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“EDDIE CANTOR AS I KNOW HIM” BY IDA CANTOR — HIS WIFE

BAKER STILL HAUNTED BY BEETLE ON VACATION

FACT CRIME STORY FROM LIFE — “TOO FAST TO BUCK”

COMPLETE RADIO PROGRAMS START ON PAGE 12
If You're Dissatisfied

No more forceful reason for letting the American system of broadcasting alone can be found than Hergesheimer's recent article in The Saturday Evening Post, "Daffodils on the Air". This is drawn to the particular attention of that faction of the American radio audience which continually finds fault with the commercial glands. It will be a good reading also for those of us who are inclined to take American broadcasting with casual indifference. It will be a special delight to the exponents of American radio who have given close study to the situation here.

In this article one will find the parallel to which American broadcasting would sink if advertising were barred from our airways and the governmental license control substituted. England is forced to take its radio just the way it takes its water and its telephone service—either advertising the public can do about it. However, a movement is afoot to start a British Broadcasting Company, and statements by Captain Peter Eckersley, one-time chief of BBC, that a commercial basis imitating the American system in The Saturday Evening Post, "Daffodils on the Air," is inadmissible.

If, as has been suggested by so many thes, we could do nicely without commercial intrusion to break the spell of fine music or entertainment, what would they do...? The American English word is so easily fall to produce good music. It looks to us as though... lack of competition and the substitution of non-commercial aatic control is slowly but surely strangling public interest in British broadcasting.

A similar attitude on the part of American broadcasters would bring the unethical structure down around our ears in jing time. We are not a nation noted for silent suffering, nor are we blessed with the British quality of too much patience. Added to this, the contract between the radio we now enjoy and what the government directors might want us to have, would disgust the average listener and silence ninety percent of the receivers in the country.

The governmental attitude must be paternal. It always has been and always will be. It represents a case of "take this because it is good for you—regardless of whether you like it." That is just what has happened in the British Isles. The average English listener does not get the type of entertainment he likes, but what the overlords of BBC decide is best for him.

When Mr. Fan goes out for an evening he goes to the clubs, restaurants and theaters where he gets a decidedly different brand of entertainment than that given to him over the officially controlled broadcast system. The British attitude would give the American listener a cramp in his ears that would make radio as unpopular in the average home as a skunk at a garden party.

I refer here to the "horror programs" which some stations have on their programs, and who would scrap our system to be rid of this so-called annoyance, let us recommend a reading of Hergesheimer's "Daffodils on the Air" as an antidote and sure cure for their indisposition towards commercially supported broadcasting.
The Eddie Cantor I Know

By Ida Cantor, His Wife

How Many Times Have Listeners Wondered Whether a Comedian Is a Grouch in the Bosom of His Family—or If He Is as Funny at Home as Before the Public? Eddie Cantor's Wife Here Gives the Lowdown About Her Celebrated Husband—and Reveals Many Intimacies of Their Home Life Never Before Published

I'm getting very tired of it. Some day I'm going to scream when some kind soul asks me: "And is Mr. Cantor as funny at home as he is on the radio?"

If your husband was a bricklayer or a steeplejack or a jockey, like to have him tell you: "And does he lay bricks? ..." or "Does he paint flagpoles? ..." or "Does he ride horses ... as well in your parlor as he does on the race track?"

Would you like it?

Neither do I. My husband is a real man who happens to be a comedian, not to a comedian who just happens to be a husband!

There, I played it so much better that I'll break down and confess that Eddie is as funny at home as anywhere else. Most husbands are but Eddie does it on purpose.

For instance, the other day he came home and said he was very tired. He wanted a nap. Would our five daughters and I please keep the house very quiet?

The six of us sat around and "shushed" one another. Eddie went upstairs. But in a few minutes we heard a soft tread on the stairs, and Eddie came into the room. His arm was stretched rigid, in front of him. He was the perfect picture of the somnambulist.

"The house is so quiet," he said sepulchrally, "I'm walking in my sleep. For Heaven's sake make a noise and wake me up!"

And he had on was a silk hat and a pair of bathing trunks.

Were we surprised!

Yes, Eddie claws at home. Sometimes he laughs us out of little domestic peevings that arise even in the best families. And only when it's all over do we realize that he did it on purpose—tickled us into good humor against our wills.

A and that, you see, is the keynote of Eddie's character. He claws at home to make us happy. Because home, for him, is the center of the universe. The hot truth about Eddie Cantor is that he is a husband and father first—and a great artist second. As I shall try to explain, he became a great artist only when moved to boundless ambition through the inspiration afforded him by his growing family.

Of course, you may think I'm prejudiced in favor of this man I'm married to—but remember, I've known him for a long time. They say that no man is a hero to his valet. Certainly, few men are heroes in the eyes of their wives, as Eddie really is in mine.

He wore short pants when I met him, and by that I don't mean golf knickers. If anybody had said "golf" to us kids who played in the gloom and racket under the Elevated tracks of New York's East Side, we'd have thought he had eaten too many radishes! Anyway, Eddie and I went to Henry Street public school. I was attracted to him by his genius for the comic—remarkable even in those days. I remained fascinated by the shyness, the tenderness and the tremendous force of character of this sensitive, big-eyed boy. And as he says: "I used to carry my schoolbooks; now you carry my bankbooks!"

He was still young when Eddie went on the stage, while still a youngster, that we began to think of marriage. But my family had ambitions for me. They wanted me to enjoy greater comfort than they had experienced; they did not think I could find that comfort and security in marriage with a young comic actor. They said, in effect: "We don't want Cantor!"

It was then that Eddie gave me the first of the big surprises. He saved me over our heads. He made a great sacrifice. Instead of trying to persuade me to disobey my parents, he tried to conform to their wishes. This young man, born to be a genius of the stage, denied the urge of his blood. He gave up the stage for me, and got a series of jobs—including one in a gamin's house. As long as I live I shall always remember that I was more important to my Eddie even than his career. He was willing to give up the life he loved—and cut out patterns!

But it was an impractical sacrifice. They fired him from his pattern-cutting when they caught him cutting-dance-steps on the table!

For one whole year Eddie tried to get the dancing and singing out of his system—to walk secession in the ways of noise. And at the end of that time it was love that gave up in despair.

With a heavy heart—for I knew my entire future might be at stake—I made him go back to his job. I didn't want my man to turn himself into a skid hobo—a hobo, by the way, lovingly专人—even for the sake of his reward.

Immediately he got a job with Gus Edwards' "Kid Cabinet" at $3 a week. This lasted eleven months, and each week he sent me every penny he could squeeze out of that $35 to save for him. When he came back, we had $1,800. This, he said, would be our nest-egg. Furthermore, he had an offer of a European theatrical engagement. Wouldn't I like a European honeymoon? Wouldn't I marry him right away?

And that illustrates another side of Eddie Cantor. Note the calm, quiet persistence he showed in wooing me. For a year he slaved at jobs which revolved him; for the next year he demonstrated how much better, financially, was his way of making a living. And finally he popped this romantic-plus-practical offer of a European honeymoon (with a job for him thrown into the bargain) and a nest-egg of $1,800.

And didn't Eddie make the English like him! His success during an eight-week engagement at the Alhambra Music Hall in London was simply phenomenal. It made me realize anew what a great sacrifice Eddie had made by walking at petty jobs, just to please me and my family. And ever since, I have had a tender spot in my heart for the English. My husband was appreciated in London; before New York gave him recognition—and the English have been enthusiastic about him ever since. I think sometimes they are more so than anywhere else.

We returned from Europe just as the Great War started. At first I was still living in an apartment in the Bronx with my married sister. Then when we could afford it, we moved to one of our own near by; when Max Hart—then Eddie's booking agent—signed him on a vaudeville tour doing blackmail. He teamed with a straight man, Al Lee, first husband of the late Lilian Tashman. The vaudeville engagement lasted five years.

Marjorie, oldest of our five daughters, was born a year after we were married. Eddie's reactions to this birth surprised even me—already too proud of him. It was, in fact, the second big surprise he handed me. You'd have thought that he had suddenly become the father of his country, instead of one little red, squalling infant! His joy was equaled only by the tremendous feeling of responsibility he suddenly acquired.

I think young married men who are afraid of the expense of raising children, would be happier if they realized how much the coming of babies can help. Before Marjorie came, Eddie was a clever, happy comic, a fine fellow with probably a good future ahead of him. After her arrival he became, overnight, utterly determined to rise to the very topmost pinnacle of his profession. And in that contrast there is all the difference between a man who will "get along," and a great man. From that day on Eddie never ceased to watch for the big chance, the opportunity that would put him among the comic immortals.

It came. Max Hart obtained him a one-night engagement in the Ziegfeld Roof Show. If Eddie could put that over, he was made!

The big night arrived. Unknown to Eddie, I slipped by the doorman and peeked in on his performance. I dared not go in. A smart, brilliant, bawse New York audience was there to be amazed. The biggest names in town sat at the tables.

Spotlight! Out comes Eddie Cantor, the unknown—a slim youth in blackface. In the shadows of a doorway I trembled, nervously twisting a handkerchief. Music! A song! Eddie passing from table to table clapping with the millionaires, calling them by name.

He was a sensation! The distinguished audience fell for this newcomer. (Continued on Page 23)
"The Melody Lingers On"

By Henry Benlinck

The Untimely Passing of Russ Columbo in Tragic Accident Leaves a Void Beyond Remedy in the Hearts of His Millions of Friends. How Many Knew Him for the Artist, Family Boy, Friend and "Idol" That He Was?

Russ Columbo is dead. The very perversity of Fate which permitted a John Dillingham escape from the clutches of the Element of Fire, and steered a course for the point at which he was destined to meet his end, did not spare the little boy who was destined to be the backbone of the Columbo family. In an accident which forever dimmed and effaced his image, young Russ lost his life.

It is the way of the world that with the public it will some day be supplanted by a new idol, but around that hearthside where he loved most to linger, there can be no replacement. A bright light has been forever dimmed, and no number of succeeding years can efface the poignant grief of that untimely mishap.

Russ's closely-knit unity was atavistic. It goes back to the sunny Napa Valley of his childhood, where his forbears stood side by side to protect their tiny olive groves and their vineyards against invaders from the North.

When the ambitious Nicholas Columbo, struck out for a new land, he transplanted to his tiny home in San Francisco strong traditions of family ties that were to be so revered by his children that came later. Most of the large family of children were born along the blue waters of the Golden Gate. The youngest boy, who was christened Ruggerio, was born at Camden, N. J., during one of the family's migrating periods. It was Ruggerio who was destined to be known as Russ, and who was to reverse history by making America discover Columbo. At the age of six, the sunny, dark-eyed and dark-haired youth began to show prominently his heritage of music. Grace and rhythm were even in his playing, and it was apparent that the land of which music is a symbol had bestowed upon him its gracious gift.

The proud but none-too-well-financed family made sacrifices that he might be tutored on the violin, for which he showed a natural aptitude. In 1914, when Russ was seven years old, the family moved to the little town of Calistoga, just north of San Francisco, and there he was that Russ began his long practice on the violin.

Further migration, this time south, followed, and when Russ reached high-school age, he was living in Los Angeles and already sufficiently accomplished to earn money with his beloved fiddle.

This high-school years found him a member of the school glee clubs and orchestras, and on rare occasions when opportunity offered he was able to earn a few dollars playing in dance orchestras. Characteristically, he carried home these meager earnings, anxious to repay in part the expenses of his lessons, expenses which would have been a strain on the never ample family purse. To all who knew him, he was a good boy. His outlet was music; his companionship he found amid the members of his own family.

But even his contributions could not save the family exchequer, and it was during the second year of his music career that reverses overcame the Columbo family. It was forced to abandon education in favor of remunerative toil, and he began a series of connections with various Los Angeles hotel orchestras. Even at this early age he was becoming known as a "hot" fiddler. Syncopation was riding the crest, and there developed a growing demand for any exponents of the jazz principle in music. Russ Columbo was born to the moment. His employment was timely, and he forged ahead, not on the concert stage of which he had dreamed, but as a featured dance-band artist, with a violin that kept pace with the modern tempo.

So far there had been no hint that he would one day contend with a voice that was to have but one rival, and one which was to be the basis of a feud which will long be remembered wherever vocal talent is discussed. His violin teacher, Professor Moore, declared that the boy violinist had a rare quality in his baritone voice, and it was Professor Moore who urged him to add his vocal talent to his prowess with the resined bow. His success was immediate, and it was only a matter of weeks before he had an engagement for a vaudeville tour of the West Coast.

Spurred on by the urge to lend aid at home, the ambitious youth sought an opening in Hollywood. He detoured the long trip away from the family home and the separation from those whom he loved. By this time he was a tall and handsome brunette, later, described by many as the perfect prototype of Rudolph Valentino.

