Mary Mc Cormic TELLS YOU What To Do about Love

Radio Guide
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Week Ending Nov. 21, 1936

10 CENTS

Anyone CAN BE Beautiful 4 STARS / PROVE IT!

DICK POWELL

Read THE SECRETS OF RADIO'S BACHELOR Glamor-Men
"I WROTE A SONG"

WORDS and MUSIC BY AL DONAHUE

VERSE

I woke my brain for ways to open your eyes
I searched for shoes up above

when suddenly I saw now I could unpeel and show you how real is my love

An inspiration in music and words began to take form in my mind

CHORUS

I wrote a song a new melody about the love you've taken from me
I wrote a song and I

play it sweet-heart Even the words are part up on the strings of my heart I wrote the words the first
"MY FRIENDS"

WE LITTLE fellows who are called voters by politicians, subscribers by the telephone companies and listeners by radio networks—are pretty important today. Because we little fellows did something quite unconsciously yesterday that surprised a lot of people.

Yesterday, as I write, was Election Day. And the thing we did was to give Franklin D. Roosevelt forty-six of our forty-eight states in his battle for a second term.

Yes, indeed, a lot of long chins are being pulled this morning in a lot of wood-paneled offices. A lot of stunned "best minds" are worrying about us little fellows, all because we acted in a most surprising and unorthodox manner.

For example, the newspapers of the United States lined up four to one against Roosevelt and the New Deal. In the past, when newspapers told their readers to vote against a man, giving good and ample reasons, those readers usually voted that way.

Belief in your newspaper was such a pillar of your life that Will Rogers used it for his famous gag-line, "I only know what I read in the papers."

But yesterday, we demonstrated that we know a lot more than what we read in the newspapers. How we came to know so much more is what is causing those long chins to be pulled today—and, too, it is putting quite a bright new feather in broadcasting's hat.

It all started, I believe, that dreary bank holiday night when President Roosevelt started to call us "My Friends..." With those words, we were invited into a discussion with him of things which concerned us all. With those words, our statesmen became human beings instead of bloodless automatons under the marble dome of the Capitol—and then began the era of radio broadcasting as a means of informing all the people of all the issues.

Some politicians consider being in possession of all the facts a dangerous thing for the average man. They want him to know only as much as is "good for him." But that isn't the American way. Our way is to put all the cards on the table. And that is what radio has just done. And that is something which has never been done before in all our history.

That makes me pretty proud of radio, and proud of the way it is run as a free business and not as a government monopoly. I, for one, want to keep it that way—and that it stands ready always to serve all the people.

So that, whenever issues demand it, our leaders can utilize it to put all their cards on the table. Only then can all us little fellows make our own decisions of our own free will.

Sincerely,

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Radio Guide The National Weekly of Programs and Personalities

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Official Photographer: Delar
Radio City, New York
Cover Portrait by Charles E. Rubino
HAVE you ever fallen in love—or out? Have you ever been deserted by a husband, wife or sweetheart? Do you wonder at your failure to attract particular members of the opposite sex? Do you know what to do about an unwelcome suitor? How to assure yourself of happiness in love?

Answer: yes, or no, to any of these questions, whichever you choose, but you can't fail to be intrigued by Mary McCormic's ideas on the thing that makes the world go around in circles any more than you can help but thrill to her rich and glorious voice on the "Music Hall" and "Caravan" radio programs.

Mary McCormic admits that love has taken her over the bumps, that she has had plenty of hard knocks on the road to and from matrimony, just as she has had bumps during the colorful career that is just now blossoming into its fullest glory. That's why she doesn't mind talking frankly, humorously or sarcastically, as the case may be, while other of her sister celebrities mince along with high-sounding but hollow views that peculiarly resemble words of advice from love-lorn experts.

"Let's not pretend," Mary told me when I began posing questions about her philosophy of love. "People who are in love just aren't normal. No matter what you say to the contrary, the person with whom you go to the altar is never the same one to whom you are married."

"Consider any young couple. The girl poses, pouts and preens for the man she wants for a husband. He, the poor darling, may think he is harvesting one of those beautiful summer squashes with a long, graceful neck. But when the honeymoon is over, he finds out that she is just the plain garden variety. The bride, just as blinded by all the little pretenses and intrigues of courtship, believes the groom to have all the virtues of Clark Gable. And she finds out that he has all the faults of an operatic tenor—and those, my fine young person, we won't go into!"

NOW, Mary McCormic ought to know. Ask this bewitching blond songstress how many times she has been a bride and she will laughingly tell you to go find out for yourself. Whether she took to matrimony two times or three is a guess for most of us, but the last adventure, and a beautiful one, was with Price Serge M'Divan—a romance that lasted for two eventful years and ended in 1933. All this makes Mary much more an expert than any complacent damsel whose love experiences are limited to those she dances off on the keys of a typewriter. But Mary does insist that the following guide to love and romance, which she helped me compile during odd hours between rehearsals for her new program, is not intended to be a magic potion. Just take it in small doses, and if you don't agree, remember that famous doctors have been known to pull tonsils when the patient really had appendicitis. Here we go—

ARE you fit to marry? Prepare yourself for marriage just as you would for a career—and remember that marriage takes more work. Learn to empty a carpet-sweeper, iron a shirt, turn out a dream of a pot-roast. The petite ladies of France can teach their American sisters one big lesson. You'll never find one of them who isn't a good cook and housekeeper for the right man. Let your future husband insist on a maid, if and when you can afford one. Be prepared to live in a garret as well as on Park Avenue. If you can keep your home comfortable you'll never lose your man. He'll be proud of your housewifely efficiency—as long as you don't dress him down for dropping ashes on the living-room floor.

Love Wisely. Never tell your sister, brother or the cop on the corner anything about your romances. The clever girl keeps what she knows to herself even if her current swain ditches her for another. Then the world doesn't know whether she wins or loses and always suspects the contrary.

Are You in Love? If you are stabbed in the heart when he looks at another woman . . . If the once-exciting com-
versations and activities of your close friends suddenly become intolerably dull... If, being a highly alert person, you abruptly become absent-minded and lethargic, except when you find yourself leaping to answer at the first trill of the bell... If you have always hated constantly ringing telephones and now find yourself leaping to answer at the first trill of the bell...

If you have always hated constantly ringing telephones and now find yourself leaping to answer at the first trill of the bell...

If you find yourself expressing great enthusiasm about certain ideas to which you have always been definitely opposed...

If you never care a thing about eating until he calls to take you to dine — then you develop a ravenous appetite.

Those things mean it's really love!

What Kind of a Husband? If you want to marry a doctor, be prepared to take an interest in cirrhosis of the liver and spend evenings alone. As a lawyer's wife you will be on the witness stand for years listening to the case of the People versus John Doe, so help you! Remember that an actor will talk about himself, and a radio announcer will talk about other people. In other words, even if it isn't in the vows, you marry your husband's job, too!

DON'T Be Clever: Men may not like their ladies dumb, but by the same token neither do they marry a Phi Beta Kappa key. If your mental capacity is greater than your husband's, take care not to show it. Any really intelligent woman can make her own ideas originate under her husband's curly locks. If she doesn't, it's because she likes to flaunt her over-developed ego. Make him proud of himself.

Marry a Man With Money? The gold-digger may get something — but not what she digs for. Don't try to marry a man with $100,000. If you do, there's a chance that he'll lose it before your first anniversary. Instead, if you must hitch your wagon to a money-bag, marry a man with a capacity for earning $100,000.

When a Husband Strays: A wife never has to lose her husband if she really wants to keep him. Why? Because American men, particularly, have a terrific sense of responsibility. They are the breadwinners, the protectors of the family hearth and let no one question their noble sense of honor. If they leave home for a younger or prettier girl, the excuse is usually a lack of understanding or too much nagging. Stretch your under...
Radio City, N. Y.—

André Kostelanetz presented an intricate arrangement of "I'm an Old Cow-Hand" on one of his dance programs a Friday or so ago. During one of the choruses a young man stepped forward from the male section of the choir to do a solo bit. The words he sang were:

"I'm a rhy-thm-m man
From old Spokane
I used to sing with Bing
Until he learned to sing.
Now we both sing on the ra-di-o
Bing's in the money and steals the show,
I'd rather be Bing if you'd like to know."

The young man delivered his few lines and then retired to the chorus. His name is Al Rinker. At one time he sang tenor in a famous trio known as the Rhythm Boys. His fellow singers were Harry Barris and another unknown—Bing Crosby.

We've already flashed the news of the birth of a baby girl to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cassel, but only now has it occurred to us that the child was Walter's third daughter. Which means he's almost in Eddie Cantor's class. Talking to Walter the other day he said he was already being made the butt of such old jokes as the wire "If you want a boy call Western Union." Incidentally, the little girl weighed seven pounds and has been named Laura, in honor of Lawrence Tibbett, Walter's close friend.

Hugh Studebaker, CBS dramatic star, is one of those fellows who prefers to take a late vacation. He plans a walking trip in Ireland. Bess Flynn, CBS dramatic actress takes a short vacation in Hot Springs, Ark., planning both ways. John Wiegel, CBS announcer, is the third member of that web to vacation this month. John motors to his hometown, Mansfield, Ohio.

Dorothy Marguerite Hill, West Coast network canary, was married last week to Frank Tishin, better known as Tish-Tash, cartoonist. Ceremony was held in Westwood, Calif.

One of Nils T. Granlund's girls is in the news for a change. This time it's Patricia Whitney. Pat was married to Lee Mortimer, newspaperman, and is now suing for a divorce. Pat told the judge they were married and separated the same day.

Blossom Seeley, wife of Benny Fields, is auditioning at CBS. She will first do some sustainers for the web before talking of commercials.

Hollywood, Calif.—

That lonesome look and that far-away gaze of Dorothy Page's might come from peering ahead into her radio future. I wondered about that, however, because Dorothy has a bright future ahead of her ... then I learned that Armand Rusk had gone back to Texas.

The Radio Theater had a drama all of its own recently. Gary Cooper was rehearsing for "The Virginian" with Charles Forsyth, the sound-effects director, calmly walking out on the stage and announced that he had been shot. Everyone thought he was joking until Vynce Seabury saw the blood running from his hand ... she promptly fainted. Forsyth was creating the sound of a shot when the revolver he used kicked back and the blank cartridge cut deeply into his trigger-finger. Cooper tied a tourniquet and they rushed Forsyth to the hospital, where three stitches were taken in his hand. The rehearsal was suspended for half an hour and then resumed.

The Marion Talley show will originate in New York for the November 23 and 29 broadcasts. Josef Koester will plane out of Hollywood on the fifteenth and Marion follows a few days later.

Smith Ballew, genial m. c. of the Chateau, has had quite a bit of trouble getting a horse at the local riding academies. Smithy's legs are

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Two newcomers. (Left): Shirley Lloyd, new and talented Ozzie Nelson vocalist. And right: Art Shaw, broadcasting from New York on CBS.
EVERY radio success is a riddle. How did the star get to the top, why did he go into the business, what did he have? In the case of Ken Murray, the answer is simple. Simple when you get to know him. He is on top for the strange reason—that he never got the thing he wants the most. What he wants the most is kids. Little kids, middle-sized kids, big kids. Born an only and lonely child—he has grown up with a hunger for children. A vaudeville comic ever since he began to shave, he has been on the move so much he never had a chance to settle down, never an opportunity to root in one spot and make himself a place for a wife and babies. When last year he told his listeners he was in the market for a wife, and opened applications for the job—he wasn't altogether kidding. Nor is he altogether cock-eyed pleased with the title, "Radio's Most Eligible Bachelor." He doesn't want to be a bachelor. He's fundamentally a pipe-slippers-and-kiddy-in-a-cozy-nest sort of guy.

His home in New York is a duplex suite in a hotel which he shares with his manager, Royal Foster, Mrs. Foster and their year-old baby. When the baby cries, Ken is up first. When the baby has its first tooth, Ken told about it before Papa and Mama. When a new top, a new trick, folding bed comes out, Ken has it first. When company comes, Ken shaves off the baby. Which peeves Mr. Foster and Mrs. Foster. Parents, they feel, have some rights.

Examine his career, his program—and you'll find it's this hunger for children that has put him in the big-time. His recipe for success as a comedian he sums up in the following sentence. And he means every word of it:

"You're no good unless the kids love you."

And he proves he is right by ticking off the reasons for the success or failure of other comedians. Joe Penner with his "Wanna buy a duck?"; Ed Wynn with his "So-o-o-o-o?"; Jack Pearl with his "Vas you dere, Sharlie?"; Eddie Cantor with his "kiss-kiss-kiss"; etc. These tricks were inserted to get the kids. And if you get the young ones, you get the old ones—for there's a kid in every grown-up. Jack Benny uses no tricks, but the kid appeal in his case is supplied by the goof laugh of Mary Livingston. And the same is true of Portland Hoffa in the case of Fred Allen.

When Ken was starring in Earl Carroll's "Sketch Book" on Broadway, he got the heebey-jeebies. Playing continuously to adult audiences in an adult town like New York stifled him, deprived him of the kid outlet he needed. He improved the situation by doing—guess what? He wrote and acted a little skit about kids—about the Dionne quintuplets. It was the smash of the show because Ken had his heart in it—and his heart was there because it was something about kids. Then the offer to go on the air. He thought it over, examined the reasons other comedians had won out and accepted the offer. But he decided that he must get the kids—if he was to be a success. And he built his program accordingly.

