Radio Guide
The National Weekly of Programs and Personalities
Week Ending August 17, 1935

Jessica Dragonette
See Page 15

My Time Is Your Time—Radio's Super-Manhunt
They Were Not Afraid

A radio station in Terre Haute, Indiana, gave the newspapers of that city a lesson in public service. During the general strike in Terre Haute, its two newspapers suspended publication. They gave as their reason the fear of strike sympathizers. It remained for the local broadcasting station, WBOB, to carry on. It took the place of the papers and flashed news and strike developments until a settlement was reached.

The radio station broadcast the first news that the strike was over after the state troops moved into the city.

T. N. Taylor, former president of the Indiana State Federation of Labor, and now an organizer of the American Federation of Labor, said that certain remarks he had proposed to make over station WBOB (the initials of which stand for "blanks of the Wahabhs"), had been censored. In the speech calling the general strike, Taylor criticized the attitude of Mayor Sam Beecher and the local administration in their handling of the situation. Such references he was compelled to omit.

WBOB very effectively took the place of the local papers, and had nothing to fear in doing it.

The Quick Tongue of the Law

Radio is making it harder every day for criminals to get away from the scenes of their crimes. Radio patrol cars have been running criminals to earth all over the country almost before their crimes have been committed.

Thanks to police short-wave radio, criminals have been caught in the actual commission of their deeds. In some instances communication between police headquarters and the radio-equipped squad cars would have helped materially in netting bandits who have escaped.

The city of Boston's Police Chief recognized the great advantage inter-communication would have. He installed the system with the aid of General Electric engineers, and invited police commissioners from all over the country to inspect the system.

The New York Commissioner, Lewis J. Valentine, gave it a particularly hard test. While riding in the radio car in Boston, he expressed the desire "to talk with New York." In less time than it would take to make an ordinary telephone call, Valentine was talking with one of his secretaries in his New York office.

Speaking of his Boston experience with two-way radio, he said: "It is one of the marvels of the age. It is the most astonishing experience I have ever had. I'm going to look into this two-way radio system thoroughly when I get back. We haven't anything like it in New York."

Conditions Must Be Better

When the public is willing to pay for something they can get for nothing, economic conditions must be improved. Wired radio is being sold to Cleveland's electric light subscribers. The service started last week after a survey to test the willingness of the listeners in the Cleveland, Ohio area to pay for radio entertainment. The monthly charge will range from $2 to $5, depending upon the elaborateness of the machine installed.

For several years the owners of wired radio have been prepared to supply a high-grade program service of music, drama, light entertainment and news. Since 1929, when the system was perfected, the public has not been interested. Few people were willing or able to pay the price. They preferred to listen to the sponsors' commercial appeals. Each year the surveys of public reaction have been discouraging. This year a final check was made to determine the fate of wired radio—and press, there was a demand for it.

Congressman Wright Patman... He Thinks Radio is Fair

Wired radio is subsidized by a great electric light and power combine. It can pipe programs into every territory and large city of the United States.

The only reason the public is willing to pay for programs is because of lengthy commercial talks. Wired radio presents a nice problem for space broadcasters who must recognize the public disapproval of objectionable commercialization of the airwaves.

Wired radio is not a threat to space broadcasting, because the average listener cherishes the freedom of being able to select entertainment from a dozen or more stations. The audience will not be content to take what is being fed them from a single source. Variety and freedom of the airwaves are the spice and essentials of radio's popularity.

However, people are willing to pay, and that is an encouraging sign.

Power From the Air

Farmers and people who have been denied the use of modern radio receivers because of a lack of electricity, can now enjoy the benefits of modern radio. A new device has been developed by Commander Eugene F. McDonald, Jr., the Arctic explorer and radio executive, that generates electricity for radio, using a modern version of an ancient windmill.

"One hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of free entertainment goes over the roof of every farmer every year," says Commander McDonald, "and now those who have no electricity facilities will be able to enjoy it just as cheaply and as conveniently as those who have. Likewise with their batteries always up to concert pitch, they can also tune in on London, Paris and Berlin on the short waves."

Japan Seeks Air Supremacy

Besides its efforts to reach the United States and the other principal countries of the world with short-wave broadcasts, Japan is engaged in a great program for the enlargement of radio in that country. The broadcasts from the main Tokyo station is to be increased to a power of 150 kilowatts and other stations to 100 kilowatts, thus rivaling in range the largest stations in the world. At the present time the main station is now at 10 kilowatts and 18 at 3 kilowatts to 300 watts.

The extension program also includes the construction of a large building for each of the studios in Tokyo and Osaka, which will incorporate the latest type of broadcasting equipment selected after extensive research, and which will equal any such similar installations in any part of the world. These two cities will thus continue to be the broadcasting centers of the Empire.

Japan has exchanged international radio broadcasts up to the present time, with the United States, Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, the Netherlands and Switzerland. Thirty-nine of the broadcasts alone were exchanged during 1934.

It's a wonder our Washington legislators, who are so busily engaged in gagging foreign representatives who might use our radio, haven't tried to frame an international law to cover this situation. It would be just like them to try.

Radio Is Fair

Congressman Wright Patman tried to pour oil on troubled waters. Every time business men organized to protect their property rights, Congress held an inquiry. They tried to read into these actions dire consequences to their beloved people.

The recent formation of the American Retail Federation caused considerable consternation. Investigation showed that it was formed by twenty-eight large food concerns spending $40,000,000 annually on advertising. A large portion of it goes to radio. So to the Congressional mind this new octopus controlled radio, Congress had to look in on this immediately.

At the hearing, when questioned by Representative Mchenor of Michigan, challenging before the Judiciary Committee of the House, Representative Wright Patman of Texas had a good word to say for the fairness of radio when it came to presenting both sides of a public issue. When to the people. It occurred when Mr. Patman was discussing what he declared was the control of the dissemination.

"When this food group and other groups get together and control such an enormous amount of advertising, they in a way control the means of communication in this country," said the Representative. "And when they do that, you are not going to tell the truth and all the facts to the people, you are going to get colored information to them and biased information."

"How are you going to help a thing like that?" Mr. Mchenor inquired. "Take your radio: One group can talk on the holding bill, one side or the other, and they can talk every night on it, and if a fellow wants to hear one side, the fellow wants to pay for it, he pays for the thing he wants to say, and the people only have one side. How are you going to stop that?"

"To a certain extent the radio has been very fair," Mr. Patman replied. "In fact, I think they are fairer than any other means of communication. They have given both sides an opportunity to be heard on their free-time periods. But when it comes to paying for this time, only the large concerns are able to afford to pay for time. The small concerns cannot afford to pay for time. But I think the radio has been pretty fair and pretty liberal with everybody on every viewpoint that they had. Where it was of national public interest, I think the radio companies have been mighty fair."
HE forces please, Miss Chapin," commanded the white-gowned dentist.

"Yes, Doctor," was the reply from the snow-white furred assistant as she swiftly tendered the dreaded instrument.

"You are fevered," woefully murmured the patient as she eyed the transaction with natural alarm.

A soothing, soft hand clasped the fingers of the trembling woman in the operating chair. It was that of the dentist's aid.

"Don't be nervous," she admonished in placating tones, "It really isn't hurt for a second. It's just thinking about it that matters. The Doctor is wonderful at extraction."

There was calm in that voice, the silky, alluring voice that less than a year later was to intrigue radio audiences from coast to coast as its own. Miss Patti Chapin, stood before the microphone in the studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System in New York. For Patti's detour-studded road to radio fame was marked by just such jobs as aiding the dentist, selling insurance and all of the other laborious efforts that it takes when Fame insists upon lurking around blind corners.

DETERMINATION is the keystone, in Patti's firmly constructed arch of achievement. Back in her home town, Atlantic City, she had busked for New York, in spite of the sand which is there. Unlike the hordes of visitors to the great New Jersey resort, Patti found no solace in the proximity of the great waves continually rolling ashore. To her they only murmured, "There is no future here—all endless sand and waves—endless honeymooners, bored. You must seek success on Broadway.

In contemplating a career Miss Chapin had at least one advantage over many girls who eventually find their way into radio. She knew from the day she reached her teens that music, and probably singing, was her medium. So the day went on with the hope she could find a background. Her mother had been a singer widely known around the East, and two of her sisters had attained concert concert-levels. Patti's voice was as fine a specimen as an honors student at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia.

So where not what, was the issue with this ambitious lass. Already she candidly had figured that with the growing popularity and the mounting talent demands of radio, singing on the air had possibilities that far outranked the sparse rewards of the Carnegie Halls and their elite counterparts about the country. Ergo, New York became her goal, radio her lode.

Patti's talented piano playing, a skill that confounded her teacher, the adolescent Miss represented only a stepping stone. She had checked against current radio successes and realized that for every piano player who was a national toast, there were at least 20 singers winning country-wide acclaim and the more material rewards. So she didn't have to flip a coin to make a decision. She simply weighed the coin, in prospect, so singing it became; it was then that the Manhattan madness gripped her.

WITH little more preliminary than the announcement that she had made her choice, the hope-ridden lass shook the sand from her shoes and the sunburn crisped the boardwalk out of her slacks, then galloped to Gotham. Sagely she did not make an immediate attack on the radio studios. She had her own way to make, and she decided that to orient herself to her new surroundings was the immediate necessity.

She knew that singing on an empty stomach didn't lend itself to a successful debut, so she went looking for a sustaining program—self-sustaining—and made her commercial debut as an insurance salesgirl. It wasn't long before she realized that she had selected as a prospect heat her from the jump by trying to sell her a policy, so she permitted her contract to lapse. Then, backed by some early home training and non-professional appearances, she tried the theaters in hopes of making a marked success as a ballet dancer.

