Radio Guide
The National Weekly of Programs and Personalities
Week Ending July 20, 1935

Mrs. Wiggs' Cabbage Patch—The Man from Home
Atwater Kent

There is reassurance in the announcement that the Atwater Kent hour is to return to the air. For several years this hour, which first introduced the world to the talking radio speaker, has been conspicuous by its absence.

It means more than just a delightful hour of fine music. It means that a great industrialist is going to get back into action. It means, too, that he is satisfied that everything is working out of the doldrums of the depression and the American public is recovering rapidly.

The big Atwater Kent plant, the largest in the radio manufacturing business, is humming and employing thousands of skilled mechanics who have been idle many years. Mr. Kent is out again to take an active hand in shaping the destinies of the radio industry.

Showmanship

Out of an old colonial institution that flourished more than a century ago, the Town Hall Meetings, appears to have come the solution of how to use radio for education.

The NBC open forum experiment, happily called American Town Hall of the Air, proved successful. The discussion of current and pressing problems under competent guidance was nothing new to radio. The vitalizing spark came with the inspiration of showmanship to give the forum an old setting, and to let the audience take part. Town Hall in New York City was picked and the atmosphere of a lively New England colonial meeting simulated. The program ran on a nation-wide basis and the nation responded with letters, wires and calls.

After the discussion, the open forum and question period extends the proceedings. The response has been so great that Town Hall will become a feature of the airwaves this Fall. The spirit of discussion has had a rebirth.

George V. Denno, director of the meetings, might go a step further and make his broadcast more complete and interesting. He might arrange with the telephone company to let people in various parts of the country call in during the broadcast and express their opinions instead of continuing the privilege to those in attendance at Town Hall. This would widen the appeal and give sectional opinions a chance to be heard and improve the educational value of this highly interesting hour, the whole purpose of which is to make people think—the highest function of education.

Commission

Too much attention to petty organization detail will prove costly to the Federal Communications Commission. The Commission would serve better its purpose by tackling some of radio's major problems in the opinion of most well-informed radio executives. The latest evidence of the F.C.C.'s unnecessary rules is the one which forced its chief counsel, Paul D. Spearman, to resign. In May the Commission adopted a resolution preventing an employee of the F.C.C. who was serving with it after July 1 from appearing before it for a period of two years after leaving the Commission. A hurried revision in the order was made when it was discovered that wholesale resignations of engineers, accountants and examiners as well as attorneys was imminent. The Commission very nearly hamstringing itself. Spearman's resignation is an indication of the country's leading authorities on radio, was drafted from private practice to organize the Commission's legal department. He had served as assistant general counsel to the old Federal Radio Commission.

Mr. Spearman apparently is the only one to suffer under the new ruling, and he is the one man the Commission could least afford to lose. Just another indication of the reason for the uncertainty with which the broadcast industry as a whole views F.C.C. rulings.

Overlooking

American broadcasters of short wave programs are overlooking their best bet. In an effort to stimulate an interest in short wave reception they have planned expensive and intensive pickups from abroad. It is all unnecessary as the best material is at hand and largely going to waste.

Broadcasters, particularly those in the Southwest, West and Northeast, are deprived of good reception during the summer months. They depend upon short wave to a great extent for their regular radio fare. There are so many good programs in which they are interested that a great service would be rendered if all the major network periods were rebroadcast simultaneously on the available short wave frequencies.

Mr. Ford

A lesson in intelligent program control was given by Mr. Henry Ford and his program directors.

A Hand

They refused to permit those premier burlesque-Snoopag and Budd—to hippodrome around with activities in the White House and Washington generally. Their initial program with Fred Waring fell flat as a result but the sponsor didn't offer a great many patriotic citizens who would take exception to the broadcasting of a skit entitled "Keep Snoopag out of the White House."

American radio listeners are some limitations to the subjects chosen for laughable treatment. Even Binnie found that out when he took some liberties with the Lincoln Gettysburg Address.

Regardless of what is going on in Washington, the White House is a symbol of respect, authority and high honor that few Americans would care to hear dragooned around for the sake of a gag.

British

Great Britain's television situation is badly in need of straightening. The officially controlled experiments have run into difficulties. The British Broadcasting Corporation, a subsidiary of the Post Office, and its newly elected Television Director, are unable to proceed with the program proposed the English people.

There are several flies in the television ointment, according to the latest advice from London.

First is the inability of the directors of the two officially recognized systems to cooperate. John L. Baird, the Scotch father of television, wants the experiments to be conducted on a 15-line picture projection. The other half of the experiment, Electrical and Musical Industries, Ltd., is the owner and promoter of a different system which calls for a picture of 405 lines. The receivers for either of these systems would be useless in picking up the other system's transmission.

Fly Number Two is the public, which has no disposition to spend the money for two expensive television receivers, even if it would.

The third is the cooling off that of the British radio manufacturers. The delay in presenting the programs has caused a loss of public interest. The 'titter' has been aggravated by the neglectary and silent follies which points a moral for American television interests: a need of standardization and a definite well-projected program that when once presented to the public will be followed religiously.

America does not want its television picture blurred in the English fashion.
Peg La Centra Says There’s No Such Thing as Overnight Success. Look into This Star’s Five Unknown Years, Years of Poverty and Struggle. She Knows!

By Alice Pegg

It’s never an overnight trip from oblivion to success—not real success, says Peg La Centra. She supposed to be one of those overnight travelers herself. One day the network knew her only as a voice, a pleasant enough one who did part bits and didn’t get mentioned the next day—or so it seemed—she was a full-blown star, featured on NBC’s big commercials like The Radio City Party. Lucky Smith, Beauty Box Theater, and Circus Night in Silvertown. Peg was tickled pink to be called for a ten-dollar job!

"It’s amazing! It’s luck!" people said. "Getting there overnight. How did it happen?"

A glamorous girl with a glamorous voice that triumphed equally in song and speech—she must have looked like Minerva, full grown from the head of Jove! That, according to Peg, is the quintessence of quintessential. When anyone asks her where she’s been all the time she likes to answer. "I’ve been all the time. I’ve been five years trying to get someone to notice me. Where have you been?"

She isn’t bitter about those five years when she had everything she wanted except recognition. She doesn’t hold anything against big-hwig who shower her with contracts now—and who didn’t have time to see her before. She doesn’t regret her hours of bench-warm ing, the tragic interviews that sent her home to a little room to cry.

"It’s all part of the game," Peg says sincerely. "I wouldn’t trade those five unknown years for anything. I’ll never again get so much experience. New clothes are fine and jewelry’s fine and so are trips around the world. But experience is worth more than all of them. You can’t buy it, no matter how much money you have."

You see, Peg started like so many thousands of ambitious young people who can’t be satisfied with the time, we played games or gave impromptu spots. Every time one of us got a box, we used to have a spread—just like boarding school or college.

Peg still remembers the red-letter day when an announcer for NBC’s big commercials announced that her voice brought her fifty dollars. Fifty whole dollars! She took all her crowd to the movies, bought French ice cream afterward and Roquefort cheese, mushroom soup—all the delicacies they never had on the Club menu. She bought a big bottle of perfume, which became Club property; assorted pairs of chiffon stockings and white gloves. Whoever was going out on a business interview got the finery—and sometimes the job.

These were years when Peg La Centra did anything in radio or on the theater.

"You can’t afford to be choosy when you’re a beginner," she says. "Besides, it’s all good for you. The more different kinds of things you do, the easier it is to switch."

In radio Peg discovered a strange thing. Although she always had worked as a career as an actress, the radio people kept asking her to sing. They knew, from her rich speaking tones, that she had that highly commercial talent for deep-voiced singing. They knew it before she did. In fact, Peg doesn’t yet take herself very seriously as a singer.

In singing, of course, she had to start all over again. She had to make one of those dreadful first contacts with every music publishing house in New York. She had to introduce herself and try to convince the publishers that she was entitled to free song sheets.

"Who are you?" they wanted to know. "And where do you sing?"

"I don’t sing yet," Peg confessed. "It’s just a tryout. One of the local radio stations promised me an audition. I understand you give free music to professionals. And provide an accompanist and a room to practice in. And—well—that’s what I came up about.

Of course, eventually Peg got all the professional copies she wanted, along with the practice privileges that mean so much to a young beginner. She found the publishers very nice, who a girl once gets to know them. They’re really interested in helping young singers. I think they deserve a lot of credit," she says today. "But the situation itself is just a terrible one. If you haven’t a singing job and no important friends to introduce you, if you just walk into the publishers cold and try to make an impression—honest, it takes more courage than anything I tackled. I don’t know how it can be made any easier for youngsters. After all, the publishers have to be protected against chiselers. They have a right to expect you to have a job if you call yourself a professional. But I suffered so with embarrassment over it. I hope some day I can establish a free public library of music for beginners. And I’ll fill the place with practice rooms and pianos and accom panists, too!"

Peg doesn’t give the impression of being particularly sentimental. She’s the sort of person who’s a little afraid to talk about sympathy or love or sorrow. She doesn’t like to talk about herself, except in a flippant way. These things that she confided to me about her struggling years, about her humiliations and ambitions—they came slowly from her whispering red mouth. She is somewhat like a man in her feeling that sentimentality—except from other people—is a little silly.