From the chorus of The Sketch Book, he picked a little chorus girl—a shapely little thing about seventeen years old. But he did not pick her for doing—guess what? He wrote and acted a little skit about kids—about the Dionne quintuplets. It was the smash of the show because Ken had his heart in it—and his heart was there because it was something about kids. Then the offer to go on the air. He thought it over, examined the reasons other comedians had won out and accepted the offer. But he decided that he must get the kids—if he was to be a success. And he built his program accordingly.

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WHEN Barnum said, "There's a sucker born every minute," he gave a part of humanity's story. When a Broadway wag improved on Barnum by saying "and there are two to take him," he added to it. And the story is complete when we admit that the suckers like it and wouldn't change it if they could.

The rule never fails—examples of it abound. Take that woman walking into a hat shop. You know—the over-upholstered woman about whom you can make a conservative estimate that she is eighty pounds above a perfect thirty-six. She minces daintily up to the salesgirl and asks to see a hat which will "do something" for her. The salesgirl knows that the only thing which could possibly do anything for her would be a tent to cover her right down to her toes—or a Thurston to make her disappear. But after showing seven or eight hats, the clever girl gives off an ecstatic little moan, a theatrical exclamation of joy, a gurgling "voila!"—the gem has been found!

Surely with her reflection staring at her from the mirror, our overweight friend must know that she is being kidded—that no transformation has taken place. But try and tell her so! The same hokum-formula—"Go on. Keep kidding me. I love it!"—exists in lady listeners' preference for bachelors on the air.

THE crooning voice coming in over the loudspeaker is not for Betty Bishkowitz' ears alone—and doesn't unhappy Betty know it? Sally Smith, who writes delirious notes to the romantic baritone on the Blatz' Bully Buttons program, doesn't really expect him to pick up the phone and ask, "How about dinner tonight, dearest? Just we two." Anna Popolous is happily married and has eleven children. But Betty and Sally and Anna all prefer their romantic radio stars to be bachelors!

Not that they'll admit it in so many words. They are like the lady shopping for the hat which will do wonders. But they don't have to put their preference for bachelors in words. Their wishes are anticipated. There are people in radio—lots of them—clever enough to play the role of the little millinery salesgirl.

There's Olivo White, shrewd wife and manager of Lanny Ross, for instance. She'd rather go without dinner than pose with Lanny for a photograph. The fewer the people who know about their marriage, the better she likes it! Whenever her husband is interviewed, she keeps a watchful eye and wants the "domestic bliss" angle soft-pedaled. "Must you mention the fact that he's married?" she wants to know. "Can't you leave that part of it out?" "It's hard to be Lanny's wife? Of course—but business is business!"

Then, there's Ken Murray. When his sponsors announced Ken to announce that he was looking for a wife, that wasn't just another gag. As a matter of fact, it wasn't a gag at all. It was shrewd publicity, planned to "draw out" it didn't. His audience widened. Women giggled, but there was a predatory gleam in their eyes. Looking for a bride was great fun and fine publicity. It paid well.

Or there are the Stuart Allen. When Stuart was given his first big chance to go on the air, he was told, "You're going to sing romantic songs to millions of girls all over the country. It would be bad business to own up to a wife." And so he and his wife hushed their marriage for months.

Radio is not the only field in which bachelors are preferred, of course. A physician—especially one who has a great many patients of the "nervous" type—will be much more successful if he's unmarried. Golf professionals—married or single—have much of the same talk about swing and stance. But the bachelors get many more female pupils. Salesmen, teachers—especially French and music teachers—are all benefited by freedom from "the ties that bind."

Why? Psychologists have a word for it: Glamor.

In many women there is a wistful dream of a glamorous, romantic life that might have been. That goes for bright girls and dull, fat girls and thin, old girls and young. It goes even for serious, circumspect, completely respectable women who, if they were brought even within shouting distance of an actual intrigue, would faint from fright.

And that's where the bachelor—by tradition, romantic, and daring—comes in. He's the original "wish-fulfilment" boy. His unattached status sends his stock sky-high. He's still "to be had." He makes the illusion of pink-cloud romance possible.

He doesn't have to have a Barry-
Rudy Vallee's experience with marriage is an interesting case in point.

For many years, Rudy was the chief "glamor-man" of radio. With his lullabies and love-ballads he made collective love to millions of romance-starved women.

Then came the rumors that Rudy was getting married. Doubting, complaining, warning letters began to pour in. Rudy's million-dollar glamour appeal was threatened.

There were conferences. A campaign plan was mapped out. The girl, who was an actress, was made to seem a "home girl." Recipes under her name were given to women editors of home economics pages, for it was thought that it would be easier for the millions of Rudy's admirers to associate and identify themselves with a home girl such as themselves—it would be better for them to think of Rudy's wife bending over a stove than sipping champagne cocktails in a night club. When Rudy and his bride moved into their "cozy" home (with pictures ingeniously placed in dozens of magazines), the loveliness of the home—sweet-home atmosphere of that home was told in every press release.

The strategy wasn't bad at all. But it only eased the blow. Rudy, the benedict, definitely was not Rudy, the Vagabond Lover! The glamour was a bit tarnished.

But then came the divorce. And what a divorce! With tapped wires, and adagio dancers, and high-priced counsel and brawls in the court-room. Orange blossoms had hurt Rudy's romantic appeal—but spicy testimony helped it!

Rudy's glamour-appeal is now at high-tide again. He is the mistreated, misunderstood husband who married "the wrong kind of girl." He is the object of sympathy; the recipient of words of inspiration and encouragement.

But Rudy is free again—free to wander blithely through lonely women's dreams.

But it isn't always true that women will forgive and forget as easily as they did in Rudy's case.

Three years ago, a leading trade newspaper hailed Ben Alley as the winner of its contest to determine the leader in "fem appeal." Ben's tenor voice, it was admitted in radio, made strong women weak and weak women unbearable. And then, one ill-fated day, Ben decided to get married.

Today Ben's name is not listed among those of leading radio favorites. As a matter of fact, Ben is not on the air. The dear, dear ladies dropped him like the traditional hot potato!

Bing Crosby's glamour appeal hit a low mark when word was passed around that his wife had had twins. People next door might have twins. The neighborhood barber, the butcher, the dental—all these people might have twins. But certainly not the loop-loop-a-dooper who crooned so seductively about moonlight and moonlight and moonlight and moonlight and moonlight and moonlight by the millions.

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When unfounded newspaper reports appeared stating that the Voice of Experience had married, there was great turmoil. Editors of newspapers were kept busy trying to placate irate women. The Voice himself got hundreds of letters from women who hurried to say that they didn't believe "those awful stories"—that they simply knew the Voice was a bachelor.

Women don't want their idols shared by wives.

But it is true that even in this matter of bachelor-appeal there are important variations. Comedians, sports announcers, character actors—these do not have much romantic appeal in the first place. So their marital status isn't quite so important. It is interesting to note that the ladies can somehow take the marriage of Paul Whiteman in their stride. Many women write nice friendly letters to Paul's wife, compliment her on her happiness and even give suggestions on how to prepare Paul's meals so that he will be happy—-but slim!

Unbearable!—in the case of men on the air whose stock-in-trade is the romance-and-glitter spell which they cast, causing susceptible women to rush into grocery- and drug-stores to buy an advertised product, then "bachelors preferred" is a very real demand.

Of course, you can point to income-tax reports of some of the married radio stars and say, "You're crazy." You can parry my reference to the successful bachelor, Ray Heatherton, with a real remark about Morton Downey, safely married and generously blessed with children. That's your privilege—but I know what I know.

I have seen the look of enchantment on the faces of radio stars in the studio when a bachelor sang. I have seen that look grow duller and resolve itself into one of polite interest when a married man (known to be married) sang the same words. And sang them better!

I have seen a letter which Jerry Cooper received from a woman in Kingston, New York—a letter which read: "Dear Jerry: Won't you please let me know if you are married? I simply couldn't listen to you the way I do now if I knew you were somebody else's . . . ."

I have seen, time and again, that personal appearances radio stars who are bachelors or: are thought to be bachelors are always much more popular than the married ones. When they leave the stage door, they are surrounded by more women. There is more clapping—more cops.

I have seen fan-mail tally-sheets. I know that when David Ross, the Diction Medal winner and the "Poet's Gold" man, recently secured a divorce, his "romantic mail" showed a noticeable increase. I know that the fact that Major Bowes' broadcaster may have little to do with his rise to the

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FUNNY thing what a slap in the face can do. One good resounding "whack on a certain gentleman's left cheek sent Simone Simon skyrocketing to success. Right now her name is being bandied about from coast to coast. Almost any evening you can hear radio comedians gagging about this perfectly petite demoiselle who can sign her checks with a ditto-mark. Her two pictures, "Girls' Dormitory" and "Ladies in Love," are playing to packed theaters. In a twinkling she has become the sensation of the entertainment world. Wherever people listen to the radio—indeed, wherever people gather—they discuss Simone Simon. And so, she becomes Radio Gnome's Woman of the Week.

To get back to the slap in the face—not long ago Simone Simon was sitting perky at a sidewalk cafe table in Paris. Abruptly she became aware of a presence. Her eyes traveled up from a pair of male shoes, disturbingly near her own high-heeled slippers, along the neat creases of trousers and from a morning coat with its bright flower to a man's dark, frankly admiring face. "You must forgive me," the intruder said, bowing slightly, "but I am an artist and your eyes are very beautiful—"

Whack!

Simone punctuated his sentence with a slap that sent a red flush traveling to his ears. The intruder was set back on his heels, but he hastened to explain that he was not trying to be forward. He was W. Tourjansky, a French motion-picture director, in search of a particular sort of girl to play an important part in one of his films. Simone Simon, he thought, was that particular sort of girl. So, under much protest, Simone went to work.

In fact, being "hard to get" is Simone's secret. When American producers wanted her to come to Hollywood she was alternately agreeable and then violently opposed to the idea. She kept hedging for several months—while the salary offers were growing by leaps and bounds. Then she came.

Simone packed 17 trunks full of lovely clothes, but being a clever little minx, one thing she left behind—any clue to her past life. Reporters learned that she was born at Marseilles, on April 23, 1914. That she moved to Madagascar at the age of four and had a pair of panthers for pets. That she subsequently lived in Vienna, Berlin, Brussels, and Paris. That she attended eleven schools and made her debut at the age of 17 on the Paris stage. But as for the exciting details of her private life, her thrilling romances, Miss Simon closed up like a clam.

She was a woman born again. She even denied ever having met a couple of people who said they had known her quite well in Paris. And when some shrewd inquisitor reminded Simone that a certain French publisher had played an important romantic role in her life, she opened her eyes wide and said that she couldn't remember a thing.

All this was an enchanting game, indeed, but after the first flurry of welcome was over, Hollywood let Simone Simon strictly alone. She became a very lonely and somewhat outraged young woman. This was not at all what she had expected. For she wanted to make a beeg impression in her new home.

IN THIS mood she entered the office of her boss, Darryl Zanuck. He showed her to a chair and began to talk, smoothly and politely. Simone listened for a moment like a docile lamb. Then her mood changed. In a storm of temper she demanded this—and that.

"Fine," exclaimed Mr. Zanuck at every outburst, "that was exactly what I was going to suggest."

This was too much for Simone.

"Because this was not what I believe he would say, I am defeat for the moment. But I try again. 'I must have a panther,' I say. 'I am a very brave woman. I must be exotic and I like panthers very much. Like the two I had in Madagascar. I want this beautiful animal to walk with me when I go shopping!'"

"Splendid," Zanuck exclaimed with only a suggestion of a smile. "We will help you get a panther. Which kind do you prefer?"

"Then," Simone admitted later, "I make up my mind that I should stop this foolish. I try to be very naughty, but I am defeat again. I decide I cannot be crazy because Hollywood is my match. So I think I shall be very sane—and maybe they will think I am crazy!"

AND Hollywood did think she was crazy. For instance, there was her battle with Ernie Westmore, the famous studio make-up expert. He thought Simone's hair was a sight. So he did it to suit his own ideas. Simone took one look in a mirror, sputtered in fiery French and yanked it all down.

"This face is not pretty," she shouted, "but it is good enough for me." Westmore straightened out her slightly wild eyebrows next and Simone walked out in a huff. But when she appeared on the screen for the first time in "Girls' Dormitory," she had the Westmore hair and the Westmore eyebrows—and now she loves them!

Weeks before this first picture was previewed, word got around that Simone was "washed up." She was so temperamental, was the rumor, that the studio could not afford to take another chance. And when the "shooting" was over her director told her exactly what he thought of her in no uncertain terms. How much of this is true, and how much is exaggerated, is difficult to say. But it is true that Simone had a difficult time with her lines because her text-book English didn't work out in actual practice.

In the midst of her studio squabbles, (Continued on Page 15)

BECAUSE SHE'S THE FEMININE ROBERT TAYLOR, AND THE LATEST TIME TABLE-TALK TOPIC OF AMERICA, WE PRESENT SIMONE SIMON.
WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR TALENT

BY JACK JAMISON

Here's the second part of your pass-key to the door of radio success! Last week an outstanding radio reporter, a man whose knowledge of the ins and outs of broadcasting comes from years of first-hand experience, told you what not to do when you storm radio's citadels. Now, in the last of a series of articles offered by Radio Guide to smooth the way for talented beginners, he tells you what you should—and must do. Read this article carefully—and then get busy. — C. M.

PART II

In the first half of this article, presented recently, Radio Guide gave you the actual figures, printed for the first time in any publication, on your chances of finding a place on one of the network stations in New York. Valuable as those figures were, they were very discouraging. And, in answering one question, they only raised another. If it is so hard to break into radio in New York—then where else can you go to do it?