She couldn't find the opening she wanted. But still she was on her toes when the chance came to win the job as assistant to one of New York's better-known dentists. Her dulcet tones and alert manner fitted her ideally for the task. She hadn't been at it long before she felt the sense of security that comes with knowing one is doing a job well and doesn't have to fear the loss of it.

SHE had a way of adjusting the laughing-gas mask—true, it was done to patients feeling feeble in for a draft of the highly-tinted ambition. If they resisted the deception after it was all over, Patti's winning way allayed any mounting protests. So the safety of her position gave her the needed mental poise to look about again and lay the foundation for the certain career in music. She began the rounds—that often-frustrated series of attacks on the radio studios—dialoging on her talents, elaborating on her background and ever finding that the audition censors were so sorry she hadn't dropped around just a few days ago as they had a handy opening for her type of voice which had been filled from the long ranks of applicants ahead of her.

Like all aspirants for fame, she visualized stumbling across sudden opportunity, golden doors swinging wide for her as though her arrival long had been awaited. Anyone who ever has dreamed, knows of what stuff such hopes are made; and Patti was no exception to the rule. All she had accomplished after nearly a year of handing out resumes and drills and false promises that "it isn't going to hurt more than a second," was the saving of a few dollars.

ENNUI finally overtook her so she drew her money and stowed the trunk and recklessly squandered it on a trip to the West Indies. And that's the quick in the story. She had decided to run it all—consequently, she ran smack into it. That boat trip was the first leg on her tour to success.

Because it was a natural outlet for her, Patti sang cheerily to while away her time as she trod decks or stood at the rail watching dolphins at their intriguing play. And her voice finally was heard by some one that mattered. After all of her futile attempts to interest important executives in her talent, it was chance singing that eventually attracted the attention of a man who held an exalted post in radio.

He made inquiry, and Patti told him her story, in her simple, straightforward way—voiced her broken dreams, her saga of frustration.

"Come to me my melancholy baby," was the essence of his reply. "That probably was the longest vacation trip on record. To Patti it seemed endless, but to the sorrow of everyone else on board it was over all too soon. The preliminaries were brief because little Patti Chapin had what it took, and radio was glad to take what she had. A contract followed her first hearing, and within three months she had attained a position from which she could do the selecting as to whom sponsors would prefer to represent on the air. Her choice plus the sponsor's request lifted her into the ultra-society of such stars as Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall and Freddie Rich and his orchestra on a program broadcast nationally.

CURRENTLY Patti is a featured Columbia sustaining artist, but commercial radio dowsers for Fall cast a shadow against which is sharply outlined the petite figure of one Patti Chapin, lately of Atlantic City—the lass who nearly took No for an answer, and whose change of atmosphere from laughing gas to ether is just another chapter in the growing list of Cinderella stories by which radio is making the Grimm Brothers look more than ordinarily grim.

Patti Chapin sings every Monday over a CBS-WABC network at 7:15 p.m. EDT (6:15 EST; 5:15 CST; 4:15 MST; 3:15 PST) and every Wednesday over the same network at 8:15 p.m. EDT (7:15 EST; 6:15 CST; 5:15 MST; 4:15 CST; 3:15 CST; 2:15 MST; 1:15 PST).

From Laughing Gas to Ether

Patti Chapin's Job as Office Nurse Was Just Inci-Dental—Through It She Learned to Drill Away Despite Many Obstacles to Radio

By Harry Steele
My Time Is Your Time

So Runs the Lyric of Rudy Vallee's Famous Theme Song—But in Making His Time Yours, He Has Made Himself One of the Loneliest of Men

By Jack Banner

HAT price has Rudy Vallee paid for success? Not without a struggle has the college boy become a crooner and the crooner an ace radio showman. Not without a struggle has the druggist's son from Westbrook, Maine, gained the pose and bearing that goes with a million dollars. Not without a struggle has the handsome, curly-haired darling of American women become the reserved, mature man that he is today. Nor without a price. The price he has paid is loneliness. For despite the throng of great and near-great who surround Rudy Vallee in the broadcasting studios, the glamorous women who are his working comrades in Broadway night clubs and the world-famous people who dine with him in Hollywood, he is lonely—with the loneliness of a man who works all the time.

Why is Rudy lonely? Let us look into the routine of his show—with its carefully organized triumphs and its multiplicity of activities. Perhaps the answer can be found there.

It's the story behind the Vallee hour, the story of how the show is put together and continues its rapid tempo of laughs, melody and drama—week after week. Only an hour a week on the air, but preparation in one form or another spreads over every day and some of the nights. The "variety formula" they call it on Radio Row, but the Vallee program never has been reduced to a formula.

It's a tense, dramatic story, this building of one of the air's almost perfect musical programs. Let's take it apart and see what makes it function as smoothly as a perfectly geared timepiece.

The activity begins on a Friday morning a few hours after the preceding broadcast has swept out into space. Gathered in Rudy's office are the three men who create the program each week: Maestro Vallee; Gordon Thompson, producer of the show; and George Faulkner, writer of the scripts.

What goes on in that office is best described as being an emotional maestro. Those three brilliant men, each possessing a diametrically opposite personality, argue and bicker furiously about what songs, musical numbers and guest acts are to be used in the forthcoming production. For weeks these three have been sowing the stage, the screen, the night clubs and the song publishing offices, looking for talent and tunes that can be poured into the musical potpourri that is the Vallee Hour.

VALLEE, dark-eyed, eager-faced, intense, dominates the scene. He spars ideas all over the place, and Thompson and Faulkner have their hands full trying to curb his enthusiasm. Finally, after an all day session, the personnel and musical numbers of the program are agreed upon. Maestro Vallee summons his three arrangers, whose business it is to arrange each number in the peculiar and highly individual Connecticut Yankee fashion. Faulkner retires into the silence of his suburban home, and works day and night preparing the script of the show which will be heard the following Thursday night.

Thompson busies himself signing up the guest stars and attends to the scores of incidental details that must be ironed out before the show can go into rehearsal.

The weekly studio rehearsals begin on Wednesday with the band assembling in Studio 8G at Radio City. Incidentally, Rudy Vallee is the only radio star to have a studio especially remodeled to suit the needs of an individual program. For several years he went on the air from NBC's Times Square studio atop the New Amsterdam Theater building, but when the unit was absorbed by Radio City there was no studio that exactly suited the demands of the Vallee hour.

On Wednesday Rudy rehearses the band in the numbers that he plans to use on Thursday night. When the Vallee hour started the scripts ran about five pages and the rehearsals about two hours a week. Today each rehearsal runs a ten-hour minimum, and the script averages thirty-two pages.

Rudy, usually attired in wrinkled tweed, sits on his stool and directs his Connecticut Yankees. As the rehearsal proceeds many changes are made in the arrangements. Hour after hour the men play the same tunes, over and over again. Finally nerves begin to fray. Rudy's curly hair, slicked down tightly when he arrived, begins to stand on end. The musicians, hot, perspiring, coatless, sag wearily in their seats, but there is no letdown—Rudy drives them mercilessly.

Into one recent session came an explosion. The pianist sent a discordant note through a burst of dazzling, tuneful rhythm. The slim figure on the dais trembled and shook like a wave tossed on an angry sea and splintered his boston in one violent smash against the side of the music rack. Sudden, awful silence followed the furious outburst—but only for a moment. Rudy's face turned a blood red as he rose from his stool and expressed his feelings in primitive language. One can detect the fire in his eyes even through the dark glasses that shield them. Finally the outburst was controlled, and the rehearsal continued.

MEANWHILE the guest stars and others who take speaking roles in the script have been working in another studio under the direction of Faulkner and Thompson. The dress rehearsal starts on Thursday morning, and very often continues right up to the time of the broadcast. At this rehearsal all the performers meet one another as members of the cast for the first time.

Producer Thompson and script writer Faulkner enthroned themselves in the control room at a rehearsal this writer attended. Vallee either fusses with the music or paces up and down the stage nervously. Finally the rehearsal gets under way. Joe Louis, the colored prize fighting sensation, whose face is as immobile as marble, nervously reads from a script, and tells the story of his life and of how he whipped Primo Carnera. Over the loudspeaker booms Faulkner's voice, admonishing Louis to step closer to the mike.
Henry Armetta, the dynamic screen comedian, gives one of his convulsive portrayals of an excitable Italian. Sigmund Spaeth, the bald-headed Tine Detective, uncovers striking similarity in songs. Vicki Chase, singing star from the stage, sings softly into the mike.

The rehearsal proceeds, stops, picks up again. The speaking lines are whipped into shape. Final details of the music are polished up. At last the routine is completed and the show is ready to take the air.

Each group of guest stars require a different handling. Some are temperamentally in the best theatrical tradition, others—those the newcomers to whom Rudy is lending a helping hand—are scared to death, and need coaching and encouragement. Through the current of studio rehearsals and actual broadcasts runs the firm hand of the showman, soothing the performer, suggesting an improvement to another, and in general keeping the cogs from clashing.

The Vallee hour is to radio what the old Palace Theater was to vaudeville of a decade ago. It is the goal of radio variety acts just as the Palace was the goal of stage variety. Dozens of entertainers had their first microphone experience here. Some of them were already big names in the stage or screen world, others were unknowns who built up careers with "heard on the Rudy Vallee hour" as a basis. At the present time there are three stars singing in this country with their bills in their billings: Leslie Howard, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Eddie Cantor, Joe Penner, Buck and Sully, Margaret Sullivan, Joe Cook, Katharine Hepburn, Ethel Barrymore, Beatrice Lillie, Cornelia Otis Skinner, are some of the names that come to mind offhand among those who first made their acquaintance with nationwide radio via the Vallee program.