However, at that moment, the demand for the sleek Latin type had just passed its zenith, and Columbo met with indifferent success in pictures. He was cast in minor parts but had the privilege of seeing his name printed in the leading columns. He was not forgotten, for his fellow Catholics had come to his aid, and when he was discovered in a picture by Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez. But the unimportance of his roles was disregarded, and he turned to the music, both as an emotional outlet and a means to increase his income.

Suddenly came the tender of an opportunity to sing at the famous Cocoanut Grove with Gus Arnheim's orchestra, and a bid for the popularity which was to carry him to the fore in American entertainment circles.

He quickly became a favorite with the present audience that patronizes this popular cafe, perhaps too quickly, because there suddenly developed a dislike for him in the mind of the conductor for whom he was working. Wrangling developed, and Columbo's antipathy to dissension prompted him to leave the Coconut Grove and organize an orchestra of his own.

In 1930 Con Conrad, star-maker and composer, decided that Russ Columbo not only was a find but a "natural" for radio. At that time a young vocalist by the name of Bing Crosby had startled a large number of people with his new style in the way of singing. Conrad, Columbo's manager, realizing that Russ had almost the identical flair, determined that the opera stage toward which Columbo was headed would be a less lucrative field, and set about to train Columbo in the Crosby style of singing. Aptitude was an outstanding characteristic with Columbo, and under Conrad's careful tutelage he was seen outcropping Crosby himself.

Con Conrad urged Columbo to accompany him to New York, but those ever dominant home ties bound Columbo to his family's side and he fought being uprooted.

C Conrad felt that the young singer might be inhibited by the fact that radio had not reached out for him, so went to New York alone, to inform radio program chiefs of what he described as a sensational find. When sufficient contacts had been made to warrant the journey, Columbo descended upon Manhattan. Conrad was not mistaken. The National Broadcasting Company heard Columbo once and contracted with him for a long series of appearances.

So similar was his voice to that of Crosby's, so identical his style, that many could not tell the two apart and thus was the much discussed Crosby-Columbo feud born. Meanwhile, back on the Coast, Crosby who had tuned in by chance one night and heard his rival singing a song he had himself made famous, was stirred to hasty action.

It is doubtful that Bing ever entertained any deep animosity for the unfortunate Columbo. Any resentment on his part must naturally have been for Con Conrad, whom he rightfully felt had impelled Columbo to adopt the Crosby style of singing. Crosby hurried to New York, determined (Continued on Page 26)
As Recorded By "Bottle"

Even Though Baker and "Beetle" Are Off the Air on Vacation, Baker's Nemesis Still Pursues Him. "Bottle's" Account of the Latest Haunt is Faithful and Accurate to the Last Degree

Baker: "I getcha, pal . . . Cat, rat, ma, cow, pa, mule . . . What ever became of Vice-President the Governor of New York? I ever tell you the one where I'm standing on the corner and the fellow says to me—"

Listen, my silly gargoyle, you never heard of a woman who slept with cats. Baker: All right, reprobate. Cat, rat, ma, cow, pa, mule . . . What ever became of Vice-President the Governor of New York? I ever tell you the one where I'm standing on the corner and the fellow says to me, for 20 a word he says to me, and I says to him there's the one about the three frishmen, the two jews, the six Germans, the two and one-half farmers and their eight daughters, so he says to me and I says to him that it seems one afternoon . . . (phone spatters, clicks and goes.)

Bottle: "Bottle"! Beetle! Are you there? He's gone! Well, for 20 cents a word I'll keep . . .

Bottle: (enters) Beg pardon, sir.

Baker: (looks up from phone impatiently) Say, what you want to tell me into this phone? I'm getting 20 cents a word for this.

Bottle: Oh, that's too bad, sir.

Baker: Why, there's a man outside, chopping off all the telephone connections with an axe. He says he's from RKO Guides.

Baker: Oh . . . I get it. (bangs up; he sighs; picks up fan letter; starts to read)

Bottle: Shall I serve tea, sir?

Baker: Yes. (Bottle starts to leave)

Bottle: Oh, Bob.

Baker: Yet, sir.

Bottle: Make that tea with cream.

Baker: But you'll make that tea with cream.

Bottle: Okay, then make it with Lehmann. Get it, Bet?

Bottle: Oh, yes, sir—20 cents a word. (FINISH)
Standing By—

**With Ray Perkins**

Radio's Paley-Waltzes: There frequently exists among radio performers a fine spirit of friendly competition. It is as though those who wrestle with the great god Mike are linked by bonds of common suffering and mutual sympathy. Similarly the hillbilly chorus birds, or for that matter the Sweet Adelines, feel that they're just like the other guy—so long as they're in the same troupe and singing together. Unquestionably many of us have been better entertained listening to many of these hillbilly shows than to a number of the so-called boxoffice attractions.

The fireman feature is now a matter of record. Every fireman radio personality develops some unusual hobby. I have heard the story of a fireman who once frequented the card table that was located on the roof of the studio. Mr. Hays, the client, was living in a real woodshed, and their only means of communication was by telephone. Mr. Hays would polish off his last half-dollar on the table, and would then call the firehouse to get his money. At the firehouse the receiver man would get a green flag and wave it at the window. The fireman would then pull a flag of his own to indicate that he had received his cash.

There are exceptions, of course. But of all the varied species of the genus Radio Artist, the funny men seem to be most broad-minded about one another. Some of the hah-hah boys are just like that, real chummy—go the same places together and everything. In fact sometimes they're so close to each other that you'd think nothing could ever come between them, not even a wife.

The occasionally found jelloes round the studio overdo the graciousness. There's plenty of the old flattery going around. You should see a couple of those song gals greet each other. To paraphrase an old line—flattery is the most imitated form of insincerity.

**All this is written about radio folk. But tush-tush my chicsabaddies, it applies to folks of any kind. You find the human relationships in a millinery shop, a delicatessen or a men's college, for that matter. And lest I be accused of turning Judas to my fellow disciples of radio, I hasten to state that they're a grand and noble sect, with a far smaller proportion of washouts than most other groups of people.**

**FLOWERS AND BOWS to Renowne Williams, who won the nation-wide CBS audition and debuts as leader of the famous Radio Band in "Hollywood Hotel" October 3. I've never been in a nation-wide audition. The ones that are just studio-wide are tough enough. Renowne (whose name is already being misspelled in hundreds of papers) had one throat when she won the audition. Maybe that's why I've missed out on so many of em—my throat is so dang healthy.**

My Aunt Pandora Perkins won a village-wide audition in the young people's Halloween festival of the Community Committee but she hasn't done much since. She is now spending all her time sitting beside open windows in the hope that a good throat infection will set in. The news is that Artemus Ward is coming to town to conduct an all-night orchestra.

**James Melton's spare-time occupation is cruising on his new yacht "Melody," with his wife—shown here as they plied the waters of Long Island Sound recently. Just now "Jimmy" is on a vaudeville tour.**

**Along the Airialto**

**By Martin Lewis**

Hooray, folkies! It's nice to be back on the job, again after spending the better half of my holiday ever had in my young life.

Several changes have been made since I left the Airialto—Annette Haasbume quits the "Show Boat" program to join the Camel Caravan; Mr. Good News told me my favorite trio, the lovely Bombs Sisters, will be back on the air joining the Bing Crosby Gang. Can you imagine what a show that is? Eddy Duchin's nimble fingers will pound the piano keys while his orchestra will make the music during the Fire Chief's program. Duchin replaces Vankers because he couldn't get his act together.

**KILOCYCLE CHATTER: **Although you were told Willard Robinson was conducting the orchestra on the program featuring Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, it was really her husband Merle Howard and his band, the Vitas, Sharielle. When Joe Penner comes back to the air Octo- ber 7 it will be minus his duck Goo-Goo. Joe probably decided it was time to get his whatnots in order and tune one of his programs... Eddie Cantor returns on the same date... Lennie Hayton is grooming a 22-year-old boy by the name of Peter Barry. You seldom find a kid like this another Crosby, and as soon as he thinks the newcomer is ready he'll put him in the orchestra... Ralph Kinerby is taking up aviation, and aviation is taking the "Dream Singer" up. OUCH!... Dick Hiner signed an NBC Artists' Bureau contract and will continue under their management at least until October, 1935... Del Campo, when he goes on the air with his orchestra from the Roosevelt Hotel on the 20th, will feature the "Debutantes" who have been heard recently on the Various programs. Charlie Davis is introducing another new trio on his broadcasts. They call themselves the Three Js a sister team from we've down south in Texas... Frank Crowl has his own song publishing business... Ted Husing has signed up with CBS for four more years... There will be a house cleaning of the discount artists at both networks, due to the many commercials coming on. Herb Glenn has replaced Muriel Wilson as featured soloist on the "Lavender and Old Lace" program... Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts, scheduled to go on the air from the NBC studios in New York at 9:45 p.m., on Labor Day, from New Haven, Connecticut, a few minutes before that time to inform them he got on the wrong train.

The fellows that make the rounds for the music publishers have no chin. They have to visit the studios, night clubs and hotels each night in order to tell the band leader what great tunes they have in their catalogue, and of course they hope to get the maestro to schedule some tunes on the programs for their coming tour. Their usual gift of gab is a flat line of flattery. Sene banton wavers eat it all. This is leading to a recent telegram received at the NBC studios by a very famous oik pilot which was sent by his song plugger. It read: "Heard your program tonight—the orchestra never sounded better—keep up the good work. The payoff was that big for the Barnes-Davis Trio still had only minutes before they were scheduled to go on the air. Was someone's face red!"
**The Zero Hour for Queens**

As the zero hour approaches in Radio Guide's astounding hunt for a Queenly ruler of the air, another smashing upset is recorded with the elevation to the leadership of Irene Beasley, one of the contest's dark horses. Charming heroine of many singing programs, Irene leaped from seventh place to the lead with a total of 10,923 votes. One day's balloting alone saw more than 2,000 votes cast in "Bee" Beasley's favor. It's a grand achievement for Irene, for it was one of the most sensational single achievements of the week's balloting in the contest.

Dorothy Page, last week's leader, is now second by virtue of her 10,867 ballots—very close to the leader. Mona Van, the unknown singing oriole who was waited to fame by virtue of her steady climb in the last few weeks of the contest, is third with 9,245 votes; stately Jessica Dragonette is fourth with 9,186, and lovely Leah Ray is fifth, with 9,014 votes.

This contest has seen the greatest upsets of any similar contest in radio history. The "Queens" have been shuffled around with bewildering rapidity. Only one of them has been able to hold the leadership twice—Rosemary Lane—yet today she is not even listed among the first five contestants. Votes are still pouring in, in tremendous quantities. The deadline for ballots was midnight, September 10. Final counting and tabulation got under way the morning of September 11. In next week's issue, bearing the date line "Week Ending September 29," the colossal search will come to an end and the winner be revealed.

Last week everyone was advised not to leap to foregone conclusions, and this week's results bear out the statement. It is still possible for any one of at least eight entrants to slip under the winning wire before the contest closes.

This year's National Electrical and Radio Exposition will get under way September 19 and will last until September 29. Radio Guide will leave no stone unturned in its efforts to make the stay of the Radio Queen for 1934 a momentous and memorable occasion. Unprecedented honors and acclaim await the ultimate victor of the Queen election.

The winner of the contest will receive notification of the honor accorded her as soon as the votes are counted. Immediately thereafter she and a traveling companion will be brought to New York (if she is an out-of-towner) and escorted to the Garden, where she will be greeted by tens of thousands of loyal radio fans.

Reservations at the New York hotels are pouring in by the thousands from radio fans and exhibitors for the week of the show. September 19-29 promises to be a real carnival period in New York City.

See next week's Radio Guide for final outcome of the contest!

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### Standing of Entrants

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### Startling Upsets Mark the Latest Tabulation of Votes for Radio's Queen for 1934. With One Week More for the Election to Run—Anyone May Yet Win

The contest has seen the greatest upsets of any similar contest in radio history. The "Queens" have been shuffled around with bewildering rapidity. Only one of them has been able to hold the leadership twice—Rosemary Lane—yet today she is not even listed among the first five contestants. Votes are still pouring in, in tremendous quantities. The deadline for ballots was midnight, September 10. Final counting and tabulation got under way the morning of September 11. In next week's issue, bearing the date line "Week Ending September 29," the colossal search will come to an end and the winner be revealed.

Last week everyone was advised not to leap to foregone conclusions, and this week's results bear out the statement. It is still possible for any one of at least eight entrants to slip under the winning wire before the contest closes.