Yet underneath her gay manner, sympathy and sentiment run deep in the little star. And she is sure of herself as only a person who has earned her way can be sure. "If there were such a thing as overnight success," she finished—Maestro Rolfe was calling her once more to the stage—"if there were such a thing, it would blow up overnight too. But just check on all the so-called overnight successes. I’ll bet you find every one of them has a hidden background of old-fashioned struggle!"

Circus Night in Silvertown, with Peg La Centra, is heard every Friday at 10:30 p.m. EDT (9:30 EST; 9:30 CDT; 8:30 MST; 7:30 PST) over an NBC-WEAF network.
By Harry Steele

In comedy the jest is merely of the moment, subject of course to intermittent spells of re-creation. In the music of the day the tune seldom outlives the hour of its birth. But for all the ingredients of durability, for the elements of rock-like immortality and for the essence of perennial appeal, seek the drama that plucks the heart-strings, the lines that bring the tears, the settings that challenge the universal sense of justice—and you shall find.

And all of these are in Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, that Hardy epic of poverty and noble tolerance that radiates across the nation from CBS studios in New York each morning of the week save Saturday and Sunday. Its elementary appeal to the emotions is its lifeblood, the medium which keeps it from becoming anemic and senseless. Born back at the turn of the century, the Cabbage Patch saga has been fed to the public in one form or another ever since. It had long life as a comedy drama in the theaters, was made as a silent motion picture, and even survived to blossom as a talkie in 1933.

The current script is created by Robert Andrews, one of the air's most prolific writers—but it adheres to the pattern laid down in the original brief volume conceived and executed by Alice Hegan Rice in 1912. A few concessions have been made to modern tastes and understanding, but the flavor of yesteryear still predominates the formula. Its very catholic appeal stands it in good stead as the homely philosophies of the central adult figure lure mature listeners, while the characteristic involvements of the children are sufficiently penetrating to hold juvenile interest. Those kids' wholesome interest in geography led to the selection of their characteristic names.

Backing up Andrews' skill as a writer is the masterful direction of the radio episodes by one of the country's few feminine production experts, Martha Atwell. CBS chieftains have concluded that her purely womanly perceptions fit her to handle the script best—and in addition Martha is tops at fusing together the jigsaw pieces that comprise a finished radio production.

It is Miss Atwell's credo that the Wiggs continuities can be imbued most adequately with radio personality in an atmosphere of informality, so she is faced with the serious problem of hooking up to relaxation the group of children who perform in the series. Any mother can report on the difficulties involved in that sort of job. That Martha accomplishes it is an unspoken tribute to the judgment of the executives who selected her for the task.

For evidence of their faith in her ability is reflected in the fact that Miss Atwell directed such successes as Peabody and Sam, Lavender and Old Lace, Skippy and other lesser known programs. Currently she divides her time between the Cabbage Patch series and Just Plain Bill.

She began her professional career as a singer, having attended a New England finishing school and a famous conservatory. She later sang leading roles in the American Opera Company. It was Reuben Mamoulian, motion picture director, who advised her to abandon music for acting, as she showed marked skill. She attended his school and within a few months had become his first and, functioning as co-teacher with Mamoulian himself.

Analysts trace her exceptional radio production success to her sense of rhythm and timing, and her judgment bred of meeting the emergencies which arise in public appearances in any field. She knows how to keep her head in the excitement which attends studio inter-ruptions—and that's one of the things, a lack of which has kept many a potential director from rising above mediocrity. Split-second decisions are her forte.

An interesting personnel helps to enliven Martha's interest in the Mrs. Wiggs programs. The cast is made up of several adults and a group of seasoned juveniles, some of whom at the cut-age have had as many as five or six years of experience on the air or in some form of theatricals.

Among these immature pioneers is Pat Ryan, who plays the part of Asia. Two of her co-workers are Estelle Levy, a robust old hoofer of 10, who portrays Europa, and Amy Sedell, who at 15 is pushing Ethel Barrymore a bit for honors in the drama tradition stakes. She is the Australia of the family. The hardy character, Bitty, man of the house in the Wiggs menage,
MRS. WIGGS’ CABBAGE PATCH

The Tug at the Heart-Strings Wrung by This Lovable Character for Three Decades, Is Brought to You Now over the Air By a Directress and a Cast Second to None in Quality, Technique and Attention to Detail

is done by Andy Donnelly. Andy has just turned 13 and, like the trio of misses with whom he works in the Cabbage Patch sketches, is a veteran of the CBS stand-by. Let’s Pretend?

It is about Andy’s recent entry into the mysterious realm of the teens that one of Miss Atwell’s most trying problems resolved.

"Andy’s voice is beginning to change," she relates, "and while ordinarily a sudden squeak during his lines is of no consequence, the uncertainty of his pitch recently reduced me to almost hysterical tremors. We had a particularly dramatic setting in which only the children appeared, and it was important that each child’s lines be clearly distinguished. I schooled them hard at extra rehearsals, because of the importance of their lines, the need for listeners to be able to tell exactly which character was speaking.

"I even noticed the tempo considerably, instructing each member of the cast to speak more slowly than is their habit, enunciating more clearly than is usually required. It took me nearly two weeks to perfect them in this scene. And then what do you suppose happened? Evidently the strenuousness of the coaching had had a bad effect on Andy’s voice, because as the day drew close for that particular scene his nervousness re-acted to make his voice break in every speech. He would go along in a line baritone for some moment, and then up he would shoot. You couldn’t tell whether it was one of the girls interrupting him or some stranger breaking into the program. I can generally conquer the externals which beset production, but Nature has me whipped.

Therefore all I could do was hope that the tension would abate when time for the actual performance rolled around. And good old Andy, truer that he is, didn’t let me down.

I HE SWALLOWED every impulsive break into tones that would belie the long-pants suit to which he had just succeeded, and I found out what I should have known all along: That my fears were all in vain because these adorable and dependable little artists have more fortitude and a greater spirit of cooperation than most adults.

Best known among the adult members of the cast is Parker Fennelly, so long associated with rustic delineations and character bits that his name is synonymous with the growing lore of radio. He is Jarvis Higgins, this very presence in the studio lends reassurance to all of Martha Atwell’s materials in connection with the series. At rehearsals he is her most dependable ally.

Another steadfast personality to which Miss Atwell can cling with greatest assurance is Betty Garde, who plays the lugubriously hopeful name character in the sketches. To picture Miss Garde as the off-tachynial, sometimes-sunny guardian of the Wiggs destinies is to pay tribute to the actress’ art. In life Miss Garde is everything that Mrs. Wiggs is not—tall, slender, smart in dress and personal appeal—and charmingly intoxicated by the very wine of living.

There is something about the Mrs. Wiggs character that draws the word home spun out of its highly justified obscurity. But there’s always Betty Garde to close it back where the things be-cause she is the sleek, slender modern in whose manner does the homely-wooly of the script as her hit in the pursuit of her art. At rehearsals, she, too, is a tower of strength to the harried directress. And it is at rehearsals that the most experienced production chief can use an occasional hand-up. The element of action is so important in keeping the Mrs. Wiggs script from becoming bland or maudlin, that rehearsals are apt to be trying. Because of her desire to keep

The group of youngsters, all veterans, who do such a capable job as the Geographical Children: From left, Asia (Pat Ryan); Billy Wiggs (Andy Donnelly); Mrs. Wiggs, who always with them; Europena (Estelle Levy); and Australia (Amy Sedell)

the practice sessions informal, Martha’s task becomes doubly exacting as she must simulate a calmness that she doesn’t in any sense experience. Because of the five-times-a-week schedule she must lead her charges through their pages each evening preceding an episode, and again every morning for 45 minutes before the pro-

gram goes on the air. SO IT is not surprising to see this skilled directress lighting frequent cigarettes which she smokes more in the nature of a baton than the sedative that tobacco is reputed to be for jangled nerves. Adult and juvenile members of the cast have learned to watch the giration of this smoking white wand as a hint to cues and directions.

In that early morning period preceding the broad-
cast there is a tacit moment or two during the prepara-
tions. Having schooled her cast the evening previous right on the studio floor, the production mistress spends most of the morning session in the monitor room ad-
joining. Here the voice shadings, the sound, the clarity of the lines and the general effects of the ensemble can be checked best.

Even their long years of training fail to subdue entirely the impulse of childhood in the junior mem-
bers, so there is a tentacility to hog lines or forget voice levels. This has to be watched avidly. Too, because the organ interludes in the program originate from the far-away Paramount Theater, there must be perfect timing and cueing. Not that the organist awaiting his signal would think of launching the music without the proper cue—but he is accustomed to hair-line detailing of his part in the program, and to have to await a signal too long might result in upset nerves. Which sounds like a prelude to temperament, but in programs as closely timed as are those in radio, nervousness is a natural refuge. And a disturbed instrumentalist in-
advertently can befoul his part in a program just the same as can a performer who misses a cue or forgets a line.

A NOTHER distraction traceable to the number of youngsters on the program is the noise which, to the unseen, would make the usual cast of a dozen seem more like twenty-five. A simple admonition with that raised cigarette would quiet the din, but Miss Atwell fears to suppress the youngsters’ natural tendencies too greatly. That’s apt to breed...