One very good example of the prestige that Rudy's program has developed came up in a recent incident. Leslie Howard was seeking a good opportunity for his 12-year-old daughter's professional debut as an actress. Time was in the past when an actor as distinguished as Howard would have looked carefully over the opportunities that vaudeville and the legitimate stage offered for such an event.

In 1935 he did not hesitate. To him there was only one theater for his daughter's first experience as an actress and that was the studio in Radio City where every Thursday night the Vallee cast assembled—a theater whose doors had opened for an estimated two billion listeners in the six years of its existence.

Howard talked to Rudy, told him his plan to bring 12-year-old Leslie Ruth to the microphone. Rudy was enthusiastic. Then the actor had misgivings. Suppose his father's pride had led him to overestimate her ability.

"I'll bring her in for an audition," he said.

Several days later the two sat in an NBC studio control room with an engineer. Outside beyond the plate glass panel a little girl fingered a script nervously and waited for a signal to go ahead. The engineer nodded his head. The little girl began to read her lines—faintly written from Sir James Barrie's Dear Brutus.

Howard and Vallee sat with their backs to the glass panel, staring at the blank wall of the control room. The girl's voice was moving, intense. When she finished the slim, grave Englishman who was a London bank teller before he was an actor, looked up at his companion and there appeared a question in his eyes.

"She's a trumper," Rudy answered simply.

A week later a scene from Dear Brutus, starring Leslie and Leslie Ruth Howard, was the feature of the Vallee hour.

"Rudy's sure sense of showmanship and considerate, for everyone in the studio develops a very real affection for the Boys on the part of the program regulars.

Tom Howard and George Shelton did an act that called for Tom to sing, George to play the fiddle and Rudy to protest vigorously against this desecration of the gods of melody and harmony. It was to climax in Rudy breaking the fiddle over Tom's head and the latter's crack that they'd have to get another orchestra for the program.

A wag in the front row of the studio audience began to applaud heartily this suggestion to change the orchestra. Rudy smiled easily but backstage Tom Howard shook his head as he swore a little at the applause incident. It developed that he was afraid Rudy would be embarrassed.

But the Vallee sense of humor matches the Vallee showmanship. There was a time when that incident might have troubled him. (Continued on Page 18)
Tiny Ruffner
Trouble Shooter

As the Man Who Fills the Rescue Role in Show Boat, Town Hall Tonight, Beauty Box Theater and Other Programs, Tiny is Worth His Six-Foot-Six Weight in Gold

By Howard Wilcox

The eleventh-hour man—not a dark horse, but an ace in the hole—is what every sponsor wants in the radio program of major proportions. Sponsors and agencies cast about for him as a baseball manager seeks a player to captain the team—and they won't go on air without him, especially when the program's personnel runs into large numbers.

He need not be a conspicuous member of the cast. Sometimes he's the announcer or the prompter, or again a minor member of the show.

But with a hundred unexpected things ready to pop up in the course of an hour's entertainment, he is as necessary as is the star.

Someone—perhaps this will be the star of the show—will lose his place in the script or be late in hopping to the microphone, or someone in the audience might cause an awkward disturbance. Those are but a few of the unpleasant possibilities; there are others never before encountered and therefore more unpleasant, that are likely to befall their straitened heads on the scene.

Pardonable as such accidents may be, they cannot be all to an audience of millions. So that's where your cover-up man gets a chance to shine.

And now—meet Tiny Ruffner, the trouble-shooter of Captain Henry's Show Boat, Town Hall Tonight, the Beauty Box Theater and Tony and Gus.

To the millions of listeners familiar with these shows, Tiny is just the utility character and announcer, albeit a general one, who gets his share of fan letters, including quite a bit of mail mash.

But to Lanny Ross, Francia White, Mario Chamlee, George Frank, and George Evans—and Tiny's supporting casts, he's the balance wheel of the programs. He bolsters the star's confidence and sustains their spirit because they feel, somehow, that no matter what unforeseen thing may befall, Tiny is there to fill the rescue role.

THERE was the occasion only a few weeks back when his resourcefulness scored an awkward situation. It was one of those most infrequent times when the entire show had to be rewritten after the dress rehearsal, and the dozen or so script copies were late in arriving.

Three minutes before the show time, with the audience already seated, the performers still had no idea of their lines.

At 9 o'clock the show went on. Everything ran along with surprising smoothness until one voice, the announcer, cast turned the two pages of his script by mistake. Being unfamiliar with lines, he kept right on reading—a pardonable error, since there was a semblance of continuity despite the overlooked page.

But Tiny was aware of the slip. He had read that script over the shoulder of the writer an hour previous. Before the errant performer had read to the next cue line, which would have had the show hopelessly bogged, Tiny was at the microphone, calmly talking the startled actor out of his lines. A few words by Tiny into the microphone, and the situation was righted; no one out of the listeners in the studio was aware of the almost damming hitch in the program.

It isn't accident or the gift of extempore that equips Tiny for such emergencies. He has risked talking in the Pinch. At the University of Washington he was the crack debater, and from that point on he has cultivated the art of ad-libbing in tight situations. Moreover, he has a prodigious memory. Everything he hears or reads he can store for later use or an instant memory.

Tiny Ruffner, tallest announcer on NBC networks, looks down from the heights on two ace comedians, Pat Padgett (left) and Fleck Malone—who play Maloones 'n January.

Tiny's first job was gathering mushrooms and selling them to the neighbors. He traded enough at that to buy himself a bicycle. Ever since then he's wanted to travel and he still intends to do that when he is able to retire.

Tiny attended the University of Washington, immediately upon graduation he began what seemed to be a promising career as a singer. Soon, however, he was drafted into producing radio programs. He wrote original musical comedies and sang, and acted in them, also.

Later he toured the Pacific Coast in concert work, and then he went to New York. There he made appearances in two operettas, Princess Florian and Circus Princess. He toured the country in both of these productions.

Announcing and trouble-shooting caught his attention soon after, and eventually he worked his way up to his present position.

He loves the games of golf and squash and plays the piano. Most of his fan mail is from young girls. He likes strawberry shortcake to eat and champagne and burgundy (one at a time) to drink.

Today he likes to recall one uncomfortable predicament which turned out to be the trail blazer to his success in radio.

He had been trying to convince the august board of directors of the Lyric Radio Company of Chicago that they ought to sponsor a program of Famous Chalengers in History—human interest stories about figures like Abraham Lincoln, Voltaire, Benjamin Franklin, who dramatically risked their standing to defend the underdog in some cause celebre—such cases, for instance, as the recent excitement over Alabama Pitts.

The Lyric executives were not at all sure, but they were willing to listen if the cab Ruffner would go to New York and arrange for a trial broadcast over NBC.

This was in the Stone Age of networks, and a radio was installed amid great to-do in the board of directors' chambers. With his ground work completed in New York, Tiny hurried back to Chicago.

The program came on, and the doubting Tommies were interested, although they still had to be shown. And then, after 15 minutes, something happened that should have sent Tiny on a non-stop escape to safety. He left the room and the audience suddenly fell silent. But Tiny didn't bolt. He knew what had happened.

Tiny faced his panic in an instant, and before the little audience fully realized what had happened, he stood before them in the role of Abraham Lincoln, going on from where the radio stopped so abruptly. The next minute and for the rest of the hour he portrayed all characters, alternating lawyer, defendant, judge, prosecutor and the witnesses.

His prodigious memory had made this possible. He sold his idea, and from that moment became intensely interested in the active side of broadcasting.

Tiny—in case you don't know already—was face-tiously nicknamed. He stands six-feet-six in his socks, and as slender as a sword. When he gets a new automobile they have to raise the steering wheel three inches in order to accommodate what he calls his uncollapsible legs.

He got that Tiny tag while in the army during the War. His full name is Edmund Birch Ruffner, but it seems that only his mother remembers it.

His parents still hope that he will fulfill their wish and become a concert artist, but this Tiny says is impossible because he'd rather be a trouble-shooter.

Tiny Ruffner may be heard on the NBC-WFA network on the Show Boat Hour Thursdays at 9 p.m. EDT (8 PST; 7 CST; 6 MDT; 5 PDT) and on the Town Hall Tonight programs Wednesdays at 9 p.m. EDT (8 CST; 7 MDT; 6 PST) as well as on other programs over NBC.
Radio’s Super-Manhunt

Calling All Cars

By Land, Sea and Air the Forces of Law and Order—Aided by Radio—Set Out to Get a Sure-Shot Moonshiner Who Didn’t Hesitate to Kill

By Arthur Kent

The illicit still was hidden in a tiny valley on the side of Negro Mountain, one of the Virginia foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Two men were tending it: a huge Negro, very black—wearing a tattered old United States army uniform several sizes too small—and a bewildered white with one eye.

“Mister Tom,” said the Negro in a soft drawl, “why does you say you ain’t never goin’ to leave these mountains?”

The white man didn’t answer. A rifle leaned against a log at his side. Over his shoulders a stone jug was slung. The age-whited bristles on his Adam’s apple un谪iated as he drank, mountain fashion. Then he paused the jug.

“Killed a man,” he answered, grunting, “an’ bust out jail, up Yoth.” Again he turned his head, tilted the jug, and drank.

The Negro watched, silent. Throughout the vast, wooded slope there sounded the little noises of Springtime: birds, the rustling of new leaves, the tinkling of the small brook which served the still. The sickish smell of mash clung to the windless air.

“I’ll SURE hate to have you draw a bead on me,” Mister Tom, the colored man said, finally. There was no flattery in his earnest brown eyes, and the white man accepted the sincere tribute to his marksmanship with the dignity of one who knows his own skill.