This year's National Electrical and Radio Exposition will get under way September 19 and will last until September 29. Radio Guide will leave no stone unturned in its efforts to make the stay of the Radio Queen for 1934 a momentous and memorable occasion. Unprecedented honors and acclaim await the ultimate winner of the Queen election.

The winner of the contest will receive notification of the honor accorded her as soon as the votes are counted. Immediately thereafter she and a traveling companion will be brought to New York (if she is an out-of-towner) and escorted to the Garden, where she will be greeted by tens of thousands of loyal radio fans.

Reservations at the New York hotels are pouring in by the thousands from radio fans and exhibitors for the week of the show. September 19-29 promises to be a real carnival period in New York City.

See next week's Radio Guide for final outcome of the contest!
Roxy's Return to the Air in His Greatest Triumph of All His Radio Accomplishments, Recalls His Early Broadcasting Experiences. In a Review of His Brilliant Career as Master Showman (of Which This Is the Second Instalment) Roxy's Early Struggles to Justify His Belief in "the New-Fangled Art" Are Told in Full

By Jack Banner

Roxy's Return to the Air in His Greatest Triumph of All His Radio Accomplishments, Recalls His Early Broadcasting Experiences. In a Review of His Brilliant Career as Master Showman (of Which This Is the Second Instalment) Roxy's Early Struggles to Justify His Belief in "the New-Fangled Art" Are Told in Full

A
ter his initial triumph on the radio, Roxy immediately visualized the changes that would be wrought through this new medium. The entire picture spread out in his mind's eye of the future movement of daily affairs—a nation figuratively and actually welded together by broader tastes and desires, through the magic medium of radio.

He était the Capitol Theater broadcasts thus became a regular event in Roxy's life. Each week thereafter the theater was the setting for a symphonic radio concert.

Roxy's exciting nature, however, was far from satisfied. Something seemed lacking, and for days he mulled over the matter in his mind. What was the missing link? Suddenly it came to him—the introduction of the human element! Radio was too stilted, too machine-like. The warmth of human voices was the medium needed to instill a sparkle and verve. Thus the Roxy Gang was born.

He searched his files and his memory for artists whose voices would register well over the tricky microphone. Finally, after a diligent search and endless tryouts, he selected Gladys Rice, a young coloratura soprano; "Wee Willie" Robyn, tenor; Douglas Stanbury, baritone; Collis Braze, contralto; Joseph Stopak, violinist; Philip Ohman and Victor Arden, pianists; Frank Moulton, comedian; Florence Mulholland, contralto; Beatrice Bellini, soprano, and Maria Gambarelli, singer and dancer.

The first broadcast of the gang took place in the A.T. & T. studios on lower Broadway. Roxy acted as master of ceremonies. Despite the nervousness and actual stage and mike fright of the entire group, each number went off readily. It was the most pretentious radio offering of the day, and took a full hour of time. It was the eloquence of the broadcast. Roxy spoke to the microphone with a carefully prepared speech in his hand. He was his firm intention to explain the purposes of the broadcast and to thank the audience for its support and cooperation, but he was so overcome with excitement and emotion at the moment that he forgot all about the script and blurted out:

"Good night, sweet dreams. God bless you!"

After the mike was cut off, one of the studio attendants rushed over and pumped Roxy's hand. "That was a great piece of hokum, Mr. Rothafel!" he exclaimed.

"That speech should wow 'em!"

"It wasn't hokum," said Roxy quietly. "I was so rattled for the moment that I forgot all about my speech. Those words came direct from my heart. I meant every word of it!"

That closing benediction was one of the small but sincere accidents that helped to make Roxy the broadcasting king of the realm. As he stated at the time, it was more than mere showmanship and hokum that prompted him to utter those extraordinary words. It was a sincere phrase that came about because of his friendly spirit towards the listeners.

The heart of America was struck and touched by the phrase. Letters began to pour in with such expressions as: "We feel that we've found a new and true friend, "Your voice made me feel that I was blessed," and "Your expression was a benediction." Roxy still retains these letters and has them framed and hung on the walls of his den.

The next development left Broadway aghast. Roxy had come to the crossroads of his career. He had been a theatrical man all his life, and now he found his sympathy and talents leaning towards a new art. The question was clear and simple. Should he renounce forever the new wireless field, or should he try to harness this enchanting giant and ally it with the theater? His native shrewdness told him that the latter course would be better, so he electrified his colleagues when he announced that it was his intention of erecting a broadcasting studio backstage of the Capitol, making the theater the focal point of the broadcasts!

Broadway and the movie industry seethed. Furtive attempts were made to undermine his position with the owners of the theater, but he was too valuable to them. His energy, vision, enthusiasm and revolutionary ideas had helped to lift the Capitol Theater to a new prominence in the metropolitan area, and they decided to string along with their brilliant program director and await developments.

Thus the studio was built, and Roxy, ever on the lookout towards the future, decided to coordinate his gang. He planned larger, better and more diversified broadcasts. He made other additions to his original crew—Viva Philo, Bert Shefter, Morton Gould, the Southernaires, Julia Glass, Arturo De Filippi, Caroline Andrews, Sidor Belarski, Elizabeth Lennox, Kouznetoff and Nicolina, the Three Graces, a vocal trio; Anna Robinson, Geoffrey O'Hara, Dorothy Miller, Wladima Padwa, Jeannie Lang, John Pierce and many others.

Many of the above-mentioned artists, first introduced to radio by Roxy, have since gone on to greater heights, but at the time it was the unexcelled showmanship of the man behind the scenes that put them over with the listeners in such grand style. The personality and ability of Roxy can best be illustrated by pointing out the great manner in which he promoted "Gambrelli and Dough" as the first "sweethearts of the air". In fact, Gambrelli was an artist of his own making. Roxy detected the value of her funny little giggle, added a Neapolitan patter song to her dance routine, and placed her before the microphone, with momentous results.

Meanwhile, the theater broadcasts were making history. It was during one of these back-stage broadcasts that Roxy again allowed his sentiment to get the best of him. He was delivering a little speech when the impulse seized him to demonstrate again his sincere regard for the listeners. "Look, folks!" he exclaimed, "My friends here in New York all call me Roxy. If you'd like to, you may call me Roxy, too!"

The listeners were delighted. Up to this point he always had been "Mr. Rothafel" to them. Hardly had his broadcast ended when telegrams, telephone calls and personal visitors began to arrive, all bearing such greetings as "Dear Roxy," "Good Old Roxy," "Mr. Roxy," and hundreds of other "Roxy" variations.

Numerous theories have been advanced concerning the beginnings of the nickname of Roxy. And Roxy himself has this to say about the subject:

"Once when I was eleven years old, I was playing ball with a group of my pals on the sandlots of my old home town. Along about the eighth inning I came to bat. My team was behind by one run. There was a man on base, and I hit the first ball for a home run. I streaked around the bases and was just rounding third base when one of my teammates, in a burst of excitement, bellowed 'Come on, Roxy, come on and slide!' That was the first time I had ever heard the name, and it stuck on and off, until the night I used it on one of my broadcasts. It's been Roxy ever since."

To return to the stage broadcast, however. The initial radio show had been advertised heavily, and as a consequence the house was practically empty that night. Roxy's opponents gloated over this, and went about openly declaring that. (Continued on Page 26)
"Too Fast to Buck"

"Calling All Cars"

By Vance Dickson

Leon Michelet Studied Economics Until His Money Gave Out. He Tried to Get a Job, with Repeated Failure Thwarting Him. Then Came That Fatal Night in Washington, D.C., When He Found Himself Alone and Broke... If Only He Had Known the Power of Radio to Defend the Law, When Temptation Surged Through Him...

The youthful, athletic figure crouching in the darkness beneath the shrubbery that surrounded the mission moved at last. Leon Michelet stood erect in the black wedge of shadow behind a giant hydrangea bush and shook his fist at the wide-open second-story window.

"You win, darn you," he muttered viciously. "I've taken too much of this from you and your kind. Here goes for a little getting even."

With swift agility he tumbled across the grass, silently tested the strength of the vines that sheltered over the covered veranda, found a handhold and climbed upward foot by foot. Two minutes later, reaching for the window sill, he hoisted himself carefully until the sill was waist high. Then he swung a leg over and vanished within the room. Leon Michelet, college student and disappointed, disgruntled seeker for a government job, had turned burglary.

Events that are turning points seldom come parading with brass bands and the shriek of sirens. This occurrence actually occupied a mere two minutes of time, got a few casual lines of notice in the press of Washington, D.C., was immediately brushed aside and forgotten for greater, noisier events. But it is remembered in Washington today even though the only noise about it was a girl's scream.

Meet six characters whose lives were to be turned upside-down this very night. Meet the girl—Myrna Ward. Fifteen. Pretty, of course—all fifteen-year-old girls are that, and Southern girls of refined Washington families have a prettiness of their own. Look into Myrna's mind, behind the well-schooled manners and the adorable drawl, and you'll find it chock-full of typical fifteen-year-old girlish rebellion.

"Nothing ever happens to me!" she sometimes raged as she walked from her charming home to the select finishing school. "It's all so mapped out and ordered! Why couldn't I have been born a pioneer's daughter—with an axe and a gun to keep the Indians off—or a man! Put me into danger once and they'd see! I think there could be some danger, some risk—just to show the stuff I know I'm made of!"

Oh, for one short moment of life in the Raw! Plenty of fifteen-year-old girls are like that, inside of their pretty heads.

Meet Papa Ward, Myrna's father. What you'd call a solid business man, slightly grey-haired, and in his own mind at least, slightly fading. Up every morning by the clock, to his office exactly on time, back on the street car at night excepting when one of his family called for him in the automobile. What really worried Papa Ward, though he wouldn't have said so for worlds, was the passage of time. He felt that his muscles and nerves and arteries weren't what they should be; that clambered over sixty. He'd had war-training in 1917—then slipped back.

As he shaved he always noticed that he was rather pale-faced, that his forehead line was getting high. True, he was making money—there was a lovely house, nice furniture and pictures, cash wasn't short and his wife had her jewels—but what, he wistfully wondered, would happen if he were to be tested like the men of a generation or two ago, in a desperate moment of physical struggle? Could he be through and keep his pride, or would he meekly fail? Would the strength a man should have in his forty-year-old prime of life be there at the moment of call?

Comfortless thoughts for a man to have! But plenty of men, successful men too, have just such thoughts in this effete age. Papa Ward's ego was suffering from civilization.

And now meet Mama Ward. No such doubts plagued her. She had her home, her husband, her garden and servants, her busy and intricate Washingtonian society life. She had her jewels, and occasionally she wore them—Mama Ward loved to employ her tact, diplomacy, manners and charm. How would this elegant, slim lady react under a pressure of brute emergency? Mama Ward didn't even ask. Her leisure life never brought that question up.

The next two characters were total strangers to the Wards. They were Jerry Donovan and Bill Jennings, husky young policemen both, out riding around the fashionable Northwestern District in their blue cruising car.

Donovan and Jennings were bored. This riding around in autos may be efficient, and it spares the arches; but it has taken a lot of the sport out of a cop's life. And tonight they had nothing to talk about.

"What's this new radio dowedd good for anyhow, I want to know," complained Donovan, who was driving. "To give some fellow up at headquarters a nice soft job usin' his voice," grumbled Jennings, not ill-naturedly. "Being a sergeant, he likes to hear himself talk. The boys ought to get him a phonograph so we can have some good, hot dance music. Hear what he's saying?"

The radio, which was a brand-new departure for the Washington Police Department, worn by the Commis-sioner from a purse-nosed treasury after a protracted fight, and getting its very first try-out on this particular night, was saying at the moment with a good deal of experimental buzz:

"Operators of cruising cars are instructed—buzy—

Buzy—call the police and be prepared to number your own car numbers. Orders for any individual car or cars—buzy—pre-decided by the numbers which will be repeated twice. Sample order for purposes of instruction: 'Calling cars 23, 13 and 16—calling cars 23, 13, and 16—proceed with all possible haste to number 13!'..."

We're car 19. And if you're talking about the weather or the Senators' chances against the Yankees when one of them orders comes in, we're just out of luck," commented Jennings. "I got to keep my ears peeled to catch what the thing is saying. It's got to make a lot of difference to our work, Jerry," the "More difference than you may be thinkin'" said Donovan, slowly rounding a corner. "It'll make plenty difference."

"How do you mean?"

"The first night they tried it out in Detroit, Donovan explained, 'they didn't never done anything before—a gang of loaf-thieves red-handed! And that's what police work's been needing these many years, with slow signal systems and the crooks gettin' all the breaks. Maybe people'll get wise and report the crimes in quicker. Ever happen in on a crime while it was still goin' on, Bill?"

"Four years on the Force and never once," was Jennings' answer. "Nearest I ever got to it was a man running out of a door. Listen to him at headquarters now! It's comin' in better. Must he gettin' the trick."