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Eddy Duchin Is Proving That Tomorrow's Big Time Stars Are Today's Small Time Unheralded Singers

By Fred Kelly

The stars of tomorrow—of radio—are heading toward network fame and fortune from what are commonly known as the sticks. A new era of radio talent is upon the nation, with conditions changing almost over night. The craze for amateur hour presentations is the latest manifestation of that gigantic infant of the entertainment world. What the next development will do, none can predict with safety; but it is certain to be radical in its form.

No longer is Manhattan the immediate radio mecca, though all trails ultimately lead to the Big Town and to the studios of NBC and CBS. The small station has come into its own, and is the transfer point from obscurity to national and world fame for the radio artist. It seems to be the high school or preparatory course for the big chain programs. A list of the present day stars of the ether waves who came to New York and to success via local stations in all parts of the nation is a veritable Who's Who of the radio world.

A T THE present time, and for some months, another quest for hidden radio talent is being conducted by Eddy Duchin, youthful piano-playing maestro of the Fire Chief program. On a coast-to-coast tour, which combines a personal appearance and radio schedule—and incidentally a honeymoon for Duchin and his recently wedded bride, the former Marjorie Oelrichs, Social Registerite—the genius of the keyboard is searching for these dependable and often brilliant local station artists, as well as such non-professionals—he refuses to use the word amateur—as may be suitable for network broadcasting. Each Tuesday night two of these new vocalists appear on the Fire Chief program with Duchin and his orchestra, filling in the program during the Summer vacation absence of Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief himself.

With the very start of the auditions, at Washington, D. C., where two exceptionally fine vocalists were found among the 500 odd applicants, it became apparent that the rank amateur performer with a yearning for radio fame, cannot hope—except in most unusual cases—to click immediately over the airwaves. Both of the winning contestants in the Washington trials were experienced over local stations in that city and in North and South Carolina, whence they came. But it became very evident that some sound preliminary professional radio work, even in the smallest way, is the essential factor in opening the door to national appearances.

Prominent among the radio stars who came to the networks and to commercial programs via either small-station appearances or through a local radio audition therein, can be listed Amos 'n' Andy, Clara, Lu 'n' Em, Fred Allen, Gene and Gino, Frances Langford, Conrad Thibault, Helen Gleason of the Metropolitan Opera, Grace and Eddie Albert, the Morton Sisters, and a host of others. Many of these were heard by air scouts, and watched as they developed to the point where they were seasoned enough for the big time of radio.

Fortunes have been made so swiftly by unknowns in radio that there is the perpetual hope held out to every boy or girl who can sing a lone note or play a fiddle or give recitations or imitations, that he or she will be the Kate Smith or Jack Benny or Ed Wynn or Eddy Duchin of tomorrow. Thus is the percentage of rejections increased—and the heartbreaks multiplied.

But this writer believes that the local station, no matter how small, is the best breeding ground for new radio talent. Many programs are so well built and handled in some little out-of-the-way station, not a member of a network, that it would be quite profitable for radio talent scouts to pay more attention to these independent units. One thing these stations have done that is most important, is keeping local talent in their own city, rather than adding it to the already overwhelming army of unsuccessful artists storming the heights of Radio City.

Some day the nation will come to the solution of the entertainment problem and to the vocational placing of excellent performers, many of whom are lost today due mainly to being but one of thousands and hidden by the mob of fellow-aspirants. In a small town on a local station, there is more opportunity for recognition. Just as major league baseball gets its new stars from bush league and sand lot teams, so radio and the world of entertainment must look to the small spots for its stars of tomorrow.

It was with this in mind that the sponsors of the Fire Chief programs sent Duchin and his music-makers on their first coast-to-coast tour, to make personal appearances of course, but mainly to discover new vocalists for national presentation. A lot of splendid local performers have given up the idea of fighting against the terrific numbers of other applicants in New York, Chicago and similar cities. They have seen the advantage of building a solid local reputation and graduating into the bigger circles. That's gold in them there stations!

Both of the Washington (Continued on Page 17)
LATIN from Manhattan may have been the status of Susie Donahue—but Parker Fennelly is no Yankee from Yaphank-ee. He is so truly the New Englander he ever has portrayed on the air that he even resists to live within Manhattan’s pyramidal confines. He would rather maintain an R.F.D. address and commute to his broadcasts than be shrunken by the throttling grip of the city’s narrow spaces.

Most of our better character actors of both the stage and radio have known their wild oats—and Sodom in the modern Gomorrah. But Fennelly is a rock-ribbed son of Maine from its most remote recesses, where the very environs prompt silence and where two words are considered an adequate answer and four consecutive sentences court the charge of loquacity.

He is a lad from the settlements, a youth who grew up amid six hundred neighbors and whose only contacts with the great world which lay at his West were occasional summer visitors. By the very vernacular of the counties with whom he was reared he has known the Uncle Abners, the Hiram Nevilles and the other endearing characters by which the radio world has come to love him. So completely engrossed is he in the atmosphere of his youth that he subconsciously has transmitted it to Catherine Deane Fennelly, his wife, until she has acquired the characteristics of the true Yankee heelmate.

Both of these interesting people are at their best in portraying those shrewd natives particularly indigenous to upstate New York and New England but to be found in all parts of the United States where the American traditions still influence and mold character.

FENNELLY was born in the little island settlement of Northeast Harbor, Maine, on October 22, 1891, the son of Nathaniel Fennelly, gardener, and Estelle Calliver Fennelly. Young Parker grew up in this community, attending both primary and high schools there. He neglected algebra but when it came to learning a role in a school play there wasn’t a more enthusiastic applicant to be found.

Finally he decided that Boston was the place to launch a modest career in the legitimate drama. One of his cousins had enough faith in Parker’s ability to lend him part of the tuition fee for the Leland Powers school.

Here began the hard daily tasks of observation and practice, of study and note-taking, that made his later portrayals of New England characters so uncannily faithful.

One of the school’s courses required Parker to go out into the thoroughfares of Beacon Hill, the populous walks of the Common and the Public Gardens, the byways of Charlestown and the wharves of South Boston to study every character that came his way. Many Bostonians must have wondered about the identity of the slim, quiet young man with shrewd eyes, who watched them, sometimes walked with them, and always studied them, jotting down notes and wandering off.

When Parker received a diploma making him an actor he joined a Shakespearean company in the approved manner and toured the country playing in Hamlet, Othello, The Merchant of Venice, and many others. Then, in 1918, he found the girl of his choice, Catherine Deane, while both of them were playing in a stock company in Moline, Illinois. They were married the same year and today the Parker Fennelly farm at Peekskill, New York, boasts three strapping youngsters, Mary and Jane, aged 14, and John, aged 8.

PARKER and his wife have always been highly interested in the everyday happenings at the stove of the general store on Winter nights, the village handyman, the head of the local bank, the town neger-do-well, the confectioner, the pictureque array of characters that have become identified with the America of farmland and the small town.

Mr. and Mrs. Fennelly know and understand these people. All of them, the Fennellys say, reveal the homey humor of people close to the soil. Sometimes there’s a bit of the shrewd horse-trader about them and sometimes they’re a bit tight-fisted, but never when the neighbors need is great. And when one listens to Parker’s characterizations before the microphone, or his wife’s equally shrewd portrayals, one realizes that both these players are recreating the very people they have known for years.

In fact, the turning point in Parker’s career was linked to the tiny barber shop in his home town. After his Shakespearean roles, Parker was offered a part with Walter Huston in Mr. Pitt. He accepted and was assigned the role of Buck Carbury, a youthful country boy.

And here Parker found his niche. In Buck Carbury he suddenly recognized the identiical image of a familiar lounging in the barber shop of his home town. He had spent many an hour listening to the village sages discussing local problems, studying their facial expressions, their Yankee inflection and the result was complete success in his new role.

His later parts included those of a town sheriff in the Chicago and New York companies of Black Vortex, the old seafaring fathers in Fog Bound, and character parts in The Queen’s Husband and Dr. Fellman, two Chicago productions.

As may be imagined, Catherine Fennelly has been preoccupied in recent years with her actove family and the Fennelly homestead at Peekskill. Here Parker puts around his place whenever he has a day off—like any New England farmer, looking after the cellar windows, painting the shutters, re-stupaning the ice house, designing and putting together another bookcase for the living room, or writing for Fennelly’s hobby is trying his hand at a play every few months.

PARKER could be the typical American of the old school in almost any environment. One can picture him with equal facility gossiping in the old post office at Northeast Harbor, Maine; lounging about wharves in Boston; driving a shrewd bargain on a New Hampshire farm; cracking the whip over a work team in Nebraska; or running the country store at some mining post in the West.

Hear Parker Fennelly in the Dream Dramas and Simpson Boys of Superman play programs, both on the NBC-WEA network; the former Sundays at 5:30 p.m. EDT; 4:30 CDT; 3:30 CST; 2:30 MST; 1:30 PST and the latter Tuesdays through Saturdays from 12 noon EDT (11 a.m. EST; 10 CDT; 9 CST; 8 PST).
Reviewing Radio
By Harry Steele
(Carrying on Like Mike Porter)

THE YEARS that have piled their snow on the head of MAJOR EDWARD BOWES,...have mitigated the indignity by lining his skull with a vast perception of the little arts of showmanship—so thoroughly, in fact, that with most impish inactivity, the National Amateur Radio Network was able to sport the fore, in the voting, those who provide him with the deaf touches of drama of which he can make such great moment. There is no intent to imply that the kindly and considerate Major picks favorites and steers them into the foreground. But his innate sense of the theatrical leads to buildups such as that provided Mrs. Marguerite Ryan, the Chinese orphan now in his personal employ, and numerous other artists among the tyros who probably would have had to be content with fewer votes had their presentations not been fraught with unique circumstances.

