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Southwestern (8)

In This Issue:

Cinderella of the Air
Amazing Career of Helen Jepson

Votes Pour in for The Queen of 1934

"CALLING ALL CARS"—Complete Radio Mystery, "Twilight Murder"
Youth Holds The Line

By Frederick Landis

Radio was made safe and its future insured because it was in the hands of the boys of America. Youthful enthusiasm and the thrill of conquest in an unexplored realm guaranteed the new science a start unprecedented in history.

Research and exploration in this unknown realm captured the imagination of the YOUNGSTERS throughout the world, and with a spirit of crusaders they tackled the problem of CONQUERING THE MYSTERIES OF RADIO.

 Hats off to these young Sentinels, standing out there on the picket line of Science!

Radio's first appearance aroused the awe of millions.

Fourteen short years ago we regarded it as a marvel which had strangely dropped upon us from some super-planet, much as the simple-minded inhabitants of San Salvador regarded the advancing ships of Columbus and, thrilled by their great sails, thought them giant birds from another world.

No one dreamed of the possibilities of radio.

It was enough that words actually were sent from town to town without the aid of conducting wires!

One night in 1920, a midwestern editor invited some friends to dine, as he tried out his new radio, the first in that city.

It was a cumbersome affair, with a bushel of attachments, and the editor perspired as he manipulated the set in vain, his guests launching many a jibe at his credulity.

Finally the editor lifted his hands in triumph.

He had picked up Dayton, Ohio—and Dayton was sixty miles away.

The editor was abundantly vindicated, but next day when he ventured the prophecy in his paper that some day Radio would send words from Dayton to St. Louis, he was laughed to scorn by his subscribers.

When Marconi Failed

The inability of the layman to foresee the possibilities of discovery and inventions is frequently shared by the genius.

Back in 1898 a youthful genius had his misgivings about the ultimate success of the discovery which has since ripened into modern radio.

He was a young Italian, the WIZARD OF WIRELESS, Guglielmo Marconi, and he had come to New York City, hoping for an opportunity to demonstrate the success of his discovery in such a fashion as to ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THE WORLD.

There was to be an international yacht race off the New Jersey coast and he hoped to startle civilization by broadcasting bulletins of the progress of that race to the New York papers, but the winds were not sympathetic and the youthful genius languished day after day as every boat in the neighborhood of the Jersey shore was hopelessly becalmed.

While waiting for a breeze, some friend suggested to the disappointed Marconi that a far greater opportunity awaited his wireless experiment, an event of world-wide interest, one which would at one bound place his discovery before the eyes of all mankind.

Marconi listened with widening eyes as the friend explained that Admiral Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay, was on his way to New York to receive the plaudits of his countrymen, and that his arrival would eclipse a thousand international yacht races.

If Marconi would make haste and equip a boat with a wireless outfit, put to sea and flash back wireless bulletins of the admiral's approach, the same to be displayed in New York newspaper windows, it would put wireless on the map!

Admiral Dewey Upset Plans

Realizing that this was the opportunity of his life, Marconi labored feverishly to equip his boat and put to sea to greet the returning hero, but before he could erect a high aerial mast, the admiral's flagship poked its grim nose through the fog and arrived in New York, ahead of schedule.

A crushing disappointment for Marconi, and to make things worse, the resulting celebrations in honor of the hero of Manila Bay overshadowed the yacht race and the wireless exploitation thereof.

If somebody had told him that in a few years the President of the United States would review the American fleet, as he did a little while ago, and that, thanks to Radio, the American people would be enabled to stand by the President's side, and hear it all as great floating fortresses filed past their commander, Marconi would have regarded it as a grim jest.

But while others may not sense the amazing future of Radio, the boys of America most certainly do, and this is why they are forming short-wave clubs all over the country.

Determination of Youth

When Radio first came, the BOYS hung around the receiving set until the early morning hours, "FISHING FOR DISTANCE"; they were fascinated by the fantastic elements of unreality, but the boys of this generation approach it seriously, studiously, almost with reverence.

With the settled purpose and determination of scientists, the boys of the United States are preparing to guide Radio into new fields of usefulness: they are preparing to take up the work when Radio's pioneers shall lay it down.

There's something indescribably fine about the spirit of the boy who makes up his mind to be a part of the scientific adventure of his day, and in the rising generation IN AMERICA WE HAVE THE GREATEST GROUP OF POTENTIAL GENIUSES THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN!

And Radio has done more than all other agencies to stimulate and popularize scientific ambition.

Radio has dramatized science and invention, and those whom it shall lead into paths of invention and discovery will not confine their efforts to radio, but devote them to the whole range of scientific exploration.

By leading these young men into scientific careers, Radio will render a greater service, comparable with that of having enabled Continent to speak with Continent—and Hemisphere with Hemisphere.

When your boy asks for money to buy material for an experiment, do not deny him, lest possibly you halt the parade of human progress, for who can tell what epoch may lie hidden in the tasseled head of boyhood?

RAdio IS HAPPY THAT ITS FUTURE IS IN THE HANDS OF THE BOYS OF AMERICA!
Radio's Cinderella

By Arthur Kent

Of All the Singers on the Air, Helen Jepson Alone Has Been Picked to Join the Metropolitan Opera Company Next Season. Read Her Amazing Story

Prince Charmian was able to find his Cinderella because the little glass slipper was unique—only one foot in all the kingdom would fit it. And now a new Cinderella is being sought by radio networks. Her name is Helen Jepson and she has just been raised to stardom in the Metropolitan Opera Company—because her voice is unique. It is the only feminine radio voice selected for the Met. And so the school-day dreams of opera glory, voiced by a little girl who once sold hairpins and corsets, came true—and this glorious blonde becomes the first woman radio singer to graduate to the world's leading opera company.

Certainly she will be one of the most beautiful women on the radio stage. And this is a first-break for opera-goers who are saddened by singing fat girls—by ultra-sultry "Violetas" and soulless "Juliets" whose weight makes balconies sag to Roman off sighs. They will gladden to glimpse La Jepson in these roles; for she is no diva-shaped diva. If her voice hadn't put her into the Met, her face and figure could have landed her a job in the follies—Ziegfeld or Berger. In other words, as Col. Stoopnagel Q. E. mingles must-say—she's peache—as well worth looking at as hearing.

But you can't get into the Metropolitan on looks alone—so what is it that has pushed this 27-year-old girl's unique success? What has caused her to be radio's first feminine giant to opera's highest rank, and the second radio singer—following Nino Martin's lead—thus to ascend into this musical heaven? The answer is a bit technical—expressed in thus—Miss Jepson's natural lyric soprano voice has a dual quality which makes it adaptable to radio and opera or even to concert singing.

There are many excellent voices in radio, but few—so eminent music authorities agree—posses sufficient volume to fill as large an auditorium without benefit of sound equipment. Miss Jepson's voice has this volume. And on the full voice of opera stars frequently causes considerable worry to radio technicians, who are obliged to modify and adjust such volume to the capacity of radio's present-day equipment.

Since radio does not develop the type of singing required in opera, there is not likely to be any great migration of radio stars to the operatic stage, unless and until radio's technical requirements change. This fact makes Miss Jepson's triumph all the greater. Thanks to this "double" quality of her voice, she has been able to thrust through technical difficulties to a dual triumph. Discovered by Paul Whiteman's uncanny instinct for quality who had heard with the Metropolitan Hall broadcasts—she now will sing "Eva" in "Die Meister singer," "Violetta" in "Traviata;" "Juliet" in "Romeo and Juliet;" and "Mafalda" in "Pelleas and Melisande" during this coming season.

This radio has invested the genius of Gatti-Casazza impresario of the Metropolitan Opera Company, in the selection of a new star—for it is a fact that the microphone pitilessly reveals any flaws which may exist in a singer's voice. Learned voice-experts of the Metropolitan were glad to crowd around the loudspeaker to listen to this tall soprano speaking on Paul Whiteman's popular program. They used the microphone as scientists use the microscope. Miss Jepson's soprano voice in this radio scrutiny with high honors, and her unique opera contract now.

Behind the scope of this voice is a woman so honest direct and vigorous that time may well place her among the immortal personalities of the opera. Mind and body she is—like her voice—strong as well as beautiful.

A representative of Radio Guide first glimpsed Miss Jepson during one of the Paul Whiteman concerts there. There was a full in the music; two or three silk-sleeved musicians were practicing separate passages on separate instruments. Helen Jepson was with her harp, briskly the outer door opened and a tall, magnificent girl entered. She walked quietly, with firm grace. Her hair was richly blonde—her clothes sumptuous—and vivid with colors subtly blended.

Eyes turned towards her. Someone said: "That's Helen Jepson—hull someone with a wave.

At once the blonde girl's face lit up with spontaneous pleasure. She grinned tomfoolishly, and lifted an arm in a gesture as if to strike some invisible wall. She was shy, self-conscious and un-self-conscious.

Talking to her, one is impressed by the beauty and firmness of her features. Her pleasant, businesslike voice Twenty years from now she'll probably be a husband and characterful dowager, given to managing the affairs of a large family with matrinal intelligence and force. Middle-aged, she'll be pulled in by her dark eyes (much darker than her hair) grow with life.

Note that this lady does not speak affectedly of her "art." She calls it plain, honest work—investing the word with dignity. There's nothing hightight about Helen.

Hear her tell about her earlier experiences:

"I've sold everything from hats to corsets, because I had to, to help the family. Perhaps my first big "contract" was with a Chautauqua company. In a few weeks we played 81 towns! I traveled in a battered old Cadillac with four girls, and always, despite the weather, the "show had to go on"—underneath the big tent. Sometimes the weather got underneath the big top, too—when it rained, the roof of canvas leaked. Then we ended playing to an empty tent. You see, the audience has no traditions to live up to. Though the show must go on, the audience may go out.

Vital, burning with life, this vigorous girl has one pet hobby—surf-casting! "And oh! She exclaims, "what excitement, pulling in a blueline." If the average avant-garde-burdened prima donna tried to land one of these tough, fighting fish, it would be the Beauty, not the Sea, that would get pulled in.

The quality she most admires in her friends she describes as "a zest for living." Even the most vivid childhood memory of this woman-actor is that of getting knocked cold with a hammer-headed during a game of cowboys and Indians.

And yet with all this vigor Helen Jepson is just as feminine as her picture suggests. Her greatest extravagance is clothes, which she chooses with exquisite taste and wears with heartbreaking ease. The first money she ever got came from singing and playing on the R. radio, "I was on the radio, it was clothes, and not on Foreign Missions, that this money melted immediately!"

Most delightful bit of femininity bubbled up when Miss Jepson was asked if she looked forward eagerly to the coming season. Her answer:

"Of course!" she stated "because I'm still young and not bad looking. The frank grin with which she can say a thing like that is as natural to her as the trace of gaiety, and anyway if Helen Jepson didn't know she's beautiful, she'd be a fool—which she isn't.

She's not going to be an old maid, either—as if a woman like that could! In private life, she is Mrs. G. R. Powell. Her husband is a little-giver she met earlier in her career, and they are very much in love. Her favorite possession in this world, toddlers around the name of Sally Patricia Powell—and Mother Helen, when asked what she considers her own worst trait, is responded: "Talking too much about myself! She says—her best trait is good humor, and those who work with her agree, enthusiastically.

Her husband must be good-humored, too—he lets her vocalize at home? They live in New York, by the way. "Because of rehearsals and engagements and last-minute affairs, it's so much better for her to have a good home. It is, too—and Miss Jepson is a good cook, though she doesn't get much time to practice the art. "If I couldn't be a singer," she says, "I'd want nothing better than to be a good housewife. Only then I'd probably play bridge, and don't think I'd miss the opera's most useless pastime!

But all these whimsical thoughts of likes and dislikes and clothes and pastimes, utterly vanish when Helen Jepson begins to talk about her work. At such times, she is a utterly serious-minded girl. She truly appreciates her own worth without overestimating it. To what does she attribute her success? "To good health, good fortune, and hard work," Miss Jepson declares without hesitation. But by "good fortune" she does not mean "good luck" as the world is catty with without superstitions; doesn't give a fig for astrology.

Herself played its part. Her father and mother, Charles Henry and Alice Jepson, of Titusville, Pa.;

where Helen was born in 1906—were fine amateur singers. Helen's first radio performance was in 1924, over WTAM, Cleveland. She won five scholarships with the Curtis Institute, Philadelphia, and studied under Miss. Queena Marie.
Along the Airialto
By Martin Lewis

City Studios, and had a good chat with the genial Bill Hoy, who has been introducing Amos 'n Andy every radio's most popular team started on the networks. Bill told me all about his vacation days spent in Banff and Lake Louise, and practically sold me on the idea for the new vaccination that he was promoting in order not to be late to a broadcast and thus save his public from disappointment, whereupon the cap was magnificently replied: 'Well, well! let it pass this time.' 

So what does Mr. Baruch do (in this publicity release; of course) but just point out that he, too, is sleeping to a broadcast. Now in order either (a) to check up on Mr. Baruch's veracity, or (b) to get a peck at a broadcast free of charge and on the taxpayers' time, this copper (still according to the release)览s up and comences a crusade, leaving the citizens of New Jersey flat on their backs at the mercy of John Dilinger or whatever enemy must be clean in the commonwealth at the time, and rides to Columbia, where he catches a load of Mr. Baruch's broadcast.

Now this, you will say, is just like all the other broadcaster-getting-off-the-speeding-charge publicity releases, but you are wrong, my friends—you are all wrong. (Continued on Page 25)

Reviewing Radio
By Martin J. Porter

The earliest public consultation came with the Columbia idea of the "Hollywood Hotel," the forthcoming Campbell Soup program. And now, Columbia is preparing the public on the subject of hobbies. How, for instance, do you interest yourself in your leisure?