"We'll be seein' action any time now," forecast Jerry Donovan as the cruising car rolled through peaceful streets.

And so we come, finally, to the lone, athletic figure of Leon Michelet—head down, coot-collared up, choosing the darker streets for his nocturnal walk with the angry disappointment in his heart.

College. Ambition. The thirst for knowledge that had made him work nights in a chilly gas-station to pay the freight for his education. Yes—Leon thirsted for knowledge; but not the kind of knowledge that is to be found in the Ten Commandments. He was more interested in the laws of economics than in those old, worn-out laws...

For the depression deepening, and the bankers folding up. Curtains to Leon's hopes for a degree. And in this morbid crisis of bitter disappointment, the laws of economics afforded him no comfort, no consolation.

This particular night, he'd wandered far out in a broad-breasted, quills district of beautiful homes. Homes that said: "We who live here are rich." Midnight had come, then two o'clock, then three. (Continued on Page 5)
Brilliant Work and Varied Possibilities Show in Betty Winkler's Face. Are You a Similar Type?

Betty Winkler barely missed being too profane, too much the reasoner and thinker, for her own success. Her analysis is high, her reasoning good; and she possesses excellent spontaneous judgment.

High imagination is here, and enough skill with the hands, manual dexterity, to have made a good mechanic. I have no way of knowing, but I imagine Miss Winkler is quite capable of taking her automobile apart and putting it together again. Possibly, she has never indulged in this pastime. The latent ability is there, nevertheless.

Yes, this lady is versatile. She possesses both artistic and mechanical faculties, refinement, and high quality in general.

Analysis is easy to recognize. It is determined by how much of the septum of the nose shows from the profile view. It doesn't matter whether the septum hangs down or the nostrils curve up. The results are the same. Much discretion is evident in this face. Its owner is not cold, but is particular in friendships.

Betty Winkler could have been successful in the old standard repertory plays as a character actress. She can act with restraint and live the part assigned. It is quite probable that she is able to visualize her audience "beyond the microphone." There are reasons, which cannot be explained satisfactorily, in an article of this length, to make me feel sure that this lady will have a long life as a featured player over the air, and that she will add more and greater laurels to her present collection.

Her property and money values are high without her being avaricious. The faculty for economy is located at the side of the nose. In Miss Winkler it indicates an ability to invest wisely and to take care of her future. She has determination, hardihood and fortitude. She can stand punishment, and possesses great courage.

Miss Winkler has a rather strong disposition towards domesticity and love of home, children and pets. In her upper cheek, high caution is displayed; in her upper lip, social and personal sincerity.

Hardihood and endurance are visible down toward the corner of the jawbone and in the chin.

Betty Winkler's high forehead indicates a capability for high culture. She is optimistic, inclined to belittle her troubles and make the best of a situation, while she allows her imagination to paint the brightest possible picture of any good fortune. She does not make her friends shoulder her cares and worries. Her face is harmonious, which means that she likes to see things done thoroughly and running smoothly. She is generous, courteous and peaceful, but not easily imposed upon.

Bulls and Boners

Pat Flanagan: "The ball was going straight up in the air and I bet it was a hit." —Mrs. F. S. Shaw, Sheboygan, Wis. (Aug. 17; WBBM; 3:20 p.m.)

Capt. Edward P. Gaston: "I am very proud to stand before you as a body of women and encourage the preservation of early California runs."—Joseph R. Bjornab. Long Beach, Calif. (Aug. 9; KECA; 2:26 p.m.)

Boots Downing: "And freeze it while you sleep in a Norge."—Geneva Cott. State Park, S. C. (Aug. 1; WBT; 1:10 p.m.)

Announcer: "My Red Star Yeast Cocktail is as important as a bath. I've been taking one for weeks."—Marie Zarrow, Des Moines, la. (Aug. 16; WOC; 9:10 a.m.)

Paul Muns (Interview): "Then I made 'Seven Faces' and 'Daylight' with Dorothy Worton. Ra- cine, Wis. (Aug. 14; WBBM; 11:40 a.m.)

One dollar is paid for each Bull and Boner published. Include date, name of station and hour.

Signposts of Success

Revealed by the Lines of Your Face

By "The Doctor"

Flash of Best Fun

Fred Allen: Weather report—Thursday, calm; Fri- day, calm; Saturday, calm up and see me.

Stock Market Report: Held American red flared for a bull market. —Town Hall Tonight

Shartie: If you can't get suited here, Baron, try

Baren: Hello?

Shartie: I said try another bazaar. You know what a bazaar is, don't you?

Baren: Sure! If you want an elevator you push

the bazaar!

—Tender Leaf Tea

Stooge: When I first met you, Mr. Holtz, I didn’t think I was going to like you, but now I can say that I've taken a great shine to you.

Lou Holtz: That's very sweet. Although I've only known you a short while I give you my sacred word of honor that you nauseate me!

—Vallee Variety Hour

Meadows: My word, Sir, but isn't this gonola ride exhilarating?

Duranata: Not only exhilarating, Meadows, it is also expensive. This guy charges thirteen liras an hour!

Meadows: You're wrong, Sir, he only charges twelve liras an hour.

Duranata: Don't make a liar of me, Meadows!

—Chase and Shawborn

Mr. Bar: Look, Shartie, there is a police dog!

Shartie: Huh, he doesn't look like a police dog to me!

Mr. Bar: Huh! Not so loud. He's a stool pigeon!

—Tender Leaf Tea

Portland: Do you know why glow worms are born?

Fred Allen: Sure, that's easy. For birds that get hungry at night?

—Town Hall Tonight

Open Door to Beauty

What is the Question Most Frequently Asked of Mr. Meadows Over the Air? Here It Is—with His Pertinent Answer

The subject of dry skin, its cause and how to elimi- nate this condition, has been asked many times by members of the Beauty Guild of the Air. Dry skin can be caused by two conditions. One is an acid condition of the body. In this case the dryness manifests itself over the entire body. This is a health condition, and must be treated by a physician. The other reason for dry skin is extremely clogged pores plus exposure of this condition, naturally, must be treated locally.

I have discussed the structure of the skin before, but I will have to discuss it again briefly in order for you to understand this dry condition and how it can be eliminated. There are three layers of skin; the dermis, the epidermis and the cornea. When the skin is functioning normally, nature exudes enough oil through the pores to lubricate the skin properly. However, when these pores are clogged with foreign material, nature cannot exude sufficient oil to lubricate the skin.

Now, where there is not sufficient oil for lubrication, the facial skin becomes dry and scaly, due to exposure. A person affected with this condition feels that she cannot use soap and water because they make the face feel dry and drawn afterward. Now providing that this con- dition is purely a local one and providing that soap and water can be used on the body with no ill effects, the same should apply to the face. The first step is to rid the pores of foreign matter.

I suggest the following treatment every night before retiring: Apply a good liquid cleanser to the face. Let it remain for a few minutes, then remove it gently with a soft cloth or tissue. Follow this by washing the face with comfortably warm water and a mild soap. Make a creamy lather with the soap, smooth it gently on the face, using any cloth or the hand. Rinse the face with warm water and dry. (It is not necessary to apply cold water to the face before retiring.) Then apply another liberal portion of the same liquid cleanser used for the first application. Allow this to remain on over night.

In the morning wash the face with lukewarm water and soap—exactly as was prescribed for the evening wash—rinse the face and dry. Cold water may be applied each morning. If the elements are to be faced outdoors, put on a protective makeup, so that the face will not be subjected to excessive powdering during the day.

Remember my oft repeated warning—no more pow- der after the first makeup is put on, unless the entire makeup is changed. All corrective routines are wasted if more material is piled on the face and rubbed into the pores with the powder puff.

In conclusion, a word of warning about dry skin: It is far more serious than most persons realize. When the pores become badly clogged with foreign materials, nature throws a ring of protection about the affected area. In other words, there appears an ugly and luster- less film on the skin, over the areas that is porosity around the facial pores. The natural tendency, of course, is to pinch the pimple, but this only aggravates the trouble, and usually marks the face with a blemish,
The Child's Hour
By Nila Mack

The Director of All Children's Programs for CBS, Here Discusses "The Time Killer"

Not so long ago a mother came to me and unburdened herself of a tale of woe. She complained of a lack of concentration in her boy. He was insistent to the orders of his schoolteachers and his parents, logy in the performance of his duties; he delayed and procrastinated to a maddening degree.

"My lad is normal in every other respect," she said. "But it is an ordeal to get him to apply himself to a given task without a great deal of scolding. He delays and puts off things just as long as he can. I have scolded, I've spanked and I've exhorted in vain. He just won't be roused from his lethargy. He is the same in school.

"He has one saving grace—and that's the reason I am here discussing his case with you. He has a positive genius and love for dramatics. If he hears a radio program, never mind how imperfectly, he is always basking about the movie and stage theaters, and usually can be found sitting curled up in some corner reading a book on dramatics."

Many parents are plagued with a similar complaint. Children often seem to be devoid of a sense of responsibility, and consequently they are logy in the performance of their duties. Of course, it would simplify matters to brand these time-wasters as lazy, but, unfortunately or fortunately, this is not the case. A bit of probing and some insight into child psychology will reveal that a lack of interest in certain subjects and duties usually is the basic cause of logness in a child.

The methods of this mother—which are the same as most parents generally employ—were not effective in changing her boy's habits. By her own admission she had spanked, scolded and exhorted. Had these methods continued, they would have intensified his shortcomings rather than modified them.

I informed this worried mother that the only effective method to induce her boy to set a higher standard for himself was to provide him in a new environment. I pointed out that he needed to get away for a while from his parents, teachers and companions. He had become established to their manner of treating him. Not infrequently parents and teachers keep nagging children constantly, with the result that they build up a defensive reaction within the child against them, and become crotchety to complaints and entreaties. New taskmasters and a change of atmosphere might bring out in him the qualities that would enable him to do better work.

As an upshot of this confab I agreed to take the lad under my wing for a time. I studied him carefully. I observed that he was slowly becoming indifferent to all those around him. Only in one definite respect did he differ from most normal youngsters—and that was in his unusual interest in all forms of dramatics. It was unusual for a child to be so completely absorbed in dramas. At play, too, I received an insight into his other nature. He never lagged or tried to kill time while roistering at play. He was active in all sorts of athletic competition, and competed on even terms with the other boys of his age.

The only time he was indifferent, careless and uninterested came when he was asked to do something that was obnoxious to him. It was a selfish attitude, and I determined upon a course equally as selfish.

For a full two weeks I compelled him to labor at tasks which I knew he abhorred.

I alternated this treatment, keeping him at distasteful and odious tasks until he was ready to kick over the traces, when I would allow him to mumble at a part in a show. But I stressed the fact that his parts depended upon the excellence of the work performed in the school and work rooms.

It didn't take him long to gradually be rounded into form. He began to evolve interest in all manner of things and tasks. He aroused himself from his lethargy and began to do acceptable work in every branch of his air school.

Today he is a different lad. He's no longer a time-killer. He is vitally interested in any question or task that arises. His entire course revolved about understanding, and the application of proper psychology.

Miss Mack's advice to mothers about the correction of time-killing habits might have been applied to this happy youngster early in life.
Programs for Sunday, September 16

Log of Stations

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<td>23:00</td>
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<td>WFAA</td>
<td>Dallas</td>
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For Daylight Time

Add One Hour

8:45 p.m.  NBC—Canadian Orchestra: WOAI WSMW KFI WKY

9:30 p.m.  NBC—Chamber Music: WOLA WSMW KGA WSM

9:45 p.m.  NBC—Temple of Song (KBC) KTVJ—Judean Hymn

2:00 p.m.  CBS—Dooley Musicale: WSMW WSMW KSMW

2:15 p.m.  NBC—Saturday Night (WTV) KTVJ—Musicale

2:30 p.m.  NBC—Musicale: WSMW KTVJ WSMW KSMW

3:00 p.m.  NBC—Television of Song (KBC) KTVJ—Musicale

4:00 p.m.  NBC—Dooley Musicale: WSMW WSMW KSMW

4:15 p.m.  NBC—Musicale: WSMW KTVJ WSMW KSMW

4:30 p.m.  NBC—Television of Song (KBC) KTVJ—Musicale

5:00 p.m.  NBC—Dooley Musicale: WSMW WSMW KSMW

5:15 p.m.  NBC—Musicale: WSMW KTVJ WSMW KSMW

5:30 p.m.  NBC—Television of Song (KBC) KTVJ—Musicale

6:00 p.m.  NBC—Dooley Musicale: WSMW WSMW KSMW

6:15 p.m.  NBC—Musicale: WSMW KTVJ WSMW KSMW

6:30 p.m.  NBC—Television of Song (KBC) KTVJ—Musicale

7:00 p.m.  NBC—Dooley Musicale: WSMW WSMW KSMW

7:15 p.m.  NBC—Musicale: WSMW KTVJ WSMW KSMW
New Programs, Changes

(Shown In Central Standard Time)

Sunday; Sept. 16

Columbia’s “Church of the Air” returns to regular schedule with two half-hour programs beginning today at 8 a.m., when the service is conducted by the Reverend Zadarry T. Phillips. D.D., Litt. D., Rector, Epiphany Episcopal Church, Washington, D.C.