I shall try to tell you in this article where to go and what to do.

The analysis in the first article showed you:

First: Your chances on a network station are bad unless you are better than everyone else already under contract in your particular field, or unless you happen by pure luck to fit into a program spot that is vacant at the moment you take your audition.

Second: The advertising agencies, like the networks, demand previous experience, training under a competent instructor whose name is known to them, or a recommendation from someone generally admitted to be a good judge of talent.

Third: In terms of the number of stations on the air, your chances are two-and-a-half times better if you stay away from the networks.

Fourth: In terms of hours on the air the networks sell only a hundred-and-sixtieth as much time as do independent stations, which therefore offer you a one hundred and sixty times better chance of success.

Fifth: The competition you have to buck in New York, no matter what field you are in, is at least fifty times fiercer than you will find it anywhere else you might start.

But, if you aren't going to New York, where will you go to sell your services? The answer is—go to the independent stations closer to home. Four hundred and forty-three independent stations in America pour 7,794 hours of program material into the air every day of the year. Some of those hours are sponsored, but by far the larger number—at least 75 percent—are sustaining programs, provided by the stations themselves. To stay on the air these stations must have a steady supply of talent. They haven't any Jack Bennys or Jessica Dragonettes. They are looking for new Jack Bennys and Jessica Dragonettes—in other words, you—whom they can hire for less money. They need talent and they want talent—enough to fill 7,794 hours a day, 365 days a year. So they will give you a chance.

Where do you live? In a fairly large city, like Detroit, Los Angeles or St. Louis? If you do, there are several stations within your reach by street-car. Do you live in a small town or out in the country? That complicates matters somewhat, but near you, not so far away as to make the bus fare too expensive, there is a station. That station may be a little fifty-wattter, but if it is, it needs you all the more. And you need it all the more, because of the grand experience you can gain there! Don't turn up your nose at a small station. It offers you your best opportunity!

Now—how do you go about asking for an audition?

Before you ask, be as sure as you can that you are really ready—that what you are going to offer is the best you have in you. You don't want to start by making a bad impression.

Then write a letter to the station. If you have two or more stations to choose from, purposely choose the small, less important one. Write in care of the program department, and request an appointment.

Don't write a fancy letter. Write in the freest possible words, like this:

Gentlemen:

Are you giving auditions for new talent at the present time? I am—(a singer, an announcer, an actress, etc.). If you will be kind enough to set a date and time when I may come in for an audition, I shall be greatly obliged to you.

Sincerely yours,

(Your name)

If you have had experience, state what it has been, in a second paragraph. This should include all experience which may prove of value. For instance, if you want to be an announcer and you have worked on your local newspaper as a reporter, I would add: "I have worked as a newspaper reporter and am able to write my own copy." If you want to be a comedian, and have taken comedy parts in school, lodge or benefit performances, say so—and say when and where.

If you are asking for an audition for an orchestra, state how many men are in your band and list the engagements which you have played.

If you are an actor or an actress, state the names of plays in which you have appeared and the parts you played in them. If they were amateur performances, don't be afraid to say so. You want merely to show the casting director, who will see your letter (but who has not seen you nor heard your voice), what sort of part you may be able to fill for him. For example, if he sees that you are a juvenile, he may have a part open for you right at that moment.

If you are a singer, specify what kind you are. Baritone or soprano? No doubt you will know if you don't say, "Jazz, operetta, opera—what do you sing? State frankly where you have done most of your singing. In a church choir? Have you been a soloist? At private musicals?

If you want to be a news commentator, what you have to sell is your special knowledge, plus your ability to project your personality into your script and out on the air. Booke Car-

(Continued on Page 14)
PLUMS & PRUNES

BY EVANS PLUMMER

When C. B. DeMille rehearsed a recent Radio Theater, he was in the studio with the old-time Swenson, a lark in \"Girl Alone.\" On the one hand, he had Pat O'Brien, \"Alias Jimmy Valentine,\" safe-cracker, and on the other, the famous ex-Q-Man, Melvin Purvis. That line will come true again in Hollywood when January rolls around. The boys fear the depths to which the mercury in Chicago thermometers can fall. And Elinor Harriot, your Ruby, or Mrs. Amos Jones, already has collected a houseful of European travel folders in anticipation of a vacation there next Summer! She says she wants to be sure she won't miss a thing.

Incidentally, nearly a half carload of infant clothes, toys and furniture, which were received by Amos from fans on the occasion of the birth of his script daughter, have been given by the team to Houston's internationally famous founding home, The Cradle. Miss Harriot suggested this practical solution to the overflowing clothes problem.

Speaking of Amos' mythical daughter reminds your reporter that Nancy Lauck, daughter of the first-billed of the Lam and Abner team, fixed herself up on a grandscale on her fourth birthday, October 28. Nancy was privileged to order her own cake. She did. When it arrived, it proved to be the largest one the caterer could find! With each mouthful filled, on hand to feed 150 guests, the doors were thrown open to all the children in the neighborhood. But Chester Lauck insists that the best cake consumption record was hung up by Gary Goff, sweet-toothed son of Abner.

Another celebration which gave me a chuckle last week was that of Navy Day as staged here at the Naval Training Station. Annunciator Norman Barry and Producer Muffy Lowell were describing the ceremonies when, just before Rear Admiral John Down was introduced, announcers mistook Lowell's radio direction arm signals and fired salvo after salvo at each of the producer's efforts to delay them! They hardly had enough ammunition left for the salute to the rear admiral.

Little Jackie Heller is deserting the air this week for an indefinite period while he appears abroad. First, for a week beginning November 13; then he'll visit his mother and family in Pittsburgh until November 25, when he sails on the S. S. Norman die for London. There he'll succeed Sophie Tucker, December 3, at Gros venor House for an unlimited engagement. But you may be hearing Jack in rebroadcasts from London. He's going to try to set up some celebrity interviews from overseas for scheduling on the NBC Jamboree.

My humble apology: Reader Koenigseberg corrects me for crediting Bing Crosby the introduction to radio of plentiful Bob Burns. It was during Paul Whiteman's regime for Kraft that Burns first microphoned. My forgetfulness—and my red face!

Two radio well-knowns, Helen Jep son and John Charles Thomas, almost brought down the house when they sang the leading roles in \"Thais\" last week for the Chicago City Opera Company. Critics in the daily press, although remembering the past performances of Mary Garden as \"Thais,\" were unanimous in Miss Jepson's praise. But first to admit that she had learned and profited by Garden's interpretation of the role was Miss Jepson. Have you noticed? The screen and radio influence is giving opera lovely stars.

Romance Corner: I told you last week that the Bob Novak and Rosella Stoll romance has foundered into the form of marriage. Last week Bob, who's featured by Henry Busse as a singer, and Rosella, professional model from Milwaukee, made it Mr. and Mrs. That leaves pianist Charlie LaVere and Steve Bowers, bass player, the only bachelors in the Busse crew—John J. Walsh, ex-stage actor, now heard in NBC's \"Grand Hotel,\" \"Girl Alone,\" \"Young Hickory\" and \"Welcome Valley,\" has given the ring to Romy Rici, home girl of Chicago and national president of Sigma Tau Delta... From Clark, attached to the NBC publicity office, didn't worry about stitches or goobins on HattieLouise but instead defied them by changing her name that day to Mrs. Wells Simmons!

Tag Lines: Will it mean another radio show—or will \"Let's Sing,\" \"Gang Busters\" or \"Goose Creek Par son\" be dropped? Anyway, the sponsor of all three is hearing quite a few auditions these days... Maxine Garner, Chicago ingense heard in \"A Tale of Today,\" didn't get to vote last week because old Dot Stork interfered. He left an eight-pound son, her second child... I'm sorry to tell you that Uncle Ezra's dog, Whiskey, passed away. He was buried November 3 in an old-fashioned garden at Pat Barrett's Wisconsin farm home... From your Pan-American Cruising Mother Moran (Mrs. Phillips) in Panama: \"You'd like this trip. The people are so different, but Americans are still tops for my money\"... Ted Fio Rita is taking organ lessons from Jesse Crawford. Maybe Ted plans to add an organ to his orchestra... Shed a tear for the Saturday Football Revue's Kay Kyser. The amusement parks have closed—and his big thrill was riding roller coasters.

The other night Harry Sosnik gave a house-warming party. It turned out to be a house-wrecking party. At the beginning, every article was polished and neatly placed to show off the new apartment. The next day, rug fans had to go to the cleaners to extract crushed peanuts, and the piano had to be重新 finished because a spilled highball left its impression.

Any rumors of Rudy Vallee romancing Judy Stewart should be made specific, whether the rumors be true or unfounded.

To Teri Gigua's office the other day came a telephone call: \"I'm Judy Stewart. People are kidding me about Rudy. Although there is only one Rudy, there are a couple of Judy Stewarts. I'm Judy of the Singing Stewart Sisters on Rudy's program. The other Judy is a dancer. Will you please correct the misprint?\"

Lily Pons comes forth and announces that she is to marry Andre Kostelanetz at least this time. And Hollywood lifts an eyebrow and murmurs: \"Re-marry him, you mean?\"
Ed Wynn is also having marital difficulties. On Sunday, November 1, it was learned that the comedian’s wife was suing him for a divorce. On Thursday, October 29, New Yorkers read with surprise an announcement that appeared in the daily papers, that Ed Wynn was no longer responsible for his wife’s debts.

Wayne King certainly proved that he has a great gang of musicians. On election night, the band was on the air from Chicago. Immediately after the program they boarded a train for Washington, D.C., and were on the air the next night from the nation’s capital. En route to Washington their entire musical library was lost and, listening to the program, I never would have guessed that the boys played every number without a sheet of music.

You don’t read or hear much about the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. But last Sunday night, this program celebrated its fifth anniversary on the NBC airwaves. This is quite a record for any program.

Last week Benay Venuta and her husband, Dr. Kenneth Kelly, celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary. A new three-thousand-dollar ermine wrap, a gift from her hubby, will keep Benay’s shoulders warm during the cold winter blasts.

On the not-so-romantic side, we learn that Helen Ward, vocalist with Benny Goodman’s orchestra, and a prominent executive in the radio ranks were secretly married recently. Now Helen is taking a vacation, so it is announced. But in reality, I’m told, she is Reno-bound, and will definitely unite the secret bonds of matrimony.

Helen Ward, the singer on the weekly "Caravana" airings.

The towering tenor from Texas, Smith Ballew, has three new stars on his "Chateau." They’re the Golden Shell girls, formerly the "Peg-O’-My-Heart" quartet: Mary Mahoney, Dorothy McCarty and Dorothy Hill.

Sylvia Clark is the girl who makes you laugh on the popular NBC "Nicholadon" and also on Saturday’s "Jamboree."
her shape. He selected her because he recalled that one day in the wings she had fallen asleep while imitating Betty Boop. The girl was Marilyn Shurt and she's the voice that squawks, "Quack, quack, quack, again." How right he was in the selection of her--and the four or five others--on the program, the gags, the clowning. He clicked.

But why—you all want to know—hasn't Ken Murray married if he's so crazy about kids? The answer to that is: Have patience, he will! After all, the man is only thirty-three. In the second place, he has set ideas on how married life should be conducted and where children must be brought up. We asked him point-blank, brutally: "Are you in love, Mr. Murray?" "No," said Mr. Murray. But there was that about the way he said it that made me think that he was trying to reassure us. His reply was: "Well, I'm going to get married soon. With my luck, some crazy gal will ask me to get married and then I'll have a family."

"For a wife?" we asked quickly.

"No, for a ranch," Mr. Murray is to buy a ranch—not because he wants to be a rancher, but because he believes the country is the only place where he can bring up children. He does not believe in vaga- bond traveling in movie buses. His papa is always traveling. He will marry when he can arrange his life so as to be home all the time.

"Times are gone," said he, "when men fell in love, rushed in and got married whether they had a nickel or a fortune, a job or only prospects. Young men think before they leap."

"Do you mean by that, in this age there is no such thing as love, good old headlong, romantic love?" we inquired.

"No-o-o, not exactly," he replied. "But the war, the flapper age that followed it—frightened men and women from a lot of romantic claptrap, and we're more reasonable about things. The head governs the heart. We figure out ahead of time what we want, whether: we can afford it—and take our time before taking any long matrimonial strides. If you get what I mean."

Mr. Murray explained that his rather set ideas on the subject derived from his own boyhood. Born in New York City, he was taken as a child to a farm near Kingston, N. Y. His father, Jack Doncourt, an actor, had retired from the stage to live the simple life.

Young Ken—christened Kenneth Ainer Doncourt—lived with his father alone on the farm, trudging two miles through snow to the one-room schoolhouse, and two miles back. When he entered high school, he had traveled eight miles a day in a train. It was for that reason, he said, for young Kenneth—his one healthy one.

From the beginning, Ken wanted to be an actor but his father told him he had better learn to be a business man first, just in case he was a flop on the stage. And so he came to New York and became a salesman. But not for long. He quit to stroll for a friend of his father's in voudville. His father afterwards the bodyguard but insisted that Ken take another name lest he bring disgrace on the name, Doncourt. That is how he came to be Ken Murray.

The next to coin a phrase is his father. As stoge he got more laughs than the comedian—and so stogged himself out of it. In that case, the only thing for you to do is try again later—or to try another station. Or you may offer the program director a fine idea for a children's program at a moment when he needs a good jazz band. Not all varieties of programs are in equal demand at all times. In fact, the demand, carefully charted by the statistical department of the National Broadcasting Company, follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Program Type</th>
<th>Audience Share</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
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<td>12.1%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kids' programs</td>
<td>4.6%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>News and reports</td>
<td>2.8%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sports programs</td>
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Here, again, the figures dispose of a common fallacy. You would be inclined to believe programs for women would be most in demand. The figures say otherwise. The cases are the opposite. The reason the figures are official.