ABC is starting a sustaining series July 23, to run six Mondays and to deal with the care and feeding of hobby horses. The choice of the horseless will be supplied in a lot of drama, comedy, and certainly interest into the broadcasts. It is amazing how many hobbies exist. There is a solemn church bishop, for instance, who collects wafers, whiskers, and has them carved into toothpicks. There is a famous writer who can type her stories only to the rhythm of a radio orchestra. There are people who do not make mistakes. Most of us would like to go about town in disguise and play detective. Stories and dramatizations of how many adventurous hobbies have dinned through would provide excellent radio material. If you have any suggestions for the prolongation of such

(Continued on Page 25)
Editor's Note: Along Broadway, Boris Morros is looked upon as the genial genie whose broad shoulders and helping hand raised to stardom some of the outstanding names in radio's bright spectacle of talent. Managing director of the Paramount Theater, as well as producer of six of its stage shows, he is on a perpetual hunt for talent and has been credited with discovering Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby, Rubinoff, and a score of others not quite so well known. At the invitation of Rado Gun, he has analyzed the qualities that made each of these stars outstanding in his field.

Many come but few are chosen. The gods of the upper region (speaking from a showman's viewpoint) are jealously guarded and admit to their company among the stars only those who stand head and shoulders above their fellow men.

It takes rare qualities of will, of imagination, of emotion, to sweep a world off its feet, and turn millions of people into cheering admirers. No one has ever done it and lasted without possessing some measure of greatness.

Rudy Vallee has done it. He is too close for us to realize how much he is the symbol of an epoch. He first came to our attention some six years ago, as a young saxophone player who sang popular tunes through a megaphone, and was leader for a band of college boys called "The Connecticut Yankees". He was very collegiate then, in a world that was hot, heavy, noisy, and full of the flapper-speakeasy-prosperity excitement.

So far as popular music is concerned, it was the day of the Paul Asbes, the Ted Lewises, and the earlier Paul Whitemens. Popular songs were over-arranged and over-brassed—meaning that each orchestra had too many trumpets and other brass instruments, and that each orchestra was brazen as well as brassy. It was the day of the blues—from "St. Louis Blues" to Beal St. Lullies", the day of the "Tiger Rag" and of "Hail De Ho". Bands that should have had two trumpets didn't have three. Whiteman had five. Conductors were hotchka boys—hail fellows-well-met-calling upon each audience to give the "little girl of the show" a hand at the day of "Hello sucker" and "big butter and egg men".

When our talent scout reported a new style singer he had heard in an up-town theater, who had won a fine ovation despite his apparent lack of showmanship, we decided to investigate. Rudy was brought to the New York Paramount Theater as a great experiment.

Rudy and his band were classified by most showmen as "kids and amateurs".

The experimental week stretched into 13 weeks. When Rudy finally left us it was as the idol of a nation of women, as a sensation unsung on Broadway.

What made him the greatest name in the world just as he is today the greatest name on the radio? ... He was a contrast to the existing order of things, a welcome change.

His music was melodic, not splashy, his arrangement, and people could listen to it and enjoy it, for the melody and the ballads they always had known and loved were brought back by him. He did not throw this music at the public—he invited them to listen, and they did.

In personal appearance he was like his music—quiet, cool, clean-cut, modest. He did not throw himself at people. He did not radiate an aristocratic personality. He treated the stage as if it were the parlor of his home, and the audience as acquaintances who had dropped in. But it was when he sang that feminine hearts fluttered. On the local New York stations WMCA and WOR, Rudy had become a "crooner"—crowning soft love songs into a microphone, bruiting the cheeks of listeners with a soft caress. That was just what he did on the stage—first through the megaphone, then through a stage mike. Rudy at first did not realize that he was an epic figure in a changing epoch. As he learned the reason for his success, he continued with his individual style.

Fresh from college, Rudy applied himself to showmanship with the zeal of a good student. He studied lights, music, scenery, construction, the balancing of a show. At the end of two and a half years spent between the New York and Brooklyn Paramount theaters, Rudy left a finished showman.

The entire field of music changed with Rudy. Song writers begin to write for him and the hundreds of imitators who had sprung up. Music became soft, melodic, and emotional. Times like "A Russian Lullaby" and "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes" regarded banal. Rudy brought him an innate finesse that the public sensed immediately, a wholesome intelligeance, a willingness to work, to cooperate, and to take advice; also an inflexible will that made him insist on the things he thought right. And instinctively he was a good judge. It is a perfect summary of Bing Crosby's success to say that he came to the Paramount Theater earning $125 a week and left it worth $7,500 a week.

What did he have that catapulted him from among a thousand band singers to top rung in the profession? Bing is almost completely a creation of the microphone. If I may make a rather far-fetched analogy, the microphone did to Bing's voice what a microscope under the eye of a scientist does to a piece of tissue. The tremors, the rhythms, the harmonic interludes that Bing whispered into the mike so casually, became magnified many times, and lent his voice that individual baritone quality which Bingame (left) is the leading light.

Rubinoff has periods in which he is the very picture of a stage star, and a view, as a result of his success under Morros' tutelage and the偻, the harmonics interferes with the voice. The

By Boris Morros

The Man Who Is Credited with "Discovering" Much of Radio's Leading Talent, Tells What Made Him Pick His Men

As part of the build-up for Bing, we saw to it that he was spotlighted on the Columbia network, of which Paramount Publics was a part owner at the time. Yet his radio success has far eclipsed his stage success. He also engineered the rivalry between him and Russ Colombo. Periodically Bing is a make-up for other singer has been able to reproduce his tones exactly, although there have been literally hundreds of imitators. The very show Bing made his name with a leading balladist on the air, are excellent for pictures, and today Bing is fast becoming one of the finest screen actors.

Strange to say, radio has not produced two female voices which fired audiences with the enthusiasm engendered by Rudy and Bing. Neither has Europe. Rubinoff has a singular and outstanding service for American music. He has made the violin, instrument of the masters and joy of the highbrows, the favorite instrument of the masses. For this, if for nothing else, he deserves a place in the ---1---.

The young soloist first came to our attention as the member of a show we were opening in New Haven a few years ago. New Haven was a dull little town. We found that the boys of Yale, coming as they did from every section of the country, represented a good cross-section of opinion, and then we found out why.

Rubinoff startled me. I sat in the theater in New Haven when he introduced himself before—five minutes of continuous applause. Back-stage that same night I tried to sell him the idea of becoming a conductor at the New York Paramount Theater. He demurred.

From New Haven the show travelled to the Metropolitan Theater in Boston, and there I took up the attack again. I brought him plans for an overture called "Living Masters," embodying the music of Henry Hadley, Kreisler, Sousa, and containing an interpolation of "I Lombardi." As he turned to tackle that overture I knew he was "sold." He came on to New York.

At his opening he received the greatest applause that any director ever had at the Paramount—he opened with his head and brilliant introduction, then a violin solo as only he can play it, a fast movement to follow, and then back to the finale. He stayed on at the Paramount for six weeks, except for one or two occasions when we used him to bolster shows in other towns.

On the air he duplicated the triumph he had won at the Paramount, using the same method except for the changes brought about by a different medium.

What did Rubinoff have that led him to success?

First, a dynamic, virile personality.

Secondly, a deep emotional nature that enables him to get a more passionate quality into his music than any conductor of popular music today.

Thirdly, his individual and peculiar way of playing the violin. He may not be the best violinist in the world, but he is the most sincere.

In six years at the Paramount he never failed to stop an audience, and was the only conductor consistently getting five and six bow for the orchestra. It is unfortunate that the radio audiences cannot see him lead his orchestra, for it is a great treat to see him in action.
Barbara Bennett was scarcely twenty when she met and fell in love with Downey, who was then in his twenties. He was tall, darkly handsome, and vivacious, and the glamourous atmosphere with which the stage, screen and air had surrounded themselves, has nowhere failed to bring together a couple of more widely contrasted backgrounds or more diversified experiences. Certainly the influence of love never has wrought greater magic than in converting the Barbara Bennett whom Mort married into the Mrs. Downey who rules his home and all, mother of his children today.

When Mort was playing "Red Light" with the neighborhood gang up in Wallingford, and scuffling out his short, almost shorter than his father could provide them, Barbara, though eight years younger than he, already was on par with the person who cannot remember a time when the name of Bennett was not synonymous with the home of the famous theatrical family, has not twinkled in the electric lights of the stage. Nor has she missed the grace and lightness of the great actors and actresses whose names now are scrawled on the back of the folded newspapers. Even at the Algonquin Hotel in New York, home of so many people of the stage, the arrival of the Bennetts on opening night each season, had the power to turn heads and muffled whispers and sudden gasping. There they came, the tall Richard Bennett, crowned with his luxuriant hair, and the little, beautiful Barbara, standing and glancing from side to side, the lovely, dark-haired Adrienne Morrison, his wife, and the three little girls. Such cute little girls!

The tallest of the three was Constance, a straight-shouldered, level-eyed little blonde, already a bit of a tomboy. Barbara, the second, was her gentle natured and velvety black eyes, looked like her mother, even as a very little girl she moved with the grace and lightness of a dancer. Joan, the smallest, was an animated French doll who inspired fat old men to chuck and coo, and continued to increase her father's professional fortune.

When Mort was pondering mischief in the Wallingford High School, Barbara was lipping her "thank you, ma'am" and in correct Parisian French under the tutelage of a French governess. The Bennetts had not only love and money enough, but new money in those bright days. The three girls were given every educational advantage, private instruction, exclusive finishing schools both here and abroad. When it became apparent that Barbara was born to dance, she was given the best of training. As a child she was considered something of a prodigy, and toured the course of the Denishawn Expedition.

Mort's voice and his ambition to use it were things unique in the Downey family, and not to be too greatly encouraged. The Bennetts were not only of the theater, but of its aristocracy. Adrienne Morrison belonged to the seventh generation of the family, and the American and English stage. Richard Bennett was one of the greatest of American actors, also a man whose fiery individualism made him a dominant and compelling figure even off the stage. Barbara's older sister Constance already had launched on the film career that was to make her at one time the country's highest paid actress, before Barbara was free of the dictates of a governess.

Mort became a professional singer because that seemed to him the most desirable way possible of making his living. The Bennett girls simply submitted to the influence of the Bennett lucky star. Richard had advanced ideas about their girls. He wanted them to be able to live to life as it came to them, grasping every experience as precious, but always with their eyes open. He wanted them to make a career of life. Adrienne Morrison on the other hand wanted her girls to be lovely ladies, protected, secure. This division of opinion eventually contributed to the tragic ending of one of the greatest love matches of the age. Certainly it influenced the children of that match.

But careers came to the Bennett girls in spite of any influence. They had unusual beauty, talent, the gift to attract, and the knack of living dramatically. Constance received her first starring picture offer through a chance meeting with Samuel Goldwyn, an offer she accepted with the enthusiasm which she attended with her father. Little Joan, who had eloped at sixteen from a European finishing school with John Martin Fox, Jr., a Californian and heir to millions, found herself near Hollywood when that marriage reached inevitable failure, and was drawn irresistibly into the path her elder sister had paved before her.
Somewhere a radio queen in fancy soon will become a Radio Queen in fact. The loyal fans are rallying round the standards of their favorite performers with the same fiery determination that characterizes all historic calls to arms. The noise, the milling and the shouting will cease in September when the Queen will vow to rule her domain with dignity, charm and with a full measure of entertainment for the coming year.

A full congressional ballot will crown the queen of the Radio World to the delight of the radio nation. This is the Radio Queen of 1934. Madison Square Garden is being prepared for the outstanding event. The National Electrical and Radio Exposition, the annual show of the radio world to be held at the Garden in September, is sponsoring the selection of the queen. The Radio Queen officially has been entrusted with the task of unearthing the queen of radio and bringing her to New York.

Radio Queen's direct appeal to the listeners of the nation has caught on like wildfire. Every fan has been appointed a prime minister with the power to boost his or her favorite to a throne!

Thus, for the first time, a Radio Queen contest takes on a new significance. No longer will beauty of face and figure be the sole requisites in judging the Queen. That type of beauty will not endure!

The listeners are voting for a Queen with enduring charm of voice, talent and genius!

Radio Queen will spare no expense to make the stay of the Radio Queen in New York an unforgettable event. A thrilling round of pleasure is being mapped out by the publishers. Officials of the National Electrical and Radio Exposition are furthering the plans to make the coronation an all-time event in the memory of the participants.

As the guest of Radio Queen the royal visitor will be brought from her home to New York and ensconced in a regal suite of a leading hotel. Her entertainment and all other incidental expenses will be paid for by Radio Queen.

More, the expenses of a traveling companion will be included in the generous budget this magazine has appropriated for the occasion.

The radio editors of the nation's newspapers have collaborated in this election with such a will that every town, city and hamlet has responded in the storm of ballots already received.

The fans, fired with enthusiasm by being accorded the unprecedented honor of having the sole voice in nominating their Queen, are voting with a will. They enjoy the privilege of consorting with their air queen. The columnists have been heard from thus far include "Mike" Porter, Aircaster of the New York Evening Journal; Nick Kenny, radio editor of the New York Mirror; Aaron Stein, radio editor of the New York Evening Post, Rocky Clark, radio editor of the Bridgeport Post; Norman Siegel, radio editor of the Cleveland Press; H. F. Lambeth of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, R. S. Stephen of the Cleveland Plain Dealer; Darrel V. Martin, radio editor of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette; Charlotte Geer, radio editor of the Newark News; Melvin Spiegel, radio editor of the New York Telegram; Joe Remson, radio editor of the Brooklyn Eagle and Albert D. Hughes, radio editor of the Christian Science Monitor. Their Radio Queen selections follow:


Shirley Howard, whose "hours" are well worth catching Mondays and Thursdays, NBC-WELAF.

Babbs Ryan, who may be heard singing any Sunday evening with Fred Waring's programs over the CBS-RABC chain.

Balloting for a Queen

Your Vote Will Help Bring the Queen of Radio for 1934 to New York This Fall for Gala Ceremonies. Send Your Ballot Now!

This week Dorothy Love, radio editor of the Philadelphia News, nominates Babbs Ryan and Shirley Howard, Joseph F. Smolka, radio editor of the Plymouth (Pa.) Gazette, selects Dorothy Lorraine, June Freeman, Rosemary Lane, Leah Ray, Harriet Hilliard, Maxine Gray, Gertrude Niezen, Babbs Ryan, Dorothy Roberts and Barbara Jo Allen; while J. P. Buckley, radio editor of the Cleveland News, contents himself with Gertrude ("The Golddiggers") Berg.