“Ain’t never missed a shot in my life, leh,” he said. “Drunk er sober, Tom Quesenberry hits what he shoots.” He grinned beneath drooping moustaches. “Don’t know why I’m a-sellin’ you, you black rascal,” he added—not unkindly. “But I'll never leave these mountains because I don’t. In a crit they’d catch me sure. Here I’m safe. I don’t bother nobody that don’t bother me.”

“That’s right, Mister Tom.” The Negro nodded. “Everybody in these parts knows you’re a bad man to cross, though. They still figures you was with them Allans when they shot up the Cook House at Hillsville.”

Old Tom Quesenberry snorted a short laugh. The little black and white mongrel dog which lay at his feet raised an ugly head.

“Ain’t saying I was or I wasn’t,” the one-eyed man observed. “But—”

Suddenly the dog leaped to his feet, hackles rising, a low growl rumbling in his throat. Simultaneously there came a cracking in the nearby bush.

Old Tom Quesenberry snatched up his rifle and slipped like a shadow into the little weather-beaten building which housed the still.

Coast Guardsmen closing in upon Quesenberry’s mountain cabin and, left, the family of Clarence McClary, left fatherless by One-Eyed Tom. The raiders began shooting in real earnest. Slugs tore through the little building’s flimsy clapboard, cut through leaves. And suddenly they stopped as the besiegers realized that their quarry had melted like shadows into the dense underbrush. The government men gathered around their wounded companions.

“HE’S probably live,” Adrian replied. “You bringing men in?”

“Then I’m having a coast guard plane sent from Cape May, New Jersey,” he continued. “That is also radio equipped, and (Continued on Page 27)
Mrs. Howard Berolzheimer—Lu of Clara, Lu 'n' Em—spends part of her vacation teaching the newly adopted son David to take his sunshine vitamins and like it

THIS is typical radio. For thirteen years with our eharmony, HARRY HORLICK and his Gyp- sies have been on the air weekly for his sponsor—-the oldest presentation in commercial radio. Last week the following events occurred.

The sponsor auditioned for two shows of 15-minutes each, six times a week. These were to run on rival networks.

Horlick heard about the auditions and became curious, and when he asked questions, according to his own story he was told: "You and the orchestra are to be dopped in five weeks."

Ordinarily, only two weeks' notice is given artists, but as Horlick explained: "They gave me five weeks' notice in view of my long service.

Then Horlick's statement that he had been fired, was published.

The sponsor's agency denied it. But Horlick said: "I ought to know it when I'm fired, and I'm still fired." So Horlick hired a manager and planned to go on the road.

After publication of Horlick's statement, public reaction set in. The agency then said that it planned to keep Horlick in addition to the other shows, but that it intended to place a new setup in the Gypsy program. Technically, at this writing, Horlick is still fired.

But actually, so the story goes, you can make bets that in view of the reaction, he and the Gypsies will stay on the Monday show--unless the agency refuses to provide Horlick with an increase in salary, which he is asking on the strength of the public disapproval of his firing.

If you think that this constitutes a puzzling mess, then consider: The ABC says: Mr. Horlick's contract runs indefinitely, and we understand that if he were slated for notice of dismissal, the conditions of the contract make this notice impossible until next February.

The season is approaching when, as you know if you read through these pages, the Powers That Be choose a radio queen. In fact, the Boss has just sent over the Gypsy clip for the vote. In this contest, a sentimental thought has occurred to me. Would it not be a good idea to bring back at this time for many good reasons no other than the first of all the radio queens, VAUGHN DE LEATH?

Few of the present generation perhaps remember Vaughn De Leath as the first crooner—the first lady of the mike; and more important still, an excellent and individualistic singer of songs. Fewer persons perhaps know that she is a composer of outstanding ability.

The amateur era is developing new and serious, not to say costly, problems. Since FRED ALLEN went on vacation, the Town Hall Tonight series has been devoting its entire hour to amateurs. The impresarios now discover that there are so many applicants it will be necessary to hold preliminary tests for aspirants in various cities, so as to weed out the Simon Pures who are best fitted to compete with the Gypsy and the Columbia network.

The proprietor, The Gypsy, of August 24, is a native of Pike county, Kentucky, sat down and dashed off The Call of the Cumberlands, which is quite an opera if one is to judge from the reports of its first experimental hearing. The opera will be presented for a full hour at WLW on the afternoon of August 24, and will be heard over NBC-WJZ.

A PRAGICAL joker gleefully reports success with a gag on DON BOSTOR when he arrived recently in Chicago, for a series of Gypsy auditions to relieve his widow's purse. He then piloted Bostor into a famous restaurant, where the Gypsy had a sandwich, and the joker had an idea. The joker vanished. When the check was presented, Bostor found he was penniless. The proprietor, coughing by the joker, got tough with Bostor, and refused to let him out of the place—until Bostor demanded, 'What Summer sports as security.'

WOR has inaugurated a Summer custom which comes under the head of Be Kind to Your Neighbor. In these warm evenings when windows are open, radio programs are varied; and many homes become entangled with one another. WOR solves that, and probably prevents hundreds of nervous breakdowns, by having its announcer, at p.m. and thereafter, suggest nightly to listeners to "Be kind to your neighbor, and turn down the clock in your receiver." This is a precedent other stations might well follow.

JUST about the time this ink dries, The O'Neill's, which attained such a success on the Columbia network last season, will have signed up with another sponsor for the same network, probably in late August.

Notes to you: HELEN HAYES is about to sign up for a new series, in addition to her Theater of the Air appearances at CBS. The new series will feature her as a character over the NBC web... The audience will be given opportunity to judge whether there is any value in adding another radio program. By listening to Music Box, the new weekly Columbia feature to which is contributed by the Woman's National Radio Committee after much study.

### Plums and Prunes

**By Evans Plummer**

Put me to bed. She is measuring my length and breadth. This is too much for me. I protest, 'Say, I'm not dead. Don't order a casket yet.' She shows me, saying, 'Lie down, you. Do you want to make a fool out of the doctor?' Me again, 'But I'm only semi-conscious.' Nurse again, 'You're telling me.'

"Such insults! That, my friend of the indistinguishable audience, is what happens when a radio announcer misinterprets (I must use that word on my next broadcast) to a hospital. I denounce you."

**SUGGESTED QUESTIONS for vox poppers Jerry Belker and Parks Johnson to fling at their next crop of sidewalk radio stalls:**

1. Do you have to mumble or can't you speak right out?
2. What is there about our questions that makes you get coy?
3. Is Show Boat better than the Tent Show or vice versa?
4. Do you wanna buy a duck?
5. Are the intermissions in the First Nighter three times as long as in the Empress of the Air?
6. What is the name of the Gypsy announcer?
7. Do you know the voice behind the voice of the Gypsy announcer?
8. What is the name of the voice behind the voice of the Gypsy announcer?
9. Do you like Tom Sawyer or Huckleberry Finn?

**ONE NICE THING about these radio contests is that no longer do you see piles of pickled jars, tin cans, cardboard boxes, tooth-paste tubes... and cosmic containers cluttering up the back alley. They have all gone back to their makers.**

**PRUNE DEPARTMENT—Mildewed specimens of the wrinkled fruit are ordered for MARIO CHARLMEE in behalf of Doctor Louis K. Eastman, noted Windy City surgeon and ardent Tony and Gay fan, who cites opera singer Charmee for being far off on Monday, July 29. So irritated became the medic's ear that he went to the piano and tried all three keys in which one of Tony's songs is written, but the key was close to the Charmee voice. Prunes also to the later users of the electric steel guitar who would usurp the credit for origination which by rights belongs to ALVINO REY, the Horace Heidt bandmand.**

**HAVING RETURNED FROM our annual vacation, let's glance over the picture post-cards and see what the boys and girls of radiodom are doing:**

**CAROL NELSON** are getting acquainted with their families Clara (Mrs. Paul) (nee) is fastening about her home rearranging her collection of glassware and old-fashioned items. Lu (Mrs. Howard Berolzheimer) is busily engaged in getting her new Georgian home a touch of the olden, in order when she's not taking care of her young foster son, David. And Em (Mrs. John Mitchell) is nursery-furnishing for an event expected and moment, TOE is having a grand time at the ball games. CONRAD THIBAULT is happy over his wedding and LILLIANE is making the party of your life, rest easier since the recovery of her little daughter, who tried to eat a firecracker on July Fourth.
Inside Stuff
Along the Airialto
By Martin Lewis

JUST about a year ago this scribbler chronicled the fact that the radio broadcasting industry expected its biggest year. Facts developed subsequently have proved it would be quite in order to repeat this phrase, for they have proved the industry will not only hold its own but will expand its horizons in an available time on the networks. It looks like an even bigger and better year ahead.

Most of the old sponsors will be back, some with the same shows they presented last season, some with new programs. Never before now has any new programs also be brought out, and all in all it looks like a good season for the loudspeaker caddies.

SIGMUND ROMBERG's show, one of last season's most popular musical programs, will return to the kilocycles on September 9th. The show is presented weekly from Portland, Oregon, with an hour of music and a half hour of drama beginning each Tuesday at 11:30 p.m. EDT (10 EST; 9 PDT; 8 MST; 7 PST). Musical Footnotes is the title of a new program that will be presented over the Columbia network on Sundays, beginning September 9. VIVIAN DELLA GHESA, a young soprano with an unknown singer's contest held in Chicago last February, will do the vocalizing with FRANZ IMHOFF, tenor of opera, concert and radio fame. RALPH GINSBURG, who has one of the best of the string ensembles, will supply the musical background.

The famous MILLS BROTHERS will headline an NBC program for a watchmaker starting early in the fall. They will be on the air for 52 weeks to go.

Evening in Paris, with ODETTE MYRTL, the PICKENS SISTERS, MILTON WATSON and MARK WARNOW's will resume in August 18 on the NBC network. Warnow as you know is a CBS house band leader.