Pre-broadcast interviews with the prospective performers provide the Major with sufficient background to permit his situating the ordinary from the bizarre. He is quick to seize upon the illustration note or some similar data that has possibly retarded the success of one of his aspirants. This is all the cue he requires for a dramatic buildup, the construction of a medium by which worthless to suggest votes for the subjects of his "special" presentations.

But since the first four winners achieve parallel awards on the famous Sunday night program, the fact that the more talented sometimes are second in the national poll, affects no one adversely. It all even itself out. Thus there is no stigma attached to the assertive showmanship of the Silver Fox of Capitol Hill; those merry merriments which might well be listed under the title, Bowes' Art.

IT IS INTERESTING to note that NBC features a matinee program built about King Arthur and his companions of the famous mythical Round Table. The unique feature is that it is an afternoon performance whereas the subject material has all the elements of a Knight-ly show!

ANY AND HEINOUS have been the contrapuntal devices to functions as one-man bands. They have ranged from harmonica, drum and guitar units to the more elaborate sort of electrically-driven machines—and all have served the noble purpose of making the soul shrivel and the specter of murder assume reality.

Now there has risen in musical circles an instrument which, when manipulated by the skilled fingers of ALVIN REY, guitarist in HORACE HEIDT'S BRIGADIER, produces a sound that will not offend the ears of the one-man band aficionados and manages to achieve the effect of an entire orchestra with vocalists.

Rey has been advancing himself steadily as a concert guitarist, patterned after the Spanish troubadour, Andre Segovia, for six years and has devoted himself exclusively, for the past three, to perfecting his skill with the Heidt organization.

His work with the Heidt organization has prompted so much inquiry about his instrument that OjoRubinoff has thought it might be effective to bring the dapper Dux and the majority of its stories were written with the subject of his bachelorhood base. Over the months, the press book had gone to press, Maestro Eddy convinced the charming Marjorie Oelrich to applaud his efforts. "It's just a gentleman holding the bag with a press book full of lies—almost the most press books are.

PERSONAL NOTE to Admired Mike (Martin) Porter: While you are out in the middle of the Atlantic (or the East River) copping along in your powerful outboard rowboat, we might let you in on what's become of Rubinoff, though you might have kept track of him had you piloted your bark in the wake of his vision. You see, Dave has been making the South and Southeast middle-conscious, and as a result he's acquired a southern accent, whereas the pianists in the Publica-Interstate and it comes up high away that way are non-speaking broken Russian.

WHILE PAUL WHITEMAN may be laughing at the gag of LOU HOLTZ in the picture reproduced above, there are two business gentlemen from the lower East Side of New York City who aren't. Following a recent performance of the Whiteman Music Hall, the pair of partners rushed up to Holtz and both began to shout in angry tones. The very very very angry Lou learned that what they were trying to say was that the comedian had ruined their business and made them laugh less. "I thought they were laughing," says Whiteman. "La Peters and Shapiro, a not so distant resemblance to Lapinski and Shapiro, the butts of so many Holtz jokes.

Perhaps La Peters and Shapiro had reason to complain, yet BESS (Lady Esther) JOHNSON is still wondering the reason why that motivated one of her Patent listeners to write her a letter requesting her please to visit a certain department store and make a selection of a three-piece wicker furniture suite, on sale for $19.75, which said listener wished to add to the family menage.

MORIE AND MORE I am moved to ponder on the permanent value of contests conducted by advertisers on radio. Naturally, the distribution of large amounts of cash is an immediate breeder of good-will but the fact that even uninterested and uninterested and uninterested, the public and discriminating between the name of the highest bidder, the amplification sum up into the knock required to achieve the results.

There are a few other examples of the electrified guitar but if they have come to your attention they have happened by mist. They seem to be the recognized mastro of the instrument.

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Miss Johnson's (she's also Fran Morae in NBC's Today's Children) mail, which you may deduce we've been reading on the same day yielded a letter of appreciation from a lady who had won $2.90 at a dog track by wagering on a canine named Lovable Bess. That, we might add, proves the empty. We tried two iron men once on a bangal named Bing Crosby.

EVIDENTLY it's not so difficult to pick off Bulls and Flavours as one might suspect. Take, for proof, the letter from a Chicagoan which states: "I'll be your WGN tuned in conversation with you plenty of things."

Again, just to show you that one station has no monopoly on cleverness, and obviously read this from one of the engineers at a station in Texas: "What is our audience here make plenty of blinders. I guess I should have been an announcer—but I'm afraid I'd be too much. Is there any limit to the number of blunders that one can do in a lifetime?"

The B & B Editor replies that the sky's the limit, and here are a few more rules. The more a business has of music, the less it is needed when radio ball and bone fishing is such an easy matter.

LITTLE JACKIE HELER, the plentiful milk whose fans complain is not sufficiently mentioned here, calls to column through his recent review of a WIndy City motorcycle cop. Jackie identified himself but to no avail. He couldn't put in the traffic. And when the judge saw the tiny whisper before him, His Honor demanded that Jackie produce an affidavit swear- ing to the minimum legal driving age of eighteen years.
Inside Stuff

Along the Airialto
By Jack Banner

(Doubling at Keyholes for Martin Lewis)

Edna Odell, the Hopscott Songbird; Laryngitis is her pal

If an unknown youngster skyrockets to musical fame from the drab obscurity of a clerical job, he will have AL and LEE REISER to thank for the miracle. LEONARD MacSWAYNE, who clerks in the NBC music library, will learn what Destiny has in store for him after next week's broadcast by the piano playing cousins.

The Reisers were searching the files of the library, seeking material for their broadcast, when they came upon an unpublished piece titled Prelude. Impressed by its brilliance, they coached a young clerk and asked him to check out the composer's identity. The clerk was MacSwayne, and he shyly submitted a photograph.

It seems that MacSwayne had tried for months to interest publishers in his composition, with the usual discouraging results. Now the youngster, who has a musical degree, is getting his long awaited chance. In addition to featuring the song over the networks, AL and LEE have published, and they are positive that it will create a sensation.

In all the world there is no braver or sweeter soul than NELLIE REVELL, famous newspaperwoman and radio raconteur. Beset by tragedy and illness that would shatter the ordinary mortal, Nellie graciously carries on. Perhaps this little story will serve as an object lesson to those of you who have allowed tragedy to shatter your personal happiness.

For years Nellie has lived on sheer will alone. A steel corset exercises her body at all times. To remove it would mean death. Despite this frightful handicap she struggles cheerfully, carving a niche for herself in the newswriting world. Last week, she flew to Indiana to bury her daughter, returning to New York just in time to make her broadcast. Now another daughter lies at death's door. The entire world is rooting hard for Nellie and her daughter's release.

EDNA ODELL, the Hoosier Songbird, and old man laryngitis are pals now that the former soprano has recovered from an eight-months' siege of the throat disorder. It seems, so the press story goes, that Edna's vocal cords flexed a bit during her illness and as a result, when she began warbling anew she found she had turned into a contralto and a better singer than ever before! Her present turn is on the NBC-WJZ network. Galaxy of Stars program.

HENDRIK WILLEM van LOON, No NBC announcer is going touffle his temperament. He has his own warning system.

KILOCYCLE CHATTER: JIMMY MELTON leaves New York this week for the Coast, where he'll star in Warner's Thin Air. Gulf smugglers have renewed till October . . . LANNY ROSS scores such a triumph in his stage appearance in Petticoat Fever he's been called back for a repeat performance . . . Inidentally, Lanny's new radio show went into rehearsal this week . . . Until July 21, at 7 EDT (6 EST), 5 EDT, 4 PST, 3 PST, succeeding JACK BENNY'S show at that time and over the same network.

DICK ROBERTSON, of the singing team of Robertson and Ryan, is a sheriff at Barryville, N. Y., but that didn't save him from receiving a ticket from a local cop for over-parking in front of the studio the other night . . . JOHN TUCKER BATTLE, who writes, directs and acts in the Bobby Benson CBS series, takes the fatal plunge this week . . . The couple will honeymoon till September, and during his absence PETER DIXON will write the shows.

KEL MURRAY, the NBC maestro, has changed his phone number . . . Recently his home phone number appeared in print, and since then Kel has been annoyed by several calls asking for a day from job seekers . . . Because of trouble with the amateurs who didn't win prizes, the Town Hall Tonight program has dropped the repeat Coast broadcasts . . . Talking about amateurs, it is interesting to note that in the past thirteen weeks of the MAJOR BOWES shows, eleven of the top winners were men and only two women. Does this mean that the boys are more talented than the gals?