All told, 229 newspaper radio editors have been called upon to submit nominations of radio performers on stations in their vicinity. Each columnist may submit as many names as he wishes, the only qualification being that each nominee must have been a regular performer on a radio station for three months prior to June 1, 1934.

In addition, individual balloting on the part of radio listeners and readers of Radio Guide will constitute a nomination.

But every candidate so nominated must receive ten listener-reader votes, cast on the ballot provided on this page.

No candidate will be considered a nominee until ten votes have been cast. The ten votes will be counted in their total.

Each week the nominations of the columnists will be announced in Radio Guide. And at this point individual selection ceases. From then on the selection of the Radio Queen rests solely on the collective shoulders of the Radio Queen audience. Her Majesty thus becomes a rival queen, selected by votes which bear the signature of her subjects.

Remember, the list is not limited to network performers. Any radio performer is eligible, providing she has been a regular broadcaster for three months prior to June 1, 1934. Nominations can be made only by the radio columnists, or by the casting of ten readers' ballots.

In the event that the local radio columnist fails to make the nomination, stations may submit the names of eligible performers. They will be accepted in full nomination.

It must be understood clearly, however, that neither radio stations nor newspaper columnists have any more voice in the election of her Gracious Majesty, but the Radio Queen of 1934, than has the humblest fan in the smallest village. It is the fans who will elect the queen—columnists and station executives may merely nominate their favorite stars. Each radio listener's vote is just as powerful as that of the mightiest columnist, the most influential station executive, in America.

If your favorite star has not been selected thus far by radio columnists, fill in her name on the ballot, anyway. Perhaps nine other of her supporters already have designated your favorite.

In that event she will receive the ten reader ballots necessary to make her eligible in the contest.

The ballot coupon is printed herewith. Fill in the name of the radio artist who is the personification of your conception of the Radio Queen, and send it to the Radio Exhibition Editor, Radio Guide, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. If her name is not listed by the radio columnists, write her name in the ballot yourself. You may cast as many ballots as you wish, providing they bear your authentic signature and your address. Don't hesitate. Send in your votes at once. Your vote is depending upon you for support!
I am told that my subject for analysis, Joy Lynne, is a reading made by the woodcutters of the Hollywood offices of the Hotel Pennsylvania, and that she is but seven years old. Furthermore, I understand that the audience which gave her this position was her first, and that she had never had a professional appearance before that time. This is the only information I have been given. The remainder of her story must come from a scientific reading of her facial characteristics displayed in the photographs that have been made.

Joy Lynne has a great deal of imagination. This quality, and a strong indication of spontaneity and insight, are found in her face. She is sentimental and very emotional.

Several regions of her face indicate a love of applause and laudation. I feel sure that this lady is happier before a visible audience than she is before a microphone.

Joy Lynne is highly sociable, possesses dignity to a marked degree, and pride and self-esteem to an even greater extent. She never would commit suicide because of an inferiority complex. There is evidence of an admirable endowment of hard work, enabling her to stand up under the nagging with which she is charged. She always will insist upon her rights, and usually will carry her point. Stage fright is an unknown sensation with her.

I do not need a full-length photograph to know that Joy Lynne is graceful, light and flexible. The calmness and reserve which were pointed out in the upper lip of Miss Jessica Drago in several weeks ago, are not found in this case. In fact, Miss Lynne's face tells the opposite story. She enjoys attending large gatherings.

Over the eyes we find color appreciation, while form appreciation is indicated by the fullness between the eyes, where her nose blends into her eyebrows. This information, coupled with the knowledge of her sense of display, means that her clothes will be spectacular and her color harmonies flame-like and bizzare. She wants attention, and she gets it, for she possesses a great deal of personality and attraction in gesture and attitude, as well as facial beauty.

A high sense of rhythm and poise is added to this gesture, indicating that Joy Lynne could have been a good professional dancer. She might have become fairly proficient as a painter if she had obtained early instruction, but her patience is not great enough to permit the careful, tedious study necessary for the career of a good color artist. This is of little importance, however, as this subject's voice and ability to "put over" a song are far superior to her other artistic endowments. In addition, her memory for lyrics is good.

An obvious sensitivity to odors tells us that Joy Lynne enjoys delicate perfumes and flowers. She has an excellent judge and color of a highly specialized profession.

I wonder much desire for making a home and raising children? I do not see it. The desire for personal freedom is far too great. Besides, this lady is wrapped up in her profession. When she does fall in love, her affection is so great that it would not surprise me to learn that she has experienced intense love of short duration.

Joy Lynne has so much spontaneity and personal vivacity that she probably began singing and attracting attention before she had really given her voice the amount of careful and well-developed training so generally required of a medium high voice. As I have never heard her sing, I can only surmise by analyzing her photograph and observing her movements of the face and discovering the dominant faculty with those supporting it.

Voices of attractive timbre often make an impression and become a subject for analysis, but as a rule having mastered the standard vocal requirements which will carry a singer through years of high vocal reputation and influence.

Miss Lynne's age: That, of course is not indicated in a photograph but as was mentioned, it is reputed to be 17 years old. But we can discover experience or a lack of it, and my opinion is that Joy Lynne had the experience of a number of audiences before she won her first radio audition.

Hollywood is on the air—Every Thursday night you'll hear a tune that was written exclusively for Hollywood—the song of "Fourty-Five Minutes in Hollywood," the name of the program, features one of the comparatively few original theatrical songs of radio which means that the song was written especially for the show. It's called "Let's Play Make Believe."

Mark Warron, the maestro of the program, composed the song, and it is Mark Warron's band that brings this melody to you. The program brings you the previews and the stars of newest motion picture releases.

The Hollywood show carries more than previews and guest stars. In addition, it is devoted to personal interviews with the great of the nation's film capital, dramatized Hollywood events, guest comments of Cal York, veteran screen reporter. The music is Mark Warron's, and the vocalists broadcast high-light selections from Hollywood's musical productions. And all this, as you may have known right along, nipples over the airwaves Thursday night between 9 and 10:45 p.m. EST.

Mark Warron wrote the theme melody for this hour, Charles Chancer wrote the lyrics for it. And Benny Machen, chief arranger of the Warron orchestra, played it for orchestration.

For a while, the theme melody of "Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood" had no name. It was simply a melody that, in time, came to be identified with Hollywood—with the Columbia Broadcasting System's Hollywood show.

Here is how Mark Warron came to write the tune: The sponsors and the agency man wanted a signature. They looked over available tunes—tunes that had been written for other purposes; tunes that had just been written. Many were suggested but all were rejected on the grounds that there did not fit the show. They lacked something of the personality of Hollywood... they needed something to make them appropriate.

Now, a composer can't go fooling around with another fellow's tunes—that is, if he wants to avoid a lawsuit and much unpleasant complications. So it was decided that Mark should write an appropriate melody, one that would fit the program.

Mark Warron, who has played it without lyrics. Then one day a young lyric writer came to Warron and offered to write words for his composition. Warron gave him the music and told him he was willing for him to try his hand at fitting lyrics to his music.

This is what Charles Chancer, the lyric writer, turned out:

Let's play make believe.
That we two are in Hollywood
Acting for the screen.
As we should dream, as lovers should.
I say, can't you see you're on my mind.
I love you, love you, love you.
You say you're yours completely.

In the final scene we both agree
To name the day when we two will hear
The preacher say 'Love and obey.'
I draw you near, I kiss you, dear,
And sing my love song.
How can't you be, it needn't be
Just make believe.

Strangely enough, Raymond Scott had nothing to do with the theme song of the Hollywood show. Raymond Scott is the name of Harry Warron's brother. He writes most of the theme melodies offered by his maestro-brother in numerous presentations over the Columbia Broadcasting System; but not this one.

The next time this theme melody comes over the air, try and see if you can sing the words to it. This might well be worked up into an interesting game for the family, as well as for guests that might be present.

**Hits of Week**

A popular number which has been played widely for several weeks, and which already has had a life longer than that of the usual radio hit, led the list of the most played over the two major networks during the past week. The weekly tabulation conducted by Radio Guide reveals, with "Cocktails for Two" heading the record of highest listeners of the week. The leading radio bandleaders, however, placed "Cocktails for Two" second to the increasingly popular "I All Do Is Dream of You."

Following is the tabulation compiled by Radio Guide:

**Bandleaders' Pick of Outstanding Hits:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song</th>
<th>Points</th>
<th>Times</th>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;I All Do Is Dream of You.&quot;</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>27</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Cocktails for Two.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Tell Me, Tell Me.&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Sleepyhead.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;I've Got a Warm Spot.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Pass Me a Warm Spot.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Warm Spot, Warm Spot.&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;I Ain't Lazy.&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Above The Clouds.&quot;</td>
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<td>17</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;I'm Gonna Love, I'm Gonna Love, I'm Gonna Love.&quot;</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>16</td>
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Bandleaders' Selections, arranged alphabetically:

- **Victor Arden, conductor for Everett Marshall's Broadway Vanities on CBS:**
  - "I All Do Is Dream of You." (Two)
  - "Cocktails for Two." (Three)
  - "I'm Gonna Love, I'm Gonna Love, I'm Gonna Love." (Two)

- **Rudolph Kastner, CBS bandleader for his own program:**
  - "I All Do Is Dream of You." (Three)
  - "Cocktails for Two." (Two)
  - "Sleepyhead." (Two)
  - "I've Got a Warm Spot." (Two)
  - "Pass Me a Warm Spot." (Two)
  - "Warm Spot, Warm Spot." (Two)
  - "Sleepyhead." (Two)

- **Andre Kostelanetz, conductor for his own program:**
  - "I All Do Is Dream of You." (Two)
  - "Above The Clouds." (Two)

- **Everett Marshall, former conductor for 'In the Modern Men' on CBS:**
  - "Cocktails for Two." (Two)
  - "Sleepyhead." (Two)
  - "I Ain't Lazy." (Two)

- **Arthur Godfrey, conductor of "Steal, Steal, Steal" for the Rest of the World:**
  - "I All Do Is Dream of You." (Two)
  - "Cocktails for Two." (Two)
  - "Sleepyhead." (Two)

- **Harry Waring, composer of "Sleepyhead; Never Had a Headache;"**
  - "I All Do Is Dream of You." (Two)
  - "Cocktails for Two." (Two)
  - "Sleepyhead." (Two)

- **Elmer Hooper, conductor for "The Man and the Woman" on CBS:**
  - "I All Do Is Dream of You." (Two)
  - "Sleepyhead." (Two)

- **Benjamin Franklin, conductor for "The Day's the Limit" on NBC:**
  - "I All Do Is Dream of You." (Two)
  - "Cocktails for Two." (Two)
  - "Sleepyhead." (Two)

- **Mark Warron, former conductor for "Cocktails for Two" on NBC:**
  - "I All Do Is Dream of You." (Two)
  - "Sleepyhead." (Two)

- **Clarence Occupation, conductor for "My Heart's in the Highlands" on CBS:**
  - "I All Do Is Dream of You." (Two)
  - "Sleepyhead." (Two)
The Dish I Like Best
By Clara, Lu 'n' Em

W e like almost anything, so it's hard to say what our particular favorites are. But we all think it's very patriotic to eat this way, especially when the farmers are doing well in selling their produce. And it's very pleasant to be patriotic just by eating, don't you think so? Do you think that counts as patriotism? Gee whiz, if Paul Revere had done nothing but eat, think who'd have won the Civil War?

But anyway, we'll get Clara to take the kitchen microphone now:

CLARA: I really haven't any favorite at all—really I haven't.

EXCEPT—wait a minute—I have a dish I like at midnight. For late suppers I always eat cold chicken. Sometimes I have it in sandwiches, and then I like brown or white bread, cut thin with plenty of butter. Plenty of something you can eat that you can have for breakfast. Sometimes I have that night cold chicken in a salad, but when I do that, I always like to make sure there isn't any cucumber in the salad, because I fear that cucumber at night might make me dream. I'm not sure about it, because I've never eaten any cucumbers at night, but I know how it is.

And now I think I'll just ask Lu to come up and tell what food she enjoys most. Come on, Lu!

LU: Well, you know, Clara, I'm very much like you. I never eat anything at midnight under circumstances, and I don't care much for cold chicken. That doesn't go right, does it? I mean, I'm very much like you because my favorite dish is chicken too—but I like it hot, and for dinner. I'm very particular about the way my chicken is cooked, too. I like it roasted—and basted, and stuffed with a good, moist dressing that helps to keep the fowl from drying out too much as it cooks.

Most people cook a chicken until all the juice and taste are all out of it. I isn't necessary to do this, in order to cook the bird thoroughly. In fact, it's better not to.

Come on, you must have a favorite dish. You're always eating.

EM: That's just the trouble! I'm always eating, but I eat anything.

Why, when I was a child, I used to be a marble-putting eater. I think my two favorite dishes are lobsters and fresh shrimps. And I like them best at midnight. I'm not like Clara, who won't eat cucumbers at midnight. But then, I don't have nightmares, while a nightmare, compared to a lobster? Now I ask you? Is there any comparison? You'll have to admit there isn't, and that makes me right!
Radio Road to Health

By Shirley W. Wynne, M.D.

Plant Poisoning Is One of the Most Appropriate Topics Doctor Wynne Could Discuss. Read His Advice—and His Warning

While poison ivy is not usually dangerous, it is the commonest and most abundant form of poisoning. In the summertime, when the sap is most abundant, the plant is most dangerous. When actual contact with a broken plant is necessary to cause an attack, the poison may be extracted by brushing against garments or other articles that have come in contact with the poison.

The first remedy against ivy poisoning is to wash thoroughly if you think you have come in contact with the plant. Use a strong soap, such as laundry soap, and repeat the process several times. Scrub the fingers. This will change the water with each washing, or if possible use running water, alcohol or gasoline. This process will wash off the poisonous substance if used promptly. Carelessness, however, will serve only to spread the poisonous substance further or over the skin.