One of the best bits of information about new programs is the news that HELEN HAYES has been signed for her first regular radio series. Starting October 1, Miss Hayes will be heard for a half hour on Tuesday nights for a coffee sponsor. Listeners on the Pacific Coast will hear this program Monday nights beginning September 30.

AS REPORTED here a few weeks ago, DEANE JANIS, former vocalist with HAL KEMP's crew, will return to the air in the new ANNIE and ULYSSES weekly hour with WALTER O'KEEFE and the CASA LOMA MUSICA band when it returns to the air on October 1. It will be heard Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 9:30 p.m. eastern standard time.

Every Thursday night RUDY VALLEE and his Connecticut Yankees take the air from the Radio City studios but on August 13 and 20, it was a different picture. Vallee and his boys took their instruments (yes, the tuba and the banjo drum) and their broadcast to the air and it looks like a successful venture. The plane floated through the air with the greatest of ease, although Paul again said some of the boys were anything but easy.

The end of this month Rudy will be in Toronto to play at the Canadian National Exposition for two weeks. His band is just arriving from that point and he'll use some Canadian talent in the show.

DON BESNER, the lucky sponsor who can boast two leading talent series these days when the stentorian story that the show must go on will be heard too often can be talked of in terms of weight of vacation demands. One of the fetes equipped is the First Nighter and Grand Hotel show.

JUNE MEREDITH, in charge of the latter series never has appeared on the Friday night show, and JUNE MEREDITH, in charge of the first has never been heard. This year, however, has brought a change.

June Meredith, left, points out to Anne Seymour who she expects to be able to hear the Voice of the People program after it originated there.

DON BESNER, his ritual turned into a rout programs Miss Seymour disposed herself in the lead role of First Nighter while Miss Meredith had sunk the sack and the brown, a cast-iron woman. Miss Courtesies will find June on the Grand Hotel programs of August 18 and 25 while Anne seeks diversion far from the city's oppressive heat.

DURING my recent visit on the West Coast, GEORGE RUDY'S show was doing good business and the studio was crowded, the announcer said. June said she was quite at a loss for something to do. She supposed it was because of the nature of her errand, she didn't relish recognition.

While they were still living in New York, Gracie embarked on a shopping tour one morning. She went from home to home and was told it was to use a new dress to purchase a pin. Gracie added it to her carefully compiled list and was told with the air of the studio she would make the purchase at Macy's. While at a counter in the house furnishings department she was approached by a dealer who was about to ask what was wanted, said, "Why you're Gracie Allen aren't you?"

Gracie said she didn't believe the salesgirl who she asked if she could be of service, stressing her joy at being able to assist her. Gasp. Gracie's pin was flat. In wasn't that she objected to the girl's honest admission. But she reasoned quickly that if it went around that she was buying a pin, someone would turn it into a gag about the selection of a woman's natural weapon—and she just didn't want to be the object of that kind of jest.

MAESTRO DON BESNER's earlier Chicago days left in his memory a fond recollection of the pork shanks and sauerkraut that he had during his hour with WALTER O'KEEFE and the CASA LOMA MUSICA band when it returns to the air on October 1. It will be heard Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 9:30 p.m. eastern standard time.

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DON also was the bearer of an interesting tale about his erstwhile microphone buddy JACK BENNY and FRANK PARKER. During the last few weeks of the program Parker made some vaudeville appearances through California, and reports drifting back to Los Angeles bristled with stories of the way he was knocking them into the aisles all around the circuit. Shortly afterward Jack and MARY LIVINGSTON STONE contracted to make a swing around the same string of houses in which Parker had made his smash hit. Frank was in a dilemma when he heard about the proposed Benny tour. Good sportsmanship came to his rescue and he confessed to Jack that one of the reasons he made such a killing was because he had lifted the Benny vaudeville routine. The pair relented the comedian to change his act in theaters in which he would follow Frank. The success of the tour is only an example of the way the First Nighter in charge of the program is trying to kill his own programs. The sponsors feel that Harry has outlined his usefulness to them after 11 years of service, and are casting about for a 15-minute, five-a-week show with a big name feature. The March of Time's 10-year trip four years under consideration, but efforts to obtain both revealed the big news show and the Swing Girls were set for the season. The final decision on the new program will be made after the fall preview that holds Mr. Allen's longest association with his present sponsor that listeners will be able to dispose of the teams in their minds. Some other sponsor undoubtedly will seize on the Gypsy band. It is one of radio's real bargains.

The FRED ALLENS and the JACK BENNYs are having quite a good time for themselves out on the coast, particularly the wives while the husbands are at work. Mary and Portland are spending most of the time in the Benny's swimming pool.

Which reminds me of the extremely funny crack Fred made when he was asked how he liked movie work, compared to radio. "The only difference between making a picture and broadcasting," he said, "is that in a picture you don't have to stop in the middle of a scene for a guy to say a kid word about Ipana or Sal Hepatica."
SUNDAY, AUGUST 14

A NEWS release announces that American listeners the SALZBURG FESTIVAL will be aired by both networks today. An extensive NBC-WJZ network will relay a portion of the Festival from 9 to 10 a.m. CST (10 to 11 p.m. ET). Another part of the program will be broadcated over the CBS-WABC network from 12 noon to 12:30 p.m. CST (1 to 1:30 p.m. ET). The program, sponsored by the American Radiator Company, will be heard again on August 15 and 25. Because of the possibilities of a bonus payment in a talk to be made over the CBS-WABC network at 8:30 p.m. CST (9:30 p.m. ET).

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15

A new program series to be heard each Thursday on the CBS-WABC network at 8:30 p.m. CST (9:30 p.m. ET) will feature the STEELE PIER HAWAIIANS, an orchestra playing stringed dance music, from Atlantic City, N. J.

Representative WRIGHT PATMAN, Democrat of Texas, will warn of the possibilities of a bonus payment in a talk to be made over the CBS-WABC network at 8:30 p.m. CST (9:30 p.m. ET).

FRIDAY, AUGUST 16

A summary of the Wimbledon tennis matches will be broadcast over the NBC-WABC network at 7:30 p.m. CST (8:30 p.m. ET) as well as Saturdays at 4 p.m. CST (5:00 p.m. ET).

A new weekly program featuring the famous arrangements of GOULD, HIMSTEDT and SHEFTER and harmonies by the THREE SISTERS and THE THREE SCAMPS will be inaugurated on this day over an NBC-WAEF network at 4:30 p.m. CST (5:30 p.m. ET).

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14

A portion of the SUNSET CONCERT by the National Symphony orchestra, Ira Max, director, will be heard from Postum Park, NBC network at 8:30 p.m. CST (9:30 p.m. ET).

ANABC-WAEF network will bring to Friday listeners an additional program by AL PEARCE AND HIS GANG. The series which supplements the regular weekday program, will be heard again at 8:30 p.m.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17

SATURDAY MUSICAL, a new series of Saturday matinees featuring accomplished soloists in standard works, will make its debut over the CBS-WABC network at 12 noon CST (1:00 p.m. ET). The programs will be produced with the cooperation of Mine Yolando Merlo-Iron, advisory director of the women's National Radio Committee and the National Council of Women.

The Travers Stakes, feature race at Saratoga Springs described from the New York Spa over both the CBS-WABC and NBC-WAEF networks at 2:45 p.m. CST (3:45 p.m. ET).
He Makes Life a Song

Even the heat of a Summer day does not mean success from the hard work of rehearsals in Isham Jones' band. Note the various costumes of the players

A Lingering Night—a Rising Sun—a Chance Remark May Inspire Isham Jones to Compose One of His Song Hits

By Alice Pegg

I DON'T know when I have seen anything look as good as those mountains when we drove into Denver. They seemed to reach up and touch the sky.

It was Isham Jones, veteran maestro, talking as we sat under the stars at Elitch Gardens in Denver, where Isham and his boys were playing their second engagement in five years.

The how and why of Isham Jones' songs were what I wanted to get at, and Isham was in the mood for talking.

"You know," he continued, "that last line seemed to call for a new song. It was a natural title, and the music came easy after that."

The song, in case you haven't heard it, is his latest hit, Where the Rocky Mountains Kiss the Sky, a melody used to close all of his broadcasts on both his local and chain shows over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

The veteran leader—who is, by the way, built on the lines of a sailor, tall and rugged—disclaimed anything peculiar or magical about his writing of songs. It all happens rather naturally. A strain gets noted here, another there, and before long, without great effort on his part, the song is written. Finding a title, having arrangements made, and getting the song on the stands for the boys to play, is routine. The whole process as Jones describes it, seemed just too easy.

"Come clean," I asked the composer. "There must be more to writing hit songs than that, or the woods would be full of successful composers."

"You can't have looked lately," he responded, "or you'd know that the woods are full of song writers. But, of course, few of them are successful.

Believe me, it's all a question of luck. First you have to be lucky enough to be born with the ability to throw a tune together. Then you have to tie up to a good lyric writer. That's luck. A publisher has to lose his crabbedness long enough to get excited about your tune. That's luck. And then, the public has to go for your song. And you bet, that's luck."

I SHAM says is true, his acquaintance with Lady Luck, as evidenced by the roll of hits he's written, is plenty extensive. In case you don't remember, some of his hit songs are, I'll See You in My Dreams, The Wooden Soldier and the China Doll. You've Get Me Cryin' Again, Give a Broken Heart a Break, I Can't Believe It's True. If You Were Only Mine and his latest, Where the Rocky Mountains Kiss the Sky.

Prodded, Isham Jones explained the making of a hit tune. He went on to say:

"If you've been lucky, you'll find generally that tunes hit you from unexpected angles and in all sorts of places. Chiefly, though, a word or phrase will ignite the brain, and a tune will emerge.