CURTIS ARNALL, who is Buck Rogers on the air, has entered his boat in an important race. News just has trickled across the Atlantic that Gypsy Niner, CBS's raven-haired songstress and accordionist, is continuing to wow them at the Palladium in London. She's been held over since March—{

JACOB TARGHISH, the Lamplighter, takes the Voice of Experience's spot on CBS . . . EDWIN C. HILL, who has been sustaining, gets a new sponsor this Summer . . . Our boyfriend, Tom Swift, comes to the air this fall in a script written by PETER DIXON.

JOAN VON KOMPE, who flew to the Coast in such a hurry for the AL JOLSON show he forgot his luggage. When he arrived in Los Angeles and rushed to the studio for the broadcast, he started conducting with his toothbrush, the only thing he took along.

RENAK VUKA, who was a staring unknown a short time ago, now has a new pantheon apartment . . . CHARLIE CHAPLIN will make one of his rare mike appearances on Hollywood Hotel in the near future.

Fay Carroll, NTG beauty: Wales endorses her notes.

Negotiations have been completed by a well-known manufacturer who this fall will sponsor a unique type of program. Of the 13 weeks that he has scheduled each program will feature a different orchestra whose leader plays a different instrument. On the final broadcast the twelve different orchestra leaders will play their own instruments in a band under the command of Paul Whiteman. Sounds intriguing, doesn't it?

Of late studio audiences have been of importance in radio to provide crowds of noise and atmosphere, but last week was the first time that the onlookers were permitted to participate in a party arranged in honor of departing stars. When the Allies left London, the NBC Hall Tonight last Wednesday, the cast trumpeted out a huge cake and tossed a surprise party in honor of FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOFRA, who are now on route to Hollywood to make pictures. Many members of the audience got their share of the deliciously sweet cake before it disappeared.

The Allies were swarmed under a mountain of floral offerings presented to them by the cast, and by many of the audience. Several score visitors, steady patrons at the Allen broadcasts, knew that this was to be the final appearance of the stars, and accordingly they came prepared with bouquets. Fred and Portland were deeply moved by the tributes of these complete strangers. After the speechmaking the boys in the audience provided an atmosphere that could not have been equalled by a crowd of well-paid fans, and many couples danced in a space conveniently cleared for them.

HENDRIK WILLEM van LOON, the broadcasting author and philosopher, is also an artist and has turned his third talent to advantage for his current radio work in which he numerically interprets present events in the light of the past. Monday and Tuesday evening over an NBC-WJZ network. As pictured elsewhere in this page Dr. van Loon has drawn a set of decorative warning cards which the announcer holds up to him at the proper moment. The turtle indicates two minutes to go, and an elephant with tail moving slowly; infinity of three minutes to go, and one minute to go is represented by a picture of a "man about to be hung."

POLEY McLINTOCK went to the hospital last week to have his gigantic proboscis attended to by the physicians. The telephone operators at the institution went off duty during Poyle's five-day incarceration, for they were unable to determine if callers wanted to talk to a hospital or a patient. You see, Poyle was staying at the Polyclinical Hospital!

A few paragraphs or so ago we chronicled the grim details of Nellie Revell's ordeals of the past week. Another tragic story, this time concerning young STUART CHURCHILL, who sings on the Waring hour, just has come to light.

When you heard the young tenor's marvelous rendition of The Lost Chord a broadcast or so ago you probably did not know that it had a deeper significance than the ever present desire of a performer to please the listener. It did. In the singer's favorite composition was the immortal Lost Chord. In death her son remembered.

Several days before the broadcast Churchill received word from Kansas that his mother was desperately ill. She passed on a few hours after his arrival by plane. On the return trip the heartbroken young star determined to send out into the space the song his mother loved best. It wasn't a maudlin gesture...for the sone firmly believed that somewhere in the wastes of space the strains of The Lost Chord would find his mother's soul.
Music in the Air
By Carleton Smith

An American soprano who is the rage in Europe. She has conquered the audience of Donau Arena. LOTTE SCHONE, DINO BORGOLI, VIRGILIO LAZZARI and EZIO PINZA will be in the cast.

The second broadcast on NBC will be the afternoon of August 30 when Arturo Toscanini will conduct Beethoven's Fidelio, with LOTTE LEHMAN in the lead.

In addition to enticing away programs and clients from their televisio-
nal networks, Columbia has added fuel to the flame by stealing NBC's musical director.

No, Frank Black hasn't resigned, but he is to be heard over Columbia's network, the second NBC network, in the early August end in August. He will be conducting the concerts of the Philadelphia Symphony from Robin Hood Dell. The work before which he flies to San Diego, California, to conduct an orchestra of 400 men at the exposition. In order to show that he belongs to them, NBC uses Frank Black in every musical broadcast except his vocal quartet broadcasts.

Arturo Toscanini conducts Beethoven's Fidelio at the Salzburg Festival, August 30 broadcast by NBC

A series of Biblical dramas to be heard each Sunday at 12 noon CST (1 p.m. CDT). Will be presented over NBC-WEAF.

Fifty American music students touring Europe this summer under the direction of Prof. W. Dykema of Oberlin College in Oberlin, Ohio, will participate in the NBC network broadcast from London, to be heard at 12:15 p.m. CST (1:15 CDT) over NBC-WJZ network.

A schedule change brings the broadcasting of the NBC GILBERT AND SULLIVAN operas to a Sunday spot. They will be heard over an NBC-WJZ network from this date on at 9:30 p.m. CST (1:30 CDT).

A series of Sunday broadcasts from the NATIONAL MUSIC CAMP at Interlochen, Mich., will be heard over an NBC-WJZ network at 2 p.m. CST (3 CDT). The series will continue through August 18 and the initial program will be directed by Dr. Howard Hanson, director of the Interlochen School of Music.

Amateur opera singers will have a chance to air their compositions through an arrangement made with the NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT program heard over the CBS-WABC network Sundays at 4 p.m. CST (5 CDT). Anyone with a new tune, lyrics or even a basic idea for a song will be given an opportunity to have its work published and broadcast.

The program is sponsored by the Health Products Corporation and Popular Songs Magazine.

VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA, soprano winner of the WBBM-CHICAGO amateur contest, will be heard in a new weekly series with Billy Mills, orchestra, over the CBS-WABC network at 5 p.m. CST (6 CDT).

The DI MARCO BABIES, tiny harmonizers, will be guest stars on the LEO SHOW heard Sundays over an NBC-WEAF network at 9 p.m. CST (9 CDT).

GEN. DOUGLAS MACARTHUR will speak on national defense over the CBS-WABC network at 8:30 p.m. CST (9:30 CDT).

MONTDAY, JULY 15

Dr. Louis J. Harris, chief health authority, will discuss SHIRLEY TEMPLE during her famous radio broadcast over the CBS-WABC network at 9 a.m. CST (10 CDT).

A broadcast describing the annual KAN-SAT HEATH HARVEST from the Kansas City exchange will be heard over the CBS-WABC network at 11:30 a.m. CST (12:30 CDT).

The RADIO GUILD dramatizations, recently scheduled for Sunday presenta-
tion, resume a Monday hour and will be heard over NBC-WJZ network at 2:30 p.m. CST (3:30 EDT).

UNCLE EZRA'S radio station EZZAR moves to a new hour to be heard each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5:15 p.m. CST (6:15 CDT) over an NBC-WEAF network. This sketch replaces Stories of the Black Chamber.

TITO GUZAR, popular Mexican tenor, makes his debut in a new series of Mon-
day and Thursday broadcasts over the CBS-WABC network at 6:15 p.m. CST (7:15 CDT). He will also have a Wed-
sday program at 7 p.m. CST (8 CDT).

A schedule change brings Fibber McGee and Molly to NBC-WEAF at 8 p.m. CST (9 CDT) on Wednesdays. JIM JORDAN at a new day and hour as of today. The schedule will be heard over an NBC-WEAF network at 6 p.m. CST (7 CDT).

As of today, the dramatic sketch AMERICAN ADVENTURE will be heard over an NBC-WJZ network at 6:30 p.m. CST (7:30 CDT).

TUESDAY, JULY 16

H. H. BENNETT, Director of Soil Conservation Department of Agriculture, will discuss waste by wind and water over the national broadcast at 7:30 p.m. CST (8:30 CDT).

EDITH WARNER, singer of popular songs, will inaugurate a new series of pro-
grams to be heard Tuesdays over an NBC-WJZ network at 4:30 p.m. CST (5:30 CDT).

Dramatic Interlude is the title of a new program featuring JEANETTE, NOLAN, known for her versatility, will be heard over an NBC-WJZ network.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17

The RUSSIAN SYMPHONIC CHOIR returns to NBC-WJZ, with a new set of weekly programs to be heard over an NBC-WJZ network at 8:30 p.m. CST (9:30 CDT).

Radio City Music Hall is presenting Imitations Musicales on its regular Sundays broadcasts (NBC, 12:30 p.m. EDT; 11:30 CST; 10:30 MST; 9:30 PST). A number of light novelties and old favorites have been scheduled.

On July 14th ALFRED WALLENSTEIN, a member of the board of directors and first cellist of the Philharmonic Symphony of New York, took over his duties as general musical director of WOR. The new musical director of WOR plans to experiment in specialized types of programs, presenting the best of all kinds of music.

"It will be my aim to make WOR's musical productions second to none in quality on the air," he said.