Once the poison really develops, local remedies may afford relief from pain. In severe cases a physician should be called. One household remedy which will soothe the irritation is a solution of baking soda, another is epsom salts. One or two teaspoons of either to a cup of water, applied locally, should suffice. These solutions should be applied with light bandages or with clean cloths which are kept moist and changed frequently to avoid infection.

At night or at other times when moist applications cannot be used, the poisoned surfaces should be cleaned, dried and left exposed to the air. Light baking soda is good. If the poisoned areas are kept in water as hot as can be borne for a few minutes, a period of great relief will follow, though the discomfort will increase for the moment. Only ointments are bad during the early stages, as they do not dissolve and remove the poison. When the poison has run its course, a mild dentifrice such as zinc oxide will help the healing.

Bulls and Boners


Announcer: "Monarch Finer Foods sold only by grocers displaying the lion's head." -C. A. Dodds, Kansas City, Mo. Sunday, July 3; WREN; 8:15 p.m.

Joe Penner: "You have made me Goo-goo, the duck, the happiest man in the world." -Ralph Mazur, South Bend, Ind. Sunday, July 3; WMAG; 6:30 p.m.

Announcer: "I have been asked to announce that a white lady's glove has been found." -Robert C. Adams, Wayne, Neb. Sunday, June 27, WJAG; 12:35 p.m.

Announcer: "Noo-acid is the safe and sure way to stomach trouble." -William Schultz, Union City, N. J. Sunday, July 3; WCOP; 2:45 p.m.

Bob Elson: "Many fatalities have resulted from a player going back into a game after being hit in the head too soon." -L. B. Chappell, Bloomington, Ill. Sunday, July 3; WGN; 6:15 p.m.

Announcer: "The O'Brien store will close at 5 p.m. today and for the rest of the summer." -Patrick J. O'Leary, O'Fallon, Ill. Sunday, July 3; WJPC; 1:30 p.m.

Voice of Experience: "The boy became conscious of his large hands and feet and put them in his pocket." -Genevieve Luckett, New York, N. Y. Sunday, July 3; WABC; 12 p.m.

Prudence Penny: "Bake in a sheet pan which has been rubbed well with butter for 25 or 30 minutes." -Ruth Goldman, Indianola, Neb. Sunday, July 3; WVOO; 3:35 p.m.

Speaker: "Should the street car company put benches on the corners for people that are waiting for the street cars to sit down?" -W. O. Vezey, Evansville, Ind. Sunday, July 3; WGFB; 12:45 p.m.

Ox-Y and his gang returning to the air for their first commercial which will be heard on a CBS coast-to-coast network starting September 15. Ox-Y, 6 to 6:45 p.m. CST; Spencers, Hetcher's Cars, and Sam's, 7:15 to 7:45 p.m. CST; Joe G., will broadcast his program with his Woodbury Band, from the Forum, New York, N. Y. Sunday, July 3; WOR; 7:15 p.m.
The Child's Hour

By Nila Mack

If You Think that Children Are Naturally "Mean," Then Miss Mack's discussion Has Particular Interest for You

Mean" is an ugly word when applied to a child. Sometimes it seems possible that an unpleasant trait should manifest itself in a tot. Unfortunately, it does.

Personally, I believe there never was a child born mean. Occasionally the expression "he was born mean" does crop up, but you may rest assured that there is no foundation for such a phrase. Beyond all doubt Father and Mother have to accept the responsibility if they ever make a statement like this.

Most parents realize the tremendous social responsibilities incurred when assuming the mantle of parenthood, but they fail to grasp the importance of rearing the child with a proper psychological background.

As many children made mean by a mother or a father whose discipline is as changeable as the weather. On Monday or Tuesday Mother feels pretty chipper, and Jimmie may hang on the piano to his heart's content, or Susie may upset the cookie jar without drawing the slightest admonition. Suddenly, on Wednesday, Mother has a headache, and the moment Jimmy starts to hammer at the piano he is yanked away and spanked.

Naturally, his mind is puzzled and resentful. To his mind there is no earthly reason for the spanking, for didn't he do the same thing yesterday without drawing even a scolding from Mother?

The child's mind is elemental, particularly quick to resent unfairness. He broods over the injustice of his spanking and resolves to "get back" at someone. Thus start his first stages of meanness are born.

But he's been his spirit inflamed. The first person he meets outside is poor, helpless Susie, whose brises receive a violent yank. Susie runs crying to Mother, but Jimmie feels that he's "hunk" with the world. To avoid punishment, he will try other mean tricks in a child, mothers must learn a bit of child psychology. As just stated, the child is quick to resent unfairness, but on the other hand, the child is very responsive in fair treatment.

Courses must be charted and plotted and carefully followed. If Jimmy is to be permitted to chalk the walls of his room with crayon on Monday without drawing adverse comment, then he must be allowed to follow the same procedure every other day.

However, if the parent takes the child in hand at the first destructive performance and lectures him, pointing out the evil of destructive acts, and backs it up with a warning not to do it again, there is no question that the next time the youngest will reason the thing out.

Spankings involve a discipline in the life of a child. Mean traits cannot thus be eradicated. Logical discussions bear better fruit.

A well disciplined child never is mean or ill-mannered. In the event that the child is not responsive to a lecture, deprive him of some cherished privilege.

As an example, the story of Tom will illustrate the difference a child feels between various angles. It will also show how he was handled, how his better qualities were developed, but at no expense to the comfort and happiness of the other children. He started his bad streak at the early age of two and one-half years. His dad had taken him to the beach for the day and there Tom caught sight of a lad about his own age wearing about in a pool and sailing a boat. Young Tom wasted no preliminaries. He walked up to the stranger and demanded the boat. Naturally the other child refused to give up his toy. Without warning Tom seized the innocent and unsuspecting youngster and threw him forcibly. Quite humanly his father immediately went to the child's help and proceeded to sort out Tom on the right track. Unfortunately, however, the tutors there selected the wrong method. They attempted to cure Tom's wildness by ridicule. Every time he attempted an unruly trick they punished him either with a spanking or a session in a locked room.

Naturally, the child grew hurt. His father became alarmed at his continued mean pranks, and finally, he sent him from the school. It was then that he came to me.

I accepted the responsibility gladly. I studied his entire history and decided on an effective corrective schedule. I knew the value of allowing the child freedom of expression. I also knew that if I attempted the usual method of dominating, correcting, nagging and admonishing the youngster, I would fare no better than my predecessors.

So, after a few frank talks with him I permitted him the freedom of the place while I watched every action. He behaved himself for a short period and then ran wild. He tagged the back of a few of the girls students, tripped several of the boys when they attempted to pass him and in general behaved mischievously.

I permitted him to have his way. I instructed the children not to fight with him but to let him severely alone. I then arranged a series of parties for the youngsters. At each party my business was to wander about, patting this youngster on the back and chatting pleasantly and thus discourage the idea of mischief. While I was civil to young Tom I never was cordial.

I followed this with a series of short dramatic shows where I managed to cast on my child under my control with the exception of Tom. He watched each show eagerly, and I could see that he was one of the party leaders.

But Tom wouldn't ask for a part. No sir, not Tom. When I thought the time right, I tried him in a very small role. He accepted his task eagerly. He ceased bothering the other children, for he was tremendously occupied with the business at hand.

I never improved more. This keen-minded youngster sensed that his parts depended on his good behavior. He had learned to behave admirably. In no time at all he was so wrapped up in dramas that he forgot all about being mean. And I know he'll stay pleasant, for he's discovered that it pays.

Flashes of Best Fun

John B. Kennedy: Next year the income tax will be so high that some of us must try to give the government the income—if they will let us keep the tax.

—Conoco Program

George Givot: What is this? Sylvia: Why, that's steak, dear.

Givot: I thought it was lemon meringue. What's that yellow stuff on it? Sylvia: Well, you see, it just got burned a little, so I put some Ugine on it.

—George Givot's Program

Bay Perkins: I've paid for so many people's dinners out at the World's Fair that they think I'm an after-dinner mint!

—Palmer House Serenade

Irene Nobleite: I took my dog to a flea circus yesterday.

Tim Ryan: To a flea circus? Irene: Yes—and he roared the show! You know, there's a lot of difference between a flea and a snake.

Tim: Yes? What? Irene: A snake crawls on its own stomach, and a flea isn't particular.

—Rendezvous Revue

Eugene Howard: What's become of that pretty new maid I saw at your house yesterday? Willie Howard: My wife fired her.

Eugene: Fired her without giving her a chance? Willie: Yes, I fired her without giving her a chance.

—Musical Cruiser

Bottle: Oh, Mr. Baker—I'd like to see that famous painting sent from the Louvre in Paris—that painting of the female crooner.

Baker: What female crooner?

Bottle: The Moaning Lisa.

—Armour Program

Gene: You seem to be developing a lot of muscle in your arms—do you swing dumb-bells?

Chill: Yeah, I go to dances a lot.

—Sinclair Minstrels
Peregrine's Problem

Dear VOL:

I am quite a peregrinor so I have a portable radio that moves from place to place with me and I buy RADIO GUIDE at the newstand. But alas and alack the edition of the GUIDES sold in this metropolis does not serve the needs of the city.

Stations that entertain the nates of this city are not listed in this edition of your magazine and a large proportion of those that are cannot be well heard here. The following stations are most listened to in Grand Rapids: WGN, WMAQ, WLS, WGN, WMJ.

Now that I am interested in programs instead of legging distant stations I would like to see what's on the air in RADIO GUIDE.

Harry Warbye Taylor

To Ape Is Human

Dear VOL: I like to read the letters from other people. I sometimes wonder how they pick the names of certain entertainers and single out certain programs and orchestras to rave about. I wonder if they ever stop to think of all the people on the air who require something new and different every hour in day and night. It is inconsistent to waste the amount of work and limitless effort it must take to present all the programs.

One cannot be blind to the fact that there is the sincerest flattery. Artists of the stage and screen have always had the same proposition to contend with and even in private life your friends like to copy your new dress or hat. When I listen to a person or program I try to realize they are giving the best there is in them to their listeners.

Mrs. Edna Cook

Whitehall, Mich.

A Word To The Wlys

Dear VOL: I have a few WHYS I would like answered. Do some of the radio listeners and wonder if anyone could give me the true answers.

WHY?

Don't some sponsor get wise to Little Jackie Heller and star him on a program?

Don't more people praise Richard Himber's orchestra? In my opinion it is one of the best on the air.

Does Eddie Cantor retain his popularity when he is in the same old stuff every Sunday night?

Do people rave about Rubinstein, his violin and his orchestra?

Does Jan Garber's orchestra so popular? It is just a poor imitation of Guy Lombardo's.

I hope these questions which have been bothering me for some time can be answered by some of the listeners.

Helen A. Leiter

Another M(j)anny Song

Dear VOL: Miami, Okla.

My pet grinch is having my favorite program she chased for me. I care not what stations.

Today the Vass Family was not heard from KVOO at any station I could get and some stuff from Congress was. Because now Kaltenbacker's Kindergarten is not on as Colorado is opening the railroad. I don't expect to hear these figures below on any stations but why cover the network with them? I care not what people produce.

After you wait a week for them you expect to hear

H. Hulsey

The Voice of the Listener

This department is solely for the use of the readers as a place in which to voice opinions and exchange views about radio. You are at liberty to speak your mind in regard to RADIO GUIDE. It is not possible for us to answer letters in the order of their receipt.

HE'S A HELLER, THAT FELLER

Dear VOL: Amariolla, Texas

May I personally thank you for publishing A. Heller's letter as well as Jackie's letter. It is a real education to the listeners. The whole matter just gives turnover to the idea that starting little chap who brings so much happiness to so many people.

It just baffles me to see how the broadcasting systems play up some artists and let others with infinitely more skill appear neglected. I am satisfied that Jackie Heller could stand toe-to-toe with any singer on the air and outshine him with a national audience.

Of course I realize that the outlander doesn't know what's going on in the minds of radio executives but it is equally emphasized that they don't have an idea in the world what's in the minds of the listeners.

Vivian O'Donnell

Dear VOL: Scranton, Pa.

I am sure you know who A. Heller, the new artist is. It is just like me that he is or she is certainly expressed the sentiments of a lot of people.

The thing that makes me maddest about it all is that I didn't write myself to praise this accomplished kid because your correspondents have been ruthlessly knocking about some of the finest talents in radio.

I am afraid we are all rather weak when it comes to voicing our appreciation of radio artists. It may be more of a blessings to give than receive but until some one else calls our attention to our oversights, we seem more inclined to accept and do very little about it in the way of praise. This self-satisfaction is really most as an apology to Jackie Heller for my personal failure to acknowledge my appreciation of his artistry.

W. McDermott

Dear VOL: Wally Walls, Wally, Wa.

May I please just add a line or two of appreciation of Little Jackie Heller, who, if he got what he deserved, would be at the top of any radio contest ever conducted. A. Heller certainly knew his stuff when he wrote in and praised Jack. I think Jackie Heller is the dearest thing that ever sang into a microphone because he not only sings but he has a personality that takes like your first vacation.

Dorothy Adams

Merionville

With A. Heller of Philadelphia I surely do agree.

Jackie Heller has the most appealing voice on the air. He not only sings but he laughs and jokes. Whenever you're blue, take your advice and listen to Little Jackie Heller.

If you haven't heard him, listen in and thank me now the broadcasting companies and tell them to give him a better break. Three cheers for Jackie Heller and the best of luck.

Claire Fiebert

WGN

Detail of Two Cities

San Francisco to Cincinnati

Dear VOL:

I am writing in regard to a comment in and on RADIO GUIDE for disseminating detailed radio programs, made by M.A.H. whose letter appeared in a recent issue.

The average radio fan is well acquainted with programs, therefore does not care to see a list of selections under the program they have heard before. The probably have heard the program before and know that the most desirable selections will be heard.