Do you get some—do you get some—do you get someone who is present at the time the demand for (1) music (2) special events (3) religious programs (4) novelties is greatest?

Decreasing at the present time is the demand for (1) drama and comedy (2) talks (3) news and reports (4) children's programs.

According to a national, nation-wide trend. It is quite possible that the statistic, Ken Murray, because of local tastes, may have special preferences.

If you can do more than one thing ask for the program director. "Do you need a program director?" "What do you need right now?" If you are a musician, a comedian, a film actress or a young woman to conduct a children's program, despite the above-mentioned trend, there is no danger in asking the person in charge for a chance, if you have the ability to do the show. Eventually, you will get your auditi

Benny Goodman, Master of Swing, tactful clarinetist, is hand to show us 'em how it's done. And he knows!

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR TALENT

Lowell Thomas and the other editors of the Daily News have held a series of conferences to build up its significance in the minds of their knowledge of the world's press, and to build up its significance in the minds of its audience. We are now in a position to provide a large amount of information, then deliver it, charged with their personalities. State in your letter all the writing experience you have had, your education, your experience as a reporter. Ask the station to set a day for your audition, so that you can prepare a list of news which are the day before. You will thus be timely.

If you want to be a master of ceremonies, provide all details which will convince the program director, reading your letter, that you can fill a job. Have you taken charge of picnic entertainments, benefits shows, lodge performances? Say so.

The fear is, the evening may not be set for an audition. If you want to write for the air you should ask, by letter, for the chance to submit a sample script—or two, or three. Ask on what type of program they would like to see a script. If it is a program already on the air, listen in and try to write a better show than the one you hear. Otherwise, if the station is open for business, you will be given what is wanted or asked to call for a personal interview.

One thing that category your ambition falls under, if you have had no experience, the less said. Do not try to fake any. You will only get caught.

So, in conclusion—you have written to a station, let us say, and asked for an audition. Does that mean that, a week from now, you will be getting a check for thousands and dollars a week? It does not.

You may receive an answer to your letter saying that no one is wanted at present, but you should apply again. If you apply for the position, you will be again later. Ask the director then, to try again later—or to try another station. Or you may offer the program director a fine idea for a children's program at a moment when he needs a good jazz band. Not all varieties of programs are in equal demand at all times. In fact, the demand, carefully charted by the statistical department of the National Broadcasting Company, follows:

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Alec Templeton, Jack Hylton's sensational blind pianist: He's slated for a top commercial spot.

As you are leaving the studio, after your audition, be sure to get the station manager's name and the correct mailing address. And, if you have a head governs the day, married whether they had a nickel or a fortune, a job or only prospects. Young men think before they leap."

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WOMAN OF THE WEEK

By Carleton Smith

(Continued from Page 10)

Simone was surprised to hear her telephone ring one evening. Until then her apartment had been a pretty quiet place, with only the maid and chauffeur for company. The caller was Leo Dietrich, who suggested that they do the piece together. That made her more bearable. Simone began to meet people. She changed her mind about running away to Paris, Covington came from Texas, who also hails from France, and with his wife, Jessie Patterson, became her stand companions. Margaret Sullivan's ex-husband, director William Wyler, came to see her and there- Alexander Dreyer, a non-professional, took her to the tennis matches and to the beach.

Grahamy, Hollywood began to like Simone and Simone began to like Holly-

wood. She was given a role in "La-

dies in Love." The director, E. H. Griffith, took her to one side and said, "My dear Miss Simone. This is going to be a very difficult picture. We don't

want trouble. If there is any, I am very much afraid that I will have to have you put right off the set." A ND that pleased Mlle. Simone. Like French women in general, she ex-

pects and likes to be ruled with an iron hand.

In person, Simone is not unlike Claire Boothe, all at the height of her career. She has the same unhairly, the same hunch "L" appeal. She stands five feet, four inches, and weighs 117 pounds. In her moods, she is another Louis Calhern, so grandly wild, and as often as not choosing to throw things. She seems to know that she is a

ly a man alive who can fail to experi-

ence a stab of excitement when she

scoops up a fan with her eyes and curves the soft corners of a smile around a huge, leveraged mass of a body that is never anything but a long-dis-

tance career.

Publicity men who work with Sim-

one in the studio are alternately dis-

graced and elated at her antics. When

faced with the problem of a "tough re-

dporter" they tip Simone off in advance; She greets her victim with the coolest of smiles and proceeds to alter his pre-

cconception of the world. That is the Simone way. She plays the piano beautifully and sings a naughty French song. She puts on an extra dash of lipstick—*one kind it is daytime; another it is evening. She is distant on ten-

ment and on the verge of being a wee bit familiar the next. This may be why men adore her—and why women say, "I can't see what anyone sees in that snub-nosed person." FUTURE historians will note in their

annals an abrupt change in the aims of Soviet musical creation, dating from the early months of 1936. For at that time what had only shortly before been hailed as the highest achievements in proletarian art were repudiated.

"Socialist realism" is the name given the new credo, and with its spirit all Soviet artists will seek to color their work. They have promised to go to factories and mills, state farms and collectives, to live in the remote republics, and to study everywhere the processes of re-

generation.

The best examples of the new Social-

ist realism in music are now said to be the latest symphonies of Mas-

kovsky—his 15th and 16th, if I have not last count—and the only opera of the 28-year-old Ivan Dzerzhinski, to whom the Soviet press has given the place of prominence that used to be held by Dmitri Shostakovich.

The young Dzerzhinski's revised setting of the Sholokhov novel, "And Quiet Flows the Don," is very popular. Stalin heard it and word got around that he liked it. The simple melodies are calculated to speak di-

rectly to all comers, and the last two scenes—ending with revolutionary choruses and the waving of the red flag—bring tears shouts and solemn stamping that drawn out the music.

The production was the best part of the opera. Pleasant, pseudo-folk melodies—obviously Russian and kind to the ear—run through six loosely jointed episodes. For one listener, at least, the Don Flows the Don failed to reveal a talent for integrating and projecting a drama in sound. But Soviet leaders are sure that Dzerzhin-

ski will do better with his next opera, scheduled for production next Fall.

Meanwhile, Shostakovich is writing incidental music for Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," and working on a new opera around a Civil War story. He is not in disguise, nor is he doing political publicity for the Soviet Party. That is a genuine, world-famous, non-governmental artist. He is not working in the Soviet-Party line. He is working on his opera. "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk," is in rehearsal, as is also "Goodwill." It is generally believed that Stalin saw the opera but it is not rumored that Stalin approved both of these. He is, as a matter of fact, very interested in the opera and the music. The official rea-

son now given is that the music failed to please the real masters—the masses—and that it was therefore disapproved that was expressed in the official news-

papers and it was true.

THE head of the music branch of the All-Union Committee on Art, in denying that Party leaders were respon-

sible for the Pravda attack, explained that the dislike for Shostako-

ovich's music was first expressed by the workers in their clubs.

The voice of the masses was not heard at first because the opera had a success among musicians. Critics wrote highly of it. And, further, the produc-

tions of the opera at the Leningrad Malaya Theater and in Moscow at the Technichal Theater of Nimirovich-Dant-

cienko, were exceptionally fine.

A perusal of the composers' discus-

sions on formalism, soon to be pub-

lished in Russia, offers convincing evi-

dence that in matters of art, as in everything else, the Party is infallible.

COVER PORTRAIT

LAST Spring when Dick Powell was

so ill, there were rumors that his radio days were over. He came back to his "Hollywood Hotel." Then there were rumors that he could not make any more movies because they de-

tracted from his radio appeal. He re-

talled with "Stage Struck."

Still undaunted, the rumor-spread-

ers gave out the news that his broad-

casts must stop because they killed his radio appeal. Dick Powell is still broadcasting and he is still making movies.

Furthermore, he defied the practic-

ally uncoronable jinx that shadows Hollywood luminaries by marrying lovely Jean Blondell.

"I simply don't think it was the news that Dick is made of the stuff you must respect. He is also one of America's potential greats as an actor. He has that distinctive quality that is an unknown yet important artist."

That is the press statement that Dick is made of the stuff you must respect. He is also one of America's potential greats as an actor. He has that distinctive quality that is an unknown yet important artist.

We hope to be able to bring the news of Dick Powell's success in the near future. Dick Powell will always be in the news.

Stars in trio! Rosario Bourdon, Margaret Speaks, and Ross Graham, left to right in that order, guest-starred recently at an Atlantic City convention. It was Frances Rockefeller King who teamed them up.
Your NBC Red Network Programs

ACME SUNSHINE MELODIES
MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH
JOHN'S OTHER WIFE
JUST PLAIN BILL
FIRESIDE REGALIS
YOUR HIT PARADE AND SWEETSTAKES
DAVID HARUM
WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS
TOWN HALL TONIGHT
L.SALLE FASHION SHOW
FIRST NIGHTER
GRAND HOTEL
CARNATION CONTESTED PROGRAM
CITIES SERVICE CONCERT
THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE
SUNSET DREAMS
MAXWELL HOUSE SHOWBOAT
JELLO PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY
GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS
BENEATH THE SURFACE
STORY OF MARY MARLIN
MUSICAL CAMERA
FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY
CHIL ALONE
KRAFT MUSIC HALL
THE KRUEGER MUSICAL TOAST
LADY ESTHER SERENADE
SNOW VILLAGE
JIMMY FIDDLER IN HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP
TRUE STORY COURT
THE WIFE SAVER
HENRY BUSSE AND ORCHESTRA
UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION
SIDEWALK INTERVIEWS
TEA TIME AT MORRELLS
PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM
IRVIN S. COBB
THE PACKARD HOUR, WITH FRED ASTAIRE
THATCHER COLT MYSTERIES
AMOS 'N ANDY
TODAY'S CHILDREN
A TALE OF TODAY
OXYDOL'S OWN MA PERKINS
VIC AND SADE
THE O'NEILLS
PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY
PERSONAL COLUMN
KALMENYEWS' KINDERGARTEN
RY-KRISP PRESENTS MARION TALLEY
TOM MIX
THE MYSTERY CHEF
SEALTEST SATURDAY NIGHT PARTY
THE SHELL CHATEAU
METROPOLITAN OPERA AUDITIONS OF AIR
RED GRANGE
MELODY MATINEE
CHEIREO'S MUSICAL MOSAICS
ONE MAN'S FAMILY
ROYAL GELATIN HOUR, WITH RUDY VALLEE
GOOD WILL COURT
HOUR OF CHARM
SHERLOCK HOLMES
WALTZ TIME
ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC
MANHATTAN-MERRY-GO-ROUND
Back Stage Wife
HOW TO BE CHARMING
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE
VOICE OF EXPERIENCE
STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS

Your NBC Blue Network Programs

BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS
EASY ACES
FRED WARING AND PENNSYLVANIANS
LOG CABIN DUDE RANCH
HELEN HAYES IN BAMBI
STOOGES & BUDD
WE, THE PEOPLE
PORTRAITS OF HARMONY
LUM 'N' ABNER
EDGAR GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY
THE JERGENS PROGRAM
PAUL WHITMAN'S MUSICAL VARIETIES
THE SINGING LADY
HUSBANDS AND WIVES
NATIONAL BARN DANCE
DOG HEROES
TWIN STARS
DEATH VALLEY DAYS
FIVE STAR JONES
VIC AND SADE
HOME SWEET HOME
THE GOSPEL SINGER
TIM HEALY
PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY
MAGIC KEY OF R.C.A.
RADIO GUIDE WEEKLY PROGRAM
BEHIND THE HEADLINES
GREATER SINCLAIR MINSTRELS
BELIEVE IT OR NOT RIPLEY
MELIODANA
REVUE DE PAREE WITH FANNIE BRUCE
ETHEL BARRYMORE IN FAMOUS ACTORS GUILD
LOWELL THOMAS
AMERICAN PAGEANT OF YOUTH
WARDEN LAWES 25,000 YEARS IN SING SING
SINGING SAM, THE BARBASOL MAN
IRENE RICH IN LADY COUNSELLOR
FORD BOND'S STAINLESS SHOW
AIRCO IRON MASTER PROGRAM
ED WYNN
YOUR ENGLISH
JACK PEARL
CAPE DIAMOND LIGHT
THE IODENT REHEARSAL
AN INVITATION—
to the finest radio entertainment
of our time!

What kind of entertainment do you prefer? Dance music . . . symphony . . . news . . . drama . . . current topics . . . women’s activities . . . sports? No matter what, turn your dial to an NBC Red or Blue Network Program, and you’ll have it—the best of its type!

Your kind of program—picked by You
The fine NBC Network Programs, both daytime and evening, are not the result of what we think you might like, or ought to have. They are the direct reflection of the critical appreciation of listeners like yourself—multiplied by millions. Last year alone, we received over four million commendatory letters—and some criticising us adversely. Both types receive immediate and careful attention. For only by keeping in hourly touch with great numbers of loyal NBC listeners can we continue to key our programs to your wishes.

Listen to the RCA Magic Key program on the NBC Blue Network every Sunday 2 to 3 P.M., E.S.T.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, Inc.
A RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA SERVICE
MARY THE MOORE
BY JOE HAEFFNER

SIXTEEN is a tender age to be deciding between marriage and a career. But since Mary Lou Moore, the Florida girl who is conquering new worlds in Buffalo, New York, with her电台工作, she decided to set an on an entertainment career.