The other period at 11 a.m., will be conducted by Rabbi Joseph B. Wise, of the Central Synagogue, New York City, in a broadcasting studio of the CBS network.

Gene Arnold and the Comedians, formerly heard at 12 noon, are now heard at 12:30 p.m. on the same NBC-WJZ facilities.

“Symphonic Hour,” conducted by Howard Barlow, will replace the hour program heretofore provided by the Detroit Symphony Orchestra from the World’s Fair, at 1 p.m., today over the Columbia network.

“The Maybelline Musical Romance,” starring Don Mario, romantic Spanish tenor, with Dore Danzinger, guest star, as guest artist, assisted by Harry Jackson’s Orchestra, will have its premiere broadcast today. John Hegg, Hollywood columnist, will also be heard on this program.

Ruthe’s with his “gossip chats from Ibuprofen,” will originate in the Hollywood Studios and will be heard at 2:30 p.m. on the NBC-WJF coast-to-coast hookup.

Arthor Allen and Parker Fenelly, famed radio portayers of New England characters, will be the featured artists on the newly-created “New England Drums.” Heard at 2:45 p.m. on an NBC-WJF network.

Lourence Tihhett, famous American baritone, will be starred in a new three- time weekly serially of broadcasts on an NBC-WJZ network. A new threafold role, bringing to radio for the first time the dramatic portrayal of a major field, and introducing to listeners a beautiful and personal personality will be developed for Tihhet on this program. Wilfred Pelletier’s Orchestra, with John B. R. McLeod, conductor of ceremonies, complete the lineup which will be heard over an NBC-WJZ network.

Music from London over an NBC-WJZ network at 7 p.m.

The world-famous pianists of the world, will return to NBC networks for a short series of weekly recitals. These programs will be presented each Sunday at 8:15 p.m. over an NBC-WJZ network.

Monday; Sept. 17

Harold Sherman, psychologist and author, who conducts a series entitled “About You” over station WABC, will present the same program this week over a weekly CBS network from 8:30 to 9:45 a.m. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

A Constitution Day address by Ogden L. Mills, former Secretary of the Treasury, before the Democratic Nation- al Convention in New York City, will be broadcast over the Columbia network today from 2:30 to 3 p.m. The subject of Mr. Mills’ speech will be “The Constitution of the United States.”

The 147th Anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States will be celebrated today at two meetings at the headquarters of the Women’s Na- tional Republican Club in New York. Lieutenant Governor Bacon will speak on “The Individual Guarantees Under the Constitution.” The meeting will begin at the morning session and will be broadcast over NBC-WJF network from 9:30 to 10:30 a.m. Ogden Mills will deliver an address over an NBC-WJZ network at the afternoon session broadcast from 2:30 to 3:15 p.m.

Effective today, Frank Bach and his dramatic productions, will be presented over an NBC-WJF network at 5:45 p.m. daily except Saturday and Sunday.

This broadcast previously heard over NBC-WJZ facilities. The President Company, sponsors of this series, will continue to present Frank Bach Monday to Friday, inclusive, at 5:45 p.m.

“The Human Side of the News” by Edwin C. Hill, returns to the air as a weekly presentation of Waverly Process, Inc., in behalf of Barbasol, Bost and other men’s products. This broadcast begun at 5:30 to 6:30 p.m., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Fray and Broaghttis, CBS piano team, take a new time, Mondays 7:15 to 7:30 p.m.

Tuesday; Sept. 18

“Carolyn Fashion Show of the Air,” sponsored by National Modes, Inc., from Arnold Constable’s, is a new program scheduled to start from 1:30 p.m. and to continue daily.

Today the “Household Musical Mem- ories” changes its time from 5:30 to 6 p.m. The previous time was 7 p.m. This program will continue over an NBC-WJZ network.

Haelt Gleim, a musical comedy star, joins the cast of “Lavender and Old Lace” with Frank Moe, tenor, and Gustave Haensch’s orchestra, in broadcasts every Tuesday over the Columbia network from 6 to 6:30 p.m.

Lawrence Tihhet, famous American baritone, will be starred in a new three- time weekly serially of broadcasts on an NBC-WJZ network. A new threafold role, bringing to radio for the first time the dramatic portrayal of a major field, and introducing to listeners a beautiful and personal personality will be developed for Tihhet on this program. Wilfred Pelletier’s Orchestra, with John B. R. McLeod, conductor of ceremonies, complete the lineup which will be heard over an NBC-WJZ network.

Music from London over an NBC-WJZ network at 7 p.m.

The world-famous pianists of the world, will return to NBC networks for a short series of weekly recitals. These programs will be presented each Sunday at 8:15 p.m. over an NBC-WJZ network.

Wednesday; Sept. 19

Rabbi Louis L. Mann, of the Chicago Sinai Congregation, speaks from the studio of WBBM in Chicago, over the Columbia network from 11 to 11:30 a.m., as a feature of the Yom Kippur or Day of Atonement Services of the Jewish High Holy Days.

Kate Smith’s “Matinee Hour” is the new feature for Wednesdays 1 to 2 p.m. The gripping radio drama of the “Thousand Years in Sing Sing,” begins their second season on the NBC network.

Warden Lewis E. Lawes, delivering a series of authentic human dramas every Wednesday at 7 p.m., over an NBC network.

John McCormack, back from a concert tour, will return to NBC networks for his second extended series of radio recitals at 7:30 p.m. out on an NBC network.

William Daly and his string orchestra will accompany Mr. McCormack.

Burns and Allen return to the air in “Public Places of Grace,” heard at their regular time, 7:30 to 8 p.m., by their regular sponsors, the General Cheer Company in the interests of White Owl Cigars, over the Columbia network.

Henry L. Rosenfield, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, will be the guest speaker in the weekly National Radio Forum series, at 7:30 p.m., over an NBC-WJF network.

Thursday; Sept. 20

“Smilin’ Ed” McConnell takes an additional period, 10:30 to 10:45 a.m., on Thursdays and Sundays at 4:30 p.m. on the NBC network.

Waring and his Fleischmanns are now heard over CBS network in a regular two-week series, Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30 a.m.

Friday; Sept. 21

Vida Sutton, noted speech authority, will begin her seventh season of weekly “Magic of Speech” broadcasts over an NBC-WJF network at 12 noon.

Walter Pyrke takes a new time effective today, in his shift from Thursday to Friday for his weekly broadcasts 7:15 to 7:30 p.m. over the Columbia network.

Saturday; Sept. 22

Columbia inaugurates its extensive foot- ball schedule for the season with a broad- cast of the game between Manhattan Col- lege and St. Bonaventure, from New York, WABC, and a New York University game, this afternoon. CBS plans to cover at least eighteen of the major col- lege football games during the regular season.

A special program on the banquet tendered to the Musicians’ Protective Association in Rochester will be broadcast at 6 p.m., over a CBS network.

The principal speaker at the event, President B. A. White, President of the American Federa- tion of Musicians, will address the ban- quiet.

“Benjamin Franklin” dramatic sketch from the hit Broadway production, broadcast for the CBS network, as a serial presentation every Saturday, 7:30 to 8 p.m.
Central
Standard Time

Programs for Monday, September 17

Star ★ Indicates High Spot Selections

For Daylight Time
Add One Hour

4:45 p.m.

CBS—Three Flats: KLZ KMBB KLCI
★ NBC—Billy Batchelor, sketch: KOA
★ NBC—The Playboys; KOA
CBS—The Playboys; KOA

5:00 p.m.

NBC—Lowell Thomas, news: WLW
★ NBC—Happy Jack Turner: WLW

5:15 p.m.

WLW—City Life Revue (CBS)

6:00 p.m.

WBAP—Children's Hour

7:00 p.m.

WBAP—Pamela's Romance

8:00 p.m.

WBAP—American Bandstand

9:00 p.m.

WBAP—The Honeymooners

10:00 p.m.

WBAP—The Honeymooners

11:00 p.m.

WBAP—The Honeymooners

12:00 midnight

WBAP—Hilarities of America

Tuesday

CBS—The Morning Show

6:00 a.m.

KSL Morning Show:

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Wednesday

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KSL Morning Show:
LILLIAN HILSUM, of the "Songs The Whole World Loves" program, is the same artist who was soloist of the Hunter College Choral Society. (For Mrs. E. L. Ruby, Jersey City, N. J.)

JOHNNY, the bell boy of the Philip Morris program is 22 years old. The Landlady trio, with Johnny, can be heard on the NBC network at 6:15 a. m. CST, every Sunday. (For D. D. P, Amesbury, Mass.)

RED NICHOLS is not colored. (For I. Sosnowitz, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

ANTHONY FROME was born Sept. 14, 1903, Richard Leberth was born in 1909. Marjorie Torg was born Oct. 25, 1908. (For K. Ferr, Baltimore, Maryland.)

JOHNNIE MARVIN'S wife is the girl traveling with Jolomie and Frankie. (For Mrs. E. L. Ruby, Jersey City, N. J.)

PHIL COOK is a six-footer, good-looking, in his own field and athletic and good natured. He plays all kinds of string instruments, still keeps his own tunes and scripts. The Voice of Experience is five feet seven inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes. (For Reader of Scranton, Pa.)

BUDDY ROGERS is American; you can address him in care of the College Inn, Hotel Sherman, Chicago. (For Mary Albert, New Castle, Pa.)

GERALDINE REGER of the Cherie program is married but to whose sister not made public. (For Miss Mary Bell, Portsmouth, Ontario.)

JACK DOTY takes the part of Dennis Feil in the Helen Trent series. (For Gertrude Reebick, Jersey Shore, Pa.)

RUDY VALLEEN broadcasts Tuesday at 9:30 p. m. CST from the Pavilion Royal, over an NBC network. (For Miss Alberta, Ft. Thomas, Ky.)

RUTH COWALL can be addressed in care of NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. (For Miss Olive Hess, Elyria, Ind.)

LILLIAN BUCKNAM was born in New York City. She has been married and has a thirteen year old son. (For Clarence D. M. P., Virginia, Ill.)

ALAN DEVITT has played parts in the Palm Olive programs. "The Other America," "K-Sevens," Witch's Tale" and others, his seven year old red head man. Uncle Abner of the Spotlight Revues and the Orange Lantern program in Chicago.

JEANIE LANG can be addressed in care of station WBBM in Chicago. Soon tickets to broadcasts, address the network on which you hear the programs, by desire to see. (For H. H., New York City.)

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Wave Marks

Relays. (And more relays!) All within a few days, four members of the staff of "Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood" have heard storm news. Peggy Allenby has a girl; Cassie Liebowitz, a boy; Stephen Van Voshins, a girl and Don Staufer, the director, a girl.

Relay. To Isele Oehler, wife of Doug Hope, "Princess Pat Players" actor and director, came announce of baby boy, ten pounds, one ounce. Isele radioed, too.

Relay. Early this month to Russell Richmond, WIKF announcer, came announce of baby girl, five pounds, seven ounces.

Signal. Danny Cahill, Columbia's crooning elevator operator, is storking.


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Central Standard Time

Signed On. To a blue suburban cottage now moved Edward C. Buddy, CBS WBBM Chicago's regular tenor; and the lady who recently altered her name from Judy Adams to Mrs. Buddy.

Signed On. CBS's Margaret Wright is now Mrs. Peter Conboy.

Signed On. Bill Meredith, WLS's Chicago continuity man, made Bauer Mrs. Bill on September 1.

Hookup. Phil Inman, Chicago CBS announcer, will wed with Betty Hulture, brown-eyed brunette of Arcadia, Nebraska.

Hookup. Down the middle aisle to a Sea West honeymoon, will march Kay Show, Chicago CBS studio actress, who on September 18 becomes Mrs. Peter (lawyer) Conboy.

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Monday, Sept. 17

CBS—A song with vocalizations by: KOMX KSL KMB 29x81-18 5.25-21 3.75--3.95

CBS—"Imagery," Dramatic Production: WBBM Chicago's special. (For NBC) WBBM—Chicago, Ill.

CBS—Pauline Robinson's Orchestra: WBBM 7:30-18 5.25-21 3.95--4.15

CBS—Walter Humes' Orchestra: WBBM 7:45-18 4.25-21 4.95--5.25 (For NBC) WBBM—Chicago, Ill.