Michael Petella

San Francisco

The Begging Sponsors

138 South Broadway De Pere, Wisconsin

Dear VOL:

I have just finished listening to the glorious Galli-Curci radio program. Her songs were exquisitely beautiful and well chosen. Not won't one have thought on the air the voice of the Virgin. Morgan Eastman had a chance to build a great program about her and by adding atmosphere, much good taste.

But from the poorer popular music he chose her selections.

And how the announcers did over-plug their sponsors.

You could fairly hear them "begging for their bread." Appreciation is due sponsors for paying attention to excelence and sometimes must be told "for the glib we have given you, you must tolerate our plug."

Glady E. McLaughlin

Feud for Thought

Winton, Conn.

Dear VOL:

I also read all the letters in the "Voice of the Listener" and take this opportunity to answer M.A.H. whose letter appeared in a recent issue.

M.A.H. is undoubtedly a wonderful piano player and females would like such singers as Johnny Mark Morris.

When I tuned in on January 15 I listened for a few minutes and immediately turned another station. He doesn't appeal to me at all. If he's a cowboy singer I'm a rip-martin' guitar slinger myself.

I want real cowboy singing, regular man stuff like that of "Dee" Fletcher, Jules Allen and "Tex" in Cowboy Toni's Rainbow.

Charles J. Borrey

The Kindred Spirit

Dear VOL: Winchester, Mass.

I have just finished reading your story entitled "Laughing Killer" and was very much interested in it. Many people give us listening to as this unfortunate Mr. Meisel. I was the victim of a station's liberties back in 1923. I was fortunate in not getting shot.

Kenneth M. Thomson

Deliver An Onion

Las Vegas, N. M.

Dear VOL: I offer a salvo to the numerous correspondents who write scurrilous letters about the nationally approved radio artists for whom they, as individuals, do not wish to care. Because a man's style does not have appeal for a particular listener, he must necessarily be exposed to letters to which he has all the earmarks of out and outшиб. I surely do not think so and if I did I would like them to their authors stand them as both low grade and ignorant, I am sure they would think twice before sounding off.

Everett Willets

Burp-burp Adurb

Dubuque, Iowa

Dear VOL: Mr. Damrosh said, "Crooners should be boiled in oil." This is my sentiments exactly. To hear them singing anything but out swing (1) such things as "you left me, oh-oh; I trusted you; I believed in you; you-o deceived me-ee; who's been kissing your elbow; who's kissing your e-l-o-IPHER?"

Good VOL, don't you get yourself reading letters of nuts extolling that kind of yodeling. Far it certainly isn't singing.

For an enemic, don't go to a doctor. Just listen to a first class crooner.

A.R.M.

Music In The Hair

Vadnais Heights, Min.

If there is anything that gets in my hair, it is the way your magazine persists in carrying Corbin Smith's weekly article when you leave out other things which, to Mr. Average Reader, are so much more interesting and understandable. I don't cost any reflections on Mr. Smith's knowledge or skill as a writer. All I say is that the bulk of the listeners and readers rather dislike the music he writes about or the comments he makes about it.

Lillian Walters

Another Jimmy song

Dear VOL:

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Lillian Walters

Give The Revel His Due

Lyndebro, L. I., N.

In every issue of RADIO GUIDE there is something about the current song hits. It is very interesting to read about the popular numbers preferred by the listeners but I think you ought to add more about the origin of the songs. I find that most people don't even know who wrote their favorite songs. Why don't you, RADIO GUIDE, start publishing pictures and short stories of the famous composers and lyric writers along with your song lists?

Hans Pedersen

Second Of The Serious

Dear VOL: Miami, Florida

Here is a letter I want you to take seriously. I read the letter signed "VOL" in RADIO GUIDE of the week ending June 30. It was about Johnny Mark Morris.

I think he is wonderful, too. No one can take the place of him in singing cowboy songs.

The sad part of it all is, we do not hear him at all here in Miami. We want him, but no one else.

There's always some sorry program on just when he's broadcasting on other stations.

Mrs. A. M. Anderson

Bruck and Anderson

Dear VOL: Dubuque, Iowa

Mr. Damrosh said, "Crooners should be boiled in oil." This is my sentiments exactly. To hear them singing anything but out swing (1) such things as "you left me, oh-oh; I trusted you; I believed in you; you-o deceived me-ee; who's been kissing your elbow; who's kissing your e-l-o-IPHER?"

Good VOL, don't you get yourself reading letters of nuts extolling that kind of yodeling. Far it certainly isn't singing.

For an enemic, don't go to a doctor. Just listen to a first class crooner.

A.R.M.
While the wind howled through the streets, and rain beat a devil's tattoo on the window-panes, a man was being killed in the Hotel Cicoe. Again and again the blood-stained hammer smashed down upon his skull.

At last the victim lay motionless across the rumpled rug of the little hotel room. He did not hear the howling of the November wind which raged through the streets of downtown Indianapolis like a mad dog. He did not feel the chill of the icy rain which dripped through the partly open window.

A dark shadow bent above him, and then tiptoed to join another at the door. For a moment the hall light shone upon a countenance terrible and strange, and then the door closed. There came the sound of quick footsteps in the hall, of furtive whispers—even of a hasty, passionate kiss. Then all was silent.

"Murder will out!" is the proverb. But this murder did not cry to heaven. The broken thing, which clutched at the rug with fingers that never would relax their hold, was hidden and still. No one would come until morning, perhaps not even then.

The killer was safe. Not a shred of evidence, not a clue remained. And if there was—what would it matter? Miles would stretch between the slow-moving law and its quarry. At that moment a new Chevrolet coach was coming slowly down East New York Street, with two men in the front seat. The car stopped outside a little restaurant whose lights glowed warmly and invitingly...

"Pleasant traffic smashes tonight," said Radio Patrolman Owen Tevlin. "Weather's getting worse. We better grab something to eat and get set for action."

Officer Tevlin did not dream how soon that call for action would come. Neither did Harry Hayes, his younger sidekick. They were hardly out of the radio car before the loudspeaker began to splutter...

"Statue from the storm, maybe," suggested Hayes. "Ever see a thunderstorm on the second of November? That's a call coming—"

Tevlin was right. As they waited, the voice of the announcer down at Headquarter came, rasping and shrill: "WMIZ calling Central Number One—Central Number One."

Hayes and Tevlin got back into the cruiser, for the numeral "One" was the first digit of the number painted neatly on the side of the cab. The order continued: "Go to the Cicoe Hotel, 124 East New York Street—a man wants to see you there."

Tevlin had the car halfway to the corner before the radio was silent. "We'll wash this squawk up pronto and then grab a bowl of chili," he said briskly.

But he was wrong. As a strange destiny had arranged matters, Hayes and Tevlin were not even to taste a cup of coffee for the next fourteen hours or more.

They drove hell-bent down East New York Street, dodging between the cars of homeward-bound citizens, loaded delivery trucks and roaring, rattling street-cars. They went screaming past a red light at the triple crossing of Delaware and Massachusetts, and nosed to the curb almost in the shadow of the Indianapolis Star Building, which houses one of the State's largest newspapers.

If the case had been any more important than that, there would have been a coded "urgent" in the radio order. That was why the boys knew that they had to deal with "small potatoes" again... and yet always they faced the chance that the hoped-for big job would come along. That hope was why Tevlin raced the Chevrolet cruiser so fast; likewise that was why he and Hayes were out on the rain-beaten sidewalk almost before the wheels had started turning.

A head of them, down a narrow and deep-shadowed alley, sounded the quick patter of running feet... desperate, frightened feet.

Tevlin stopped short, and gripped his partner's arm. Perhaps a faint premonition came to him then, a strange foreshadowing that hidden at the bottom of this routine assignment lurked the crimsoned likeness of murder? "Murder most foul!" Perhaps, being Irish and for that reason a trifle "loopy", Owen Tevlin saw a great, grim shadow against the storm-tortured sky.

That same sky had been bright and sunny when Howard and Emma Harding came into Indianapolis the preceding August in that year, of 1933. The young couple were riding on top of the world then. They had just won a "Walkathon" in St. Louis.

Purses in the "bunion derby" are not as great as those of the Kentucky Derby, but the young and good-looking couple who had out-walked half a hundred competitors in the long and grueling contest, had done rather well, what with tips received from members of the after-theater crowd who paid them to vary the monotonous walking with a Charleston step or a brisk trot. A Walkathon, for the benefit of those who never have seen one, is a dance marathon without dancing.

In such an exhibition of endurance, the competitors simply walk and walk until they can walk no longer, and then drop in each other's arms.

Howard Harding and his pretty young brunette wife, Emma, didn't mind walking, not when it brought them bright lights and music and publicity and at last a prize. Jobs back in Arkansas were few and poorly paid. Their success had given them a taste of fame and fortune.

When the Walkathon came to Indiana, the Hardings came, too. They entered the contest again, in the big tent situated on the edge of town. But here an unfortunate thing happened. Some of the other competitors happened to hear that Howard and Emma had just won the St. Louis Bunion Derby.

"Professionals!" screamed the crowd. "A put-up job!" cried the other contestants, most of them local boys and girls.

So the Hardings had to drop out of the Walkathon contest. But the squawks of the contestants had been heard as far as the offices of the State Police. Public opinion in Indiana slowly organized against the idea of the exhibition, on the theory that it was degrading. Finally the authorities ordered the place to close down.

Howard Harding was working in the Walkathon as an usher at the time—when there were any visitors to usher. He got an idea, and rushed to the head of the (Continued on Page 24)
**SET OF PICTURES IN**

**Radio Guide's $5,000,000 NAME-the-STARS Contest**

**NOTICE:** Here is the final set of pictures in the Name-the-Stars Contest. These two pictures, together with the twenty-eight pictures previously published in Radio Guide, comprise the complete series. Fill in the names of the radio stars represented and SEND YOUR ENTRY TO "NAME-THE-STARS" CONTEST, Radio Guide, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago. With your entry include a letter of 20 words or less giving your name and address and telling which one of the stars or teams in this contest you like best and why.

Name and address, such as salutation and signature, will not be counted among the 20 words. The name of the star or team will not be counted among the twenty words. This means that you may use 20 words In Addition to your name, address, salutation and In Addition to the name of the star or team you select.

You may use the coupon below or write on a separate piece of paper. If the introductory words in the coupon are used they will count as part of the twenty, but it is not necessary to use them if you do not wish to do so.

**IMPORTANT:** All entries must be in the office of Radio Guide by midnight, August 13th, 1934. Read the rules again and send your entry at once. The winners will be announced in Radio Guide.

**THE RULES:**

**WHO IS ELIGIBLE?** This contest is open to everyone except employees of Radio Guide and their families. It is FREE.

**WHAT TO DO?** Name the Radio Stars represented by the cartoon pictures which have appeared each week in Radio Guide. Two pictures have appeared in each consecutive issue. There are thirty pictures in all—representing thirty radio stars or teams. All stars used in this contest are those whose names appear in the pages of Radio Guide.

**WHERE TO SEND?** Hold all pictures until you have the complete series. Then send them to "Name-the-Stars" Contest, Radio Guide, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago. With your entry send a short letter of 20 words or less giving your name and address and telling which of the stars or teams in this contest you like best and why. Name, address and signature will not be counted as part of the 20 words. All entries must be in by midnight August 13th, 1934.

**THE JUDGES:** $5,000 in cash prizes will be paid by Radio Guide to the persons who send in the best answers in accordance with these rules. A Committee of Judges will be appointed by Radio Guide and its decisions in all matters will be final. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

**NO HARD WORK!** This contest is presented solely for your entertainment. Just test your skill. You do not have to solicit subscriptions or do any other work. You do not even have to buy Radio Guide. You may copy or trace the pictures. Radio Guide may be examined free at our offices, at libraries or at Radio Stations.

**NOTE:** If a team or group is represented, the team or group name will count as one.

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**ENTRY COUPON**

Fill in and send this coupon with your entry or write on a separate piece of paper. The use of this coupon is suggested but not compulsory.

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**MY NAME IS:**

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**Watch for Announcement of Winners in**

**Radio Guide**

**AMERICA'S WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF PROGRAMS AND PERSONALITIES**

**COMING — NEXT WEEK! A NEW PRIZE OFFER! $100 A WEEK! WATCH FOR IT!**

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**440 BIG CASH PRIZES!**

- 1st Prize: $1,000
- 2nd Prize: 500
- 3rd Prize: 250
- Next 2 Prizes $100 each: 200
- Next 5 Prizes $50 each: 250
- Next 20 Prizes $25 each: 500
- Next 50 Prizes $10 each: 1,800

440 Prizes Totaling $5,000
Music in the Air
By Carleton Smith

The best news of the week is the announcement of the expansion of the Philadelphia Orchestra's Summer Concerts. Every Saturday night, beginning July 21 (CBS at 6:30 p.m.), we will hear a two-hour concert from Robin Doll.

Jose Iturbi, the finished Spanish conductor, will conduct all Wagner-Tchaikovsky program made up of favorites. We will hear Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 6, the "Pathétique," the familiar Prelude and Liebestraum from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," and the stirring overture to "Die Meistersinger".

The program, full of contrasting moods and colors, will reveal many facets of Iturbi's talents with the baton. It is not a program that will exhibit the depths of symphonic creation, but it has its tests.

Famous as a pianist, Iturbi's first opportunity to conduct came in the spring of 1931 in Mexico City, where his success was so marred that the Iturbi Orchestra was founded in his name. He remains, however, a better pianist than a conductor, though many musicians will enjoy hearing this added display of his genius.

Guest Conductors

ANOTHER interesting announcement to all lovers of symphonic music is the complete list of conductors who will direct the Chicago Symphony Orchestra for the balance of its series at Chicago's Century of Progress.

From July 15 to 21, two young Chicago conductors, Carl Bröken, director of music at the University of Chicago; and Henry Weber, associate-director of the late Chicago Civic Opera Company.

July 20 to 22, Willem Van Hogstraten, conductor of the Portland (Oregon) Symphony and formerly associated with the Edison Stadium concerts in New York City.

August 5 to 11, Henry Hadley, American composer and associate conductor of the New York Philharmonic.

August 12 to 25, the exuberant Sir Hamilton Harty, conductor of the London Symphony, who is somewhere at sea now, on route to the United States from New Zealand.

