Jeannie Lang Thinks
Radio Is Peachy
By Lewis Y. Hagy

CLIFF SOUBIER, the Bluebeard of the Air Waves, by Arthur Rhoades
Freddie Berrens Was Tough Gob
Successively Infant Prodigy, Child Actor, Female Impersonator, Freddie Bluffled Navy Bully During the War

By Donald Couper

Freddie Berrens whips up his rhythmic markers in syncopation, it is hard to realize he was once one of the toughest gobs who ever stood at attention on a flag-ship. Going back even further, when he was Fritz Bernstein, it is difficult to picture wise-cracking Freddie, plunking away in the hallowed atmosphere of the Jewish Theater of which his father, Bernard Bernstein, was a distinguished member. Then try to conjure in your mind another contrast in his history—Freddie doing a female impersonation act in vaudeville with his brother manning the piano, listed as "The Bernsteins."

His father, Bernard Bernstein, one of the founders of the Jewish Art Theater, was one of the greatest Jewish actors of all time. Freddie's childhood was carefully guarded and had not "the best laid plans of mice and men" failed, he might today be a great actor or a great violinist. But times changed, the theater failed, the Bernstein bank account dwindled, and Freddie was released from the arms of the classics to win his way through the world somehow.

When Freddie—then Fritz—was hardly six, a violin, discovered dormant in the Bernstein attic, was resurrected and restored for his first lesson. A small, serious little boy, he inherited a love of music from his parents, and the supple fingers were trained to make the violin sing with amazing rapidity, and the Bernsteins were sure they owned a prodigy.

By the time Freddie was seven, the violin elbowed his fingers faultlessly. Whenever the Bernsteins had guests visit their home, their son played for them, accompanied by his mother on the piano.

J. C. Gorham prepared an adaptation of Tolstoi's novel, "Kreutzer Sonata" for the theater, and when they were casting the play, Freddie's father arranged for him to have the third greatest role in the part of the son. It was necessary for the director to find a boy who could act, and play a violin solo in the last act of the play. Freddie's mother was reluctant to have her young son get his first taste of the footlights so soon, but she consented.

So Freddie was cast in the role, and during those years when most small boys are playing "Cop and Robbers," and "Dog Oke Cat," Freddie's time was taken up by his theater performances, and violin lessons from Max Berrens, violin conductor at the old Emmeraden Opera House.

When the play closed, Freddie's mother was determined to have her son take up the serious study of music and school lessons. Shortly afterward, the English version of "Kreutzer Sonata" was produced on Broadway, with Blanche Bates as a star, and Freddie was offered $150 a week to play in it. But Freddie's mother put her foot down firmly. She did not want Freddie on Broadway—only to be lured away from his violin. So he was kept at home with a Harvard graduate as his tutor in school lessons, and went regularly to the Institute of Musical Art, where he won a scholarship and studied under Franz Horne.

When Freddie was about sixteen, the affairs of the Bernsteins took an unforeseen turn toward financial calamity. His father bought a theater on Grand Street, in which he invested all their money hoping to produce some great plays there. But the theater failed—bringing indescribable discouragement and worry to them. Morris Gert, who was working for Freddie's father, actually made the suggestion which changed the tenor of his life. He said, "Vaudeville is where the money is now, Bernard. Why don't Fritz and Herman team up and make music that way?"

Freddie was aiming for more years of study and struggle to attain the heights of a concert violinist, but necessity spoke louder than his ambition, and he did his duty. Herman, put their heads together to decide whether or not some kind of an act they could present would succeed. They both interviewed a booking agent who was a friend of their father's and he informed them that it would be more of a drawing card if it was a boy and girl team, instead of two brothers. Freddie turned to his brother:

"I guess it's a wig and skirts for me, Herman. Re-
I MEAN, It's SO TERRIFIC, and All

Jeanie Lang Tells It All, Even Though It Takes Quite a While

By Lewis Y. Hagy

Jeanie Lang was born in St. Louis. And she loves Maryland fried chicken. She gets a bang out of it. Maryland fried chicken is ginger peachy. Stoopnagel's is peachy, but ginger peachy is what Jeanie Lang loves. Maryland fried chicken.

And twelve Harvard boys came into her dressing room in mid-June. Jeff had arrived that afternoon. He had heard that Jeanie Lang had brought just loads and loads of ice cream. It was vanilla. And Jeanie just ate it and ate it. She thinks she ate a quart. But maybe it was two quarts.

I have tried to tell you all this as Jeanie Lang told it to me on the twenty-second floor of a big building as we sat and looked out over New York. Or maybe it was New Jersey. And perhaps it was the forty-fourth floor.

Apparently this thing is contagious. I must have caught it, for now and then, I find myself talking as she does. But I can't quite do it. When I try, people get frightened. But when she giggles, you laugh.

Interviewing Jeanie Lang is like breaking a little thermometer and then chasing the mercury around the floor while wearing boxing gloves. Have you ever tried that? Or even without wearing boxing gloves. I mean you wind up knowing a lot about mercy, but you can't catch it and put it together. When you interview a radio star (or any star, for that matter) you try to do something like this:

"Now tell me, Miss Zich," I ask sneakily, "Who are your favorite authors?"

And she tells me who are her favorite authors. I mean Miss Zich would not. Jeanie Lang. If you asked Jeanie Lang that, she would tell you about the twelve Harvard boys and the ice cream. Because she got a big bang out of that. And before you are through, you find that you are getting a big bang out of it, too. Of course, I would prove a little difficult if you were to ask Jeanie to tell you the best way to find streets in Greenwich Village. But then, that is a thing I never find occasion to ask people when I interview, so we get along beautifully.

IT IS not very likely that little Jeanie Lang ever did anything calmly and without finding any excitement in it in all her nearly twenty-one years of life. Like the first time she appeared on the stage. She had always wanted to appear on the stage, but her father and mother wouldn't let her. So one afternoon, she played hooky from the Maplewood High School, in St. Louis, where she was a sophomore, and went to the theater where Brooks Janus was playing. She introduced herself, and said she wanted to go on the stage. She sang a number for Janus, and it just happened that he found he could use her. When it came time for her to go on, she fainted. Janus carried her on stage, and she came to looking out at the crowd.

"I guess I fainted," Jeanie said. "I don't know." she will tell you.

"Anyway, all of a sudden everything went dark, and the next thing I know there I was out on the stage, looking out over the crowd. I guess I must have fainted."

The presumption would be that Miss Lang DID faint. In the course of interviewing Jeanie, you might ask:

"What is your favorite form of relaxation?"