For example, there's that song of mine, Why Can't This Night Go on Forever. We'd been making recordings all morning, and you know how musicians hate the daylight. By afternoon we were all tired, but there was a commercial broadcast that night, including a lot of new songs. So the arrangements had to be tried out. And as I never use stock arrangements as they come from the publishers, but have special arrangements made of every number, you can imagine how much work there was involved.

"After the broadcast that night we were dog-tired and irritable, but had to go on playing at the hotel where we were working. During a lull in the dance program one of the boys, weary and sarcastic, remarked, 'Why can't this night go on forever?' I overheard him, and said to myself, 'What a title!' And it turned out to be quite a song."

A program had to be tended to, so Isham Jones had to leave. But Eddie Stone, violinist and singer with his band for years, was around. Eddie subs for Isham when the director is not on the stand, and knows more about the composer, almost, than he does himself. A swell source for an information hunter.

According to Stone, Jones writes his songs almost everywhere—at home, on the stand, in the broadcasting studios, wherever he happens to be. He is a first-rate piano player, and seeks out an instrument wherever he can find one, so that he can fix his latest melody in his mind.

I SHAM has written many of the lyrics to his tunes himself, but generally writes with outside lyricists. But he always provides the title himself.

What the composer neglected to tell, in his dubious description of how songs are written, was the long period of training necessary. While it is true that songwriters are born, not made, they do have to work.

In Isham Jones' case, his training began when he was a child. Born in the mining town of Coalton, Ohio, Ish was the son of a mine boss. His father loved music, however, and himself taught the youngster to play. The instrument was (Continued on Page 25)
For Key to "SW" in Program Listings See Box on page 13.
**On Short Waves**

By Chas. A. Morrison

(CST and CD shown. Figures in parentheses refer to Eastern Standard Time.)

**APPEARENTLY Iceland is entirely on the air with its new short-wave transmitter. According to a British listener, Iceland was heard at 3:30 PM, CST (10:30 CD) on July 6th (CDT). The station was first announced as "Hire or Reykjavik." It is in English.**

**Short Wave Numerals**

Radio Guide now carries the adavances of principal American short-wave stations. Those now listed include W2XBD and W2XAF, both of the General Electric Company, in Schenectady, N. Y., W2XE, on the Columbia Broadcasting System, New York, N. Y., and W2XK, the Westinghouse Electric Co., Middletown, East Pittsburgh, Penn. The method of listing is this: the number of that listing is the number of the program which is being heard on short waves. The frequency of 13,513 mc/sec is the channel of W2XBD.

Sings the figure 9.53, representing 953 mc/sec, signifies programs carried by W2XBD. W2XE is shown as a station for that frequence, W2XE is indicated by either 6.12, or 2.6, and W2XK by 2154, 1521, and 1524, and 614.

Listeners bloom from large stations will be found on the short wavelength channel often better than the regular broadcast channel. Of course, you need a short-wave set.

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**Learn Public Speaking**

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### Programs for Monday, August 17

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Program Name</th>
<th>Description</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:15 a.m.</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Musical Potpourri</td>
<td>WGB</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:20 a.m.</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Little fighter</td>
<td>WGB</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30 a.m.</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>15 Minute Talk</td>
<td>WGB</td>
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<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Front Page Drama</td>
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<td>8:40 a.m.</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>WGB</td>
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<td>8:43 a.m.</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Radio Time Clock</td>
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<td>8:45 a.m.</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Monte Carlo Parade</td>
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<td>8:50 a.m.</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
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<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Monte Carlo Parade</td>
<td>WGB</td>
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<td>WBBM</td>
<td>4:45 CST</td>
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### The Remainder of Monday's Programs Are Continued On Page 16
The Cover
Girl

THERE is a surfeit of publicity about the career of a very much-famous movie artist; yet radio, for years, has had its own recluse—a popular young woman who would almost overcome her obsession for privacy rather than be exploited because of it. She is Jessica Dragonette, whose portrait appears on the cover of this week’s Radio Guide.

But because of an outstanding service which she has rendered with typical sincerity, Miss Dragonette was lured from her seclusion recently to accept graciously a gift bestowed upon her by the District of Columbia chapter of the American Legion. It was presented as an appreciation of the soprano’s services as soloist at Armistice Day ceremonies in 1933 and 1934 at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery.

This mighty atom of song is the only soloist ever to appear at any of the Legion’s famous anniversary services, and will be heard again in 1935 on the memorable day singing “Taps” and the war-time favorite, “Flowers of Picardy.”

Another circumstance that invariably will bring Jessica out of retirement is an opportunity to help a struggling singer get a chance of any sort to demonstrate her art. She is actuated by any word of difficulties encountered by aspiring singers, and when she cannot help them materially, she is prompt and ready with the kind of advice which, it is understood, cannot help but elevate the status of anyone equipped by Nature to flower into greatness.

There have been myriad inquirers voicing queries about Miss Dragonette’s disposition to scorn romance, but what they do not know is that she does no such thing. Unlike many persons who think there is only romance in a scrape of the hand or a brush of the lips, Jessica finds a bottomless fund of love in her work.

Yes, Jessica Dragonette is a retiring type. But when she looks out into the open she does something worth while, which is a fact that might nicely be observed by many aspirant artists to whom局限 is the spice of living.

Jessica Dragonette’s air time is

Fridays at 8 p. m. EDT (7 EST; 7 CST; 6 MST; 5 PST) over an NBC-WEAF network.

Mr. Fairfax

BRADLEY KINCAID is not broadcasting at present. Was born at Point Pleasant, a village nestling in the Kentucky mountains, and started going to school when he was thirteen. He left to serve in the World War, and at its conclusion resumed his schooling at the age of 23 graduating from high school at 26.

Two years later he entered college and upon completion of his term became a broadcaster. (Miss V. P., Quechee, Vt.)

ARTHUR HUGHES is Bill Davidson in the first Plain Bill program, RUTH RUSSELL takes the part of his daughter, NANCY; JAMES MEIGHIAN takes the part of Andy Devine, CURTIS ARM. ALL the part of David, and JOSEPH LATHAM, Elmer. (Charles Michael, Gatehouse, G.)

BRUCE KAMMAN a member of NBC’s production staff, impersonates Professor Kallenmeyer, Elmer Sprout and Mike Donovan in Kallenmeyer’s Kindergarten; MERRILL FIGHT is heard as Percy Van Schuyler, MARIAN JORDAN as Gertie Glam and Mrs. Van Schuyler, THOR ERICSON acts in the role of Johnny Yehawson, JIM JORDAN (husband of Marian) as Mickey Donovan and Cy Wintergreen, and JOHNNY

(Continued on Page 25)
Sunny golden hair is so softening, so flattering. Brings out all your natural hidden beauty. A touch of blondness adds sparkling vitality and appealing freshness to your personality. Gain for yourself the fascinating charm of light golden hair your friends will admire. Now! Just come with Machand’s Golden Hair Wash.

BLONDES: Rinse dark, faded or streaked hair with Machand’s Golden Hair Wash. Successfully and secretly, Machand’s evenly restores and protects natural golden hues and radiant brightness of real blonde hair.

BRUNETTES: Let Machand’s Golden Hair Wash be the secret of new attractiveness for you. Used as a rinse, Machand’s impacts to your hair a delicate sheen— or glowing highlights. Or lighten any to that shade of blondeness desired. (Quickly as overnight, if you prefer. Or gradually over a period of weeks or months.)

Start today using Machand’s Golden Hair Wash for more beautiful hair. Purchase Machand’s in the new gold-and-brown package at any drug store.

BLONDES and BRUNETTES: Machand’s Golden Hair Wash makes arms and legs as smoothly alluring as the rest of your body. No longer any need to risk “superfluous” hair removal. Use Machand’s to blend with your own skin coloring, and make unnoticeable “superfluous” hair on arms, legs or arms! Use Machand’s Golden Hair Wash for your face, arms or legs!

ANNOUNCER: “Now showing at the Galax Theater, ‘Lost in the Stratosphere’, another one of those great epidemics of the air!” —Taylor Cross, Birmingham, Alabama. (July 24, 11:59 a.m., NET.)

ED SPARGAT: “It was Bush’s game to win or lose which he did.” —Harry Engleka, Grant Town, Virginia. (July 22, 14:15 p.m., NET.)

**Bulls and Boners**

*Did You Get Your Copy of the MIKEroscope Album and Log Book?*

(Continued from Page 17)

Pine Grove, West Virginia. (July 14. 1:17 p.m., DKDA.)

ANNOUNCER: "I keep my family together by eating the same—Miss Rowan, Wheeling, West Virginia. (July 24. 5:40 p.m., WVVA.)

BOB ELLSON: "This box is priced at 96 cents, and it's really worth half as much."—J. W. Wistsman, Kalamazoo, Michigan (July 27. 2:30 p.m., WGN.)

GRAHAM McNAMEE: "You'll have to have a good eye to see glass in a microscope to see the race."—Mr. Oliver Ave, New Jersey. (July 25. 7:30 p.m., WJZ.)