When she made up her mind to this credo: "Until I reach the top, I don't intend to let marriage interfere." was no more than a two-year-old. The fact that this radio glamour girl has had her share of boyfriends—and why not? She was Queen of the Florida Orange Festival of 1933, selected for the state's Young Ambassadorettes, and in the following year became the state's Miss Beauty and Intelligence.

But that's all behind her now; for Mary Lou has, as she said, gone wherever opportunity beckons. A little-theater star in her native town, Clearwater, Florida, she gave up this local prominence for the more distant valleys of two hundred and fifty miles away.

Then, becoming a stage figure through her selection as orange queen, she forsook everything to go northward more than a thousand miles to further a radio career, to a city that hardly heard of her beauty triumphs.

MARY LOU MOORE, self-styled career woman, has had an exotically good time for a nineteen-year-old. Daughter of former City Judge C. Moore and Miss Cleo J. Moore, she was reared in that city and attended elementary and high school there. She majored in dramatics and radio at Florida State College at Tallahassee, for two years. Then she took part in the little-theater at Tallahassee and Clearwater and worked in films.

At the attention of Bert Arnold, program manager of WFLA, Clearwater, who was so impressed with Mary Langford into prominence on that station, Mary Lou sang over WFLA until Mr. Arnold became assistant producer of WGR-WKBW, Buffalo, in March of this year. He brought his "discovery" with him.

Billy Lossie, who played a month at the Thistledown in Chicago, has found himself with Billy's society orchestra for a month and since successfully made his first appearance at WGR-WKBW and joined the station's staff. Not only is he featured on the "Music for an Hour" program every week, but his collection of songs also materialized on the "At Home" series.

About Miss Moore's film career. It started at the time, in 1934, when Florida had an idea that the film capital would shift to the other side of the United States. If the California tax laws were killing the industry, then the industry had to come to Florida. A number of studios were established. The first picture to be produced was "Chloe" and "Phlythings of Desire," on the program of the "Music for an Hour" series.

MARTY LOU had featured roles in pictures and through the years had become famous. In "Travelogue of Florida," which was a lark and the picture received all-around the nation. She had never seen the completed film, and she has a lot of it to her credit. She discovered that the movie was to be shown all over the nation. She was surprised. She didn't know that the Buffalo Museum of Natural Sciences.

That very night Buffalo had a 17-inch snowfall—one of the worst in a century—and Mary Lou couldn't get for ten days at expense of $50 alone or any two. Without the help of the cooperation of the "Walt. We'll make sure that you get your word out about this special offer."

The Liquor Problem: Love and liquor are arch enemies. A man who likes his occasional cocktail can be a perfect mate, but the one who reaches for a pick-me-up the morning after the night before is a total loss. He'll promise you that he'll never touch another drop of the stuff. But he'll be sending for the hang-over remedies.

Those long-ago woman's revenge after a spout is to rush out on a shopping spree. In self-defense, they suddenly make up for the money they've been given by her. But that forget that they may take months to do this. They may need the money, but they can't get out of the way. They can't even imagine the feeling that you won the argument by a maneuver that wasn't exactly cricket.

How to Intrigue a Man: Nine times out of ten, a woman is going places with a newspaperman, and always stays on the outside of the feminine. He sees too many sub-sisters at the office. The same goes for aviators, football heroes, mechanics, etc. But if your man is a dressmaker, he is not the sort to make him feel inferior. Of course, this tidy trick is something for only the most sophisticated, but the average girl can do the same thing in a slightly different manner. If you are definitely not interested in the nice but too-serious young man who keeps getting in your path, ask him a favor that requires some sacrifice on his part.

How to Re-kindle a Dying Love: Don't. At least, never let the man know that you are chilly with fear that his affection is cooling. At all costs, if he doesn't call, don't reach for the telephone. Since they invented those devilish instruments, it has been an unwritten law that the man should do the calling. And he knows it. If you have learned anything, study yourself, find out what you are doing to make him feel inferior, and apply your own remedies. Remember, you won him once; you can do it again.

Theory McCormic says this probably is the last time you'll ever talk to me about love, but she never has been able to resist reporters.

She has finished this research into heart troubles, I asked her how she would talk to her next husband, if any, would be.

"Present company excepted," Mary replied, "I wouldn't marry any man more fascinating to me than a journalist. He's got something and doesn't have enough about anything to be a bore, if you know what I mean. I'd capture one in a minute if I knew where to look for a really nice one."
simply too long for ordinary ponies. While on his vacation for a few days in Texas, Smitty wired that he had procured a horse—a nice horse—with long, long legs. He is shipping it back to Hollywood so that he may be able to enjoy his morning jaunts without appearing ludicrous.

Jack Benny shares his honor with HARRY CONN, who made the first television appearance in radio broadcasting from Hollywood.

If the contemplated tie-up of Fred Astaire and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer goes through, and at this writing it seems probable, the next two Metro releases will be fascinating. This contest, as a representative of Mae West and the Brown Derby, asked him what he wanted to come to Hollywood to visit while in Hollywood. They suggested the Trocadero, the Brown Derby and other night clubs. He wasn't interested. Finally they asked him to point blank—just what did he want to do?

"Can you squeeze me into Jack Benny's broadcast?" he asked eagerly.

From the inside source of this column learns that Fred Astaire has been taken up by his sponsors for another thirteen weeks, and that he will be appearing in the first two series of broadcasts of radio's new program. Fred Astaire is starting a new picture and wants to give all of his attention to his dance routines.

The announcement of the breaking of her engagement by Isabel Jewell has just been made. Columnists say that Isabel and Owen Crump, Hollywood radio announcer and program director, would elope at any moment—but that didn't happen.

Now that Isabel has definitely broken her tryst, those who would see her marriage would take place are intimating that the couple have been married for several weeks but that isn't true. You may learn very soon that Isabel and Lee Tracy are reconciled.

Harry Conn, who formerly wrote the continuity for Jack Benny and is currently working for Joe Penner at a salary said to be $3,500 per week, tried his hand at collaborating with Mae West on a skit and it was a success. He found that writing for the stage was far different from writing for radio. But the script turned out well—after some minor adjustments—with Mae winning all of them.

Dont be at all surprised if at some early date you find Jack Benny guesting for Bing Crosby—and Bing guesting in return on Jack's program.

Radio Guide's Court of Honor

ON THE AIR PRESENTS

The Contestdom's Greatest Scoop

A 'DOUBLE HEADER' CONTEST

Prizes Every Week—Everybody Has a Chance to Win

Radio Guide offers you an unusual contest—a search for the most characteristic and distinctive handwriting to be found among its readers. Forty-two prizes weekly—in a twelve-week contest! Also, 705 additional prizes, in a companion contest, for the best slogans submitted in the handwriting competition. One entry—your entry—you may win both contests:

These contests will be conducted in full view of the public, on the Concourse of the RCA building, Radio City, New York, for the first time, as Radio Guide's guest. Radio Guide invites you to come behind the scenes and see how your contest is being judged.

WEEKLY HANDWRITING CONTEST AWARDS

First Award ........................................................ $100
Second Award .................................................. 2 prizes of $50 each
Third Award ..................................................... 4 prizes of $25 each
Fourth Award ................................................ 5 each in RCA Victor Record Player and ten Sheri Fields records.
Fifth Award ................................................... 10 prizes of $10 each
Sixth Award .................................................... 20 prizes of $5 each
Total per week ..................................................... $500
Total for 12 weeks ............................................... $6,000

SLOGAN CONTEST AWARDS

First Award ....................................................... $1,000
Second Award ................................................... 500
Third Award ..................................................... 250
Fourth Award ................................................... 100
Fifth Award ....................................................... 50
Sixth Award ....................................................... 200 prizes of $5 each
Seventh Award ................................................... 500 prizes of $2 each
Total Award ....................................................... $10,050

Radio Guide Contest Rules

1. In each issue of RADIO GUIDE printed during the twelve weeks, there will be a couple which you may use as an entry blank. It is not necessary to use the blank; you may use an envelope. Send the entry on the coupon. The coupon shall be sent on paper the same size as the coupon, to facilitate handling. You may copy or trace the coupon. Radio Guide may be examined at its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

2. You are invited to submit an original slogan of not more than 10 words—on any subject except handwriting. This slogan should refer to RADIO GUIDE. We will express its features and purposes, and both RADIO GUIDE's present slogan is: "The National Program of Personalities," you want to write on a better one. Each week's handwriting prizes will be awarded weekly for the most distinctive and unusual handwriting. YOU DO NOT NEED A BEAUTIFUL SCRIPT TO WIN. Some of the most interesting and unusual handwriting is true to its usual characteristics. Each week's handwriting contest closes on Wednesday at 5 pm, following the broadcast of the previous week. All entries received after 5 pm. will be judged for the following week's awards. At the end of 12 weeks, ALL entries will again be judged for slogan values. Thus if you do not win a prize for your handwriting you still have one opportunity in winning in the slogan group. The slogan contest entries must be received not later than January 6, 1937, at 5 pm.

3. You may submit as many entries as you wish. Winning in one contest does not eliminate you from winning in another.

4. Send all entries to Radio Guide, care of National Broadcasting Company, New York, or in care of the station over which you hear the program. All winners will be announced through Radio Guide.

5. Be sure your name and address are written plainly in your entry. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned to the Post Office. In fairness to all, RADIO GUIDE positively cannot enter into any correspondence concerning this contest. No entries will be acknowledged. They will become the property of the sender.

6. This offer is open to every man, woman and child, throughout the world, except employees of Radio Guide and their families, their ad agents, employees of the National Broadcasting Company and Certified Contest Service. Judges for the slogan contest will be Certified Contest Service and the editors of Radio Guide. Judges for the handwriting contest will be Helen King, President of the American Graphological Society. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be made.

7. Entries in this contest must accept the decisions of the judges as final.

8. Your entry in this contest is an express acceptance of all the rules printed here.

Radio Guide Handwriting-Slogan Contest

No More Than 10 Words

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Radio Guide Handwriting-Slogan Contest

Name ______________________________

Address ____________________________


The above is my entry in your Handwriting-Slogan Contest.

Handwriting Contest Winners Note

No list of winners in Radio Guide's weekly handwriting contest is presented this week because Radio's Court of Honor was not broadcast on October 30. For this reason, the contest has been extended one week, to January 6, 1937. You are invited to read the contest rules, join the adjoining column and enter this dual prize-money opportunity. Do it today!
Log of Foreign Stations Whose Programs Are Listed (Minutes or thousands of kilocycles shown)

Wednesday, November 17

By CHAS. A. MORRISON, president, INTERNATIONAL DX-ERS' ALLIANCE

THE Japanese stations at Nazaaki are definitely using the new frequencies for the afternoon Overseas Broadcasts at 2 p.m. EST (3 CST). On Thursdays, October 29 and November 5, 6:45 p.m. CST (7:45 p.m. EST) has been heard with strong signals. English announcements were difficult to follow this week. Last week, November 1, the station was heard on frequency 9.535 which was transmitting the program from the new megacycles. The stations are being tried in anticipation of the powerful new 50,000-watt short-wave transmitters. The early morning programs from Nazaaki, which are directed to Manchurian, are being heard in this country with excellent volume over JVN (10.66) and JVT (6.75). The station is best received on the Pacific coast. English news is radiated by this and other local stations in the recent megacycle (3:50 MST). A Japanese mystery station near 8.3 megas, has defied any attempt to identify. By George B. S. Sholin, of San Francisco, Calif., to identify. It started on the 13th to transmit on an EST frequency of 4 A.M. (3 CST), but frequently goes off the air for several minutes, as if testing, or announcements are made in Japanese.

On Friday morning, October 30, at 7:15 A.M. (2:15 CST), Jimmy Dunham, of New York, an American NBC, tuned in a broadcast from the new 25,000-watt station at Jelgot, Japan. The program, which had received with very strong signals, was being radiated on frequency 9.535 (446.5). A Japanese mystery station near 8.3 megas, has defied any attempt to identify. By George B. S. Sholin, of San Francisco, Calif., to identify. It started on the 13th to transmit on an EST frequency of 4 A.M. (3 CST), but frequently goes off the air for several minutes, as if testing, or announcements are made in Japanese.

Despite the civil war, EAQ, of Madrid, Spain, is still on the air, although it had adopted a new frequency of approximately 10.50 megacycles, reports David Hutchinson, of Madrid, Spain. Every look and listen to the station has found it impossible to add to the regular schedule, because it can be heard transmitting at irregular intervals throughout the day or night. A few minutes ago, reports from the station, which has been added to the long list reported during the past few weeks, have been reported by Paul Dilg of Evanston, Ill., sent war news irregularly through the afternoon, and in the evening.

Rev. Arthur W. PAIN, of Havana, Cuba, a religious writer who has prepared a series of articles for the "International Church of Manila, Phils." has found his "Daily Devotions" may be heard daily early in the morning. Monday at 7:40 A.M. EST (6:40 CST), over a power output of 875 kilocycles, the station can be heard in the Pintia, in the Philippines, and in the islands of the South China Sea.

The recent report that "The International Church of Manila, Phils.," may be heard daily early in the morning. Monday at 7:40 A.M. EST (6:40 CST), over a power output of 875 kilocycles, the station can be heard in the Pintia, in the Philippines, and in the islands of the South China Sea.