September 2 to 8, Frederick Stock, conductor of the Chicago Symphony, who is now in Europe and who will return in time to direct his men during the last week of the outdoor season on the Swift Bridge.

Programs

(Time Given is CST)

The lovely "Gavotte" from Massenet's "Marsen," will be sung by Lolita Bert, in a solo appearance with the Milwaukee Philharmonic Orchestra (Thursdays, July 19, NBC-WIZ at 10 p.m.), conducted by Dr. Frank Lard Waller. The rest of the program consists of the Overture to Thomas "Mignon," "Liebestraum" by Liszt and the Finale to the Second Symphony of Sibelius.

SINGING STRINGS, under the direction of Walter Blauhut, presents (Saturday, July 21, NBC at 8:15 a.m.) Value of the Hours from "Coppélia" by Delibes. Massenet's Air de Balée, Poldini's "Poupee Volontaire," Tchaikowsky's "The Nutcracker," Whal of the Yearned "The Flying Dutchman" make up the rest of the program.

HANDEL'S "Judas Maccabaeus," March and Chorus opens the Goldman Band Concert (Tuesday, July 21, NBC at 6:30 p.m.) followed by the Overture to "Iphigenia" by Gluck, a Rameau Suite, Bach's Choral and Fugue, and the Presto and Adagio movements from Haydn's "Farewell Symphony.

Olive Marshall sings "Care Selva" and Mozart's "Abduction" with the Goldman Band (Wednesday, July 21, NBC at 7 p.m.), which plays two Mozart overtures, the one to the "Marriage of Figaro" and the one to the "Magic Flute"; Handel's "Coronation Anthem;" Bach's "Bourree," and a Robles arrangement of Bach's Hymn to the Sun; and an Old English Folk Song Suite.

On Thursday (July 22, NBC at 7:30 p.m.) the Goldman March Militaire, Beethoven's Eroica Overture, Bach's Fugue in A minor, the Andante movement from Haydn's "Surprise Symphony," excerpts from Wagner's "Lohengrin," Schubert's Serenade, and the "Blue Danube" Waltz by Strauss.

"Lord Have Mercy," by Lofsky, opens the program of The Siberian Singers (July 23, NBC at 9:45 p.m.), and is followed by an old Volga folk song "Volga Haulers," "Fleeting Hour" a traditional gypsy song and "Publikischi.

The Cover Girl

Not everyone knows that Olga, Countess Albari, whose soft spoken voice lends charm to an NBC-WCLY network every Friday evening, is not only a real honest-to-goodness countess, but also a master of unusually varied accomplishments.

Born in an old Spanish castle near Barcelona, brought up in the United States at the convent school of St. Joseph at Brentwood, Long Island, she has a background of Spanish culture which included thorough training in music. Yet the dark-haired, blue-eyed Olga refused to confine herself to the polite and limited forms of musical accomplishment which are part of the training of every well-born Spanish girl, and after persuading her parents to permit her to Horace Mann School in New York she began to study music seriously.

Marriage to the handsome Count Ar-
High Spot Selections for Sunday, July 22

(Time Shown is Central Standard Time)

11:00 a.m.—Broadcast from Switzerland, re-enacting 1944 riot incident; CBS-WABC network.
1:00 p.m.—Detroit Symphony; CBS-WABC network.
1:30 p.m.—Chautauqua Little Symphony; NBC-WJZ.
3:30 p.m.—Edward Sargent’s orchestra; Komett’s Orchestra; NBC-WEAF net.
4:00 p.m.—City Musicale; NBC-WEAF network.
6:00 p.m.—International Broadcast from Berlin; variety show; NBC-WJZ network.
7:30 p.m.—Fisk University Glee Club (CBS).
8:00 p.m.—Hall of Fame; guest artists; NBC-WEAF.
8:30 p.m.—Laren-Bolton-Bunce; views of current Pictures; Screen Stars in Person; music by Mark Warlow; gosp by Cal York; CBS-WABC network.
9:00 p.m.—Ed Lawrence; Grace Hayes; Little Orphant Annie’s Orchestra; WZK WKN.
9:30 p.m.—Ballad Stars; WBN.
9:45 p.m.—Basketball; Hal Totten.
10:00 p.m.—Carl Fischer.
10:45 p.m.—Musicale; NBC-WEAF.
11:30 p.m.—J. W. Mableson Orchestra; WGN.
12:15 a.m.—NBC-Donald’s Orchestra; CBS-WABC.
12:30 a.m.—Four Hundred; Columbia Variety Show.
12:45 a.m.—Spinach of String Strings; WWL Radio Choir; NBC-WABC.
1:00 a.m.—Acapella; NBC-WABC network.
1:15 a.m.—Welsh Ladies; NBC-WABC.
1:30 a.m.—J. W. Mableson Orchestra; WGN.
2:00 a.m.—Radio Chapel; Country Music Association; NBC-WEAF.
2:30 a.m.—Mama Rhea’s Music; NBC-WABC.
3:00 a.m.—Meraic; NBC-WABC.
3:15 a.m.—Burlington’s; NBC-WABC.
4:00 a.m.—Sixty with a View; NBC-WABC network.
4:15 a.m.—Zacarol Orchestra; NBC-WABC.
4:30 a.m.—J. W. Mableson Orchestra; WGN.
5:00 a.m.—Spinnaker; NBC-WABC.
5:30 a.m.—J. W. Mableson Orchestra; WGN.
6:00 a.m.—Pine View; NBC-WABC.
6:15 a.m.—Wake Up; NBC-WABC.
6:30 a.m.—GOOD-Morning America; NBC-WABC.

N.B.—These programs as here presented were as correct and as accurate as the broadcasting companies and Radio Guide could make them at the time of going to press. However, errors may have crept in through the use of old or sometimes necessary eighteen hour change of time and weather forecasts, etc. Look for the Bell for Religious Services and Programs when no time is shown.

Notice

Recommendations for religious services and programs are printed in the Guide at the time of going to press. However, errors may have crept in through the use of old or sometimes necessary eighteen hour change of time and weather forecasts, etc. Look for the Bell for Religious Services and Programs when no time is shown.
New Programs, Changes

(Continued Standard Time Shown)

Sunday, July 22

The famous William Tell scene of the shooting of an apple from the son's head will be broadcast from Switzerland over CBS from 11 to 11:15 a.m., a new NBC-WAFL network.

Joey Nash, tenor, will be the guest of Max Small during her "Little Miss Bab's Surprise Party" at 11:30 a.m., over an NBC-WAFL network.

Another variety show presented by "Gulf Headliners," bringing international celebrities to the microphone, will be heard in an International broadcast from Berlin at 7 p.m. over an NBC-WAFL network. The following artists will participate: Ernst Wilhelm, master of ceremonies; Ludwig Ruhl's Orchestra; Ernst Gros and Rose Berger, vocalists; and the Comedian Harmonists.

"Here Comes the Navy," new picture featuring Johnny Castle and Pat O'Brien, will have its radio preview during the CBS network during the "Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood" program, 8:30 to 9:15 p.m.

Monday, July 23

Early morning changes in schedules bring "The Capitvators" at 9:15 a.m.; "The Rain." Fri at 9:30 a.m.; the Cudahy Quartet at 9:45 a.m.; Betty Barbell at 10 a.m.; and "Poetic Strings" program at 11:15 a.m. over the WABC-Columbia network.

"Musical Album" of popular classics returns to the WABC-Columbia network, beginning today at 3:05 p.m.

Press Radio News Bulletins, effective this date, will be heard at 3:30 p.m. over WABC (an hour later over CBS-Dixie network).

Alarid Eastman, lyric soprano, a male chorus and Howard Bartone's Symphony Orchestra inaugurate a new series entitled "Melody Masterpieces," at 8:30 p.m. over Columbia.

Tuesday, July 24

The Blue Ridge Mountaineers, new top group of singers-Don Pangano, Willard Kyle, Joseph Denucci, Michael den Leune, Peter den Leune and Johnny Morley make their debut in a new three series—Tuesdays and Thursdays at 3:45 p.m. and Fridays at 4:30 p.m.

Sybil Faux will be heard regularly at 3:30 p.m. over WABC-Columbia network beginning this date.

The second sketches starting their seventh year over NBC networks are now heard each Tuesday at 7:30 p.m. over the NBC-WAFL network.

Fray and Braggiselli, two piano teams, will be heard at the new time of 8:15 p.m.

Wednesday, July 25

Vera Van will be heard today and subsequent Wednesday at the new time of 3:15 p.m., as well as every Thursday at 9 p.m.

"On the Village Green," a new series featuring folk songs, will be presented at 2 p.m. the Detroit Symphony substitutes a weekly Wednesday period at 2 p.m. for its Saturday period over the WABC-Columbia net.

Thursday, July 26

Between the bookends, popular feature will take its Columbia outlet in Kansas City, will be broadcast over the WABC-Columbia network for the first time in a new series, 3:15 to 3:30 p.m.

"Bar-X Days and Nights"—new series over the WABC-Columbia network—will begin at 7 p.m. Series is sponsored by Ford Motors.

Borden's "Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood," popular program featuring screen stars in guest performances and radio previews of important new pictures, will be heard tonight and every Thursday from 8 to 8:45 p.m., instead of on Sunday nights, effective this date, over the WABC-Columbia network.

Friday, July 27

The Landry Trio will be interviewed by Lionel Reevil during her series of interviews with radio stars heard weekly at 3:15 p.m., over an NBC-WAFL network.

Doctor W. S. Landis, Vice President, American Cyanamid and Chemical Company, and General B. H. Markham, Director of the American Petroleum Industries Committee, will be the speakers tonight during the weekly Public Affairs Council Talk series which will be broadcast from New York at 6:30 p.m. over WJZ.

Saturday, July 28

The Philadelphia Summer Concerts network, is now heard in a two-hour concert, from 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., over the WABC-Columbia network. Forthcoming is the first of the augmented programs.

Continued from Preceding Page
Plums and Prunes
By Evans Plummer

A member of a New Britain (Conn.) high school fraternity decided that he had a swell inspiration to do a gate on his organization's July dance. Yeah, they'd come for miles if his plan worked. It was this: He tried to get a part of Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians to come to New Britain and play for the shingle, the part being limited only by the amount of coin the region was able to spare for the de luxe musicians.

He wrote to Guy and asked him how many musicians he would be able to supply and what his fee would be. The director's reply arrived. It read:

"For $100 I could give you no musicians, but I'll be glad to send you a piccolo player and two sheets of music."

SPEAKING OF BAND LEADERS, two recently opened in Chicago, both of whom came here directly from New York, an Illinois downstate loss, from 200 miles away, I heard, and must meet both. She tried it and it worked very difficult. She said he was afflicted. The other, Eddie Duchin at the Congress hotel, went out of his way to be nice to her. Result: the lady has returned home and has no arrangements to book Duchin into three large downtown ballrooms that pay off well into the thousands in plums to Eddie and prunes to guess who.

Deep secrecy surrounds experiments said to have been conducted last March in Chicago, reported, two motorized sand-handcars traveled several miles using two tracks drawn from the ether. Now the Nicola Tesla theme of three decades ago. Much worthless stock has been sold since. Be careful. But the day may come.

Central Standard Time

Tuesday, July 24

9:00 p.m. NBC—Beauty Box Theater: WEAF WSBM KRCW KMBC KTUL WBMX WDIV WGSY WTMX 11:00 p.m. NBC—Radio City: WJZ KYW KLON WTVN WCBS WMAQ 10:30 p.m. NBC—Aloha Holiday; NBC—Music By The Sea: WSMW WJZ KYW KLON WTVN WCBS WMAQ 11:00 p.m. NBC—Camel Club: WNBW WSMW WJZ KYW KLON WTVN WCBS WMAQ 11:30 p.m. NBC—Amos and Andy: WSNB WCTB WNIB WCBS WMAQ

Plums and —

PRUNES to the long-winded advertising credits on the Phil Harris commercial of July 6th, in particular, a sponsor has to get his money back, but not at the cost of his listeners and their goodwill. It's bad business, and Mr. S. F. Roome, Va., is one of several objects.

Another carload of the wrinkled fruit is going to those stations so tight that they see a signal and fail about as often as to give time to educational and well- worthy programs: these lines is rumored. The canvas is being made to determine if they are broadcasting licenses to fall into the same category as public utility franchises... you know; I don't know what anyone would suffer from such a measuring stick.

Inside Pickups

PHIL BAKER, in Hollywood co-starring in the flier the "Gift of Gab" and broadcasting from there. Due back July 19. Billy Bessey stays in Chicago because of other programs... Harriet signed to do another picture, this time Vera Carlay's "One Night Stand"... and Tito and Connie are Hollywood-bound to do a feature film with the New Faces of Jeanette MacDonald and Jeanette MacDonald's cousin, Rosemary Clooney... Donna Parker's sale of the new Johnson wax show, starring Tony Wong, has collapsed... news that Chicago may be the key. The bill will be Gina Vanna (Siragusa), Italian-American soprano, Emmy Dunce, bimbo baritone, and later in the series Audrey Call, star violinist. It's to be a revue for which music, or vice versa... Lucille Fish's original air musically: the "American Beauty Revue." Being held only one week for this week, the result was somewhat more air time biggie. All Short is musical director of the production which will be held, sold, special arrangements and original songs weekly with a serial plot. Altogether the show requires a cast of over 50. . . . More good news for good music lovers: Originating through WEEB, Super- duper, the Dublun Civic Symphony, 85 members has cast of Paul LeMay directing, has started a three-week series of NBC broadcasts at 10:30 p.m. EST Mondays.