Announcement comes of a series of sixty-four concerts to be presented in Chicago; another in the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and other organizations. The series will be sponsored and financed jointly by the National Broadcasting Company and the Chicago Federation of Musicians. Nightly performances from July 1 to Labor Day, most of which will be broadcast and schedules for which will be made publicly available. A decision may be made in the concert series the most ambitious program of free entertainment ever presented in Chicago.

19
I suspected it was this rat who killed my brother, and I wanted to make sure.

Then as a sudden thought struck the young announcer he turned swiftly back to Workman's brother.

"But tell me," John demanded, "why didn't Rupert simply warn your brother in person?"

"Orders," was the cryptic reply. "My brother knew that once the suspicion of the authorities was aroused, they would stop at nothing to obtain a conviction. Every room might contain a telephone. Consequently, my brother gave orders that no member of the Gang might ever speak to another on Gang business, except when actually on the job. If Rupert had spoken, the penalty would have been—death. And he knew it."

TEN men, or more than that, are here in the studio at all?" Helen Wright asked.

"A very good question, my dear young lady," this extraordinary Gangster replied, in the academic tone of one who discusses a problem in class. "He was here as an emergency aid for my brother. If my brother chose to do so, he would have been free to give emergency orders to Rupert. But Rupert, as an underling, did not dare speak to him.

"What about those notes that Workman sent to me?" Devine growled.

"My brother was a strange man," was the reply, "and a very great one. He sent those cryptic, typed messages to you merely to stir up your sluggish mind and make the game more interesting." Devine reddened again, and subsided.

"And the raid on the studio, when the Junior League girls were here?" John prompted.

"It had been planned," was the reply. "The man you knew as Doctor Workman was a master psychologist. He was he who subtly suggested to Mr. Golden, later, the idea of asking those young ladies to broadcast on the night we planned to raid. He realized, of course, that no press agent could fail to claim credit for a good idea—even if it were someone else's idea." Now it was Charlie Golden's turn to redden.

"It was you who led the raid that night, as I supposed?" John queried. "I recognized you tonight, by your voice. It is somewhat like your brother's.

"Yes. I was the leader of that raid," was the quiet answer.

BUT I still don't see," Devine cut in, "why Rupert had to kill your brother."

"He didn't have to!" Again that savage note edged the stranger's voice. "He only thought he had to, the cowardly sinner! But he killed that great man, that good man—!" (Here John privately decided that there was room for a difference of opinion as to Workman's goodness)—in order to prevent him from broadcasting the name of the city in which our leader had planned the next raid. He was afraid... (Continued on Page 27)
For key to numerals prefixed by “SW” in program listings, see box on Page 13
Sunday—Continued

CBS—Vivian Wells Chiu, soprano; WHAS WOIO WBBM WHBF (sw-62)

* NBC—Vivian Chiu, soprano; Mary Livingston, Don Bestor’s Orchestra; WENR WIBA (sw-118)

WAAC—Gospel Program

WGN—Polish Folk Alliance

WIB—Hispanic Musical Intimate

WIN—German Hour

WJJ—Sunday Morning

WCH—Sunday Morning

WMAQ—Sunday Morning


7:00 P.M. EDT CDT 7:30 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


8:00 P.M. EDT CDT 8:30 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


9:00 P.M. EDT CDT 9:30 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


10:00 P.M. EDT CDT 11:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


11:00 P.M. EDT CDT 12:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


11:15 P.M. EDT CDT 12:15 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


11:45 P.M. EDT CDT 12:45 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


12:00 A.M. EDT CDT 1:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


1:00 A.M. EDT CDT 2:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


2:00 A.M. EDT CDT 3:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


3:00 A.M. EDT CDT 4:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


4:00 A.M. EDT CDT 5:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


5:00 A.M. EDT CDT 6:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


6:00 A.M. EDT CDT 7:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


6:30 A.M. EDT CDT 7:30 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


7:00 A.M. EDT CDT 8:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


7:30 A.M. EDT CDT 8:30 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


8:00 A.M. EDT CDT 9:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


8:30 A.M. EDT CDT 9:30 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


9:00 A.M. EDT CDT 10:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


9:30 A.M. EDT CDT 10:30 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


10:00 A.M. EDT CDT 11:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


10:30 A.M. EDT CDT 11:30 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


11:00 A.M. EDT CDT 12:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


11:30 A.M. EDT CDT 12:30 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


12:00 P.M. EDT CDT 1:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


12:30 P.M. EDT CDT 1:30 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


1:00 P.M. EDT CDT 2:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


1:30 P.M. EDT CDT 2:30 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


2:00 P.M. EDT CDT 3:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


2:30 P.M. EDT CDT 3:30 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


3:00 P.M. EDT CDT 4:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


3:30 P.M. EDT CDT 4:30 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


4:00 P.M. EDT CDT 5:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


4:30 P.M. EDT CDT 5:30 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


5:00 P.M. EDT CDT 6:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


5:30 P.M. EDT CDT 6:30 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist


6:00 P.M. EDT CDT 7:00 CST

WMAQ—The Telephone Hour

WGN—Arthur Murray’s Orch.

WQXW—Tallulah Bankhead, organist
The Fire Chief programs, with Eddy Duchin's orchestra and each week a different top professional winning program, are broadcast Tuesday evenings over an NBC-WNEW network at 9:30 as a.m., EDT (9:30 EST; 8:30 CST; 7:30 MT; 6:30 PST).
Be sure to read box on page 13 explaining what numerals in listings mean.
Programs for Thursday, July 18

8:00 a.m. CDT 7:00 CST
• NBC—Breakfast Club: WIBA (sw-15.27)

8:00-8:15 a.m. CDT 7:00-7:15 CST
• CBS—Review of Reviews: WIBA
• Marjorie WGN—Serenade: WGN
• Variety WCCO—Daily Talk: WCCO

8:15-8:30 a.m. CDT 7:15-7:30 CST
• NBC—Tick-Tack Toe: WIBA
• Variety WHAS—Today's News: WHAS
• WIBA—Paul O'Connor, yodeler

8:30-8:45 a.m. CDT 7:30-7:45 CST
• NBC—News; Police: WIBA
• Variety WHAS—Time for Tots: WHAS

9:00-9:15 a.m. CDT 8:00-8:15 CST
• Variety WIBA—Tunes: WIBA
• Variety WHAS—News: WHAS

9:15-9:30 a.m. CDT 8:15-8:30 CST
• NBC—Bill Weaver, yodeler: WIBA

11:00 a.m. CDT 10:00 CST
• Variety WIBA—Price's Review: WIBA

11:30 a.m. CDT 10:30 CST
• Variety WHAS—Benjamin; WHAS

12:00 noon CDT 11:00 a.m. CST
• Variety WIBA—Jack Shannon: WIBA
• NBC—Four Dimensions: WIBA

12:15-12:30 p.m. CDT 11:15-11:30 CST
• Variety WIBA—Small World: WIBA

12:30-12:45 p.m. CDT 11:30-11:45 CST
• Variety WHAS—Is This the Real Thing?: WHAS

1:00-1:15 p.m. CDT 12:00-12:15 CST
• Variety WIBA—Hotel California: WIBA

1:15-1:30 p.m. CDT 12:15-12:30 CST
• Variety WHAS—Maiden Voyage: WHAS

1:30-1:45 p.m. CDT 12:30-12:45 CST
• Variety WIBA—Midday Sweet Home: WIBA

The End
Programs for Friday, July 19

Star Indicates High Spot Selections

7:00 a.m. CDT 7:00 CST

CBS—Dear Columbia, I’ve made some suggestions.

WHO—Mugwums

[Image 0x0 to 761x979]

8:00 a.m. CDT 8:00 CST

[Image 0x0 to 761x979]

8:30 a.m. CDT 8:30 CST

[Image 0x0 to 761x979]

9:00 a.m. CDT 9:00 CST

[Image 0x0 to 761x979]

9:30 a.m. CDT 9:30 CST

[Image 0x0 to 761x979]

10:00 a.m. CDT 10:00 CST

[Image 0x0 to 761x979]

10:30 a.m. CDT 10:30 CST

[Image 0x0 to 761x979]

11:00 a.m. CDT 11:00 CST

[Image 0x0 to 761x979]

11:30 a.m. CDT 11:30 CST

[Image 0x0 to 761x979]

12:00 noon. CDT 12:00 CST

[Image 0x0 to 761x979]

12:30 noon. CDT 12:30 CST

[Image 0x0 to 761x979]

1:00 p.m. CDT 1:00 CST

[Image 0x0 to 761x979]

1:30 p.m. CDT 1:30 CST

[Image 0x0 to 761x979]

2:00 p.m. CDT 2:00 CST

[Image 0x0 to 761x979]

2:30 p.m. CDT 2:30 CST

[Image 0x0 to 761x979]
Sung Songs of Week

The song listings were shuffled about considerably this past week, with many of the previous leaders shifting considerably to make room for the newcomers. Every week's lineup now heads the popularity division.

SONG HITS HEARD MOST OFTEN ON THE AIR

Times

SONG

Every Little Moment
Little Gypsy Tea Room
19 Never Voted For Again
In the Middle of a Kiss
Love and a Dish
Chasing Shadows
Life Is a Song
Latina from Manhattan
Star Gazing
Am I Blue?