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And we don't try to even our quality. Every standard brand tire is guaranteed to give full 10 months' service under normal road conditions. We can't guarantee the financial resources of an old reliable company, but here is today's lowest price:

Continued from Previous Page

9:45 p.m.
CBS—Knoch and His Orchestra: KZL KMB KSL KMB WBBM KOMA

CBS—"Felix" Waller, range: KMBK KSL KMB WBBM WOA

CBS—Walter Rosengart’s Orchestra: KMB KSL WBBM KOMA KMCC KMBX KSL Musical Group

WBBM—Art Kerver's Orchestra 10:00 p.m.

WBBM—"Suburban" Orchestra 10:45 p.m.

Continued from Previous Page

CBS—Knoch and His Orchestra: KZL KMB KSL KMB WBBM KOMA

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The theme song for the "Ward’s Family Theater" program, heard over NBC network stations, was written by Ardent Kemp, and his head noticed the broadcasts in October for the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York City, and the fresh plaudits of a midwestern fan. Som-Sander’s theme there due through the professional musicians.

Now Hal is one of the big names in the business. When he leaves Chicago on October 19 for the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York City, and the fresh plaudits of a midwestern fan.

**FILLING KEMP’S SHOES AT THE BLACKHAWK**

The blackhawk restaurant in Chicago. Against the advice of friends, Bob put Kemp into the blackhawk. Then things began to happen. Hal’s broadcasts first attracted the attention of the crooners who followed to flock to the restaurant in numbers reminiscent of Coon-Sanders’s theme during the decade that followed.

**HOURS TO COME**

Scoop: Swift & Co. have contracted for a full-hour show over WEAF’s red network, starting Oct. 6, from 6 to 7 p.m. It will be an all-music program. Of course, the program will be by the highly publicized NBC.

Thus far the only artist signed in Sigmund Romberg, . . . Lawrence Tibbett, for the NBC-WJZ network show sponsored by Packard Motors starting Sept. 18. Heretofore heard only as a vocal performer, Tibbett will be presented also as a dramatic actor, and will participate in skits with John B. Kennedy, who will c. the show, W. Ozzie. The American listeners September 18 over an NBC-WJZ network, in honor of the opening of the Trianon Theatre at The Hague.

Pickford will replace Jack Pearl on October 3. The program will be a weekly radio dramatic company star over an NBC-WJZ network, and the Pickford will select her own cast.

The world’s famous pianist, Mischa Liptch, returns to the NBC-WJZ network in a new series of piano concerts beginning Sunday, September 16, and weekly thereafter. The time: 8:15 p.m. . . . The Northwestern Yeast foam company, manufacturer of Yeast foam tables, have prepared a lavish new show with Donald Pogrebin, Bing Crosby and Jan Garber’s orchestra, and featuring cast of dramatic and vocal talent. The program will be heard over a NBC-WJZ network and will be titled as "Jan Garber’s Supper Club."
**Central Standard Time**

### Programs for Wednesday, September 19

#### For Daytime Light

**Add One Hour**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station/Program</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5:30 a.m.</td>
<td>KMOX—Home Folks’ Hour</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00 a.m.</td>
<td>KMZO—Breakfast (90 Min)</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15 a.m.</td>
<td>KMOX—Morning Devotions</td>
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<td>7:34 a.m.</td>
<td>NBC—China Town (30 Min)</td>
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<td>7:45 a.m.</td>
<td>KMBO—Way Out West (90 Min)</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15 a.m.</td>
<td>WLS—Children’s Future</td>
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<td>10:00 a.m.</td>
<td>CBS—The Song Reporter (75 Min)</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30 a.m.</td>
<td>KMOX—Breakfast (90 Min)</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00 a.m.</td>
<td>WLS—Roundup; KRLD—The Wanderers</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30 a.m.</td>
<td>WLS—George Dun, vocalist</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00 Noon</td>
<td>CBS—American Cup Race (2 Min)</td>
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<td>12:30 p.m.</td>
<td>WLS—Bill O’Connor, tenor</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:45 p.m.</td>
<td>CBS—American Cup Race; KTLU—Vocal Remants Program</td>
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<td>1:45 p.m.</td>
<td>WLS—Bill O’Connor, vocalist</td>
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</table>

#### For Night Time

**Night**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station/Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00 p.m.</td>
<td>NBC—Crime Cues; WLS—WYWW</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15 p.m.</td>
<td>NBC—Wayne’s King’s Orchestra; WSB—WYWW</td>
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<td>6:30 p.m.</td>
<td>NBC—Everett Marshall’s “Broad- way Varieties”; KSL—KLZ; WSB—WYWW</td>
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<td>7:00 p.m.</td>
<td>KMOX—Breakfast (90 Min)</td>
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#### For Afternoon

**Afternoon**

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<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>Noon</td>
<td>American Cup Race (5 Min)</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00 p.m.</td>
<td>CBS—American Cup Race (75 Min)</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:30 p.m.</td>
<td>WLS—Bill O’Connor, vocalist</td>
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<td>2:00 p.m.</td>
<td>WLS—Bill O’Connor, vocalist</td>
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<td>2:30 p.m.</td>
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#### For Star Indicating High Spot Selections

**Star Indicates High Spot Selections**

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<tr>
<td>9:30 a.m.</td>
<td>CBS—America’s Cup Yacht Race; KOA WHEN KTSU KOVU KSBS WSMR KOYM KFRR WSMR WBMF WSMR WBSN Reports</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15 a.m.</td>
<td>CBS—America’s Cup Yacht Race; KOA WHEN KTSU KOVU KSBS WSMR KOYM WBSN WBMF WSMR WBSN Reports</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15 p.m.</td>
<td>CBS—America’s Cup Yacht Race; KOA WHEN KTSU KOVU KSBS WSMR KOYM WBSN WBMF WSMR WBSN Reports</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00 p.m.</td>
<td>CBS—America’s Cup Yacht Race; KOA WHEN KTSU KOVU KSBS WSMR KOYM WBSN WBMF WSMR WBSN Reports</td>
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<td>1:30 p.m.</td>
<td>CBS—America’s Cup Yacht Race; KOA WHEN KTSU KOVU KSBS WSMR KOYM WBSN WBMF WSMR WBSN Reports</td>
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#### For Music and Drama

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<th>Time</th>
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<td>6:00 p.m.</td>
<td>NBC—Crime Cues; WLS—WYWW</td>
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<td>NBC—Wayne’s King’s Orchestra; WSB—WYWW</td>
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<td>NBC—Everett Marshall’s “Broadway Varieties”; KSL—KLZ; WSB—WYWW</td>
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Plums and Plun

By Evans Plummer

C

considering the many years it has been going on, long before even the Plum-Pluns Gram and placed it on the NBC network, the WLS National Network, must have had qualities. Designed to be wholesome and folksy, it is just that, and John Q. Plumplonk is in a big way. The designers were right.

No truer words were ever spoken than "there's a little sicker in the slicker out there. We all like mountain music and rural rhythms because we all have the love for those things in us. It is our heritage, this harmony with the American folk singing and the banjos heard in the hills of Tennessee, on the plains of Kansas, or in the tenements or mansions of Chicago and New York.

In lauding the National Barn Dance, plums are likewise due for the new caller, Joe Richman, who has so efficiently filled the shoes of his predecessor, Hal Hallman. He recently returned Westerners and Uncle Ezra, just back from their vacation tours; the Maple City Four, Spare Ribs, the Hoosier Hotshots, Linda Parker and Lulu Belle—all are these reasons for the continued success of the Barn Dance.

In many of the modern productions, there is never that depressing and lifeless mechanical precision to be heard on the Barn Dance. Not over a line spoken or sung lyric that you wouldn't want your children to hear. The National Barn Dance is a lively, clean and friendly show, and we like it.

GORKY KIDNAPPING PLOT IN 'LIGHTS OUT'

SO READ THE notice from NBC regarding the August 29 performance of this midnight thriller series which hitherto has enjoyed many kind notices in this column. Accidentially, the plot turned in and we stayed tuned in.

So in the common for we liked this particular program, but the whole thing was the terrible mystery going to be. If you likewise heard the show, you know that it seemed to have turned out awry. Suffice to say, it lived up to the quoted headline, and then some. It was sickening.

We may be a bit old-fashioned, but we don't get a kick out of spilling blood and human flesh strewn all over the airwaves. If that's good drama, the yellowest newspaper reporter could ferret out material for a worth-while, meaningful stick. Literature.

"Lights Out" has provided a number of intelligent, yet hair-raising, ghost and supernatural stories. There were not monotonous nor eccentric. There is a line.

ADDED PLUMS are awarded this week to the revamped Sentiments Serenade program. We heard it live, with Joel Koester directing, and to Armand Girard, recently brought here from NBC, the "feet" of which are on the way to the very entertaining "Five Minutes of Hollywood—ever voice perfect in its screen star impersonations and always pleasing with its serenade directed by Marty Warshaw, Variety Show of Rudy Vallee's on Thursdays of October 30, however, was bad. The punchy elements were the irritating Lou Holtz, to our ears extremely unfunny, and Chic Sale, who just doesn't seem to be capable of permeating the unseen microphone with his portrayals. Chic was better, on the other hand, than we've ever listened to him through the loudspeaker.

Wons Returns

THOSE OF YOU who caught the initial broadcast of "The House by the Ponds" with the popular Robert Alda, in the role of Hon. W. C. Plunkett (September 2), heard for the most part, with the exception of Tony Wons, a practically entirely new and devoted group of actors and musicians. The program is produced independently by Donney Parker, veteran comrade perfectionist of Chicago, with the able assistance of Harold Ganz, writer and actress from KDKA, in St. Louis, and Conductor Ulricino Marchetti, of film making and motion pictures.

The idea is a radio natural and surrounding, with the rather rare and wholesome vehicle since the old Quarter Hour. It is the idea and surrounding.

Phil Baker hung up quite a record with Armour. He was on the air eighteen months without tiring, his public! And finally, it was Baker who decided he needed a rest—not the public.

Inside Pickups

THE LONG THREATENING Kennedy nuptials with Pittsburgh's Connie Callahan are now definitely set for Thanksgiving Day, for which Pat is thankful.

Continued from preceding Page

THE Irish troubadour has returned to Chicago to await sponsor's renewal. September 14 over CBS, they have with Art Kassel's music. Twenty-nine stations, including two in Canada, carry Father Capraro's in dynamic talks this fall starting, Sunday, October 28, at the usual hour, 9:30, in his largest network yet. It must be a good show, for that famous national survey which all sponsors have been open- ing arms. Philip's "Today's Children," of NBC, way up at the top of all daytime programs. Miss Phillips should get solid applause for selecting Tom Long, tall Irene Battlely is being called to vaudeville again and expects to desert the old hall and marry sometime late in September for a four to week tour.

SPEAKING OF RATINGS, that same survey-dhive doesn't show up the recently several regulars here who've been slipping down the list dangerously, and something may be done about it. On his Comcast broadcast from Windy City, 'sarry Richman is accompanied by a local orchestra recruited by Leroy Shield, the NBC music man. Harry made himself very popular with Chicago's native film and television interest. Handling their press table, at his Cher Paree opening, over to some of it, and it's the conversation for the moment. The program is assigned to be boys. The spot was on for his, and it's not unusual in difficulty in seeing Mr. Richman—and they probably will continue in the same direction.

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KFI—Reebocking, orchestra: semella, KMBI—Frankie Masters' Orchestra,WLW—Fame Orchestra. 11:15 p.m. KBO—Robert Redford, leader. KOA—Drums of Real Life, WSM—Ray and John, sketch. 11:30 p.m. CBS—Don Brasco's Orchestra: KMOX; WSM, WKBW, WKBW, KBG, KWK, KFI, WLS. 11:45 p.m. CBS—Laslo Belasco's Orchestra: KMOX; WSM, WKBW, KBG, KBG, KBG, KBG, KBG, KBG, KBG, KBG. 11:30 p.m. WSM. 11:45 p.m. KFI—Richard Seeley, narrator. KMON—Red Skelton's Orchestra: KMOX, WSM, KBG, KBG, KBG, KBG; KWK, KFI, WLS. 11:45 p.m. KBO—George Skelton's Orchestra, WSM, WKBW, WKBW, KBG, KBG. 12:00 a.m. WSM. 12:05 p.m. KBO—Ray Skelton, narrator. KMOX, WSM, WKBW, WKBW, KBG, KBG. 12:05 p.m. KBO—Ray Skelton, narrator. KMOX, WSM, WKBW, WKBW, KBG, KBG.
Asthma Was Choking Her

Got Immediate Relief! Seventeen Years Later—"Still Enjoying Great Health!"