"And let me tell you about the boy who drew my picture." she might respond loquaciously, even if it only happened yesterday. You see, the boy who drew her picture that you had asked her about. "Let me tell you about him."

But when she said, "I got such a kick out of it. I mean I was so excited," I did get so excited. Why I remember one night when we were broadcasting. You know I'm so small, I have to stand on a box when I broadcast so I can reach the microphone. Well, this night, I was so excited that I fell off three times. Three times. I fell off the box three times."

"But you were speaking about the boy who drew—"

"Oh yes. The boy. I mean I DID get a bang out of that. You see this boy is the son of a man who works at the Waldorf, where I broadcast with Jack Denny. He's ginger peachy. I've been with him all the time ever since eleven months ago. I came to New York. You see he heard me broadcasting from the coast, and wired me to come here right away and join him at the Waldorf. "Who? the boy? you..."

Jeanie Lang

Sometimes I'm afraid. I'll wake up and find it's just a fairy tale...

JENNIE LANG

... she has nip ups and back bends...

... the stage, just the same. Sometimes I'm afraid I'll wake up and find it's all a fairy tale. It's all so wonderful. And I love it. I mean the radio."

Two points, before I extricated definitively, although I cannot be sure that I am correct chronologically from what Jeanie told me, I gather that after she had done "Ring of Jazz" with Whitman, she was brought to New York by Hammerstein to play in "Ballyhoo" as her first Broadway appearance. Then she went back to the coast and made some shorts for Warner Brothers."

"I'm about twenty or maybe thirty-five," she explained.

YOU see, I broadcast six times a week and sometimes three times a day, and then there are rehearsals, and I have to learn songs, and then I appear every night at the Waldorf with Jack Denny and then on Saturdays. I always attend to my fan mail. And I'm tired every night when I go to bed, because it's so exciting. But I love it."

And speaking of fan mail, Jeanie gets it. Gobs and gobs of it. She doesn't know how much, because you can't count it. I mean she doesn't count. But there's an awful lot of it. And so much from college boys. If Jeanie ever attends an intercollegiate regatta and tries to wear all the colors of the young colleagues who have implored her by mail to come up to the next hop, she will look like a barber pole with a Siamese flag draped around it. I mean that's what her color scheme will look like. Not Jeanie. She doesn't look like a barber pole.

Come to think of it, Jeanie typifies the college conception of the Ideal Girl. Maybe that is why the college boys go for her in such wholesale lots. Knowing her, will raise your respect for the American college youth. I mean, you can't help but admit that he has good taste.

She takes a nap every night before she goes to the Waldorf. "I have to," she explains. "I'm so tired because it's all so exciting."

She doesn't smoke or drink, and goes to church every Sunday. Her absolutely first appearance on any stage was when the Maplewood High School players presented that tuneful operetta "My Cherry Blossom."

Jeanie never had any stage, voice or musical training. "I just picked it up," she says. I gathered from various little phrases that Jeanie let drop—"I mean, I picked it up or something—that her most important commercial at the moment is her giggling and singing role in Tom Howard's Musical Grocery Store. She's the cashier, you know, and I can imagine that, if you or I happened to be a customer in a store wherever Jeanie was cashier we might have nip ups and back bends trying to figure out whether or not we were shortchanged.

Imagine trying to count your change while Jeanie is giggling and cutting loose with such expressions as "Oh, my temperature—I mean my head! Was I ever so excited! Really! Well..."

And if you get an idea from all this that Jeanie Lang's life is just one long series of exclamations—screamers, as the printers call them—I'd hardly want to be the one to tell you that it isn't! I mean, my temperature!!
Out Where the BLAH Begins

I Find West Coast Programs a New Low
In Entertainment

By Walter Winchell

A Coast-to-Coaster who rides the skies from the Broadway belt and who is now listening from the sunbaked shores of California, your correspondent has a mild squawk to register about radio entertainment as offered to those living west of the Great Divide.

With the exception of a few "name" attractions that go on twice nightly from the East, the rest sounds like the vaudeville I used to play back in those good old days when lunch was free and women wore skirts.

The Native Son has his alibi for everything, whether it be for "the usual weather for this time of the year," the recent quake or the flop of last year's Olympic Games. And in the case of other entertainment it is the four-hour (daylight saving is taboos here) difference in time.

At Sir Roger De Coverley, that grand old columnist of other days, had it, "there's a lot in that, old boy!" But not so much that it aboss everything. This piller didn't even think it time enough to keep him from investigating on his own.

The result of which showed me a lot of things I didn't know till now. For instance, it didn't explain why, if certain programs are reproduced here with duplicate casts singing the same songs with identical arrangements and orchestrations, sponsors don't take the trouble to get talent worthy of the program.

It doesn't explain either, just why, when the fires Mars, Grouch and Chico, started their broadcasting from L. A., the programs which originated on the Pacific Coast could not be heard there. That seems silly, doesn't it?

It showed me one little thing which perhaps is the tip-off on the whole stichism. A recent popularity contest showed that the second most popular program throughout the Southwest was the Hi-Jinks Hour. Now when you realize that this program, which consists of a sixteen-piece orchestra, half a dozen principals, writers,

arrangers and what not, only costs its sponsor TIME IN-CLUDED, four
yards (four hundred dol-

WALTER WINCHELL

"... Any art, to succeed, must be able to stand the most rigid
criteria...")

...the entertainment has could not casts columnist thing, whether was free in the floperoo of last the Southwest. With Great this time of the 4 six-piece -piece program, English Coo-

nets, a dramatic sketch which time, material and players included, costs but $250 for the half hour. All this would leave conditions here just six miles south of the North Pole. Not so hot? Not so good, either. Just imagine what the rest of the programs must cost.

The eternal beef of the highbrows back East is about the amount of advertising copy used on the air. He should cop a load of what advertisers here think makes for "sales!"

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ALL of thebisews which audieeies of the radio and the stage have hien at the sinister and villainous activities of Cliff Souberid could be gathered together and stuffed into a large broucher, it would make no difference which way the wind blew in case of the fact that during his long dramatic career he has perpetrated probably every crime from murder to jneploy, this actor is a most available fellow. 

Up until the advent of Cliff Souberid in the annals of crime, the redoubtable Bluebeard was leading the field with practically no opposition, but since the National Broadcasting Company dramatic star started in committing crimes of violence in a serious way, poor old Bluebeard, in comparison, is set back in the category of little boys who go around ringing doorbells.

Bluebeard, you will recall, had seven wives, all of whom he slew in a peculiarly sinister manner, and hung their bodies to the rafters of a room which he kept locked at all times. When the eighth Mrs. Bluebeard appeared, provoked by a feminine curiosity, looked into the room, history has it that she immediately called the cops and that ended Bluebeard's career.