HIT TUNES SELECTED BY THE MAESTROS:

SONG

End of a Time
Lady in Red
Stair Gazing
Stair Gazing
Living in a Big Way
Fast Loose and Fairly Free
What's the Reason
Paris in Spring
Chasing Shadows

Following are a few of the hit tunes requested from the maestro:

In the Middle of a Kiss. And Then Some.

COMING EVENTS

(Continued from Page 12)

AIRBORNE: Broadcasts and new to radio audiences, will be heard in a special program on which they will be presented with their diplomas in the shape of NBC Artists’ Service contracts. The broadcast will be heard over an NBC-WEAF network at 7:30 p.m. CDT (8:30 CDT).

The Columbians, under the direction of FREDDIE RIGGI, will make their debut program read each Friday over the CBS-WEAF network at 8:30 p.m. CDT (9:30 CDT). The program re-opens with a new feature that originally appeared for Andre Kostelanetz at the same hour.

SATURDAY, JULY 20

In an unprecedented departure from London over the CBS-WEAF network at 11:30 a.m. CDT (12:30 p.m. CDT), the ANGLO-AMERICAN TRACK MEET will be described by British sports commentators. On a later European broadcast, H. V. KALTEIN-BORN, over the same network, will discuss foreign affairs at 6:45 p.m. CDT (7:45 CDT).

Replacing Al Pearce and His Gang, the WEEK-END REVUE makes its debut as a full hour program over an NBC-WB network at 12:30 p.m. CDT (1:30 CDT).

FLASHERS OF FUN

JOLSON: I know somebody who is going to sail on the big French line, the Normandie—There’s a boat for you— all sorts of records crossing the Atlantic. Well, it’s about time France steamed up and carried on.

—Al Jolson Program

Jack Benny: I would be as bad as an actor as William Powell if I ever had another chance at his job.

Frank Parker: Oh year! I would be as rich as Rockefeller if I had his money and a golf ball.

—Jack Benny Program
Mr. Fairfax Knows All

Mrs. Wiggs' Cabbage Patch

(Continued from Page 5)

inhibitions which would rob the entire program of its naturalness.

So there are ten minutes preceding the moment at which the red signal comes on, you would think the performers would have the grace of the glass of the control room, and mentally every detail of the script to check against the absence of anything essential to precise production. Then—there's the show. An usual, perfection in training has brought about the inevitable result of perfection in rendition. Seeing this, Martha Atwell realized...

"Wonderful," she manages to mumble between lengthening breaths. "Swell," she tells one of the children in appreciation of a difficult bit. Only then does she release her wariness and sit back and actually enjoy a smoke.

Give me a good show and a good cast, she declares smiling, and half the battle is won. But good performers are the essential thing. They can help a bad script—but the finest piece of writing is lost in the hands of incapable performers. And these folks are all so wonderful. No wonder Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch continues to defy time with its popularity. My gosh, it is not an old vigor daily.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch is on the air every day except Saturday and Sunday, over a CBS-AM network, at 10:45 a.m. (5:45 CST); 9:45 EST; 8:45 PDT, and 7:45 MST. (6:45 PST).
Here's What They Say:


"I want to compliment you on such a complete, artful work. I have never before seen anything quite like it in radio. It is so COMPLETE. As I used to be in the printing business a few years ago, I feel as though I really can pass judgment on printed works—and I can honestly put my O. K. on your Album and Log Book."—E. S.

"Think it is prepared in such a fine style, and it’s a pleasure to keep upon my center table, with other choice books, to be looked at and admired by my friends."

"Please accept my sincerest thanks for the beautiful MIKROSCOPE Album and Log Book. I want to tell you I think the Album is beautiful and is certainly valuable, too. I am sure to most everyone."—A. E. B.

"It is far above my expectations."—Mrs. S. W.

"Am going to treasure it always."—L. C.

"I am so proud of it. It is very lovely."—(Names and Addresses upon Request)

Voice of the Listener

This department is solely for the use of the readers as a place in which to voice opinions and exchange views about radio. Address your letters, which MUST NOT exceed 100 words, to VOL, RADIO GUIDE, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois.

Organic Matter

Dear VOL: Albany, N. Y.

May I presume to offer the suggestion to C. L. Strooker that he listen to Organ Rippl-oid from 9 to 9:30, EST? I think he will be delighted and will tell Mr. Libbey exceptionally fine from the transcription companies of. Being an organist (of no mean ability) myself I object to his trainingism that we do not know the use of the tremolo stop, but I will concede the point that some of them do seem to have a "touch" on it, for no special reason. I realize the Rhapsody will remain very early rising for you in California, Mr. Strooker, but you will find them worthwhile. Incidentally, I will say that as soon as all the improvements (1) suggested by William Smith in the June 17th broadcast Max Baer is installed in radio, I shall have a perfectly good A-1 radio to give away to anyone who wants it. I shall have no further use for it then.

Vida De Wey

Flushing, L. I.

Dear VOL:—

I wonder how many listeners have noticed the uniform program schedules of CBS? Betty Barthell, a grand person and a delightful entertainer, has been going on unnoticeably. Columbus has an hour from 7 to 8 every night that it seems to have difficulty filling. Why broadcast an orchestra that is heard earlier the same day when you give artists who already have late programs time sheets? I'd like note of Betty Barthell, and I know I'm not the only one.

Another CBS star who deserves to be heard more often is Mrs. Y. Her voice is very pleasant, and her routines are varied. Come on, CBS, forget your pride and prejudice, and give us more of those charming girls!—Jane Greenberg

Fan's Protest

Dear VOL:—New York, N. Y.

I would like you to print this so that H. D. C. could read it and find out a few things. Maybe he as she didn't know it, but after the night of the June 17th broadcast Max Baer received more fan mail than before, so that you are not a fast-fading star and he is certainly not a lemon or a dull blare. It certainly is a pity that some of the stars can't criticize their public instead of the public always slaming them, especially why they are as good as Max Baer.

Edith Hocks

Baers with Max

Dear VOL:—Pain, Tenn.

I would like you to print this so that H. D. C. could read it and find out a few things. Maybe he is she didn't know it, but after the night of the June 17th broadcast Max Baer received more fan mail than before, so that you are not a fast-fading star and he is certainly not a lemon or a dull blare. It certainly is a pity that some of the stars can't criticize their public instead of the public always slaming them, especially when they are as good as Max Baer.

Edith Hocks

Plums and Prudes

Dear VOL:—Des Moines, Ia.

In RADIO GUIDE week ending June 22, I read of a Crosby fan giving Rudy Vallee the plum. I am sure everyone who has listened to Rudy's broadcasts in the past few years must realize to a certain extent the work involved producing such programs and managing such an immense musical company.

Many people think of Vallee as being a con man. I don't know the man at all. Everything he is and has, he has accomplished himself. His programs are of the highest, cleanest type, and varied in a very clever manner. He is truly a very remarkable fellow. He gives everyone absolute credit for their achievements and ability.

Harold Moody

The Beauty Box Theater

They Said It couldn't Be Done—No One Could Condense the Standard Operettas and Musical Comedies into the Compressed Format Required for Radio Presentation. But They Figured without a Man Who Knew That It Could and About Whom RADIO GUIDE, Next Week, Will Carry an Enlightening Story. And for Those Who Delight in Laughter There Will Be—

Lew Lehr's Life Story

The Amazing and Garbled Account of a Life Dedicated to Making Cynics Gurggle and Hearty Laughters Tremble with Their Guffaws—

Also Additional Feature Stories About Your Favorites and the Spot Gossip of the Airialto — and Many Exclusive New Photographs
Remote Control

(Continued from Page 11)

that your police would have surrounded the entire city, and you could go out.

"Which we would have done, all right," Devine amended.

"Maybe," Devine said, "there was a world of contempt in the stranger's voice.

"I've been here a long time," the stranger replied. "And when I tell you to leave, I mean to leave.

"It's your gesture." I'm going to stay in the studio tonight," John continued, "it was to find out if anything had happened to your brother.

"Naturally," was the somewhat exaggerated reply. "It's my car, isn't it?"

"I've read the newspapers," Devine corrected. "And I've seen the movie..."

"Don't you judge," Tubby interrupted.

"Tubby Stewart's red head vanished from the open panel of the control room, and you turned stiff, and read, there was no newspaper." He was long in doubt. Suddenly, the voice of Doctor Workman spoke to them again.

"To one Alfred, however, it was a Gate-way to the Beyond," the calm sonorous voice said. "I shall now try to pass that gateway.

"John!" Helen exclaimed, an expression of understanding lightening the drawn look of her face. "It's a recording! You are recording these words."

"Exactly," John Fairchild exclaimed, grinning at Devine. "You see, I figured that Workman's gang was going to make the name of the town in which the Ghost Gang planned its next raid. I wanted to stop the Gang, and I decided that a recording of Workman's speech would make it a powerful weapon. So I went to the police station to be sure to record it for me." He nodded. "That's the result. We have a second recording for the recording, there is the control room..."

A Proposal

"Well, I'll be!" Devine's big soft face lightened in an expression of flabbergast. "I knew, from questioning Workman's brother as carefully as I could, that the entire Gang stood in awe of the littlefraud. I decided that the man—whenever they had been, and killed Workman might very well break, again, if I played on his superstition fears. So I did it."