SUBSCRIBE TO RADIO GUIDE
Radio Guide

22

Central Standard Time

Programs for Wednesday, July 25

Add One Hour

High Spot Selections For Wednesday

2:00 p.m.—On the Village Green, music: CBS-WABC network.
3:15 p.m.—Dr. F. L. Meier, tenor: NBC-WJZ.
4:30 p.m.—Town Hall Tonight: Fred Allen, comedian: NBC.
5:00 p.m.—Big City Symphony: NBC-WABC.
6:00 p.m.—Maxine: Phil Saylor: CBS-WABC network.
6:30 p.m.—Broadway Vanities: Everett Marshall: CBS-WABC network.
7:00 p.m.—On the Farm and Home Hour: WLS-WWLS-KOAM.
7:15 p.m.—Kalmus—Exchange Club: WLS-WWLS-KOAM.
8:00 p.m.—The Byrd: KMOX-Home Network.
8:15 p.m.—Harry Richman: NBC-WJZ network.
9:00 p.m.—California melodies: CBS-WABC network.

NBC-SC—Woman's Hour: WENR.

CBS—Leith and White: WEAF.

WABC—Parkinson's Organ: WABC.

KMOX—News: WLS.

WMBR—Melody Club: WSM.

KMOX—Community Club: WSM.

WABC—Lawrence: WABC.

KMOX—Tan Tongs: WLS.

WABC—Dr. F. L. Meier: WABC.

KMOX—Tan Tongs: WLS.

WABC—Lawrence: WABC.

KMOX—Tan Tongs: WLS.

WABC—Dr. F. L. Meier: WABC.

KMOX—Tan Tongs: WLS.

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KMOX—Tan Tongs: WLS.

WABC—Lawrence: WABC.

KMOX—Tan Tongs: WLS.

WABC—Dr. F. L. Meier: WABC.
Along the Airialto

(Continued from Page 4)

For those of you who are familiar with this New Jersey copper and his wife, Dorothy, who never had children, I should tell you that for Dorothy it means a great deal to have a personal representative, gained circulation among the fans of the "Gangster". The Mills Brothers have sold their guitars and sailed for New York.

Kilocycle Chatter

IF YOU'VE BEEN WENDING your way through "David" in the "Just Plain Folks" series, it's because the role was purposely eliminated in order to give Carter Novis an opportunity to spend a week with his mother in Omaha. Still going strong is the "Booby Benson" role, played by Ruskat, one of the best kids shows on airplanes. The scripts are written by Peter Dixon, a proud father himself. The funnest part of it all is that Pete tries the scripts out on his kids, and if the reaction is favorable, they're used, if not - they're filed in the wastebasket... The Voice of Experience and Gertrude Niesen have been running three years on the lot now. The funnest part of that is that they sponsor broadcasts from WXYZ studios in New York for over a year, but never met. The Voice met Gertrude at ABC and they were to be personal appearances. Alis Niesen was finishing up her week.

Radio Review

(Continued from Page 4)

a series, you will enjoy the gratitude of Columbia by sending them to 483 Madison avenue, New York. And as a theme song for the series, used that "Howdy Days Are Here Again?"

IT'S A FUNNY THING, but there are many radio artists who conjure song titles when they think of it. For instance, every time I meet up with Morton Downey I think of the ditty "I Garden Love". Gertrude Niesen is suggestive of "Dark Eyes." Ted Hush

Lighten Your Hair Without Peroxide

SAFELY in 5 to 10 minutes

Cautious, fastidious women avoid a bottle of peroxide because it delivers more then the name suggests. However, for years by famous beauties, artists and screen goddesses, peroxide has been used without ill effects. It provides a more brilliant color and removes all traces of gray. We have developed a peroxide which is perfectly safe, harmless and superior in performance. It will save you time and money.

FREE booklet: "The Art of Lightening Hair Without Peroxide."

For first order.

EDWIN P. LEIGHTON

200 W. 111th St. New York, N. Y.

REDUCE

AMAZING NEW WAY

No fact, nurse, phonograph discs, advertisements, or out-dated remedies are required in a peroxide bath. Tried and proved to provide permanent volume with minimum injury. Just a few applications of this compound, once per month, will ensure a lasting result. Developed in Italy, it is the most rapid and least offensive means of increasing and improving hair. Overgrown or fallen in deficiency are immediately renewed. You can have a perfect head of hair in a few months. As hair is the most difficult of skin parts to disguise, it is essential to be in perfect condition. Try these magic tablets at our risk. Just 50c for a 10-day supply.

For Free Sample: Dr. Allen's Compound

211A E. 113th St., Chicago, Ill.

LADIES MAKE MONEY

One FREE issue and Morning Matinette Post with each order tells how to turn on to the new way to be beautiful week in SPARR TIME. Women everywhere, good or bad, have new clothes, more health, better sleep, and regular toilet. Send post card for details.

REDUCE

No facts, nurse, phonograph discs, advertisements, or out-dated remedies are required in a peroxide bath. Tried and proved to provide permanent volume with minimum injury. Just a few applications of this compound, once per month, will ensure a lasting result. Developed in Italy, it is the most rapid and least offensive means of increasing and improving hair. Overgrown or fallen in deficiency are immediately renewed. You can have a perfect head of hair in a few months. As hair is the most difficult of skin parts to disguise, it is essential to be in perfect condition. Try these magic tablets at our risk. Just 50c for a 10-day supply.

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For Free Sample: Dr. Allen's Compound

211A E. 113th St., Chicago, Ill.
FRAN FREY is now on a new program known as "Frayn Free's Frayday ..." over WOR at 6 p.m. CST. He was born December 24, 1904, has brown hair, brown eyes, is five feet eleven inches, weighs 175 pounds, and is married to a non-professional. (For G. Louis Sands, Denver, Colo.)

ELSIE HITZ was born July 21, 1902. PHYLLIS DAWSON's birthday is May 31. ETHIE MILLER's birthday is January 1. GEORGE OLSEN's birthday is March 18. (For R. M. Read, Pa.)

RUDY VALLEE was born July 26, 1900. He is five feet ten inches, has brown hair. (For F. R. L., Stratford, Ont., Can.)

Jack TEAGARDEN, trombone player, is with Paul Whiteman's orchestra. (For Mr. H. L. Fayard, Biloxi, Miss.)

WILL OSORNE'S trumpet players are John McGhee and Phil Capicotto. (For H. V. A., lbbury Park, N. J.)

ROSEMARY LANE can be addressed at 722 N. Madison Avenue, Chicago, Ill. (For G. A. West Harley, N. Y. J.)

VINCENT SOREY was born in Italy. He is five feet six inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has dark hair and blue eyes. He is an only child. (For Mrs. Howard, New York City.)

CHARLES BARNET's theme song is "I Lost Another Sweetheart." It was at one time a current popular number. (For A. D. D., York, Pa.)

DON AMECHTE will have to be addressed at NBC, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, as we make it a practice not to divulge the private addresses of the artists. (For Harry S. O., Brook- lyn, N. Y. J.)

CONRAD TIBBAULT was born November 13, 1905. He has light hair and is of average height. He has been in the air since 1931. (For Miss T. W., Hickory, N. C.)

CAROL BIXLEY was the author of "Dangerous Paradise" sketch. Jack Hitz and Nick Carroll are both married to non-professionals.

FRANCES INGRAM is a beauty spec- tacle in the care of the skin. She is five feet 4 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds, has brown hair, dark brown hair, and is single. (For Mrs. J. F. B., Lock Haven, Pa.)

AL WOODS is in his early thirties, is five feet six inches tall, weighs about 150 pounds, has black hair and blue eyes. He is married, and has four children. (For D. S. Sigis, Ill.)

NOW THURSDAY NIGHT
8:00 C.S.T. * 9:00 C.D.T.
Columbia Network*

"45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"
Borden's sensations program

**IT'S HOLLYWOOD FROM THE INSIDE!**

Pre-views of the best current pictures

* Famous Stars in Person
* Studio Gossip by Cal York
* Music by Mark Warnow

For stations—see Radio Guide Listings

Cash payments will be advanced to writers of songs, if used and published in "The Orchestra World, a nation-wide column for material written, likely to be found suitable for radio entertainment. RADIO MUSIC GUILD, 1650 Broadway, New York.

Tune in Every Sunday at 3:15 P.M. M.S. WINS.

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High Spot Selections For Friday

(Times Shown Is Central Standard)

1:00 p.m.—Johnny Green; CBS-WABC network. 

2:00 p.m.—Roy Acuff; The Grand Ole Opry. 

3:00 p.m.—Gordon Jenkins; WLS network. 

3:30 p.m.—J. J. Johnson; Harry Rich Orchestra. 

5:00 p.m.—Bob Hope; The Vegetable Harvest. 

7:00 p.m.—Shelby Flint; Aeolian Knobs. 

7:30 p.m.—The Vagabonds; CBS-KOOL network. 

8:00 p.m.—Roy Acuff; The Grand Ole Opry. 

9:00 p.m.—Jack Benny; NBC-WABC network. 

10:30 p.m.—Matthew兴建by; NBC-WABC network. 

**Radio Guide**

**Central Standard Time**

**Programs for Friday, July 27**

**For Daylight Time Add One Hour**

**Afternoon**

**12:00 Noon**

CBS—The Edna Evans; WABC WSBW KSL—The A.M. News, Markets; WMM—Variety Program

**KRLD—Morning**

CBS—The Edna Evans; WABC WSBW KSL—The A.M. News, Markets; WMM—Variety Program

**KSL—Evening Breeze**

CBS—The Edna Evans; WABC WSBW KSL—The A.M. News, Markets; WMM—Variety Program

**KMOX—Evening Breeze**

CBS—The Edna Evans; WABC WSBW KSL—The A.M. News, Markets; WMM—Variety Program

**KBK—Evening Breeze**

CBS—The Edna Evans; WABC WSBW KSL—The A.M. News, Markets; WMM—Variety Program

**KSL—Evening Breeze**

CBS—The Edna Evans; WABC WSBW KSL—The A.M. News, Markets; WMM—Variety Program

**KMOX—Evening Breeze**

CBS—The Edna Evans; WABC WSBW KSL—The A.M. News, Markets; WMM—Variety Program

**KSL—Evening Breeze**

CBS—The Edna Evans; WABC WSBW KSL—The A.M. News, Markets; WMM—Variety Program

**KMOX—Evening Breeze**

CBS—The Edna Evans; WABC WSBW KSL—The A.M. News, Markets; WMM—Variety Program

**KSL—Evening Breeze**

CBS—The Edna Evans; WABC WSBW KSL—The A.M. News, Markets; WMM—Variety Program

**KMOX—Evening Breeze**

CBS—The Edna Evans; WABC WSBW KSL—The A.M. News, Markets; WMM—Variety Program

**KSL—Evening Breeze**

CBS—The Edna Evans; WABC WSBW KSL—The A.M. News, Markets; WMM—Variety Program

**KMOX—Evening Breeze**

CBS—The Edna Evans; WABC WSBW KSL—The A.M. News, Markets; WMM—Variety Program

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**KSL—Evening Breeze**

CBS—The Edna Evans; WABC WSBW KSL—The A.M. News, Markets; WMM—Variety Program
Downey’s Romance

(Continued from Page 6)

could dance! In a fantastic flare of enthusiasm Maurice hired her and began to make plans. They must go to Paris. There is no place to convert an inexperienced young girl into a professional dancer like Paris is, so he arranged for everything—bargage, accommodations, a correct chaperone. Her father gave her a generous farewell party. It was not altogether a joyous occasion. In that spring of 1925 Constance was still somewhat a finishing school. Adrienne, their separation an admitted failure, was going to Richard for divorce. It was a hectic departure.

But departure was no more hectic than the adventure. Maurice had taken Barbara to Paris to work. Barbara was for the first time discovering how to play. Maurice presented operas and museums and definite hours of training. Barbara, learning how it is to be young and lovely and free, saw other quite different opportunities in Paris.

She lived in luxurious apartment at the Ritz. She had money. Potus saw her and recognized the privilege of designing a special wardrobe. Dinner girons, formal frills and wraps, a ravishing series of costumes, resulted, so that she could appear in different attire every night for six weeks. In them she cut a brilliant and spectacular figure in the night resorts of Montemarre and elsewhere. Maurice was distraught. The generation that lay between them bore vicious fruit. They could not understand each other. They came to hate each other.

They returned to New York and opened to unprecedented acclaim at the Lido. The bitterness had burned. He was augmented by Maurice’s illness, by Barbara’s increased enjoyment of life. Maurice made him understand her. There was the matter of the division of their earnings, too. The team was earning $10,000 a week. Only $500 of it was allowed Barbara. The team cut a bridge that was between them while lasted. But it did not last long. Maurice collapsed, finally, the team dissolved. And Barbara, retaining her youth, her beauty and talent, took off another dance partner and went on her way. She teamed for a time with Bill Reardon—then with Frankie Sabin, formerly a prizefighter. Maurice. Gradually it became apparent that Reardon once again was to taste the bright triumph of his first acquaintance with Maurice. She came to appreciate the enormous power of his name, the weight of his training, when it was too late. It came as a sobering experience. Barbara began to earn in earnest.

Eventually Barbara, too, found herself in Hollywood. As Constance had done before, she and loan was to do. In the year 1924 she only sprang almost immediately into stardom, but cultivated Hollywood’s young people. Her name was linked with that of William Powell. She played in three pictures. Then RKO decided to experiment. They would film a musical show with incidental songs. There would be pretty girls, soft hits, dance steps, it was to be the first thing of its kind. They planned “Singing Morton Downey, the tenor, for the male lead, and Barbara as the dancer, for the leading feminine role.”

And so she came to New York. It was fun to be back again, renewing acquaintances, visiting old rendezvous. One day she was having luncheon with a girl friend at the Mayfair Club.


“Morton Downey. You ought to know him! He’s your future leading man!” said Barbara. “So that’s Morton Downey!”

She decided she didn’t like him much.

Full details of the newly introduced couple’s three-week courtship—their first weeks of marriage—what they have made of their lives since—for the future—all will be in the next installment of Morton Downey’s Great Romance in the coming issue, out July 26.

The broad smile on the good-natured, handsome, havish Charney—picted above—won’t come off, because Ed has just learned that he won the trip to Hollywood, last week. Young Charney, who lives at 1633 North Keeler Avenue, Chicago, has every night for the last three weeks been on the weekly Limerick in the Babe Ruth—Pulled Pine and Rape radio con- saved and he and his mother will be Babe Ruth’s guests for a while, each week. Since he has been on the air, he has seen his air, as well as 100 autographed baseballs and 100 fiedlers gloves.