But here is a better equipped super-arch-fiend, who has at his command not only more lovely ladies upon whom to wreak his villainous designs, but who can be aided when he will by the most expert sound effects and the best thrill-provoking script available to a radio network.

So naturally, you could expect Cliff Souberid to do a better and more workmanlike job of wholesale slaughter. His public, for one thing, has come to demand it. They will accept no botched jobs of murder. Souberid probably holds the distinction of having ruthlessly slain more women than any other actor on the air, the screen, or the dramatic stage.

All girls, short girls, slim girls, stout girls, blondes and brunettes—by one weapon or another, he has sent them all, at one time or another, in one act or another, to that grave bourne so swiftly in the end he is caught, and receives his just deserts, following which he hurries out to his lovely home on the North Shore, where his devoted wife awaits him with a before-retiring snack, which he consumes while accounting for her delection the details of the dustarty night's business.

Whether it had been a good stranding, an artistic piece of poisoning, or merely a crude bullet through the brain, Cliff and Mrs. Souberid go over the perpetration of the affair, and here and there, this charming lady is able to offer a suggestion that might make the story a little less messy or a little more subtle.

There was one night not long ago when Cliff, as pretty nearly all of the girls with whom he is not acquainted call him, was cast in three dramatic plays in one night, in each of which the script called for him to stuff out the lives of as many beautiful young female characters.

First June Meredith, star of the First Nighter production, met her mysterious end in a deserted house toward the close of a long day. Joan Blaine, a charming young actress cast as the wife of an unscrupulous banker, was his second victim in the afternoon, when Cliff, as the banker, later admitted to the district attorney that he had drowned her during the course of act two; and to cap the night's climax, there was the cruel taking off of Bernardine Flynn.

AND even the iron-nerved Souberid must have felt a qualm over what the newspapers would have termed the Flynn case, insomuch as the charming Bernardine and Souberid have combined in a dramatic team which for years has won hosts of friends on various NBC programs.

But duty is duty, so Cliff bumped the lady off regardles. And not only that, but he even did it in the first act.

Of course, Cliff Souberid has no favorites in the selection of his victims. Let a continuity writer put in a pretty girl, and practically any old kind of weapon whatever, and Cliff will date the part of the Lucretia Poynton, for instance. There is a girl who, during the past year, has been murdered in no less than six different ways on the air, and this is not unusual for the Souberid, for, in his opinion, one murder is not enough. And Dolores Gillen has fallen victim to his fell machinations twice.

Indeed, as long as plays continue to be written dealing with the sudden and highly illegal taking off of mothers-in-law, sweethearts, Widows, and other human impediments; as long as audiences continue to demand highly riled villains of especially sinister characteristics in their dramatic fare, so long will Cliff Souberid continue to have a job with the NBC, for he is recognized as one of the outstandingly vile villains in all the valley.

He is a radio "heavy" par excellence, and in these days of duty work afoot, it has become a habit with radio produc. tion men to call upon Cliff Souberid, and rest assured that someone in the immediate future will be witnessing artistically in good.

But while the converted gentleman among his listeners might sound like a lot of stenographers to thousands of homes from Maine to California, Cliff Souberid, adept at that sometimes vicious thing, his fast enough hint that you can hear—a token that some especially nefarious bit of villainy is really being appreciated.

For Cliff's dramatic education was gained a mind hisses which were hisses, hisses that resounded from coast to coast back in the days when one good hiss stamped greater approval on a dramatic production than row upon row of handclapping.

That was during the run of the late James Cagney's famous "Pals," and if you recall that show, you will remember the diabolical hunch-back. That was Clifl Souberid in his youth. Indeed, it was in "Pals" that Cliff started by climb to the eminence he later achieved of being, as he himself describes it, the most hated man on the American stage. Back before radio had assumed even the proportions of a nebulous idea, Cliff was being trained in the art of bringing to the drama all of the baster emotions.

A little more sympathetic, in which he won considerable renown, was that of Papa Boule in "Seventh Heaven"—a part which he portrayed on Broadway, and later, for a long while on tour. Not a thoroughly bad old fellow, but a rogue through and through.

Perhaps his bloodiest and most thunderous of all the blood-and-thunder plays in which he has taken part was Souberid's interpretation of the scientist Von Helsing in the curdling drama "Dracula."

In an apparent effort to revive the rapidly fading art of skullduggery on the silver screen, an art which is so far given way somewhat before the crude onslaughts of the gangster's machine gun, Souberid has been endowed with a modicum of respect and is partaking, the negotiations have been under way, he has spent all of his spare time hunting movie houses to get an idea of what voluptuously bounteous bits of femininity may be called upon by his new employers to do away with.

But then there is the district attorney happens to read this, and decides that before going any further he had better go and bring this fellow in, perhaps we had better mention the other side of Clifford Souberid—the murderer at home, so to speak.

A mild, harmless, gentle fellow, he confines his das. tardi deeds of skullduggery strictly to working hours. At other times, he is a smiling, likable chap who, if he caught a fly which had been interfering with his afternoon nap, would open the window and let the little fellow out into the great open spaces where he might have greater freedom.

He is known throughout radio-land as one of the softest touches in the world for chronic borrowers, one unfortunate phase of that situation being that the chronic bor. rowers themselves are in the know. He just doesn't seem to have the heart to say "no."

His associates of the theater know him as s o m e f i n g of a father-confessor, for he always has a ready ear for the other fellow's woes. He is always willing to offer kindly counsel and, if need be, more material assistance, to those in diffi.

His one hobby is his work. Cliff Souberid's delight in his work is second only, perhaps, to the delight of the NBC directors.

**He's the Bluebeard Of the Kiloycles**

**Cliff Souberid, Arch Villain of Radio, Murders Beautiful Damsels in the Most Fiendish Fashion And Then Hurries Home to Tell His Wife About It**

By Arthur Rhoades

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His one hobby is his work. Cliff Souberid's delight in his work is second only, perhaps, to the delight of the NBC directors.

**Loretta Poynton**

... Another Souberid victim...

**Dolores Gillen**

... The prettiest they are, the more he enjoys killing them...

**Joan Blaine**

... The unscrupulous banker's wife...
Late to Bed and EARLY to Rise

Fred Feibel, Who Brings You the "Organ Reveille," Needs Two Alarm Clocks to Awake Him

By Carl A. Brock

Fred Feibel

He listens to his own programs with those ear phones...

is also spent at the organ, for in his house he has a two-manual organ installed, and there he works out many of the special arrangements for which he was trained.