"I'm afraid," Devine answered. "I'm afraid this one thing I want you to tell me."

"Glad there's something I can do for you," chuckled Devine, almost shyly. "What to do?"

"Where did Workman's brother manage to get the: pistol with which he killed Workman?"

"I was hoping your question'd be something that takes brains," he said rapidly. "It's all old trick. My men frisked him, but just as he told you he had that second act of him in a straight shot on his right foreground. Then he waded into that paw of his out of the handcuff—that's a trick I can do myself—and popped Rupert. And now, Fairchild, let me ask you something, you'll understand the situation—"

"Hello, John!"

"What are you goin' to marry this girl to?"

"She's the only one I ever showed a thick thumb towards Helen, whose fair skin turned red to the outsides of her face. "You've been at the studio tonight, and she at home. Between the two of them there passed a hidden and secret message that shrilled and burned—a message of great love and after trust."

"Just as soon," John replied, slowly looking into her clear blue eyes, "as she'll have you."

To which Helen replied only with the tender, wise smile of a happy woman.

"Hey, snap out of it, you two!" came the voice of Devine, as far from very far.

"What about the $10,000 reward for catching them birds?"

For a long moment John Fairchild did not answer. He couldn't. It was known Helen Wright, in shameless disregard of them all, then he structured, as if he had forgotten something.

"Reward? Oh, I give you a share of that," he said impertinently. "Tubby! Gimme a mike quick, I've got a story here that I'll tape every newspaper of the country. I've got to get it on the air before those damn reporters come storming here."

"Quizzically, Devine watched the tall dark figure walk up to the standard mike. Then he turned to "Lady," he said, 'Tell a swell how to run your kid' over you get him away from a microphone!"

The End

The Return of Calling All Cars with Next Issue:

When a pair of Detroit sluggers decided to smarm up and add a woman to their act—the cracking of storekeepers' and the scream ticket-sellers—they made their first mistake. The nest was when they under-rated radio as defender of law and order, as truly thrilling."

"Radio Must Win"

Bulls and Boners

Eddie Cavanaugh: "Her hobby is brightening and getting lost automobiles,"-John Zaffke, Dansville, N. Y. (June 28, WGR, 12:20 p. m.)

"DAISY (of Dangerous Paradise): You are trying to make a mountain out of a mosquito—Anne Edith McCord, Jr. Pa., John Zaffke, Dansville, N. Y. (June 28, WGR, 12:20 p. m.)"

"FORD BOND. Don't forget to send in your name and address—Mr. J. D. B. Smith, Racine, Ohio (June 26, WEAF, 5:32 p. m.)"

ANNOUNCER: "Write today and don't forget your name and address."-Mr. J. D. B. Smith, Racine, Ohio (June 26, KDKA, 11:21 a. m.)"

ANNOUNCER: "The body was found underwater in the bow of a boat."-Richard Pippin, Bar Harbor, Me. (June 26, WLBZ, 8:30 a. m.)"

BOB TROUT: "Hank Alton, the new marble champ crowned hereby the Atlantic Ocean. —Carl Schreiber, Astoria, L. I. (June 30, WABC, 7:26 p. m.)"

ANNOUNCER: "This is Father's Day. Do something nice for Dad today. If he has a dog, place a tribute on his grave. He would appreciate that if he were living."—John T. Reynolds, Clarksville, Texas (June 16, WBAI, 2:15 p. m.)"

ROB EL SON: "The sponsor will give you the doubleheader tomorrow. The first game is at 1:30 p. m. Chicago time—Mrs. J. D. B. Smith, Racine, Ohio (June 27, WEAF, 3:58 p. m.)"

ANNOUNCER: "Towers are as close as you please, no matter how many miles you are away from the radio. —Eleanor Piety, Syracuse, N. Y. (June 16, WEFL, 7:31 p. m.)"

One dollar is paid for each bull and boner published. Include date, name of station and hour. Send your comments to the Bulls and Boners Editorial c/o RADIO GUIDE, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill.
QUEENS ALL! BUT
Will One Be 1935's
RADIO QUEEN?

Failure to fill out the ballot completely will not invalidate your vote, but the additional information requested is very valuable to the Editors of Radio Guide and will be appreciated.

Simply because they are experts and because they are familiar with the favorites in their localities. Radio Guide has asked radio editors of newspapers throughout the country to name their first ten choices for Radio Queen. Do not let these selections influence your vote, and do not think that because your choice has not been named by any of the editors mentioned in Radio Guide, you cannot vote for her. On the contrary, because these men are radio editors and not average listeners, their votes will not be counted for any of the candidates they may name. Their selections are merely to give an indication of how these expert critics in different sections of this country and of Canada, rate the artists.

James T. Annan, Radio Editor of the Toronto Star, picks a Canadian to head his list. He names in order: Beatrice Lillie of NBC, Kate Smith, CBS; Gladys Swarthout, NBC, Mary Livingstone, NBC; Portland Hoffa, NBC, Gracie Allen, CBS, Ethel Shatta, Ruth Etting, Jane Ace and Irene Wicker.

Norman Sigel, Radio Editor of the Cleveland Press, believes Kate Smith will dominate ballots cast in the Cleveland territory. He chooses Kate, Portland Hoffa, Mary Livingstone, Grace Allen, Jessica Dragonette, Jane Ace, Babbs Ryan, Mary Smith, Ethel Merman and Helen Jepson.

Already entered in the exciting quest of the title are (bottom left) Ethel Merman; (bottom right) Beatrice Lillie; (upper row, left to right) Portland Hoffa, Mary Livingstone, Kate Smith and Gracie Allen.

Last week the selections of Colonel Yank Taylor, Radio Editor of the Chicago Times, and of Tom Brooks, Radio Editor of the New York Evening Journal, were given. Col. Taylor named Gale Page, Helen Jepson, Virginia Clark, Vivian Della Chiesa, Joan Blaine, Ruth Lyon, Pauline Morris, Mary Alcott, Benny Venuta and Louise Massey of WLS, Chicago. Mr. Brooks nominated Jessica Dragonette, Vivienne Segal, Gladys Swarthout, Peg LaCentra, Countess Olga Albo, Francis White, Betts, Barile, Helen Jepson, Lois Bennett and Mary Livingstone.

These lists may indicate the wide differences of opinion that undoubtedly will be manifested in the election. Even the Radio Editors do not agree in their choices. No single star was named by the four editors and only three were chosen by three of the four. Gladys Swarthout and Mary Livingstone were chosen by each of the editors except Colonel Taylor, and Mr. Annan of Toronto was the only one to slight Helen Jepson.

Although the contest really began last week, it is entirely too early to give a tabulation of the leaders in the voting as they stand at present. This will appear in a forthcoming issue, as soon as the votes can be counted.

Remember, only the official ballot printed herewith and in other issues of Radio Guide will be counted in this election, and all ballots must bear your signature and your address.

When you are voting for Radio Queen, bear in mind the prestige that will come to the winner of the contest and choose your candidate carefully. Remember also that you can vote for the person of your choice as many times as you wish. This is one chance to repay the artist for the many hours of enjoyment she has afforded you on the radio.

Vote now and vote often.

Official Radio Queen Ballot

My Choice for Radio Queen, 1935 is:

My Name is:

I Live At:

There Are ________ in Our Family, of Whom ________ Are in Gainful Occupations.

We Own a Home or Rent

We Own a Car or None

Mail Your Ballot to Queen Election Tellers, Radio Guide, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, III.

This Convenient Size Will Allow the Ballot to be Posted on a Post-Card for Mailing.

PON the shoulders of the radio listeners in the United States and in Canada a great responsibility rests. These listeners, and they alone, must choose from among the thousands of women now on the air the one most worthy of being crowned the Radio Queen of 1935. For only the listeners are entitled to a vote in the mammoth election now being conducted by Radio Guide.

They will name the Queen, and Radio Guide will crown her—at the National Electrical and Radio Exposition in Grand Central Palace, New York, N. Y., opening September 18. There she will reign supreme as Queen of Radio and of the Exposition.

She will be feted at dinners tossed at luncheons and banquets, cheered by thousands everywhere she goes. The ceremonies of her coronation will be broadcast over a coast-to-coast network of radio stations, vaudeville and theater contacts as well as radio jobs will be offered her by the dozens.

She will be entertained royally both before and during the Exposition; her transportation to and from New York, and her living expenses during the Exposition—in fact, all expenses she might incur by being present for the coronation—will be paid by Radio Guide.

The honor of being named Queen of Radio will be great—the profits this as yet unnamed star will reap will be large—the excitement and the thrill attendant upon the Exposition itself will be hard to surpass. Yet, if she be a true Queen—undoubtedly she will be—the greatest honor she can realize will be in knowing that her listeners have chosen her above all others, that she has come from the loudspeakers into the hearts of a nation.

The method of electing such a Queen is as simple as the honor of being elected is great. You need only fill out the ballot on this page, paste it on a penny postcard and mail it to Queen Election Tellers, Radio Guide, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois. You may vote for anyone you like—a network star of long standing or a beginner on a small station—but every ballot must be the official one printed in Radio Guide, and must carry your signature and your address.