One dollar is paid for each Bull and Boner published. Include date, name, locality, name of newspaper and house, your contribution to Bulls and Boners Editor care of RALPH GUTH, 721 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill.
Programs for Friday, August 18

8:30 a.m. CDT 7:30 CST
NRC—Fields & Hall, songs and patter; WLW
CBS—Des-Roanoke; WSB

10:15 a.m. CDT 9:15 CST
MBS—John J. O'Neill, radio evangelist; WMAQ (at 15.25)
WGN—To be announced; WMAQ (at 12.25)

10:15 a.m. CDT 9:15 CST
MBS—The Jimmy Durante Show; WMAQ (at 15.25)

11:00 a.m. CDT 10:00 CST
MBS—Johnnie Ray; seated, in concert; WMAQ (at 15.25)

11:45 a.m. CDT 10:45 CST
CBS—The Gumps; WHAS WCCO WMBD KMOX (at 15.25)

12:00 noon CDT 11:00 CST
MBS—Newman Noon, pianist; WMAQ (at 15.25)

12:00 noon CDT 11:00 CST
MBS—The Howard Halsted Show; WMAQ (at 15.25)

1:00 p.m. CDT 12:00 CST
NRC—Merry Mathews; KEWV KMOX WLS-Windy City Talk; WCCO (at 15.25)

2:00 p.m. CDT 1:00 CST
WMAQ—Movie Review; WHAS WFBM WHAS WCCO WMBD KMOX (at 15.25)

3:00 p.m. CDT 2:00 CST
MBS—The Alton Hansen Show; KEWV KMOX WLS-Windy City Talk; WCCO (at 15.25)

5:00 p.m. CDT 4:00 CST
WMAQ—Radio Dramas; KEWV KMOX WLS-Windy City Talk; WCCO (at 15.25)

6:00 p.m. CDT 5:00 CST
NRC—Jim Andrews; KEWV KMOX WLS-Windy City Talk; WCCO (at 15.25)

7:00 p.m. CDT 6:00 CST
MBS—Jewish Dances; KEWV KMOX WLS-Windy City Talk; WCCO (at 15.25)

8:00 p.m. CDT 7:00 CST
NRC—Black Swan; KEWV KMOX WLS-Windy City Talk; WCCO (at 15.25)

9:00 p.m. CDT 8:00 CST
NRC—Teenage Orphans; KEWV KMOX WLS-Windy City Talk; WCCO (at 15.25)

10:00 p.m. CDT 9:00 CST
NRC—The Trews; KEWV KMOX WLS-Windy City Talk; WCCO (at 15.25)

11:00 p.m. CDT 10:00 CST
NRC—The Honeymooners; KEWV KMOX WLS-Windy City Talk; WCCO (at 15.25)
NBC—Don and Will: WCFL
WMAA—Terrence J. Gansbeke, baritone
WBBM—Dance Orchestra
WENR—A song A Day
WFRM—Christian Science
WGN—Lon and Norma Earl
WHA—Piano Rhapsody
WJB—Jack Armstrong
WPL—Pianist Music
WJZD—Dance Orchestra
WLW—Bob Neishall, sports
WMOH—Musical Players
WOC—Uncle Steve’s Recreum Club
WTMJ—Hot in History
WTM—Our Club

4:25 p.m. CT 5:25 CST

NBC—To be announced
WMAA—John E. "Bronze"

[Image and text not legible]

4:30 p.m. CT 5:30 CST

CBS—Boake Carter, news
WBBM—WCIX WOCO WGNU
WBM—Dangerous Paradise, shift;

[Image and text not legible]

4:55 p.m. CT 5:55 CST

WBBM—The Symphony
WCLF—Graeme Dune

[Image and text not legible]

5:15 p.m. CT 6:15 CST

WBBM—Lilac Muses, soprano
WLS—Hollywood Pops

[Image and text not legible]

5:30 p.m. CT 6:30 CST

WBBM—Brooke Henderson
WCCO—Play Ball Program
WOC—World’s Week

[Image and text not legible]

5:45 p.m. CT 6:45 CST

WBBM—The A List
WCCO—Heidi Kroll’s Orch.
WOC—Newsmakers’ Orchestra

[Image and text not legible]

6:00 p.m. CT 7:00 CDT

CBS—"Sketch Book"; Orchestra and Chorus

[Image and text not legible]

6:05 p.m. CT 7:05 CDT

NBC—Concert; Jessica Draper

[Image and text not legible]

6:15 p.m. CT 7:15 CDT

WBBM—Baritone; Chorus; Time; Frank Crawford

[Image and text not legible]
He Makes Life

(Continued from Page I)

the bull fiddle—unromantic, but good training for a musician.
After he was graduated from High School, he began work in the mines which accounts, perhaps, for his rugged constitution. Always moody, his mental preoccupation with other things resulted in a fairly serious accident in the mines, so he quit. He played in local bands in Michigan for a while, and then moved to Chicago. But playing in various orchestras didn't satisfy him. Soon he was working for a publishing house as a staff writer.

Mr. Fairfax

(Continued from Page 15)

WOLFE as Stjé Riklesstein, also Mrs. Frieholm.
The program is to be heard over station WENR Saturdays at 6 p.m. (EST) 7:30; (4 CST; 3 MST; 2 PST). (Elizabeth Casey, Spearfish, S.D.)

HARRIET HILLARDS' birthday is July 18: OZZIE: NELSONS is March 15.
Both deny being married; both have lost their partners. (Kathleen Hughes, Virginia, Minn.)

LULL BELL (Myrtle Cooper) is married to SCOTTY (Scott Wimsal), both of WLS and the National Barn Dance. GENE AND GLENN are of the air for the present. JACK OWENS is not one of the Round Boys; you perhaps have him confused with JACK ROSS. (N. B., Arietta, N. Mex.)

RALPH KIRKER will return to the air August 27, sponsored by a packing manufacturing company, on an NBC network. (Maevel, T. Little, Musician, Ia.)

Mr. Fairfax answers personally only to those inquiries which are accompanied by addressed return envelope and postage. Mr. Fairfax can answer only questions concerning personalities heard on the networks. Addressee in care of RADIO GUIDE, 721 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill.

The Maple City Four

The Hayloft Harmonizers on the NATIONAL BARN DANCE

Every Saturday Night

Over 40 Radio Artists including the Cumberland Ridge Runners, Linda Parker, Maple City Four, Dean Bros. Lulu Belle, Henderson Hot Shots, Uncle Erza, Louise Massey and the Westenisers.

43 NBC STATIONS

COAST-TO-COAST

A rollicking program of old time sing song, dancing and homespun fun. Brought to you direct from WLS, Chicago every Saturday night over station WLS 8:30 to 9:30 p.m. CDT 11 to 11 p.m. CDT SPONSORED BY ALKA SELTZER

NEW! SCIENTIFIC AERIAL

With the Dual Connection, a man, given fault tolerance and positive performance on all control, can seal the aircrafts from being lost or found in the air. The system is based on the fact that a man, once trained, can be taken to the air and trained for the same performance as a pilot of aircrafts. The system is designed to be used in conjunction with the aircrafts in the air. It is also designed to be used in conjunction with the aircrafts on the ground. The system is designed to be used in conjunction with the aircrafts in the air.

NO OSCILLATING OR WHISTLING

The system is designed to be used in conjunction with the aircrafts in the air. The system is designed to be used in conjunction with the aircrafts on the ground. The system is designed to be used in conjunction with the aircrafts in the air.

Try One Days at Your Risk—More Distance and Volume

National Laboratories

Dept. D., Fargo, N. Dak.


http://www.national-labs.com/
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.

Words and Music

Dear VOL.,

Xenia, Ohio

I am one listener who so appreciates radio and its performers. I have been grateful to listen to anything the whole thing he abounded, but circumstances lately have permitted me to listen more than in the past and now I am turning up with a complaint about the predominance of advertising over the music offered. It isn't that I think I am being overlooked of a few moments' entertainment by words in behalf of advertisers. But frankly instead of being so burdened with the excess plugging that I think you are not out of the product. I believe there is such a build as over selling and many responsible radio advertisers have developed it to an exaggerated degree. How about circulating a thought about a miniature album?

Willard Webster

Pro and Con Test

Dear VOL.,

Troy, Kan.

With what may I ask, do contest winners win contests? I have bought hundreds of stamps I can never cash in and have been willing to take them along with other items. I wasn't it a rather peculiar bit of retiree that keeps sponsors from every making public just what particular user whom they don't talk too much? Surely that isn't asking too much as a guide to future contests. Or do they just sort the letters by states and let somebody pick the winners blinded-blindfolded? The whole thing has an undesirable aroma. Perhaps some of the recent radio contest promoters will see this complaint and explain the procedure. That would clarify matters a lot.

Jordan Priestly

Good in Everything

Dear VOL.,

Gorgetts, Tex.

No room for complaints—please do not stone stones because they hurt.

If you are not satisfied with one program, why not turn the dial? You will find good music to please you. For five years I have listened with delight to Colombo's program and shall continue to enjoy them, especially the round beautiful music by Ewedy Deutsch in his program, Honnay Trial, Court Miniatures, Ori- ental, lus Dance Rhythms and others. Will you tune in? I am sure you will be benefited.

Ola Hartnup

Thank You, Cyr

Dear VOL.,

Wichita Falls, Tex.

I've been wanting to write you and say a few words about the Beauty Box program—without a doubt this grand program holds its place among the finest on the air. Please must be given especially to the beautiful voices of Frances White and James Melton—and may they continue as in this fine work they are doing.

Long may this program of the world's finest entertainment rule the airwaves. And wishing much happiness to you and your fine publication.

Raymond Cyr

Voice of the Listener

Words and Music

Just Deserts

Dear VOL.,

Chicago, Ill.

I admire Amos 'n Andy very much but refuse to purchase any episodes that regularly take 45% of its time for advertising. About two weeks ago, they were once on the air six minutes and twenty seconds, time checked by an accurate stop watch. I would like to present a card of prizes to stations which cut in on programs to advertise, of which I could nominate WMAR as the most consistent offender.

Long ago I have refused to listen to the Lady Esther program due to excess advertising and the result was that the sponsor lost three regular customers. Recently we decided to follow suit with Provenstar and this sponsor was the loser of six regular users.