Leoene Feibel laughs at her feminine neighbors in Ridgefield Park when they lament that their golf widows can tell them that being a golf widow is far more pleasant than being an organ widow.

Of late, however, she has seen a little more of her Golfing husband than usual. For this spring she became interested in a rock garden, and since then has managed to snatch a little time out of each day to work with his wife in the garden. He isn't nearly as careful of his hands as most musicians, for his prunes and suckets with reckless disregard where they might happen to a finger. So far, however, he has had the breaks.

This early bird of a woman is twenty-seven years ago in Union City, N. J., and began his musical career at the age of ten, when he took his first violin lesson.

Before he finished grammar school, he was a member of the school orchestra, and he continued to play with the high school orchestra after leaving grammar school.

He taught himself to play the piano, and from the very beginning of his experiments with that instrument, made arrangements of popular and classical tunes, as well as improvising and composing.

It was in church, however, that Fred discovered the instrument of his dreams—the organ. He listened to its tones, considered its possibilities, and prevailed upon a sympathetic pastor to let him play it. Arrangements were made for him to take lessons after choir practice, and after only a year of study, at the tender age of fifteen, he proudly took his place as one of the church organists.

That was his first professional engagement. Others soon followed.

During a school vacation, he dropped into a neighborhood high school afternoons, and was flanked by an advertisement: "Pianist wanted for afternoons only.

Fred didn't wait to see the picture. He hurried around to the manager's office, and persuaded that gentleman to permit him not only to play the piano, but to manage the organ as well. He managed never regretted having given the younger a trial, although he did so with misgivings because, as an applicant, he expressed a decided preference for the organ.

Fred finished school in 1929, and from that time until he was twenty-one, he played engagements as an organist in local theaters.

When he was twenty-one, however, an opportunity presented itself for him to go to the Lighthouse Theater in Westchester. Six years ago, a break took him to the Radio Theater in New York, and from there his next step took him to the Paramount.

He started the Organ Reveille programs while he was an assistant organist, on September 16, 1931.

One of his greatest glorifications is his fan mail, which he reads carefully, and answers personally.

However, he notes that his correspondents cannot seem to spell his name correctly, although he has not been able to determine whether that is because his name is a difficult one to make clear over the air, or whether persons who listen at 7:30 in the morning are too sleepy to care much how you spell anything.

But the fact remains that letters reach him addressed variably to Mr. Bible, Mr. Rivel, or Mr. Bilbo, and other weird arrangements of vowels and consonants too numerous to record.

So get it straight, if you are going to write to him.

The name is F-E-I-B-E-L, Fred Feibel, and if you forget that, just address your letter to Organ Reveille, in care of Columbia Broadcasting System, because you know how you would feel if people kept misspelling your name all the time.

In the nearly four years of broadcasting, Fred has won a huge and ever increasing audience. He believes it is because people do not generally familiar with organ music seize upon every opportunity they can find to hear it, even though it be such an hour as 7:30 a.m.

And after four years, the routine of arising at 4:30 has become such a habit with Fred that he would feel unwell if he tried to sleep until a normal hour. But still he couldn't get by without the two alarm clocks. He needs them to wake him up, and he knows when some morning, they would double-cross him, he would manage to open his eyes anyhow, just from force of habit.

But he is trying no chances.

And he wouldn't trade places with anyone on the air. He thinks his job is swell. That's why he is a kind of a fellow who in the middle of a job is never you have to get up at 4:30 in the morning.

But then, it takes all sorts of people to make...

If I had finished that last sentence, it would have been what is known as a cliche (pronounced click-ay).
WAS TOLD to find the key to Fray and Braggiotti. I know, I think training in Scotland Yard would be invaluable to people like myself. Writing personality stories amounts to putting all kinds of clues together and getting some sort of an answer.

What, for instance, do Jacques and Mario mean when they raise their eyebrows and say "Remember the cigars?" That happens quite often, and I had to follow them about for weeks before I discovered why. It seems that when they first came to New York, they did not realize what innumerable rackets were flourishing to the square inch on Manhattan sidewalks. As they evidently respectable came to their studio and talked into buying some "excellent" cigars at a low price, considering the quality. He allowed them to sniff once and they bought a box at fifteen or twenty-five dollars. Of course, it turned out that the cigars in the box were not of the same quality as the one they snuffed with such great appreciation. Unknowingly they treasured them and saved them for special guests. One day, a guest ventured to inquire where they found these "special" cigars, and added that they were terrible. When Jacques and Mario explained, the guest, an inverteate New Yorker, burst out laughing.

"That," he said, "is just a racket."

Since then, Jacques and Mario have been on the lookout for rackets, and whenever anything seems too good to be true, someone wants to sign a contract or make a personal appearance, they sigh and say "Remember the cigars." Now they are on to rackets. They even have one of their own, when it comes to winning over attractive young American ladies. As for the accent, it does not affect. The key to the personality of Jacques and Mario is actually in their own music. As concert pianists, their technique and knowledge of works of Old Masters is perfect. They will play a work like "Meditation" from "Thaïs" with complete earnestness, but they always escape from the stolidity and stodginess of musical tradition, and the stuffed shirt classics. They will refer to the semi-classics, like the beloved "Syrinx" with enormous tenderness—then they'll turn around and kid the ears off of Rachmaninoff by playing "Yes, We Have No Bananas," as he might have played it. Their jazz is irresistible. They like jazz. The average concert pianist turns up his nose at syncopation.

MARIO, particularly, grows pale when he knows aagainst musical tradition, and how many times he has heard musicians calling jazz.

"Of course we like jazz. I don't think it has been exploited one-tenth as much as it will be. It's important because it comes straight from the people. What is the Italian language? It was evolved from bad Latin spoken by common people, and jazz is creeping into the classics in the same fashion. It is always something from the masses that brings new blood into anything—the case of thin nosed royalty marrying a peasant girl. Their child is always interesting."

The Fray and Braggiotti music has some honor. What Peter Aron does with pen and ink, Jacques and Mario sketch on the piano keyboard. They deconstructs all kinds of reviled classics, laughing up their sleeves. Wouldn't old man Bach be uncomfortable if he could hear himself playing Yankee Doodle?"