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Oh, Mister O'Keefe! Here's the Broadway hillbilly himself, the jovial man on the flying trapeze who is the son—"the one who works"—of Michael O'Keefe. Now Walter is the "works" on the NBC Saturday Party.
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief! Here's the actress who may yet be each of these. Joan Blaine already has her law degree. She has been a nurse, a concert singer and a harpist. Now she's Mary Marlin.
Andre Kostelanetz’ name always has signified a tip-top program for dialers, but his half-hour is better than ever now that Nino Martini has returned. Listen Wednesdays to "The Gay Desperado".
SEVERAL weeks ago, an interesting story called "What Is Beauty Really Worth?" appeared in Radio Guide. In that feature eight of radio's glamor girls told how their beauty had helped them to go places in this world.

That, of course, doesn't come as much of a surprise. Beauty, as any girl who doesn't have it knows, is one of the most valuable assets any girl can possess.

"But," sighs the girl with the overly large mouth, the girl with the scrawny figure, or the girl with the drab hair, "what is there that we can do, then?"

ANYONE CAN BE
MANY OF RADIO'S GLAMOR GIRLS WEREN'T BORN WITH LOVELY COMPLEXIONS, RADIANT GOOD LOOKS, BUT THEY'RE DAZZLING BEAUTIES NOW. READ FOUR STARS' SECRETS—TOLD IN FIVE RULES!

BY
HELEN HOVER

Bernice Claire: Her coffee-and-sandwich meals brought lead-lidded, lack-luster eyes. Her diet-and-sleep rule made her sparkle!

Now comes a startling statement: "Anyone can be beautiful!" This remark didn't originate with me. It comes from four feminine radio stars, each one of whom is beautiful. But— not one of them was a beauty to start with! Each went through a period in her life when she looked in the mirror heart-sick at what she saw reflected there, wished desperately that she were beautiful—and then had the gumption to do something about it!

Today, all of these women are lovely to look at, to the point of having passers-by turn around to look at them a second time. These girls gave me sensible and workable hints anyone can follow. And not one of them mentioned expensive treatments, or costly creams and cosmetics.

There is Connie Gates, for instance. I'll never forget the first time I met Connie three years ago. We were tak- ing fashion pictures of several radio girls, and with the entrance of each girl you couldn't help but notice that one was more beautiful than the other. There was Priscilla Lane, dashing and

Connie Gates envied a playmate's blond curls and china-blue eyes. Now Connie is envied!
eyes. As I was not a naturally pretty child, I never developed any vanities. I grew up that way. I never thought I could improve my appearance—and I never tried.

"It was a boy friend who changed me. A very special boy friend he was, a charming man—about-town who impressed me greatly. He invited me to lunch one day and selected a very fine restaurant. As we sat eating, a girl passed. I don't know whether she was blonde, brunette or redhead. Her face in itself didn't really matter. But her whole appearance—her clothes, the graceful, poised way she carried herself—made everyone in the restaurant turn around to look at her. My friend stared at her admiringly.

"There's a girl any man would be proud to be seen with," he said.

"Right then I became aware of my own appearance, conscious of the fact that I had put on an old hat which I had hastily grabbed from the closet that morning, that my stocking seams were twisted, that there was practically no make-up on my face, and that my nails were cracked. And I wanted so much to have that man say that he was proud to me with me!"

"The meal was an ordeal, but when it was over I had made a resolution. That girl we had seen became my guide.

"When I got home, I looked at myself in the full-length mirror and took stock of myself.

"I had been looking in that mirror for years, but that day I saw myself for the first time—a drab, mousey person with a shiny nose, ill-fitting clothes and a meek, unprepossessing carriage."

"Immediately I bought all the good women's magazines and tore out the pictures of smart-looking women. I experimented with lipsticks and hair arrangements. I walked around the house for hours balancing a book on my head to give me a graceful carriage. I looked over my wardrobe and gave away all those ill-fitting dresses I had bought so hastily. I took a new interest in my appearance. I went window-shopping. I observed the well-groomed women about me and took pointers from them. One thing led to another until I became thor-

(Continued on Page 50)
LULU BELLE, RADIO QUEEN—1936

Elected by the readers of RADIO GUIDE
Nobody profits, the copybooks say, by the mistakes which are made by somebody else.

But the copybooks, I guess, can sometimes be wrong, for not very long ago, one man's two-million-dollar mistake not only spelled profit for more than twenty million people, but it also changed a wise-cracking little Broadway comedian into a microphones philosopher whose practical sermons on everyday life have added a bright, new chapter to radio's golden book of humanitarian tales.

Today, because of these same sermons, that little comedian is known as the "Wise Man From the Ghetto," although some of his fans go even farther and call him the wisest man in the world. Six years ago, however, he wasn't a wise man at all—and his motives for going on the air were much more selfish than they were philanthropic.

At that time, the "wise man" was simply Eddie Cantor, comedian, and he went into radio only because he was broke. There were Ida and his five girls—Margie, Natalie, Edna, Marilyn and Janet—to consider. There was that palatial home on Long Island's Great Neck, which Eddie himself had dubbed "The House That Ziegfield Built." And finally, there was a huge staff of servants hired to keep the house running on its well-oiled mechanism. All that was lacking, then, in Eddie's success picture, was the wherewithal to buy the oil. There was neither money for Ida's and the girls' silk stockings, nor to run the house, nor for the retainers, nor for anybody else in the Cantor household. For Eddie, you see, had made a tragic financial mistake.

Nine years before he had become a star in the entertainment world. And in becoming one, he had put all the misery and poverty of his boyhood away in mothballs—nice green-backed mothballs whose big-money smell went a long way toward keeping the wolf from his door.

In 1928, Eddie Cantor had everything—fame, family, fortune—and with it, all the power that such a happy triumvirate can buy. But it still wasn't enough for the boy who had known what it meant to go hungry, and how it felt to be coatless on a cold winter night. Eddie wanted even more money to help him forget that ghost of a boy, and to get it, he followed the crowds to the marketplace and risked all of his money.

You know the rest. October, 1929, rolled around, and in coming, rolled Eddie Cantor of every cent he had. Like thousands of others, he was caught napping, and when he woke up, he found that the lean days of his old empty-handedness were upon him again.

Determined, he struggled to regain some of his losses. In water over his head, he kicked out valiantly and tried for a footing. He wrote books, made movies, went on personal-appearance tours. Then, in 1931, determined to retrieve at least a small portion of the vast sum he had so recklessly tossed into the Wall Street gutter, he went on the air.

He found a lot more than money in radio. He found an entirely new audience of friends—not the white-tie-and-tail crowd that came to applaud him in "Whoopee" and not the fellow millionaires who had read his

So, with this idea in mind, Eddie gradually began to change the tenor of his program. And from this change evolved a brand-new type of radio entertainer—a fellow who translated his own bitter experiences into good advice for somebody else. A fellow who took his own heartbreak and poured it into a radio script that offered the public as much good sense as it did chuckles, as much modern philosophy as it did gags!

In fact, some of the programs Eddie gave carried sermons which were almost classic, and which, like the classics, people wanted to hear over and over again. So much so that they began writing in, asking where copies of Cantor's sermonettes could be obtained.

Well, copies can't be obtained—but Rano Guns will reprint three of them, presenting them in a fictionized series to give you a better picture of the program that almost revolutionized radio

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BIG LECTURES FOR LITTLE FELLOWS

"Caught Short" for solace. His new audience was a whole nation—a coast-to-coast aggregation of little fellows gasping under depression's awful weight.

These little fellows, Eddie knew, needed a laugh as well as the big ones, but they needed even more than that. The little fellows needed practical advice on how to meet the problems of the day; and who, he asked himself, was better fitted to give it to them than Eddie Cantor? After all, he had known it all—poverty, misery, hardship, failure—success! And then, after his trip to the moon, failure again!

comedy, as well as a deeper insight into the humanitarian who is Eddie Cantor, radio's modern oracle.

For instance, there was his famous sermon on Push vs. Pull, which showed Eddie into the foreground as a funnyman-philosopher, and which pulled more fan mail than several extra secretaries, working day and night, could count.

Broadcast last year, this famous sermonette was heard when a young fellow named Brown visited the Cantor program, but was refused admittance by an obturate doorman.

---

Eddie Cantor calls on Jimmy Wallington to help him comedy-coat lessons in living
Eddie, hearing the commotion, called:
"What's the matter? What's the trouble over there?"
"Let me go, sir," the visitor said.
"I want to see Mr. Cantor." This young fellow broke past the door, Mr. Cantor," the doorman explained apologetically. "I'm gonna put him out."
"Yeah," the boy sneered. "I suppose if I was sent here by some big-shot, he'd talk to me."
"Wait a minute," Eddie said. "Who are you?"

MY NAME is Brown. I wrote you a letter a couple of weeks ago. "What was it about?" Cantor asked.
"I'm a singer, Mr. Cantor, and I know I got as much talent as a lot of these fellows on the radio. So I wrote and told you about it." 
"Didn't I answer your letter?" Eddie asked.
"Sure, you told me to go to my local station—you gave me a letter of introduction to some man at the station."
"Well, did you go?" Eddie asked.
"No," the boy replied. "I figured what's the use? They wouldn't have given me half a chance."

"How do you figure that?" Cantor cut in. "Because nobody can get a job in this business unless he's got pull!"
"I see," said Eddie thoughtfully. "And is that the only reason why you didn't go in to see him?"
"Well, you can see my appearance is against me. Look at my suit. Who's gonna give me a break?"
"Well," Eddie said, "if it's just a matter of clothes . . ."

"It isn't only that. I've got a real handicap. You may think it's silly, but my being short has held me back."
"You think being short is a handicap?" asked Eddie, who himself lacks about a half-dozen of the precious inches required by the six-footer club which includes Gable, Taylor and Cooper!
"Sure it is," Brown replied; "for me, anyway."

"Listen, Brown, Napoleon was short. In fact he wasn't tall enough to be an average soldier, so he became the greatest general."
"I know, but there was only one Napoleon."

"That's true. But there were people with worse handicaps than Napoleon's, who did even greater things."

"Yeah?" Brown challenged.

"Yes, Milton, the poet, wrote his masterpiece after he lost his sight. Beethoven composed some of the world's most beautiful music in spite of the fact that he was never able to hear a note of it."

"Well, that's all ancient history," Brown argued. "In these days you gotta be almost perfect to get any place.

"Don't say that," Cantor commanded. "Let me tell you about a woman of our own generation, one of the greatest women who ever lived. Before she was two years old, she suffered an illness which left her with neither sight nor hearing. Imagine—imagine living in a world of silence and darkness! Great doctors could do nothing for her, and it seemed an impossibility that the child would ever learn to talk. But she wanted what was rightfully hers, and after years of study under her brilliant and patient teacher, she not only mastered speech, but today she can speak and write in several different languages. The woman is Helen Keller, and her teacher is Anne Sullivan."

I GUESS her folks were wealthy, and could give her all she needed."

"Yes," Cantor agreed, "they could give her everything she needed—and did. But the will and determination to overcome her handicaps was her own—and all the money in the world couldn't buy that. You must realize that there are very few people in this world without some kind of handicap."

"Isn't that all the more reason why we need some breaks?" Brown asked, sticking to his first argument.

(Continued on Page 48)
Wayne King’s Inspiring

It’s funny, how many blind alleys you have to stumble down before you find the highway that takes you where you want to go.

Wayne King is no star-sprinkled exception to this general rule. His travel-chart was no broad pathway to a place in the sun. Like everybody else, he plodded through several blind alleys before he found himself, and he bumped his head against a couple of unimportant businesses before he finally got under way in the musical world.

For instance, his first job after his graduation from high school was that of a messenger boy in the People’s Trust & Savings Bank of Clinton, Iowa.

It was dull work and he hated it. High finance, to a boy whose mind is filled with new notes and blue notes and odd snatches of song, was just so much fiddle-faddle, and he didn’t care who knew it!

It was a girl who saw his discomfort and obtained for him his first real job with a dance band.

After hearing him play on his clarinet, she offered him a job in a little jazz orchestra. The girl herself played the piano, and in addition to Wayne, the only other member of the group was a trap-drummer.

Strangely enough, this odd three-piece outfit was the unwitting ancestor of the big thirteen-piece dance band that Wayne King is directing today.

Wayne, by this time, must have been making plenty of money. Although musicians then were not paid the handsome sums they are paid today, still they got plenty for their work, even as far back as sixteen or seventeen years ago.

An ordinary fellow of eighteen or nineteen years would have spent his money on girls. On gay times, slick suits, fancy ties.

But Wayne King, remember, was not an ordinary fellow.

He couldn’t forget the poverty and privation of his youth. His goal, as I have told you before, was money and security. And he was smart enough to know you don’t reach that goal through riotous living.

Common sense told him that he ought to have a college education if he wanted to succeed. Money spent on education was another installment to be paid down on success.

At the end of his sophomore year, he decided to give up the grind. After all, no man can study all day, work all night, and keep physically fit.

Furthermore, he still had that big-money goal in sight. The accumulation of wealth, for the sake of accumulation alone, meant nothing to him. But what it could buy meant everything!

Wealth could buy the well-rounded life—a life composed of good books, good music, fine pictures. It could buy security and peace of mind. Those were the things the small boy in the orphanage had wanted. These were the things the grown-up boy meant to have.

In the meantime, the saxophone was

Hard-to-Forget Memories From His Book-of-Boyhood Inspire a Youth to Climb Upward From a Big-Time Job in His Chosen Field to Even Greater Things!

By Marge Kerr

It required a girl to turn his faltering feet in the right direction, but it was going to take a lot of determination to get him where he hoped to go.