Babe Ruth Winner

The broad smile on the good-natured, handsome, havish Charney—picted above—won’t come off, because Ed has just learned that he won the trip to Hollywood, last week. Young Charney, who lives at 1633 North Keeler Avenue, Chicago, has every night for the last three weeks been on the weekly Limerick in the Babe Ruth—Pulled Pine and Rape radio con- saved and he and his mother will be Babe Ruth’s guests for a while, each week. Since he has been on the air, he has seen his air, as well as 100 autographed baseballs and 100 fiedlers gloves.
The Twilight Murder

(Continued from Page 13) enterprise with his brilliant suggestion. The Walkathon could be run on a smaller scale if only arrangements could be made to get the use of one of the buildings at the State Fair grounds, where police would have the facility of operating.

They'll settle for a raise for the suggestion, and for a time the Walkathon flourished outside the city limits, with an injunction restraining a small association, under attempts from interfering. The Walkathon council, with the management taking a lead from the book of the famous Mr. "Cash and Carry" Pyle, and leaving for other parts "between two days."

So Howard and Emma Harding moved to the Hotel Carolina, living in a little furnished apartment in the outskirts of town.

But Howard Harding didn't lose hope.

Fate Sets the Stage

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The Hoosier Hot Shots

The Rural Rhythm Boys

Listen to their Unique Tin Pan Band

Every Saturday

24 STATIONS

Coast to Coast

The NATIONAL BARN DANCE

Tune in

KOAI or KFI

8:30 P.M. CST

Sponsored by ALMA DEETZ

A rollicking program of old time singing, dancing and homespun fun. Over 40 Radio Artists including the Cumber- land Ridge Runners, Linda Parker, Maple City Four, Sparrow's, Lulu Belle, The Old-Time Country Orchestra, Louise Massey, Mac and Bob and the Westerners brought to you direct from W.S. Chicago, every Saturday night over 24 NBC stations coast to coast.
The Twilight Murder

(Continued from Page 29) and grab his arms so he can't fight back.

Harding squeezed Emma's cold hand, and knocked on Lagle's door. He heard an old man limping over to swing it open.

"I've come to return the nicker that you lent my sister on the street-car," said Harding. His wife was out of sight behind him.

The Futile Struggle

John Lagle invited him in. He had no choice other than to go. He was lonely, and he felt like talking to someone.

Harding's fingers closed around the handle of the hammer which weighted his pocket. Old John Lagle saw the hammer coming out, and he opened his mouth to yell. Harding got his hand over the old man's mouth just as Emma burst in and pinned his arms.

They rocked back and forth across the floor. For all his years and the Spanish bullet which still ground against his thigh bone, John Lagle was too weak. He fought hard for his life.

Twice he got his mouth free and ventana choked-off shout, and twice Harding brought the hammer down on the old man's skull.

The bone shattered like paper, and Lagle fell forward on the rug...

The sad and simple dramas of blood were over. Howard Harding looked at his wife, and then at him. What they saw in each other's faces then, no living human being will ever know.

But the deed was done, with perfect success. Harding forced himself to kneel above the fallen man and drag the roll of bills from his pocket. After all, it was the price of John Lagle's life, and Howard Harding's soul.

The Telltale Gun

"We got to get out of here!" Emma Harding almost screamed. She hadn't thought it would be this thing.

There was blood all over her husband's shirt-front—blood that wasn't red, as in the stories, but of an old dark-brown color.

They went swiftly back down the hall to their own room, where Howard Harding slipped on the bloody shirt and put on another.

Emma's face was white as chalk, and grew whiter as she watched and masoned him.

"I can't go past the clerk like this!"

"You won't need to," said Harding. "We've got the back way! Didn't I tell you this was going to be the perfect murder?"

Down the hall they went, to a side window...

"You first!" whispered Harding. "Let's move slowly, ever slowly. They went down the fire-escape, while rain drenched them to the skin and the wind howled a dirge for the murdered man they had left behind them.

At last they reached the round, and Howard Harding's eyes opened with a start.

"That sounds like relief!" They were out of the place! They were free!

And then, just as they were picking up their suitcases, a voice sounded out from a door over one of his side of the face.

The hotel clerk was bailing mad. "I say you..."

Howard Harding's knees turned to water, and his wife almost fell forward. But his fingers bit into her arm.

"What's the big idea?" blustered the clerk. "Leaving without paying your bill! I've had enough of you dead-bets—y...you'll wait right here until..."

Howard Harding began to breathe again.

"Well what do we do now?

"Your dollars and forty-five cents...snapped the clerk. He knew it by heart. He had been worrying over that bill for a couple of days.

But touch to his surprise, Howard Harding smiled and dug into his pocket. After a moment's fumbling he produced a dollar bill. He handed it over calmly.

"So you had it—and still tried to beat your way!" But Tomilson only wanted what was coming to the hotel. He took the bill and gave change from his own pocket.

Escape at Last

"Goodbye," said Emma Harding tamely, as the clerk turned and stalked back to his little bathoom on the second floor, to finish shaving.

"What a narrow one that was!" said her husband. He picked up the suitcases. "Come on, we've got to get out of town!"

Together they ran out of the dripping, looming shadows of the evil alleyway, ran for all they were worth.

Muscles developed by hours and weeks of "Walkathon" walking, responded. Hearts sick of the chilly north, yearning for the soft weather and easy living of the South, bore them on.

Freedom! Easy money and a quick getaway! The rush of the strongest, and the devil take the hindmost!

"Didn't I tell you?" said Howard Harding as they reached the street. He was almost laughing in sheer reaction.

But his laugh froze in his throat. A few feet from them a black clothed crook coach was rolling up to the curb—a coach from which two blue-coated officers burst with one accord.

"Where do you think you're going?" roared Owen Tevlin.

There was no light left in either of the Hardings. Howard dropped the suitcases, and his name was unpronounceable.

"We thought we were going back to Arkansas and doing simply, making merry with the victors.

But we didn't figure on you all being so immediate."

Halted in Flight

That was the end of the perfect murder case, although detectives swarmed over the hotel for the rest of the night. Taken up to their room to make sure that every-thing was in order, there the guilty couple had been led by police past the door of the room where John Lagle lay. From the fair lie door in the dark stream proclaimed its fearful secret—a stream that gave the lie to the near "Don't Disturb" sign which had been hung from the knob.

Blood, soaking from John Lagle's room! Blood—and a faint groaning from within.

The detectives found Lagle still alive, though his skull had been battered to a pulp—crushed like a thin enamel under the heavy blows of the hammer.

Their Doom Is Sealed

They found the bloody shirt in Howard Harding's suitcase. They found the marriage license locked in the dying man's trunk. Before the door Harding's had been hooked long at the police station. John Lagle died, and the charge of assault and robbery was changed to one of murder.

Most damming of all, in Harding's pocket was found a tremendous roll of bills which he insisted were his lifetime savings But he did not know that the roll consisted of all money—phony greenbacks with two twenties and five wrapped around the outside! Old John Lagle had wanted people to think about him as a big shot.

Never in all history was there a murder case broken more swiftly than this "perfect murder." Without the radio cruiser, and its mid day down East New York Street, without that invisible wave which cleared the curious through the ether and sprang to a clarion alarm in the police radio set. Howard Harding and his wife would have gone off scot-free!

John Lagle had been killed about fifty-three p.m. Saturday afternoon, at 5:40 at 5:47 the alarm had gone out, and exactly one and one-half minutes later the two murderers of John Lagle were under arrest.

The Harding couple hustled to plead guilty to murder, with Howard, the shrewd who hated work, drawing a lifetime of hard labor at Michigan City State Prison and made a deuce of his husband, drawing ten years at Indiana Woman's Prison in Indianapolis.

Liberal Reward for True Mystery Stories

Radio Guide will pay liberally for true stories of crime mysteries in which radio served the law. Writers Police Officers. Detectives and any one else in possession of authentic cases are specially invited to supply these rewards.

Radio must be a prominent element in the detection. Any appreciation of the criminals. Photographers names of principals, dates and places must be borne in mind.

Adress all letters to Editor, Radio Crime, 531 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

In Next Week's Issue of RADIO GUIDE

"THE FATAL THREE"

A pair of gunmen who tried to hold up the Madeline Hotel in San Francisco have been captured. They made two fatal mistakes.

And the most important of these was their following a tip on radio as a means of solving a crime before the crime was fully perpetrated. You will find the most thrilling of the "Calling All Cars" series yet, in the issue of Radio Guide dated Week Ending August 4th. In order to make sure of your order, it is best that you see your local editor now!
JEANIE LANG

As She Appears Under The MIKEeroscope

By Lee Mortimer

JEANIE LANG is the last of a vanishing race. She doesn't smoke or drink, having taken the pledge several years ago at the instigation of her grandmother, who is a State Superintendent of the W.C.T.U. When she's in New York she lives in an apartment hotel in conjunction with a church, and on Sundays she attends that church, the Calvary Baptist, made famous by the late Reverend Doctor John Rouch Stratton.

Jeanie was born in a St. Louis suburb, Maplewood, in 1911. Her early years were quite like those of any other small town girl. She always was crazy about singing, and in high school she managed to get in every play. The stage became an obsession with her, frightening her mother and father, not to mention grandma, the State Superintendent. They were afraid she'd go on the stage.

Then Papa had a brilliant idea. Said he to Mamo Lang: "Let's take Jeanie to Hollywood and show her what a terrible time actors have of it."

So they went to Hollywood.

Visiting the studio where Paul Whiteman was making "The King of Jazz," Jeanie was introduced to the great maestro. He said to her, "Do you sing?" Jeanie answered "Yes," while her folks interrupted with shocked "Nora." Paul was looking for a young girl, however, and invited Jeanie to a mike test. He taught her a version of "Ragtime Blues." He liked the playback so much that he engaged her immediately. Jeanie reacted in a typical feminine fashion. She fainted. That was three years ago. She wasn't 20 then. After "The King of Jazz" she made 35 shorts for Warner Brothers. Her radio debut was made on Earl Anthony's Los Angeles station. While broadcasting one night she was heard in New York by Jack Denny who had just come to the Waldorf. Denny invited her: "Come East at once." Again Jeanie fainted. She usually faints when anything good happens.

She arrived in New York two years ago this July 11. Her arrival was accompanied by chills and fevers. Jeanie is five feet one in her heels—very high heels. She refuses to comb herself or to brush her hair in front of a mirror. She tips the scales, unadorned, at 100 exactly. Her hair is black in winter and dark brown in summer when the sun gets at it. Her eyes are extremely dark brown, practically black. Jeanie likes white clothes. She usually goes in for tailored stuff. Her evening gowns, however, must be fluffy.

Her parents visit her every three months. The rest of the time she's alone.

She has no romances since high school days. Now she's too busy to think about such serious things. She's picky about the movies—almost every picture sending chills of pleasure up her spine. If Clark Gable is in the picture she'll watch the film, but down, zigzag and crooked. In addition to Gable, Jeanie also likes perfume, mostly Shalimar. When she was in the Coast she used to get 125 bottles in from Agna Coliente for $31. So her beauty expenses are not small. Jeanie has four brothers, but no sisters. Two of the boys are older. Her folks now live in Phoenix, Arizona, where the four boys glue their ears to the radio whenever their sister is on the air. Papa's in the lumber business.

Jeanie's "dream-man" is collegiate and floppy—but once a week, for a few hours, she thinks maybe he should be a sales manager. Most of all she wants a pal. Don't bother writing your proposals, however, as she gets a lot of mail now. She sleeps in pajamas, pink ones, finding that righties interpose with her slumber. She wears panties in the summer and muumus during the winter—colored paws in reply to the question eliciting aforementioned facts. Jeanie also stated that her chest was puny. In other words, she was practically embarrassed.

Ramo Gunz will place some celebrity Under the MIKEeroscope every week. Save the picture on this page. There will be 52 in all set. This is the fifteen. You will get one picture a week for an entire year. To every person who sends to Ramo Gunz a complete collection of 52, will be given an album containing the entire group of photographs as reproduced here, the photographic reproductions will be in five books.

Start saving your series now. And watch for another celebrity Under the MIKEeroscope in Ramo Gunz next week.

Next Week

INTERNATIONAL RADIO MATCH

Bringing European Broadcasts to American Listeners; also ANOTHER MISTERY IN THE SERIES

CALLING ALL CARS

"The Fatal Three"

Woman of Many Doubles

TEN years ago the stature Daniel Frohman, one of the greatest of Broadway producers, dropped into a theater and witnessed a child actress's play. Buried in an obscure part was a child actress whose capabilities intrigued Mr. Frohman, wherever he opened his famous little red book and entered the name of Arlene Francis.

Frohman's little red book is reserved for those personally believes will gain fame in the theatrical world. Mame today, it ever, does his judgment betray him. Today the same child actress is one of the most talented mimics and character actresses in radio, having graduated from successful Broadway musical comedy and stock company roles. Perhaps she is destined for even greater heights, for the ravishing beauty feels that she has but partially fulfilled the faith in her displayed by Mr. Frohman.

The daughter of a socially prominent family, Arlene entered show business against the wishes of her parents. She made her professional stage debut in 1928 when she stroll into the office of a producer and sold her talent—despite the fact that she had no previous professional experience. She was cast in a role in "La Gringa," a play starring Claudette Colbert. Later, when Arlene entered radio, Miss Colbert was the first person she imitated.

Followed a two-year business interlude, but the call of the footsteps was in her blood. Arlene took the chance to play the lead in the Boston Company of "Street Scene."

She first stepped into radio in the "March of Time" broadcasts in 1933, and then became a featured player in "Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood." Among the movie players she has impersonated are such widely divergent characters as Evelyn Venable, Constance Cummings, Frances Drake, Gloria Stuart, Lupe Velez, Anita Louise, Bette Davis and Claudette Colbert.

Her real name is Arlene Francis Kazanjian.
The clean center leaves are the mildest leaves
They Taste Better!