Although both were carefully trained in musical tradition, they staged a small revolution when they met in Paris some five or six years ago. They were sick and tired of high brow music, and music appreciation enthusiasts taking themselves seriously. Snapping their fingers, they gave special concerts of American jazz in hallowed European concert halls. And though the stuffed shirts raised their eyebrows, they liked it. Jacques and Mario are fond of revolution not only in music, but in the tradition of deportment. They are bachelors. Neither of them would be caught being solemn about anything. They have to carry a tremendous effort to get Mario to do anything. They practice in shifts—as if they were off for the Olympics, you know. Their tastes in girls are different. Jacques privately asserts that Mario likes "any attractive girl," and that he himself is more specific. Mario privately offers an identical statement about his partner. Jacques complains that Mario has "violent Italian instincts." Jacques objects to garlic. Mario likes to seek out small Italian restaurants east side, west side, all around the town. Jacques will eat anything, anytime, anywhere, as long as it isn't garlic. As a matter of fact, he once achieved the title of being champion eater of Paris by downing two turkeys at one sitting.

"He is Jacques. He says he is 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs 77 kilos (or six feet, one inch, weighing 169 pounds). The eyes are blue, the hair light brown, and brushed into a persistent pompadour, though it tries very hard to part on one side. His clothes are conservative blue and gray, the quiet effect of which is usually roused by a bright tie and a hankiechef of the same substance which droops itself out of his pocket. He

... They're not sure they agree with the artist... is the more conservative of the two partners, though he would hate to admit it. He has not Mario's passion for gymnastics and athletics.

He was born in Paris, February 18, 1903. His father was a banker, and Jacques was expected to follow the same profession.

ONG before he became known to American music lovers, Jacques was deep in musical affairs in Paris and London. He composed for the Moulin Rouge. Yolles Bergeres, gave recitals, wrote articles on contemporary musicians. Jacques was one of the first European musicians to acknowledge and make known to the Americans the music of Chopin, Schubert, and the young American pianists.

Mario Braggiotti's six foot, two inches of height is dominated by a tempermant which is a mixture of the Braggiottis of Florence, and the Chadwick of Boston, on his mother's side.

It is manifest by American colloquialisms spoken with a trace of accent. It was in Paris that Fray and Braggiotti teamed up, and under odd circumstances. They were both visiting a musical publishing house, Jacques, as always, was escorting an attractive American girl—he has always been partial to American girls. Mario noticed him, or to be more accurate, he noticed the American girl, and being one-half Bostonian, saw fit to make her feel at home. He sat down at a piano and spontaneously began to play some good old U.S. jazz. The girl pricked up her ears—which is exactly what Mario had intended her to do—and smiled with delight. Jacques not to be outdone by any means, snatched Mario by joining him in nobody at another piano. The result was grand to behold. They introduced each other to themselves, and later discussed the possibility of teaming up.

Remember the Cigars

What's That Fray Says to Braggiotti When Somebody Wants Them to Sign Papers

By Hilda Cole
Radio Guide

Monday, July 3

8:00 a.m. CT to 7:00 a.m. CST WBBM-Musical Choral, Chicago. KT.

WBBM-Chicago Hour; Jack Brooks, host.

8:15 a.m. CT to 7:15 a.m. CST WGN-Grand Marion Marches (NBC)

9:00 a.m. CT to 8:00 a.m. CST KYW-Mother of the Southern Singers (NBC).

9:15 a.m. CT to 8:15 a.m. CST KYW-Morristown Parade (NBC)

9:30 a.m. CT to 8:30 a.m. CST WBBM-Organ Melodies

10:00 a.m. CT to 9:00 a.m. CST WBBM-Annie Golden, organist (NBC)

10:15 a.m. CT to 9:15 a.m. CST WBBM-Ballerina's Concert Ensemble (NBC)

10:30 a.m. CT to 9:30 a.m. CST WBBM-Market Reports

10:45 a.m. CT to 9:45 a.m. CST WBBM-Ballad of Story; Phil Porterfield and Ruth Howard, vocalist; Edward Howard, organist; George Schwab, piano.

11:00 a.m. CT to 10:00 a.m. CST WBBM-West Side Jammers, vocalist; Horace Cough, Ashley, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

11:15 a.m. CT to 10:15 a.m. CST WBBM-Juneau Bluebirds, vocalist; Edward Swanson, organist; George Schwab, piano.

11:30 a.m. CT to 10:30 a.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

11:45 a.m. CT to 10:45 a.m. CST WBBM-Stevens Point Producing and Marketing

12:00 noon CT to 11:00 a.m. CST WBBM-Mother of the Southern Singers (NBC)

12:15 p.m. CT to 11:15 p.m. CST WBBM-Harmonist's Orchestra

12:30 p.m. CT to 11:30 a.m. CST WBBM-Collection of the Century (CBS)

12:45 p.m. CT to 11:45 a.m. CST WBBM-Willie Nelson's Orchestra

12:50 p.m. CT to 11:50 a.m. CST WBBM-Change the World; Horace Cough, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; George Schwab, piano.

1:00 p.m. CT to 12:00 noon CST WBBM-George Schwab's Orchestra

1:15 p.m. CT to 12:15 p.m. CST WBBM-Charleston Wind Quartet

1:30 p.m. CT to 12:30 p.m. CST WBBM-George Schwab's Orchestra

1:45 p.m. CT to 12:45 p.m. CST WBBM-George Schwab's Orchestra

2:00 p.m. CT to 1:00 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

2:15 p.m. CT to 1:15 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

2:30 p.m. CT to 1:30 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

2:45 p.m. CT to 1:45 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

3:00 p.m. CT to 2:00 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

3:15 p.m. CT to 2:15 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

3:30 p.m. CT to 2:30 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

3:45 p.m. CT to 2:45 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

4:00 p.m. CT to 3:00 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

4:15 p.m. CT to 3:15 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

4:30 p.m. CT to 3:30 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

4:45 p.m. CT to 3:45 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

5:00 p.m. CT to 4:00 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

5:15 p.m. CT to 4:15 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

5:30 p.m. CT to 4:30 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

5:45 p.m. CT to 4:45 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

6:00 p.m. CT to 5:00 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

6:15 p.m. CT to 5:15 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

6:30 p.m. CT to 5:30 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

6:45 p.m. CT to 5:45 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

7:00 p.m. CT to 6:00 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

7:15 p.m. CT to 6:15 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

7:30 p.m. CT to 6:30 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

7:45 p.m. CT to 6:45 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

8:00 p.m. CT to 7:00 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

8:15 p.m. CT to 7:15 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.