Any romantic attachment Wayne may have felt for the girl resolved itself into brotherly affection when she later married his brother, Chester. Soon afterward, Wayne left Clinton and moved to Chicago.

The days of Wayne King and his moaning saxophone were still only a pattern in the future, and it was the humble little clarinet—perhaps the very one he played in the orphanage band—that earned him his first big-time dance-orchestra job.

At any rate, it didn’t take him long to get located with one of the famous Benson orchestras, then playing in the Morrison hotel in downtown Chicago.

Difficult for cocksure freshmen, Wayne King was duly acknowledged as a full-fledged member of the student body.

When I say “full-fledged” I don’t mean to convey the idea that Wayne King was a “Joe College.” I don’t see how he could have been that, even if he had wanted to.

Wayne had kept his job with the Benson orchestra in Chicago. Every afternoon, when his last class was over, he hurried out with his clarinet, caught a train into the city, and joined his fellow horn-tooters at the Morrison hotel.

After an evening of painful merrymaking, an evening that lasted until early morning hours, he dragged himself wearily to the sta-
In his short high school career, Wayne King starred both as student and athlete.

...couldn't force him to go hungry in Chicago. Maybe that Dutch determination was the spur that prodded him on.

He kept going until he reached the sixth floor.

There, the manager of the Aetna Life Insurance company, impressed with his grit, gave him a job. Soon he became assistant cashier, and later on was promoted to the office of the general agent in charge of the life department. Although he was with the company only a couple of years—1921 and 1922—they still remember Wayne King at the Aetna Life Insurance offices.

"Can't forget that boy," his ex-boss told me. "He always carried his saxophone to work."

For by this time, Wayne had saved enough money to buy a saxophone. Every night, closeted in the smallness of his Y. M. C. A. room, he dragged out his book of instructions, stifled his moaning instrument with a pillow, and practised until early morning.

Wayne facetiously uses that anecdote as an explanation of his famous "floating" tones, but there is another anecdote, relative to the same idea, which I think is much more entertaining.

It is the story connected with one of his first engagements as a saxophone player in a dance band. At the Y. M. C. A., Wayne had met Walter Ford, a piano-player who did a little talent booking on the side.

With that characteristic confidence that distinguishes most of his brash gestures, Wayne asked Ford to get him a dance job.

"What can you play?" asked Ford.

"Saxophone," said King.

Without bothering to verify this confident assertion, Ford booked King to play a college dance that very night.

W HEN the band assembled and the music stands were set up, one saxophone player in the group didn't seem to know what to do with his scores.

If the orchestra played a number suggested by the leader, this same fellow appeared to be lost.

If they played a number he suggested, he made music that really stopped the show.

"Can't you follow the boys on those other tunes?" the leader snorted.

"What's the matter with you?"

"I don't read music," the sax-player

(Continued on Page 48)
I? WAS a taunting voice that came over the wire, and it snapped Detective Harry Western right out of his grouch.

Detective Western was sitting at the switchboard in Jersey City Police Headquarters—which was why he had the grouch in the first place. It was 8:30 on a Saturday morning, a warm day in June. No day to sit cooped up at a police switchboard, Western told himself. A quick-thinking detective didn’t have much chance to distinguish himself doing that kind of work!

And then the board buzzed, and proceeded to prove just how wrong Harry Western was.

"Police Headquarters," said Western crisply.

"Is that where all the bums hang out?" asked a cocky, supercilious voice. A male voice, rich in alcoholic overtones.

"This is Police Headquarters," said Western. His voice was a little slower, but he was thinking fast. Nine chances to ten, he realized, this was some well-known minor celebrity—say, a politician, or a lawyer or a fresh newspaperman having a little fun before he got down to announcing himself and taking his business. And yet there was a tenth chance—that tenth chance which makes police work so interesting. Criminals are the vainest and cockiest people on earth, as Western well knew. Perhaps . . . but the voice was talking again.

"All cops are bums," it said, with

"Shut up and come out of there," he snapped.

"Easy condensation. "Now take you for instance. I’ll bet you’ve never caught anything in your life. Not even a cold, see?"

"Go ahead," said Western with a chuckle. "It’s your nickell!" But of course the map at the other end couldn’t see the interested gleam in the manhunter’s eye. Neither could he see Detective Western beckon to Lieutenant John O’Neill of the second branch detective bureau. O’Neill came over swiftly, while the floating voice in Western’s ear said:

"Why, I’ve been wanted up in Utica for the past month, and I’ve been hanging around here and nobody’s even noticed me."

Western, plugging, in a desk phone and silently motioning O’Neill towards it, permitted a crestfallen tone to color his voice.

"Well," said Western, as O’Neill carefully picked up the receiver, "some of you smart crooks are mighty hard to trip, I’ll grant you that."

"You’re darned right I’m smart." The voice lilted to a laugh that cracked up in a hiccup:

"Where are you now?" Western asked simply, but the man on the other end crowed with glee.

"Wouldn’t you like to know?" he demanded. "But I don’t mind telling you, at that I’m down by the waterfront at the foot of Essex Street. But you can’t catch me. I’m like Raffles, and the Scarlet Pimpernel and them guys—"

"Oh, well!" interrupted Western.

"No wonder! That isn’t my precinct. Wait a minute and I’ll put you on with the man who ought to have arrested you!"

"Okay, flatfoot!" said the breezy voice. And as Western pulled his key and swiftly commanded the central operator to trace the call, Lieutenant O’Neill took over.

"Hello, there," he began.

"Hello, you bum," came the scornful greeting. "So you’re the guy that shoulda picked me up. Say, what’s the matter with you, mug?"

"Well," said the lieutenant, speaking as slowly as he dared in order to hold the unknown in conversation while Western traced the call, "I guess you’re just too smart for me. What have you been doing?"

"I’ve been sleeping on a boat, clown," was the caustic retort. "I’m the guy they want up in Utica for robbing a produce truck. But they didn’t get me any more than you will."

Lieutenant O’Neill’s eyes widened at that. With the trained memory of a good policeman, he instantly recollected the routine information which had come down from Utica some few weeks before—about a truckload of produce being hijacked by a lone thug. Quickly he cupped the mouthpiece with the palm of his hand.

"We want this drunk all right!" he rapped. Western nodded and went on working his board.

"Keep him on for a few more seconds and we’ll have him," he replied. And then the information came through. The phone company reported that the call was being put through from a public telephone booth in Jack O’Brien’s tavern, York and Hudson Streets—just about three and a half blocks from the spot from which the hijacker had claimed to be telephoning.

Working fast, Western rang the telephone upstairs in the radio control room.

"Sullivan!" he snapped, as Sergeant Sylvester Sullivan answered. "Pick up a guy who’s telephoning right now from Jack O’Brien’s tavern, down near the waterfront at York and Hudson. He may be armed. He’s drunk."

That was all. It took perhaps three seconds to say. In another three seconds these words were winging out over Jersey City:

"Calling Car 18 . . . pick up a suspicious character, possibly armed, from O’Brien’s tavern at York and Hudson . . . This man has been using a telephone there . . . Car 18 . . ."

And car 18, manned by Patrolmen Frank Le Strange and John Alfieri happened at that moment to be within five blocks of the saloon! And when the two radio policemen walked into the tavern, less than a minute later, bellows of laughter were sounding even through the glassed sides of the telephone booth. Inside, a young man was talking.

"How long has that fellow been talking?" Le Strange inquired of the bartender.

"Oh, two-three minutes," was the reply. And Alfieri and Le Strange nodded grimly and strove up to the booth.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant O’Neill was flattering the Voice and egging it on to further outbursts, in his attempt to keep the connection open. But suddenly the Voice began to laugh at him.

"Well, I’m afraid I’ll have to leave . . ."

(Continued on Page 49)
BE SURE TO LISTEN TO THE HOUR OF CHARM
featuring PHIL SPITALNY AND HIS ALL-GIRL SINGING ORCHESTRA EVERY MONDAY
AT 4 P.M. o.n.1.
STATION WEAF N. B.C. NETWORK
Presented by the dealers of GENERAL ELECTRIC
WFBC - Matinee
WMAZ - Words & Music
WWNC - WMAZ- Matinee
WOR - Tunes
NBC - While the Bells Ring
WSPA - Love
WSPA - Dance Period
WTAR (sw- Men's Clubs)
WJZ - Miranda
WBT
WEAF - Eton
WGST - Sidewalk Snoopers
WBIG - Billy Ward
WSJS - He's Murdering
WJAX
WABC - Louis Armstrong
WSM - Joseph Macpherson, bar.
WQAM - Romance & Rhythm
KDKA - Pittsburgh Varieties
WCSC - Wallenstein's Sinfonietta
WJAX - Fidler's Hollywood
KDKA - Hal Chaisson's Orch.
WQAM - Romance & Rhythm
WJAX - Earl Henderson's Revue
KDKA - Hal Chaisson's Orch.
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**Wednesday November 18**

**News**

7:55 a.m. - NBC-4
8:45 a.m. - NBC-4
9:30 a.m. - NBC-4
10:15 a.m. - NBC-4
11:00 a.m. - NBC-4
11:45 a.m. - NBC-4
12:25 p.m. - NBC-4
1:10 p.m. - NBC-4
1:55 p.m. - NBC-4
2:40 p.m. - NBC-4
3:25 p.m. - NBC-4
4:10 p.m. - NBC-4
4:55 p.m. - NBC-4
5:40 p.m. - NBC-4
6:25 p.m. - NBC-4
7:10 p.m. - NBC-4
8:05 p.m. - NBC-4
8:50 p.m. - NBC-4
9:35 p.m. - NBC-4
10:20 p.m. - NBC-4
11:05 p.m. - ABC-7
11:50 p.m. - NBC-4
12:35 a.m. - NBC-4
1:20 a.m. - NBC-4
2:05 a.m. - NBC-4
2:50 a.m. - NBC-4
3:35 a.m. - NBC-4
4:20 a.m. - NBC-4
5:05 a.m. - NBC-4
5:50 a.m. - NBC-4
6:35 a.m. - NBC-4
7:20 a.m. - NBC-4
8:05 a.m. - NBC-4
8:50 a.m. - NBC-4
9:35 a.m. - NBC-4
10:20 a.m. - NBC-4
11:05 a.m. - NBC-4
11:50 a.m. - ABC-7
12:35 p.m. - NBC-4
1:20 p.m. - NBC-4
2:05 p.m. - NBC-4
2:50 p.m. - NBC-4
3:35 p.m. - NBC-4
4:20 p.m. - NBC-4
5:05 p.m. - NBC-4
5:50 p.m. - NBC-4
6:35 p.m. - NBC-4
7:20 p.m. - NBC-4
8:05 p.m. - NBC-4
8:50 p.m. - NBC-4
9:35 p.m. - NBC-4
10:20 p.m. - NBC-4
11:05 p.m. - NBC-4
11:50 p.m. - ABC-7

**MORNING**

6:20 a.m. EST
WBCB-Dixie Rhythm Ranchers
WBIG-Hugh Radio Gang
A Musical Clock: WBT WOR

**Early Risers:** WXJ WJ WMAZ WCIC-Morning Bulletin
WBIG-News & Schedule
WBIG-Easter Jingles
WGST-Morning Bulletin
WDBO-News Bulletin
WDEL-News Bulletin
WJZ-News Bulletin

**MORNING**

7:30 a.m.
WBCB-Dixie Rhythm Ranchers
WBIG-Hugh Radio Gang
A Musical Clock: WBT WOR

**Breakfast Table**

7:30 a.m.
WBCB-Dixie Rhythm Ranchers
WBIG-Hugh Radio Gang
A Musical Clock: WBT WOR

**News**

4:00 a.m. - WOR
4:45 a.m. - WOR
5:30 a.m. - WOR
6:15 a.m. - WOR
7:00 a.m. - WOR
7:45 a.m. - WOR
8:30 a.m. - WOR
9:15 a.m. - WOR
10:00 a.m. - WOR
10:45 a.m. - WOR
11:30 a.m. - WOR
12:15 p.m. - WOR

**Networks**

Homespun, formerly 2:15 p.m., 4:00-4:15 p.m., News

**Newscast**

9:11 a.m. - WOR
9:46 a.m. - WOR
10:21 a.m. - WOR
11:06 a.m. - WOR
11:51 a.m. - WOR
12:36 a.m. - WOR
1:21 a.m. - WOR
2:06 a.m. - WOR
2:51 a.m. - WOR
3:36 a.m. - WOR
4:21 a.m. - WOR
5:06 a.m. - WOR
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11:06 a.m. - WOR
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12:36 a.m. - WOR
Thursday November 19

MORNING

**NBC**

**News**

1:05 NBC-NY

2:00 ABC

2:05 NBC-NY

3:00 NBC-NY

3:15 ABC

3:20 NBC

3:25 NBC

4:00 NBC

4:05 NBC

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9:30 NBC
NIGHT

8:00  ■ NBC-JESSICA LENTON, skit; WSB, Atlanta (sw - 9.53)

8:07  ■ NBC-PEPPO PRESENTS; skit; WLBW, Louisville (sw - 9.55)

8:15  ■ NBC-BERGALICKER presents; skit; WEAF, New York (sw - 9.59)

8:20  ■ NFC-BRITISH LIBRARY presents; skit; WINS, New York (sw - 9.55)

8:22  ■ NBC-CHESTERFIELD CHATLET presents; skit; WAL, New York (sw - 9.56)

8:25  ■ NFL-FOOTBALL: College Football; WOR, New York (sw - 9.55)

8:30  ■ NFL-FOOTBALL: College Football; WOR, New York (sw - 9.55)

