave; Little Business Bureau WROK-Easy to Remember WTAD-Movie Chatter

4:00 CDT CBS-Jack Shannon, songs: WTAQ WKBW WFBM NBC-P's & Q's, Allen Prescott: WBOW WMAQ KSD (sw-9.53) NBC-Sair Lee, contr.; Harry Kogen's Orch.: WENR WIRE News: WOC WTAD Tea Time: WCFL WFBM WBBM-Howard Neumiller, pianist WDN-The Babies WGN-Swing It WHO-Dream Days WIBA-Madison Concert Orch. WJBC-Request Hour WJJD-Baseball Score Board WLW-Toy Band WMBD-Peoria Tabernacle sketch: WIRE WBOW (sw-15.33) WOVU-Bible Story WROK-Markets; WPA Orch.

4:15 CDT WAAF-Troy Glahn, tr. WBBM-Tenth Inning WDN-Concert Hall of the Air WJBC-Strings WMT-Crystal Cave; Little Business Bureau WROK-Easy to Remember WTAD-Movie Chatter

4:30 CDT CBS-Jack Shannon, songs: WTAQ WKBW WFBM NBC-P's & Q's, Allen Prescott: WBOW WMAQ KSD (sw-9.53) NBC-Sair Lee, contr.; Harry Kogen's Orch.: WENR WIRE News: WOC WTAD Tea Time: WCFL WFBM WBBM-Howard Neumiller, pianist WDN-The Babies WGN-Swing It WHO-Dream Days WIBA-Madison Concert Orch. WJBC-Request Hour WJJD-Baseball Score Board WLW-Toy Band WMBD-Peoria Tabernacle sketch: WIRE WBOW (sw-15.33) WOVU-Bible Story WROK-Markets; WPA Orch.

4:30 CDT WAAF-Troy Glahn, tr. WBBM-Tenth Inning WDN-Concert Hall of the Air WJBC-Strings WMT-Crystal Cave; Little Business Bureau WROK-Easy to Remember WTAD-Movie Chatter

4:30 CDT CBS-NEWS: DAILY SPORTS Resume (Chesterfield): WBBM WOC WFBM WKBW WMBD WTAQ WFAM (sw-11.83) (Continued on Next Page)

RICHARD HIMBER CONDUCTING LUCKY STRIKE'S "Your Hit Parade" STARTING AUGUST 11th WEAF RED NETWORK NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY "COAST TO COAST" NETWORK WMAQ, KSD, WTMJ, WIBA, WIRE AT 8 P.M. CST (9 CDT)

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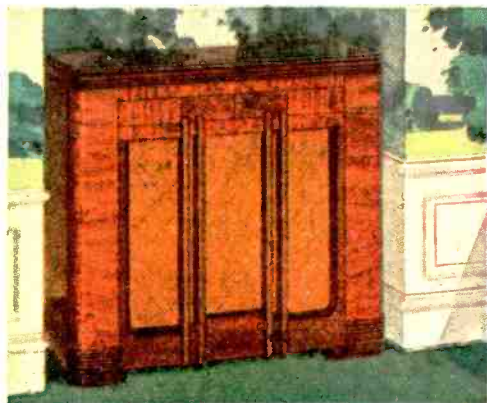
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- 1762 Serenade—composed and played by
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- 11881 Lullaby (Summertime and the Livin' is Easy)
My Man's Gone Now Helen Jepson
(Both from "Porgy and Bess")
- M 337 Tchaikowsky's "Pathétique" Symphony
Philadelphia Orchestra,
Eugene Ormandy, conductor
- 1807 Meistersinger—Dance of the Apprentices
—Entrance of the Meistersingers
Philadelphia Orchestra,
Eugene Ormandy, conductor
- M 336 Beethoven's Symphony No. 8 in F Major
Boston Symphony Orchestra,
Serge Koussevitzky, conductor
- 25591 Love is Never Out of Season
Our Penthouse on Third Avenue
(from RKO Film, "New Faces of 1937")
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