8:30 p.m. CT to 7:30 p.m. CST WBBM-The Chicago Hour; Jack Evans, vocalist; George Schwab, organist; Jack Swanson, piano.
Radio Guide

Tuesday, July 4

America Celebrates

3:00 P.M. CST

WCFL - Today's Children
WGN - Miss America Pageant and Gospel Music
WLS - Chicago on Parade
WIND - The Patriotic Hour
WBBM - North Side News
WBBM - Local News
WJJD - The Airplane Club
WHDU - The Clift Opera House
WIND - Hungarian Music
WIND - The Hungarian Hour
WBBM - Nelson's Musical Pageant
WGN - Canton Fair
WBBM - The O'Brien Hour
WBBM - Egyptian Nights
WLS - The White City Background Hour
WGN - United States Hour
WBBM - The Chicago World's Fair
WBBM - The Airplane Club
WBBM - Chicago on Parade

Program listings are correct when published by RADIO GUIDE, but sale of time does not guarantee that emergencies often cause deviations which the stations cannot forestore.
**Radio Guide**

**By Evans Plummer**

**PLUMS AND PRUNES**

**H O HM! Maybe we do have a World's Fair in Chicago, but we still like to go on vacation, too... Like Freddie Rich, Bob Allen, Eddie Fray, who's planning to visit his family in California this month, or on his part, Mario Braggitoff, who returns to the scene. Then there's Bill O'Neal. He'll commute between milungo to Atlantic and Los Angeles, but he will burn up Allen... Kate Smith will do like-wise to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Collins at Neponsit, L. I. Little Red, another Washcanner, will take his summer fun at his log cabin on a lake near Albune, N. Y.

Emery Deutsch is cruising week-end, the guest list includes: Aldred Bailey hikes with Bourne... Eddie Flatley riding horseback... David Reel planning a five-week rest on the farm near Stamford, Conn. Loos Dean, bound in August for his birthplace, Valley Head, Ala., to visit Grandfather Dean... Singin' Sonny Seiger will return to his own career near Richmond, Ind. Ad

The two methods. Peggy Kean, flying to California to see mother; Sandra Phillips recuperating in the Peninsula.

Coes a telegram from Myra Valdor in Chicago last July saying: "Mumon Line from New York for husband. Ruby Smith and Pat Flanagan (both for CBS) will de-scribe it.

What's What

JACK WHEELER's (Bell Syndicate) movie "Nuts and Bolts" means nothing. They gave up the idea of a comic strip long ago and it seems dead... Opening Friday, June 30, the film "College Humor," with Bing Crosby and the Andrews sisters... The cartoon... and 

Edward H. Harlow in the flesh... New use of Bert Green, like all the other big color... the most... the only thing between the comic, always loved... I go... Every June 30, the date of that d EVERTON'S program has been... the most... the only thing between the comic, always loved... I go... Every June 30, the date of that d

Fleming Allen, the WLS pianist who crashed two heretofore diving into shallow water, crashes again心境ly that he now be a sixt

Chicago should be proud of Dr. Hersey's "The Dying Pea"... Chicago should be proud of Dr. Hersey's "The Dying Pea"... Chicago should be proud of Dr. Hersey's "The Dying Pea"... Chicago should be proud of Dr. Hersey's "The Dying Pea"... Chicago should be proud of Dr. Hersey's "The Dying Pea"...
Radio Guide

Thursday, July 6

All-Star Baseball

3:00 p.m. CST

WGN-Headlines

9:35 p.m. CDT

Gerun's Orchestra

10:00 p.m. CDT

Cunningham's Orchestra

10:50 p.m. CDT

Hanson, H

11:00 p.m. CDT

[Content continues with various radio program information]
### Radio Guide

**Nino Martini**

**Radio Guide**

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### Complete Guide

**WBBM—Regan**

Regan presents a song by Frank Wallace, followed by a playlet at 5:20 p.m. CDT.

**WBBM—Mary Harris’ Orchestra**

Kostelanetz presents a Mary Harris’ Orchestra show at 4:20 p.m. MDT.

**WBBM—N.Y.C. Symphony Orchestra**

Hanson presents a N.Y.C. Symphony Orchestra show at 6:00 p.m. MDT.

**WBBM—George Hall’s Orchestra**

Garber’s orchestra presents a George Hall’s Orchestra show at 7:30 p.m. MDT.

**WBBM—Phil Baker’s Orchestra**

Carleton Smith presents a Phil Baker’s Orchestra show at 9:30 p.m. MDT.

### Free Samples

**FREE SAMPLES**

To introduce you to the marvelous WARENN’S BEAUTY PREPARATIONS.

**WARENN’S BEAUTY PREPARATIONS**

**BING CROSBY**

**RUDY VALECE**

**FRED WARING**

**BEN ALLEY**

**PETTIN’ IN THE PARK**

**REMEMBER MY FORGOTTEN MAN**

**GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933**

**GREATER THAN 42ND STREET**

**I’VE GOT TO SING A TORCH SONG**

**SHADOW WALTZ**

**GEORGE OLSEN**

**GUY LOMBARDO**

**JERRY BAKER**

**JOHN L. FOGARTY**

**GEORGE OLSEN**

**GUY LOMBARDO**

**SHADOW WALTZ**

**MUSIC in the AIR**

**Phil Baker**

**8:30 p.m. CDT**

**MUSIC in the AIR**

**By Carleton Smith**

**CANNY personality can be transmitted by the radio**

CANNY personality can be transmitted by the radio. This is possible because radio is the most effective form of one-to-one communication. It has been called "the voice of the people." However, it is only effective when the message is clear and concise. When it is not, the listener may not understand what is being said. This can lead to confusion and misunderstanding.

**Believe-It-or-Not**

"The world is full of strange facts and stories. It is a place where the impossible happens." This is a quote from a popular Believe-It-or-Not book. The book is known for its collection of strange and unusual facts.

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**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

By Rollin Wood

FOUR prominent network artists

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

are scheduled for Ramo Owens

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

Star interviews on WJJD during the next week. The advance

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

schedule of these programs which is

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

 broadcast each Monday, Wednesday and

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

Friday night from 9:15 to 10:15 p.m. on

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

Central Daylight Saving Time, follows:

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

Friday, June 30, Besse Johnson,

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

Monday, July 3, Cliff Souther;

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

Wednesday, July 5, Forest Mitchel;

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

Friday, July 7, Joan Kay.

Billy (Jack Owens), Sunshine, of

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

WJJD, did not own a Boy's Club charity,

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

but he wouldn’t have except for Evans

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

Plummer. Following Plummer’s lead,

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

Little Jackie Hiler at WJJD that

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

night in which Billy accompanied,

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

the latter remarked that he’d have
to buy a belt or he couldn’t appear at

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

the review. Reason: his pants

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

would have embarrassed him; and a

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

suitant has in a pants holding.

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

So Billy went shopping for a belt but

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

all shops were closed. However,

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

Plummer came to the rescue and

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

loaned him his.