December 3rd, 1915—"I had asthma for 17 years. I coughed most of the time and couldn’t do any good work. I tried every thing, but grew so weak, I could hardly stand. I finally came to think one of Nazor, I could do most of my housework. That was an impossible thing for me."

Mrs. Mary Bean, 43 S. Naughton, Louisville, July 31, 1932—"I continue in good health and am still praising Nazor. I have no signs of asthma."

FREE—Not to suffer anymore. Nazor’s relief can be yours for a few cents and a few minutes of your time. Address Nazor Co., Suite 512 Sanborn Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

—SONGS ARRANGED— PREPARED FOR PUBLICATION


WANTED ORIGINAL POEMS • SONGS For Immediate Consideration

M. M. M. Music Publisher, Dept. R.G., Studio Building, Portland, Oregon

7:00 p.m.

SBC—Captain Henry’s Show Boat: WAFB WSB WMB KAL WIO KFI KOA WKB WKB WSB WRAP KRCY WCYA KAF KAF KRCY WSB WRAP KWR FKB KKM KKM KKM KKM

Central Standard Time

Thursday, Sept. 20

Continued from preceding Page

SPORTSCASTS OF THE WEEK

QUIN RYAN makes his latest sports-announcing appearance as the wrestling-public’s chief observer in the Jim Lindon-"Strangler" Lewis match at Wrigley Field. Thursday, Sept. 20, 1929, WGN (720) which made a hit with sports listeners in the middlewest with its extensive broadcast of the recent All-America-Chicago Bears football game, scores another with this latest "Triple-sport" event, which is hailed as the first authentic "World’s Championship" mat affair in a sports round.

TALKING of football, WGN announces that Bob Elson will be on the sidelines for the broadcasts of all the Chicago Bears games in the 1929 National Professional League, beginning October 14, when George Halas club plays its first game. The opening four tilts on the Bears’ schedule will not be aired by WGN as Elson still has a baseball public to satisfy. Radio equipment will be shifted on three automobiles from Portland, Ore., to Pendleton, 250 miles away, to pick up the doings at the annual rodeo. Art Kirkham, KOIN, Portland, announcer, will be at the game that Chicago fans expect Pat Flanagan will continue through the whole season with the merits of this. They’ve already contracted for the first four Notre Dame games at South Bend, Ind. And Graham is the favorite of the Archie Goodwin gang of three who write, and Mac, who is the top boy on long waves. The origin of the idea is attached to Her Majesty’s remarks to her people’s representatives at this time, due to unrest in her kingdom reflected from the storm centers of social and political conflict in other parts of Europe. And every day this week all short-wave listeners will be able to tune in on "inside" operations of the American Cup Races, which will be sent by short waves and combined networks, between 15 and 40 meters.

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How You Can Get Into Broadcasting

FLOYD GIBBONS—The method of practical training de-

Famous Radio stations—by your own hands—of the best broadcasting stations will teach you how to train for the tech-

Famous Radio stations—by your own hands—of the best broadcasting stations will teach you how to train for the techn-
They liked his songs and they loved the subtle, backtracky, flattery of his intimacy. Tears of joy rolled down my cheeks as I stood concealed in the shadows, unnoticed or ignored, watching it. And the Blue New Yorkers shouted: "We want Cantor!"

How did Eddie react to this? So many talented men and women have been ruined by Broadway success. Did Eddie accept any of the invitations to their parties, after the show—invitations which Broadway showgoers on every new sensation of the stage? No! Eddie came home with me. Affable with happiness, he talked about the future—our home. We cried together.

Our home—our family—Eddie's career—and our love—all of those things have grown since then. Yet he is the same Eddie, though his Cantor qualities of patience, fidelity, dependability, a sense of responsibility, gentleness, and that warm, sensitive, human quality which I have tried to illustrate in this article—they have ripened and deepened with the passing of the years.

Eddie's home—as I have said—is the center of his universe. From it springs all the activities of his cantorial career. The invitations to their parties, after the show—invitations which Broadway showgoers on every new sensation of the stage?

And thus those girls of our respond to his affection! They clearly prove that Eddie is an even greater success as a father than as an arranger. Marjorie, the eldest—she's nineteen—is her father's shadow. She is his personal secretary, always at his side during the day. Under no circumstances will he be there, and helps with his radio scripts. Eddie considers those girls to be his property—or at least he thinks he is in possession of them, and she is so nervous when he is on the air that she does not dare to go to the studio. She is, of course, the handmaiden of his handlerchief. the way I did when he made that fat, shining appearance in the Ziegfield Roof Show!

Natalie, our second daughter, is eight.

Eddie is fifty. We were going to name him Eddie, but his hostess, Miss Edna, convinced us that Eddie is a very pleasant name. After Grandpa Cantor, by the time Janet was born, Eddie was given up hoping for a father to a boy.

Our girls do not lag much. The family circle, makes us all eager to be home—yet we're all on that absurdly idle place where never is heard a discouraging word. On the contrary, their home, our home, and their sweet selves.

What are the things that annoy Eddie, get under his skin? Well, sometimes he comes in very quiet. At once I know that something is wrong, for usually he is cheerful. He talks with questions. And in a few minutes, sure enough, he unburdens himself. Maybe somebody was late for an appointment—and if you ever have business with Eddie, goodness! he be it. He hates tardiness. He will hardly forgive me for it. Or perhaps a director in the business is "out"—a couple of times. Eddie dislikes this for his own reasons. The reason is spontaneous—he claims that it ruins clowning to rehearse all the life out of it. But Eddie is easily deceived—no, but no sooner does he tell about it than the day's annoyance is over and he goes off, as usual, practically without a sense of relief.

Incidentally, I think that some of his best clowning is done when he tells us those little true stories of the day's petty irritations. The way he mimics people, the way he makes us hear Cantor girls positively white and helpless with laughter. And the great thing is that this is all for public never sees or hears. We are his private audience.

And thus, by the way, is the only contact Eddie wants to have with the theater and the audience. He does not want any of them ever to go on the stage; claims that the stage has too many obstacles, even for a man. Instead, he wants them all to go through college, and then marry. And perhaps he has his own way in this matter, too. He has such a genius for making things work out as he wants. For instance, Edna is married, but is as much inclined—but it used to be like pulling them to her for training and education. He promised that, and the marriage, and then her. She ever saw such a change! We almost had to drag Edna away from the piano after the result is today she is a really fine pianist, and she does accomplish.

But please don't think of Eddie's fine flair for making people do what he wants them to, is a mark of selfishness on his part. I have never known a more unselfish man in my life than Eddie Cantor. It's his philanthropies cost him a great deal of money—and what is more important, it gives him as well as his cash. For example, not only does he send $2000 every summer to his "Eddie Cantor Camp" at which he annoys him in Hudson near New York; he goes there as often as he can, to be with the kids to be one of them! For ever has he forgotten how hot those sidewalks of New York can be in summer!
### Programs for Saturday, September 22

#### Star Indicates High Spot Selections

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<td>5:30 a.m.</td>
<td>WL5—Family Circus Program</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:50 a.m.</td>
<td>KMOX—Home Folks Hour</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00 a.m.</td>
<td>WLS—Breakfast, host: Peter Cooper</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:05 a.m.</td>
<td>WLW—Top o’ the Morning</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00 a.m.</td>
<td>KMOX—Dinnertime</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15 a.m.</td>
<td>KMOX—Riddles and Grivas</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:20 a.m.</td>
<td>KTVO—Stock Exchange, host: Sheets</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30 a.m.</td>
<td>WLS—Smoke a While Time Dial</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30 a.m.</td>
<td>WLW—The National Family Prayer</td>
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#### Afternoon

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00 Noon</td>
<td>CBS—America’s Cup Race (5 Min.)</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>CBS—America’s Cup Race; host:bell Olies</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:05 p.m.</td>
<td>WJNO—Steve Hardy</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15 p.m.</td>
<td>WLS—Kenny Sawyer</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:20 p.m.</td>
<td>WLS—Wally Sullivan, host: Corky</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:25 p.m.</td>
<td>WLS—WLW-Louis</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30 p.m.</td>
<td>WLW—Carey Roberts, host: Melvin</td>
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#### Night

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00 p.m.</td>
<td>WLW—Don Bestor’s Orchestra (NBC)</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15 p.m.</td>
<td>WWL—Buck Owens’ Orchestra (WB)</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30 p.m.</td>
<td>WLS—Buddy Rogers’ Orchestra (WB)</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:45 p.m.</td>
<td>WWM—Don Bestor’s Orchestra (NBC)</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:50 p.m.</td>
<td>WLW—Variety Program</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00 p.m.</td>
<td>KMOX—On the Border</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15 p.m.</td>
<td>WBW—National Gardens</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30 p.m.</td>
<td>WBW—Ring of Lights</td>
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<td>7:45 p.m.</td>
<td>WBW—Kraft’s Rhythm Club</td>
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<td>8:00 p.m.</td>
<td>WBW—Kraft’s Rhythm Club</td>
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<td>8:15 p.m.</td>
<td>WBW—Kraft’s Rhythm Club</td>
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<td>8:30 p.m.</td>
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<td>8:45 p.m.</td>
<td>WBW—Kraft’s Rhythm Club</td>
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<td>9:45 p.m.</td>
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<td>10:00 p.m.</td>
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<td>11:45 p.m.</td>
<td>WBW—Kraft’s Rhythm Club</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00 a.m.</td>
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#### Central Standard Time

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5:30 a.m.</td>
<td>WBFA—Breakfast</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00 a.m.</td>
<td>KSB—Breakfast</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15 a.m.</td>
<td>KSB—Breakfast</td>
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<td>6:30 a.m.</td>
<td>KSB—Breakfast</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00 a.m.</td>
<td>KSB—Breakfast</td>
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#### For Daytime

<table>
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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00 a.m.</td>
<td>WBW—Don Bestor’s Orchestra (NBC)</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15 a.m.</td>
<td>WBW—Buck Owens’ Orchestra (WB)</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30 a.m.</td>
<td>WBW—CBS—America’s Cup Race</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:45 a.m.</td>
<td>WBW—CBS—America’s Cup Race</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00 a.m.</td>
<td>WBW—CBS—America’s Cup Race</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15 a.m.</td>
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<td>7:30 a.m.</td>
<td>WBW—CBS—America’s Cup Race</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>9:00 a.m.</td>
<td>WBW—CBS—America’s Cup Race</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15 a.m.</td>
<td>WBW—CBS—America’s Cup Race</td>
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<td>9:30 a.m.</td>
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<td>WBW—CBS—America’s Cup Race</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00 a.m.</td>
<td>WBW—CBS—America’s Cup Race</td>
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<td>WBW—CBS—America’s Cup Race</td>
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<td>WBW—CBS—America’s Cup Race</td>
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<tr>
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<td>WBW—CBS—America’s Cup Race</td>
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<td>WBW—CBS—America’s Cup Race</td>
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<td>WBW—CBS—America’s Cup Race</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:45 a.m.</td>
<td>WBW—CBS—America’s Cup Race</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00 noon</td>
<td>WBW—CBS—America’s Cup Race</td>
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Music in the Air

By Carl Street

Programs

(Slashed In Yellow Color)

Saturday, September 15

CBS, 6 p.m. - "Racy Revue." Sue Read, soprano; John Evans, tenor; Aimee Del Toro, coloratura soprano. 7 p.m. NBC, 6:15 p.m. The Siberian Singers, Nicholas Vassilieff, conductor. 8:30 p.m. "Acapella" program on Paderewski's "Mazurka." 9 p.m. NBC, 7:30 p.m. Hall and Grimm piano duo. Suggested on Form C. 10 p.m. NBC, 10:15 p.m. Sheldon and Flitter, piano duo. Banjo, Tuctorns and Fuzzes in D Major; Arranged New York. 11:15 p.m. NBC, 11:15 p.m. Lilian Buckman, soprano. Let Troin Priests by Poulenc; The Coquette by Robert Bunn, solo piano; Mexican Moment by Charles Kavanagh; "I'm the King of the House" by Portner, Donalda and the Rose. 12 a.m. NBC, 12 a.m. Symphony Orchestra, Ernest Krebs, conductor. "Mozart's Magic Flute," Three German Dances by Beethoven; "Forty-two Bar" by Schubert; "The Lord is Mindful of his Own; Nunc Dimittis."}

Wednesday, September 19

Beethoven's quartet, "Op. 18 No. 5," will be heard on the Saturday night broadcast. Its three movements will be played in the second half of the concert. The quartet is dedicated to Haydn, who helped develop the form. It is considered one of Beethoven's masterpieces, and its program is an interesting contrast to the previous night's Haydn quartet.