The question in my mind is what benefit would be the acquisition of new users when those sponsors afford and lose the old regular users who made all of these programs possible? N. W. Will

Is Our Space Read!

Dear VOL.,

Chicago, Ill.

I have a few words of praise for the greatest of all band leaders, Joe Sanders.

What's been the matter with RADIO GUIDE—one out of every four. I have been interested about Joe since he opened the Blackhawk. You're leading sources about every radio personage of today—why not give us a story on someone who really wants to read about? We've consecrated every copy each week, looking for some paragraph or story about Joe Sanders, but it's the same thing every week—there's not a thing in the book about him.

Cron, there—he's the real Joe is still the grand person he was, and he certainly has one of the finest orchestras on the air—his fans are legion, and they're solidly behind him because he's so regular with them—it's one of the many reasons why he's a back on top. Let's have a good, meaty story about Joe Sanders—soon! Harold Fisher

Gee—Whittemore!

Dear VOL.,

Bethel, Mo.

The attractive and nicely printed MIKrope- scope Album and Log Book surely is a welcome item in our home. I wonder if all the folks are as slow in writing of their appreciation as I have been. Being a painter myself I would like to comment favorably on the quality of the work. I think MIKroscope should be continued (for the reasons that stars of today often disappear so suddenly) and since RADIO GUIDE continues the splendid idea, let us hope that readers are sufficiently interested?

Miss O. F. Whittemore

Two Spare Stars

Dear VOL.,

Killawog, N. Y.

I certainly agree with H. F. Edwards of Hamilton, Ill. Good hearing makes a six star rating in comparison to some you are rating four stars now.

E. E. Murphy

It's the Gypsy in Him

Feature Story of Harry Hartlick and His Gypsies, Oldest Sponsored Program on the Air, Leads Next Week's Issue of RADIO GUIDE. In the Issue You Will Find Also

Pinkie

An Intimate Closeup of the Child Who Has Amazed the Radio World by His Brilliant Work in One Man's Family

And an Infinite Variety of Other Feature Stories of the Stars. It'll All Be in the Issue Dated Week Ending August 24. Watch for It!
Radio's Super-Manhunt

(Continued from Page 7)
will direct the ground force. From Fort Hunt they're sending me a short-wave-equipped radio patrol to help. I'm told the coast-guard is sending ten track men equipped with machine guns.

"Golly!" exclaimed Adrian. "I've heard about the way you use that radio to watch over the cities. But I don't think you'd use a modern army, like this, to catch a moonshiner!"

"That's just the point, Sheriff," replied Captain Sayles. "My favorite sport of moonshiners is being nabbed by my patrol with my radio-equipped truck. They didn't get away with it as often as popular fiction stories would lead you to believe—but catching a moonshiner in his own native district is a mighty tough job."

"Don't I know it!" agreed the Sheriff feelingly.

But today, Sayles went on, "the law has a new and marvelously allied—radio..."

The Manhunt

"Good!" cried the enthusiastic Sheriff. "That's real-man stuff!..."

And in a moment the radio officer was up to his feet and took a rifle down from the wall.

"Take fifty minutes," he drawled, "I'll raise a pack of track men. And I'll borrow a pack of bloodhounds from the government operator."

And thus, on March 16, 1935, began the greatest and strongest manhunt that the Blue Ridge has ever seen.

Swiftly, more than 100 well-armed men spread out, in track men, and in the air over the region around an area two miles square. Spaced among them at regular intervals were the bearers of light short-wave radio sets. Overhead soared the airplane. And along the railed roads as close to the area of operations as possible it was for them to run, lurched the radio automobile. This was actually a first-class control post equipped with powerful receiving and sending apparatus, and in addition a code wireless set and operator.

Carefully, slowly, flying low, the Government plane circled the square miles of forest in which Old Tom was lurking with his rifle and his dog, "Nap."

No sign of the fugitive around rim of suspected area. Suggest ground force close in..."

"At the time," said the young policeman, "we could hardly see the Quesenberry. The old fellow was about 600 yards away, and 600 yards is more than one-third of a mile. But they started the man with a gun, and toward Old Tom, who was on the other side of a large ravine. They had a chance of getting him at such an exposed place."

But Old Tom did no such thing. He backed out of the field...

"Jeez-rum," exclaimed a mountaineer, "Old Tom Quesenberry is flying from a tree just behind McClary's heap. That's a dove!

"Tom, of course, is dismounting his gun and discounting his value. He fired. A bullet hit him in the stomach, knocked him down and in a few moments he was dead."

It was a horrid wrench such as could be made only by a .45-drum, spreading bullet. Old Tom Quesenberry, the hillbilly who never missed, had scored zero this day.

"He got me," whispered the dying McClary. "Now you get him."

Vanished

Rage gripped the pursuers as they gathered around the dying colonel. Outside, the airplane—now like a bird of death—dipped low. Obviously the observer was looking for some other group of men, probably the Quesenberry, whose track he had been hot on. It was immediately the radio-equipped Government man in charge of the small group who had the intelligence to report to headquarters. Over all needed...

"All ground men, attention: All ground men, attention: Over all ground men, attention..."

Over all ground men, attention: Over all ground men, attention:...

"Take fifty minutes," the radio officer shouted. "Take fifty minutes..."

"And so, as you read these lines, one of the most spectacular shots of the world ever seen, is languishing in a penitentiary—perhaps. But he is close to live outside the law, and to use his amazing talent to the detriment—and also, perhaps, to the United States Government employed radio, the defender of society, to capture..."

It looks as if the old days of mountain lawlessness have gone forever thanks to radio's ability to shoot straighter than any rifle.

Coming Next Week: "You Can't Beat Radio"

Another thriller in the Calling All Cars Series
Don't Miss It!
ILL Jessica Dragonette be Queen of Radio for 1935? Will the petite, auburn-haired songstress win the greatest number of votes without a struggle?

The answer to that question rests with millions of radio listeners in the United States and Canada. They alone can tell, for they alone will make this Queen. Through the medium of the ballots printed in Radio Guide, the entire contest is left in the hands of the great listening public. And that public must respond in a hurry.

For all ballots in this Election must be postmarked not later than midnight, Sunday, September 8!

THAT means that only a few short weeks remain before the election is over and the Queen is named. Within one month, on September 18, to be exact, the National Electrical and Radio Exposition will open in the Grand Central Palace, New York City, at which Exposition the Queen will be crowned.

So delay is disastrous. If your favorite is to show her full strength in the Election, you must vote for her immediately. Remember, every ballot you fail to cast in for your favorite reduces her chances of winning the Election.

For three successive weeks Jessica Dragonette has held the lead in this Election. For three weeks her supporters have turned in more votes for her than have arrived for any other single performer. At times her lead has been almost overwhelming. At other times, Mary Livingstone, her closest rival, has crept up to within one vote of the lead. And Joan Blaine, third last week and third now, has been within a few hundred ballots of the coveted leadership.

But the race is far from over. Despite hundreds of ballots poured in for Mary Livingstone and Joan Blaine, for fourth place Kate Smith, for Virginia Clark and Gracie Allen. Recognition and acclaim await the winner. At the Exposition itself she will be feted sumptuously. Pretentious banquets are being planned in her honor. Her coronation will be witnessed by thousands and heard by millions through nationwide broadcasts.

Radio Guide assumes all expenses incurred by the Queen in winning the Election, such as transportation, hotel bills, etc. No stone will be left unturned to show her Majesty the most exciting and eventful period of her life.

REMEMBER, this is the only official Radio Queen Election. No other contest bears the stamp of approval of the directors of the National Electrical and Radio Exposition.

Unless you vote and vote as often as you can you will neglect your privilege to have a choice in deciding the person on the air who is most pleasing to you.

Any woman who is broadcasting or

who has been broadcasting may be nominated. Just because she is not listed on this page does not mean that she has no chance to win the Election. Several weeks remain before ballots will be thrown out for tardiness, and with votes arriving daily, no one can tell how the Election will end. Some woman who has not received a single vote up to date may win. She need not be a network star.

Your favorite has as much a right to the title of Queen of Radio as anyone else's choice for the honor. The rules of the contest are extremely simple. Merely fill out the ballot on this page, paste it on a penny post-card, or place it in an envelope and mail it to Queen Election Tellers, Radio Guide, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill.

Failure to make out the ballot in full will disqualify your vote, but the Editors of Radio Guide request your help in completing their files.

FOLLOWING is a list of the current leaders in the Election showing their respective positions:

1. Jessica Dragonette
2. Mary Livingstone
3. Joan Blaine
4. Kate Smith
5. Virginia Clark
6. Mary Allen
7. Loretta Lee
8. Ethel Merman
9. Ethene Wickler
10. Radio Guide

Weekly tabulations of votes will be made and reported weekly until the final tabulation is ready to be made and reported.

Evening of September 18 the Queen will be named.

Frances Langford continues to forge ahead of other Queen candidates.

Always a dangerous contender, Babs Ryan has lost ground in this week's tabulation.

Official Radio Queen Ballot

My Choice for Radio Queen, 1935, Is

My Name Is

I Live At

[ ] Check here if you are... (Home and Number) (Home and Number)

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

[ ] Check here if you own... (Number) (Number)

We Own a Car (Home) Radio (Home) Years Old. (You or Spouse)

Mail Your Ballot to Queen Election Tellers, Radio Guide, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill. This Convenient Size Will Allow the Ballot to be Pasted on a Post-Card for Mailing.

Supporters of Kathleen Wells are putting on a determined drive.

Radio Editor of different newspapers throughout the country have been asked to name their selections for Queen of Radio. Their nominations will have no bearing on the Election itself, but this request has been made of them as experts on radio, and to show how different territories of the country will vote.