N. B. — That’s the reason Plummer
didn’t show at the revue.

Joe Allabough, WJJD program

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

director, will spend his vacation in

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

Canada near the radio station he

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

once owned. CACEL Son, who is

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

planning to take it easy and do nothing

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

except play golf.

Harold Baan was a guest soloist on

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

Dr. Pratt and Sherman’s program

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

last Tuesday over KWY. Ford

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

and Wallace, who also appeared

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

over to KYW, also appeared on the

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

program as guest artists.

Bill Baar, WBBB’s clever voice

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

changing actor on the future trip to

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

New York and Connecticut. He reports it

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

as a benefit to those in whom the know it’s 1) a sponsor, 2) a

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

group and 3) the one

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

other vacationers include

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

James Hamilton, WAAF announcer

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

and singer, who went to Crystal

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

Lake last Monday, June 26. During his

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

two weeks’ half vacation, he plans to take it easy and do nothing

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

except play golf.

Tony Carlo and “Joe” (Fred) Vil-

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

dano, better known as Tony and Joe

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

of WCLF’s Monday, Wednesday

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

and Saturday shows in M. Ar-

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

agon, have had an offer to go into

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

business. A broker with whom, who has been trying to

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

speak in the “Brewery Cafe” episodes

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

offered to finance a real

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

show providing his own was put on tap!

Frank Baker, WAAF’s Bookworm

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

will read three widely contrasting

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

short stories during his programs

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

the week of July 2 to July 8 in

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

clusive. Here are those subjects

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

the stories will be read and the titles.

Sunday, July 2 — “The Pit and the

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

Penitentium” by Edgar Allen Poe

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

Thursday, July 6 — “Struggling for Life” by Thomas Addich Bailey

Saturday, July 8 — “The

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

Journeyed Ghost” by Frank Richard

Stockton

The program is aired from 5 to

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

5:30 p.m.

Listeners of the Princess Pat

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

Pageant were interested in

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

hearing the story of the sponsor of the program has an

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

exhibit at the Field Museum, "The

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

Old London" located in the

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

"Hollywood" brings this type of

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

makeup by movie stars is being

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

demonstrated.

Cornelia Osmond, one of the few

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

femmes fatales of the air, whose

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

sweet as she sounds, has been

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

selected for a part in the movie short

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

"The World’s Fairest of the Fair" which is being filmed at A Century

**Chicago Studio PEEPS**

of Progress in Chicago for Para-
M. HENRY FORD, who was reported last week to have overcome his objections to commercial radio, and to have decided to put a program on the NBC network now against the kiscycles, and in spite of audits, etc., was working yesterday on his first broadcast. He was trying to broadcast a humorous story to his audience at 7:00 p.m. this evening. The story was to be about a man who was trying to get his car out of a ditch, but he could not manage to do it because his engine was too weak. The man finally decided to get help from a passerby, who turned out to be a mechanic. The mechanic was able to help the man, and the story ended with the mechanic saying, "Well, I guess I'll have to take my car to the garage tonight." Ford's program was to be broadcast from his garage in Cleveland.

But—Ford dealers of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and 16 states in the middle west, will hand out again within a few weeks, a show which has done quite a bit of good for the WJAQ network. The team in question is called "Ford Radio," and its real tag is "Chesnut Lane and Norrie Goff." They started their radio careers at KFIS, Hot Springs, in 1941. It is no secret that the dealers expect Henry Ford to capitalize in the future on increased sales, and join in the sponsorship.

Lucky Strike, the customers know, fades this Thursday—leaving an aching void of one hour on the red network. It shouldn't be too much of a hardship for the manufacturer of all those manufacturer groups that stop and slip in to the Colliers and Fireside, and a spot of Miss America, too.

Where They've Gone
REPLYING to those who want to know what happened to the old "Ludwig Lumtree" is assisting in the California preparations, to have the Slumber hour, to remember that the "Ludwig Lumtree" is the name of the famous radio announcer, to be running a station in California.

Gundahl and his legions are read by Red Weaver, who was born in New York City April 27, 1916. He is about five feet eleven inches tall, has an olive complexion, slick black hair and blue eyes. He, too, is single. He heard more or less regulary on Pages of Romance, Crime Busters, Texe Moore, Rex Cole Mountainites and The Orange Light. His all-time favorite was Paul W. Huld, who was born in Northbridge, Mass., on November 11, 1933. He is about five feet seven inches tall, has an olive complexion, dark brown hair, brown eyes and is not married. Married ones are about to be married, and six fifty-five pounds and is five feet eleven inches tall. After numerous announcements announcing programs regular or irregular for the NBC. He is married.

R. T. Monmouth, Ill. — The Octopus was played by Arthur Hughes.

In reply to several inquiries we are printing the personals of some of the most popular vocal groups: The Revelers are James Melton and Louis James, tenor; Chub Shaw, bass; Frank Black, baritone; Frank Carver, bass; Henry Shape, tenor; John Seagle, baritone; Elliott Shaw, bass, Montgomery, baritone, the Corners by Charles and Jack, Day, Earl Smith and Art Gentry; Ray Robinson, ambas- sador; and Bill Perry, Roger Crimp and Harold Woodward. The Four Chappelns, by John Kline, Hugh Reese, Taylor Moody and Charles Shope, tenor; J. Dickson, bass; Stevens, baritone; Lewis, bass; Fisher, tenor and Irving Well, accompanist, comprise the Round Towers. The Chocolatiers (Boudoirs) are Fred Wilson and Roy Halle, tenor; George George, bass, and Arthur Tchenette, tenor; the Southen Sisters are all members of one family: Jim, Robert, Owen and Annie Little Ward. The Mereen family, by Robert Underwood, Zebediah Shaw and Alden Stewart, comprises the Bass Clarinet, by Harry Gordon, bass and Earl Lawrence, baritone. Members of the Vocal Art Quartet are Seena Johannsen, soprano; Ada Mitchell; contralto; Chester Swart, tenor; and Earl Waldo, bass.

B. C. Chicago, Ill. — The Southern Sirens are all negroes. Pay Jim is played by Jim Ward.

Out Where the BLAH Begins
By Walter Winchell
(Continued from page 4)

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1st $500
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3rd 100
Two prizes of $25, five
prices of $10 and ten
prices of $5 each

CLUES TO STARS ABOVE: The names of the four artists in Group 11 are among the eight names given below: George Burns, Charles (Leslie) Carroll, Frank Crano, Fred

A. B. Rolle and Cliff Seabolt.

By Mike Porter

Begin This Entertaining Pastime Today. The Rules:
HOW TO COMPETE: Cut the pictures in each group of prizemakers printed in RADIO GUIDE weekly and paste them in the proper places to form pictures at the start. Copy each picture. Paste all of the pictures in one group on the back of a large postcard, sign your name, address and send it. Letters will be read at the bottom of group. This will cut your name and address plainly. Also, for names of stars, their sponsors and agents used by sponsors in radio shows, the correct name of each star is used by RADIO GUIDE to collect pictures. The pictures may be signed or marked. The RADIO GUIDE may be examined at public libraries or at its offices free of charge. The pictures may be pasted on an envelope and sent in any shape book.