Milwaukee Philharmonic

The MILWAUKEE Philharmonic Orchestra will continue its Thursday evening broadcasts over NBC until the end of September. The orchestra's programs will be scheduled to end in August, and the concerts have aroused such enthusiasm and brought such large crowds that Milwaukee citizen determined to continue them. The concerts are heard over NBC at 10 p.m. on Thursdays.

Central Standard Time

Music in the Air

By Carl Street

Programs

(Slashed In Yellow Color)

Saturday, September 15

CBS, 6 p.m. - "Racy Revue." Sue Read, soprano; John Evans, tenor; Aimee Del Toro, coloratura soprano. 7 p.m. NBC, 6:15 p.m. The Siberian Singers, Nicholas Vassilieff, conductor. 8:30 p.m. "Acapella" program on Paderewski's "Mazurka." 9 p.m. NBC, 7:30 p.m. Hall and Grimm piano duo. Suggested on Form C. 10 p.m. NBC, 10:15 p.m. Sheldon and Flitter, piano duo. Banjo, Tuctorns and Fuzzes in D Major; Arranged New York. 11:15 p.m. NBC, 11:15 p.m. Lilian Buckman, soprano. Let Troin Priests by Poulenc; The Coquette by Robert Bunn, solo piano; Mexican Moment by Charles Kavanagh; "I'm the King of the House" by Portner, Donalda and the Rose. 12 a.m. NBC, 12 a.m. Symphony Orchestra, Ernest Krebs, conductor. "Mozart's Magic Flute," Three German Dances by Beethoven; "The Lord is Mindful of his Own; Nunc Dimittis."
He'd instinctively straightened up and walked briskly toward the stairs next. If he had had a gun he'd have killed himself, but he hadn't a gun. With one he might have swung it, and shot his mind, as a man might throw a stone in the face of someone breathing. He heard it over the pounding of his heart. Across the large room was the ball. There he would start his burglarious search.

He crossed the padded carpet silently—
it seemed a mile—and his hands crept about the various objects on the dresser. A handshaped it, felt crisp paper and loose change, put them into his pockets by the radio receiver on it, four rings! He couldn't judge their value. Into his pocket they went. And now for the door. In another minute was the door? He took a long step in the dark and thought he could have heard a music of some sort.

"Who—what—who's there?" said a choking voice. It was Myrna Ward—trying to be brave.

"Shut up!" whispered Leon Michelet fiercely. He hardly knew his own voice. "Get out of bed, you fool!"

"Get out of bed, you fool!"

Michelet shut off the shriek. The next instant he found himself in a struggle. The girl seized his wrist, clung to it with both hands. Roughly he shoved her back upon the pillow. She didn't loosen her clutch upon his wrist—she bit it.

Michelet struck wildly, freed himself, made for the open window. Behind him he heard the noise of a door, a man's voice shouting:

"Mother! Call the police at once!"

He was already on the window-sill, stooping to get under the sash, when he felt his arms pinned by a body, and his body being tugged back into the room. He fell to the floor with a crash.

Leon Michelet's arm was strong. But the man with whom he found himself grappling in the darkness was quicker and stronger than he. Michelet was doing something about wrestling.

As to Mother, she was surprising herself. The phone she only used for social calls was at her bedside. Police—be quick!" she had told Central. The girl had responded. To give the address took only an instant...

Office Jennings four blocks away. (time 3:38 a.m.) was shaken from his doziness by the sharpness of the message. It was a matter of life or death;

"Car 19 Calling Car 19 Burgess reported at 3:38 Eastern Urgent 3:38 Eastern Urgent!"

"Step on it, Donovan!" he shouted—

and Donovan clicked a three-foot shot around in a circle. Officer Jennings unlimbered his service-revolver.

It was the first change in the newly-arrived system—a chance to catch a crook red-handed. The שנים threw open the side door and put one foot out on the running board, ready for the leap.

Lights flashed on stairwells in a house just down the street. On the front door was a slender woman in a filmy nightdress, "Upstairs and to the right!" she cried. "Quickly, everyone!" Leon had little more than a few strides behind...

The police found a curious scene: An exhausted, bearded man sprawled on a pajama-clad, lying on the floor with his arms locked from the rear around a writhing, sullen-faced figure of a younger individual who made no resistance as the handcuffs were snapped on his wrists and he staggered, blinking his midnight, when his eyes locked him to his feet. And a girl—a girl whose heightlessness was even more obvious in the dark, the lights, had returned to the fray and was babbling the victim in a manner that could have halved him. Wild West Sal, the Cowgirl of the Prairies...

A few minutes later, the cars were thrilled by the announcement:

"I a m—Officers Donovan and Jennings in Car 19 have reported the capture of a burglar in the act of crime at 3:38 Eastern Urgent, added by a citizen. Myrna Ward, whose house was entered, and her wife and daughter, Mrs. Ward and Miss Myrna are all well.

And besides the radio service. The report of the capture reached headquarters two minutes after the call went out over the air—the officers are commended for their promptness...

"You're not so bad for a man your age!"

"Office Jennings was saying admiringly. "You're a crafty one, stuff at all!"

Papa Ward, still panting, was saying:

"If I hadn't known about the new signal system I'd never have tried it—I know there was a chance I could hold out! What a splendid thing—it surely revives the old theory of law-enforcement, it makes the citizen a real chance, to help the police! I'll write a letter of appreciation to the police, and the mayor, of course."

Myrna Ward said: "Life in this town doesn't hold very much for me all."

And Michelet, down at the booking-room at headquarters, told the sergeant frankly:

"I'm a radio man, and I know that radio business is too fast for sure. Buck, you found the rings and the cash on me—"

He did—and got three years.

"ROXY"

(Continued from Page 8)

In Next Week's Issue

"Roses and Drums"

The Full Story of This Thrilling Hour—Its Cast—How It Is Written and Produced—Forecast of What It Brings with the New Season

**Madman of the North**

A Killer Gone Berserk—the North of Canada in Search of Him for One Hundred Square Miles—Planes Loaded with Royal Canadian Mounted Police in Hot Pursuit Before He Could Add to His List of Murders—Here Is One of the Most Thrilling Stories of the Popular Series, "Calling All Cars"

All in an Issue Packed with Features of the Stars

"Melodyingers"

(Continued from Page 4)

to be presented on a rival network, a goal which he realized without great difficulty, but the public had by then become aware of the "battle of the bandboxes."

Partisans of the two singers insisted that their party would not have accepted the boo-boo-box era in singing, and an enmity was set up which later led both of these extraordinary singers to abandon that particular style in favor of one more acceptable.

Once officially launched in radio, Colombo found his subsequent success as...
Radio Guide's X-Word Puzzle

The solution to this puzzle will be published in next week's issue, in which you will find another absorbing puzzle.

Horizontally:
1-Mixture
5-Traveling company
12-Phyllis (-abbr.)
14-Beer (-abbr.)
15-Tease
17-July
19-Course cotton material
20-Eastern Standard Time
22-Sum
24-Acostic
25-Tease
27-Mid-Western State (-abbr.)
29-Spanish article
30-Memories
31-Prefix, against
33-Long Island (-abbr.)
35-3-1416
36-Perjury
37-Civil Engineer
38-Thoroughfare (-abbr.)
41-Yard (-abbr.)
45-Decreased
46-Conflict, it is
defined
47-Me
48-This
50-Prefix before
52-Negatives
54-Shut in

Solution to Last Week's X-Word Puzzle:

The Cover Girl

She's almost 19—is Patti Pickens, the girl on the cover of this week's Radio Guide. She is the youngest of NBC's three Pickens Sisters, who sing southern songs superbly because they were all born on a plantation in Georgia's cotton country.

Patti is named after her mother—home-maker and Southern lady, who keeps house on Park Avenue as graciously as in the South. She is the most important element in young Patti's background. In the home she makes, the girls are glad to do most of their living and even much of their rehearsing.

Patti still goes to school—by tutoring several hours daily. She had just finished high school when she went on the air. Also, she studies music and dancing and collects unusual species of goldfish.

Although highly imaginative, this youngster indignantly denies that she has any of the superstitions that terrify most show people. Not even a black cat crossing her path can bring pallor to her face. When a little child, she resented the fact that her sisters, older than she, were able to "grown up" things that were beyond her. So out of her imagination she created "Marie," a playmate all her own. "Marie" stayed with her for several years. But no humorless brooder is little Patti. Her worst vice is making puns. This she does unceasingly, to the alternate amusement and mock-horror of her family.

But some are good—and many are—But ask her family about that.

Back Copies Out

Readers who desire back copies of Radio Guide are urged to consult the following list of editions, which are out of print. It is impossible to supply copies of any of these, all of 1934:

April 21 June 2
April 28 June 9
May 5 June 16
May 12 June 23
May 19 June 30
May 26
**What Price Publicity?**

By Howard Wilcox

So devoted to his art is Charlie Runyan, NBC organist, that for the sake of it he recently endured the sinus and sneezy squirmings of a couple of baby boa-constrictors! A detached, impersonal radio listener might wonder what boa-constrictors could possibly have to do with Charlie's excellent playing—but few radio listeners are detached and impersonal. Most of us are hero-worshippers who would welcome the sight of this musical celebrity posing as a kind of lovely Lappon.

But Kay, the contralto, had to pose herself on a narrow metal railing with a fifty-foot drop to the cement floor behind her. Probably this picture was intended to show that, though a contralto, Don't wasn't afraid of the high spots.

But the greatest hero of them all—says he— is Earl Lee, NBC dramatic star. He posed with a butterfly set in his hand and a live snake on one shoulder.

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**SAVE THIS PORTRAIT FOR YOUR ALBUM**

**ETHEL SHUTTA**

As She Appears Under the MIKeroscope

By Harry Steele

Ethel Shutta (pronounced that way) is one of those girls who will fight with a guy, marry him and then refuse to battle reputation of having attained absolute martial serenity. But it took a quarrel to bring them together.

It was during Ethel's Folies days. She was doing a number, and George and his band were accompanists. "That guy must be going to the races," the blonde songstress complained to the imperturbable master. "Can't you slow him down to my tempo?" "Can't you?" countered Ziggie. "I don't even know him," she replied, but she didn't let that harass her.

She waylaid him after the show and asked him how he got that way. "Your time is my time," retorted the Scandinavian batonner. Nobody knows if or not Rudy Vallee had any squats around to record the conciliatory reply. But the concession must have been mutual because neither now has time for anyone else save their two sons, Charles, 7, and George, Jr., 4.

Perhaps previous misadventures with marriages had taught both George and Ethel that adjusted tempo make for unruffled martial symphonies. But more likely their happiness revolves about that sunshiny personality that has marked Ethel's climb to fame from a most humble beginning.

Her origin was humble in the sense that it was obscure. In fact it was practically a public event. The child of old trouper, she made her advent on the stage at the ripe old age of three. She was a dancing veteran at six, and had scarcely passed the limping age when she found song her medium. It was the original happy medium. She has been singing and laughing her way through life ever since.

Perhaps Ethel's variegated career fitted her for the life of a peaceable bride. Success with her was a matter of accomplishment. She didn't have it thrust upon her. In fact all that was ever thrust on her was the need for making her way. Early struggles found her in Chicago bowling it a bit, smiling a lot, and singing wherever an unsold dollar beckoned. With blonde hair that looks for all the world as though it might have been combed by the bewitched king Midas, she gathered in the skunks as she prepared herself for higher places.

Theaters and clubs knew her during the years she spent in the Middle West. And she was a pretty consistent winner at song contests fostered by music publishers; pretty, anyway. Finally she turned on that darting personality while a vaudeville booker was in the neighborhood. Came the dawn, and Ethel found herself back on Broadway, the Mecca of the performers; where they either Mecca girl or freak.

Someone on the prowl mentioned to Flo Ziegfeld that there was a singer at hand all ready for the glorification bath. Ethel and the producer both plunged, and she took it with a splash heard round the world. So successful was she that she overbalanced even the noted Ziegref and beguiling her talent might be wasted, booked her into two of his productions at once.

That brought about the Olsen incident. Ethel is neither old nor young in years, but she is the quintessence of youth in manner and personality. She is svelte and lithe, with the comeliness of line is concerned, has never heard of the lamb chop and the pineapple. Her eyes suggest evening in the Blue Grotto.

She is a smart dresser. While making concessions to her coloring by respecting the creaminess of the pastel shades, she isn't afraid to wear forth in something scarlet. And can she wear it? Don't be silly!

Radio Guide will place some celebrity Under the MIKeroscope every week. Save the picture on this page. There will be 52 in a full set. This is the twenty-third. You will get one picture a week for an entire year. To every person who sends to Radio Guide 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 fine finish.

Start saving your series now. And watch for another celebrity Under the MIKeroscope in Radio Guide next week.