PLOD PICTURES: Star Statik Contest is made up of 15 groups, one of which will appear weekly in RADIO GUIDE. The first group of the series is printed. After putting up these pictures, hold them until you have completed the series.

PRIZES: You will receive 100 for each correct answer and be eligible to compete for the $1,000 in cash. You are eligible to compete for the $1,000 in cash. You are eligible to compete for the $1,000 in cash.

The year's best answers to a random order booklet, will be printed in RADIO GUIDE and all entrants agree to accept the decision as final. RADIO GUIDE will not reveal the names of the winners and will not be able to correspond with users.

PRIZES: In event two or more contestants tie for the prizes, tying contestants will be required to submit a slosh suitable for use by RADIO GUIDE. The two contestants who send in the best slosh will be awarded the prize. After receiving proposed sloshes, should the judges still declare a tie, one of the two will be awarded.

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Three Months Later

Kemptville, Ontario

I accepted Frank Wheaton's invitation from the start. I certainly apologized to him for not accepting it. I hope now he will accept my apology.

Well, Mr. Wheaton! I'm not so sure I'm going back just as I am. I don't want my sweetheart to feel sorry for her aunt. I'm going to try to get a job. I'm not just going to be a failure once more.

But I could only buy symphonies and music. I might occasionally buy a record, but of course, that's expensive.

I've been interested in music all my life. I think I was born with it. I've never been without it. I've heard it in my mind even when I was asleep.

The bunk and twaddle that you hear on radio is all wrong. It's just a way for people to try to make a living. It's not true music. It's not even good music. It's just a way for people to make a living.

I've tried to follow a hobby and since I've been in radio I've learned more about music. I've learned more about what it is to be a musician.

Now, Mr. Wheaton! I'm not just going to sit around and do nothing. I'm going to try to make a living. I'm going to try to get a job. I'm not just going to be a failure once more.

I've been interested in music all my life. I think I was born with it. I've never been without it. I've heard it in my mind even when I was asleep.

I'm going to try to make a living. I'm going to try to get a job. I'm not just going to sit around and do nothing. I'm going to try to make a living. I'm going to try to get a job. I'm not just going to be a failure once more.

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HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK

(Progranis Listed in Daylight Saving Time)

SPECIAL

MONDAY, JULY 3—"Romance of a People," musical program climaxing National Jewish Day at a Century of Progress, WGN at 9 m.

TUESDAY, JULY 4—America Celebrates the Fourth; Address by John Erskine, NBC-KYW at 3 p., m.

COMEDY


MONDAY, JULY 3—Monty Hall Show, NBC-WLS at 8 p.

Tuesdays and Wednesdays, Phil Coe's orchestra, Conrad Thibault, baritone, NBC-WMAQ at 7:45 p., also Wednesday at 8 p.

HURSDAY, JULY 6—Harry Haskin's Gypsies, Frank Parker, tenor, NBC-WMAQ at 7:45 p., also Wednesday at 8 p.

THURSDAY, JULY 7—Joseph Pasternack's Melody Moments, NBC-WGN at 8:30 p.

FRIDAY, JULY 8—Pilgrims Symphony Orchestra, Willem Van Hoogstraten, conducting, NBC-KYW at 8 p.

SATURDAY, JULY 9—Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Kurtzberg. 4:30 and 7:30 p.m., NBC-WMAQ at 8:30 p.m.

MUSIC

SUNDAY, JULY 2—Howard Barlow's Columbia Symphony Orchestra at the Columbia Broadcasting House, NBC-WGN at 7 p.

MONDAY, JULY 3—Harry Reser's Eskimos, NBC-WLS at 7 p.

TUESDAY, JULY 4—Ferde Grofe's orchestra, Conrad Thibault, baritone, NBC-WMAQ at 7:45 p., also Wednesday at 8 p.

FRIDAY, JULY 7—Concert with Jessica Dragunette, NBC-WGN at 8 p.

SATURDAY, JULY 8—Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Willem Van Hoogstraten, conducting, NBC-KYW at 8 p.

PLAYS


TUESDAY, JULY 4—Crime Clues, NBC-WMAQ at 7 p., also Wednesday.

THURSDAY, JULY 6—Death Valley Days, NBC-WLS at 8 p.

FRIDAY, JULY 7—The First Nighter, NBC-WGN at 9 p.

SATURDAY, JULY 8—"Minstrels of the Dandanelles," NBC-WMAQ at 8:30 p.m.

SPORTS


TUESDAY, JULY 4—Brooklyn Handicap, Aqueduct Track Horse Race, CBS-WIND at 2:45 p.

THURSDAY, JULY 6—All-Star Baseball Game between picked players of National and American Leagues, from Yankee Stadium, NBC-WMAQ at 8 p.

SATURDAY, JULY 8—Intercollegiate Sprint Regatta, crews from Harvard, Yale, Cornell, California, Washington and University of California, at Los Angeles racing on the Olympic Course at Long Beach, California. NBC-WGN at 6:45 p.

VOCALISTS

THE STREET SINGER—CBS-WGN, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8:15 p.

CHARLES CARLIT—CBS-WBMW, Thursday.

MALDE ROONEY—CBS-WGN, 9:45 p., Thursday.

KATE SMITH—CBS-WGN at 7:30 p., Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

NINO MARTINE—CBS-WIND at 8 p. M., Tuesday and 7 p. M. Friday over WGN.

OLGA COUNTES ALBANI—NBC-WNEW, Monday at 6:15 p.

NEWS

ARTHUR BRISBANE—NBC-WGN at 8 p., Sunday.

COUS. LOUIS MCHENRY HOWE interviewed at Walter Turnbull, NBC-WMAQ, Sunday at 9 p.

FORD CARTER—CBS-WBMW, daily excepting Saturday and Sunday at 6:45 p.

EDWIN C. HILL—CBS-WIND, Monday and Wednesday at 9:30 p.

FLOYD GIBBONS, the World's Fair Reporter—WLS, Sunday and Thursday at 7:45 p.

LORSELL THOMAS—NBC-WLS at 8:30 p., NBC-WMAQ at 8:30 p.

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