8:35  ■ NFL-FOOTBALL: College Football; WABC, New York (sw - 9.55)

8:40  ■ NFL-FOOTBALL: College Football; WABC, New York (sw - 9.55)

8:45  ■ NFL-FOOTBALL: College Football; WABC, New York (sw - 9.55)

8:47  ■ NFL-FOOTBALL; WABC, New York (sw - 9.55)

8:50  ■ NFL-FOOTBALL; WABC, New York (sw - 9.55)

8:52  ■ NFL-FOOTBALL; WABC, New York (sw - 9.55)

9:00  ■ NFL-FOOTBALL; WABC, New York (sw - 9.55)

9:07  ■ WABC: DANCE BAND "ANNIE"; WABC, New York (sw - 9.55)

9:15  ■ WGN: COMEDY BAND "ANNIE"; WGN, Chicago (sw - 9.55)

9:22  ■ NBC-LAFAYETTE present; skit; WINS, New York (sw - 9.55)

9:25  ■ NBC-PHILANTHROPIC presents; skit; ABC, New York (sw - 9.55)

9:30  ■ NBC-AMERICAN EMPIRE presents; skit; ABC, New York (sw - 9.55)

9:35  ■ NBC-AMERICAN EMPIRE presents; skit; ABC, New York (sw - 9.55)

9:40  ■ NBC-AMERICAN EMPIRE presents; skit; ABC, New York (sw - 9.55)

9:45  ■ NBC-AMERICAN EMPIRE presents; skit; ABC, New York (sw - 9.55)

9:50  ■ NBC-AMERICAN EMPIRE presents; skit; ABC, New York (sw - 9.55)

9:55  ■ NBC-AMERICAN EMPIRE presents; skit; ABC, New York (sw - 9.55)

10:00 ■ NBC-FIRST NIGHTER; WOR, New York (sw - 9.55)

10:07 ■ NBC-CHRISTMAS presents; skit; WOR, New York (sw - 9.55)

10:15 ■ NBC-CHRISTMAS presents; skit; WOR, New York (sw - 9.55)

10:20 ■ NBC-CHRISTMAS presents; skit; WOR, New York (sw - 9.55)

10:27 ■ NBC-CHRISTMAS presents; skit; WOR, New York (sw - 9.55)

10:30 ■ NBC-CHRISTMAS presents; skit; WOR, New York (sw - 9.55)

10:35 ■ NBC-CHRISTMAS presents; skit; WOR, New York (sw - 9.55)

10:40 ■ NBC-CHRISTMAS presents; skit; WOR, New York (sw - 9.55)

10:45 ■ NBC-CHRISTMAS presents; skit; WOR, New York (sw - 9.55)

10:50 ■ NBC-CHRISTMAS presents; skit; WOR, New York (sw - 9.55)

10:55 ■ NBC-CHRISTMAS presents; skit; WOR, New York (sw - 9.55)

11:00 ■ NBC-CHRISTMAS presents; skit; WOR, New York (sw - 9.55)

11:05 ■ NBC-CHRISTMAS presents; skit; WOR, New York (sw - 9.55)

11:10 ■ NBC-CHRISTMAS presents; skit; WOR, New York (sw - 9.55)

11:15 ■ NBC-CHRISTMAS presents; skit; WOR, New York (sw - 9.55)

11:20 ■ NBC-CHRISTMAS presents; skit; WOR, New York (sw - 9.55)
CONTESTS ON THE AIR

SUNDAY

2 p.m. EST (1 CST), NBC network. Landlady You and White. Weekly merchandise prizes for composition about product. Grand prize awarded at frequent intervals. Weekly contests close Wednesday following broadcast.

10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST), NBC network. Musical Camera. Weekly merchandise prizes for composition about product. Grand prize awarded at frequent intervals. Weekly contests close Wednesday following broadcast.

7:45 p.m. EST (6:45 CST), NBC network. Quiz School's Pageant. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

6:00 p.m. EST (5:00 CST), NBC network. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

WEDNESDAY

4 p.m. EST (3 CST), NBC network. Henry Russel's Orchestra. 104 cash prizes totaling $1,000 awarded for best entries in quiz or less on product. Contest closes Dec. 7, 1936.

11:45 a.m. EST (10:45 CST), Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

3:15 p.m. EST (2:15 CST), Monday. Contest closes Nov. 29, 1936.

9:00 p.m. EST (8 CST), NBC network. Greater Mysteries. Automatic and 120 other prizes for winning contest.

TUESDAY

9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST), CBS network. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

CONTESTS ON THE AIR

SATURDAY

9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST), NBC network. Kalamazoo's Kindergarten, 4,680 prizes totaling $74,660 distributed. Contest closes Nov. 28, 1936.

10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST), NBC network. Red Grange Football Forecast. Automobile and 120 other prizes weekly for guessing football scores.

SATURDAY

5:30 p.m. EST (4:30 CST), NBC network. Baseball. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST), NBC network. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

10:00 p.m. EST (9:00 CST), CBS network. Your Hit Parade. Flat fifty in cigarettes for guessing three leading hits of week.


9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST), NBC network. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

FRIDAY

10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST), NBC network. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST), NBC network. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

7:30 p.m. EST (6:30 CST), NBC network. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

6:30 p.m. EST (5:30 CST), NBC network. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST), NBC network. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

4:30 p.m. EST (3 CST), NBC network. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

WEDNESDAY

March 31, 1937.

11:45 a.m. EST (10:45 CST), Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

9:45 p.m. EST (8:45 CST), NBC network. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

9:00 p.m. EST (8 CST), NBC network. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

3:15 p.m. EST (2:15 CST), NBC network. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

9:00 p.m. EST (8 CST), NBC network. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

TUESDAY

9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST), CBS network. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

CONTESTS ON THE AIR

CONTESTS ON THE AIR

TUESDAY

9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST), CBS network. Question Bee: Cast: Israel; in Rhythm Orches. Pass. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

9:45 p.m. EST (8:45 CST), NBC network. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

9:00 p.m. EST (8 CST), NBC network. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

CONTESTS ON THE AIR

TUESDAY

9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST), CBS network. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

CONTESTS ON THE AIR

CONTESTS ON THE AIR

SATURDAY

9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST), NBC network. Contest closes Wednesday following broadcast.

CONTESTS ON THE AIR

SATURDAY
WAYNE KING'S LIFE STORY

(Continued from Page 31)

said. "The fact is, I play only by ear. I have no music." He added hopefully, "I can play better music than you fellows any day!"

There was too much for the rest of the band. They stood the challenge, and he went on.

Notes came rolling out of his saxophone like a breeze, of which he had never been heard before in Chicago.

Shortly after his informal debut at the club, Wayne landed a job with an orchestra playing at Chicago's famous Riviera theater.

A little girl singing at the Riviera thought he had possibilities.

Early she was pretty good, too.

Later on, she went to the Metropolitan opera, and when radio went big, she sang over the air. Now she's starring in pictures.

Her name is Gladys Swarthout.

Today, Wayne King has entered NBC studios by a back door in order to evolution, and several thousand dollars for him. Gladys Swarthout, too, surrounded by a press and a public anxious to record her every move.

No one could remember how long Wayne King played in the Riviera band.

But they do remember that Wayne King's big break came in 1930. Wayne, before that date, had progressed from the theater pit to the dance band as a drummer. In 1925, he joined a group directed by Wayne for almost eight years told me.

"I can't content myself to sit back and play like the rest of the boys. He's a boy with a heart into his music, and it didn't take the dancers long to sing him out."

THAT'S probably one of the reasons why he soon found himself with a baton in his hand.

It happened in this way. Last October, in the Saturday night entertainment for his dancers, used to augment the band, separate and varied units, and he became the director of his players to direct the second group.

Andrew Karon, owner of the Karon Orchestra, decided to build the Aragon band. J. Bodenwalt, chief arranger for his son Dell and the Aragon band, was ordered to organize and pick a leader. He chose Al Morey, banjo player at the Aragon, who soon received Wayne King fell heir to his job.

And here, according to my way of thinking, is a good opportunity to clear up a great deal of misunderstanding about Wayne King and his particular style of dance music.

Many manifested, anxious to test the charm, pointed out that there was no earthly reason why Wayne King shouldn't have been an instantaneous success.

"There he was," they say jealously, "with a whole band and a complete set of orchestrations."

The people seem to forget that you can't make a career out of one set of orchestrations. They forget that new bands come and go and that each new one demands its own arrangement.

In this manner, many people go out of their way to point out that Wayne King didn't originate his distinctive style of dance music.

I didn't talk to Wayne King about his career, but I talked to the girl in-law who launched him on his dance-band career; I talked to the girl who's in love with him; I talked to an aunt, and to his brother.

What I seem pretty well agreed that the Lamps were responsible for Wayne's success. All of which leads me to believe that Wayne King is a born musician. In fact, I don't think Wayne King has ever said that he originated his particular style of playing. But I do know he has improved on the orchestrations he fell heir to eight years ago.

The Waltz King plays; his style is a part of the person who is Wayne King. And it must be pretty good, for it kept him in front of the Aragon right through.

It got him his first big radio contract.

And it brought him face-to-face with the three great romances of his life!

Who were the women in Wayne King's early life? What parts did they play in his march to musical success? Don't miss the next fascinating chapter in this absorbing life-history of the great Waltz King! Read it—next week—in "Radio Guide!"

WAYNE KING may be heard Monday evenings over a CBS network at 10:00 p.m. EST (9:00 CST; 8:00 MST; 7:00 PST); also the following day over an affiliate NBC network at 8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST; 6:30 MST; 5:30 PST)."

BIG LECTURES FOR LITTLE FELLOWS

(Continued from Page 29)

never be able to walk again. Is that a handicap, Brown?"

"Well—yes... and you like to know then, then..." Cantor asked, "that a short time ago in the same world, we speed for speed in the thousand-yard run? The fastest human being in the world was a Chicago girl. Cunningham. And then she said he'd never be able to walk! Is that pull?"

"No, I—I guess not."

Of course not. That's pull—what you need. Are your parents living?"

"Yes, and I'm their sole support."

"You know," Eddie said, "I've lots to be thankful for. God has been good to me, but He's been good to you, too, I'm sure. Mrs. Brown, you are a mother, father, and no matter how discouraged I've ever been, I've always waiting for you with love and sympathy. I never had that. I lost my parents when I was a baby. I can't forget how you gave me a job when I was hungry and Winters I spent without a roof. Brown, you must know how filling a mother's arms can be— and how warm. I'll never know."

GEE, I'm sorry, Mr. Cantor," the embarrassed boy said. "You know, a fellow doesn't know when he's well off. I realize now there's nothing wrong with me that ambition won't cure!"

"If you'll just keep that in mind," Cantor said, "you'll go a long way. The world is full of hard knocks, but one of them is sure to be opportunity."

That was one of Eddie's latest sermons. You heard it almost a year ago. Do you remember it?"

Eddie hopes so. He hopes that you inspired by his radio sermons, will keep on pursuing, just like that little banjo-eyed Ghetto orphan who relied on push instead of pull to get what he wanted.

And who got it?

Eddie Cantor may be heard Sundays on the CBS Network over the station KDKA at 8:00 p.m. (PST). He also makes appearances on the "B. J. Yammie" program over the CBS Network at 10:30 p.m. (PST), and later for the CBS network at 8:00 p.m. (PST)."

"For Christmas!"

"For Parents Only!"

IN RADIO GUIDE!

NEXT WEEK

Another Big Gift Song! The Sunshine and Shadow in Fanny Brice's Life! And—"For Parents Only!"
FOOTBALL BROADCASTS

EAST Shown for CST Subtract One Hour

NOVEMBER 11
Alabama vs. Georgia Tech: 2 p.m. - WABM
Auburn vs. Louisiana State: 2 p.m. - WBBM
Centenary vs. Texas Christian: 2 p.m. - WFAA
Cornell vs. U. of Kentucky: 2:30 p.m. - WBBM
Dartmouth vs. Cornell: 2 p.m. - WEN
Duke vs. U. of North Carolina: 2 p.m. - WBBM
Football Game, to be announced 2:30 p.m.: CBS-WABC and NBC-WKA or WAF
Franklin & Marshall vs. Dickinson: 2 p.m. - WBBM
Holy Cross vs. Brown: 1:45 p.m. - WEN
Indiana vs. Wisconsin: 2 p.m. - WBBM
Lafayette vs. Bilings High School: 9:15 a.m. - KGHJ
Minnesota vs. Marquette: 3 p.m. - WSW
New Mexico Apples vs. U. of New Mexico: 4:45 p.m. - KEX
North Carolina State vs. Catholic U.: 2 p.m. - WHR
Northwestern vs. Michigan: 2 p.m. - WBBM
Ohio State vs. Boston College: 1:45 p.m. - WKY
Virginia vs. Vanderbilt: 3:30 p.m.
Washington vs. Illinois State: 2 p.m. - WHR
Western Maryland vs. Louisiana State: 2 p.m.

HITS OF THE WEEK

They still rate "The Way You Look Tonight" tops in tunes. And still, right through it all..."When Lights Are Bright". That's a formidable crack to break through, but there are those who think that "A Fine Romance" will soon be the leader. However, with "Now's the Time" doubt will battle for first place, a new Ziegfeld "Follies" number has crashed into the running, landing emphatically in fifteenth place. That's "Midnight Blues". This week's fifteen favorites are:

1. "The Way You Look Tonight"
2. "How Do You Mean It?"
3. "3-9-60 and the Moon"
4. "When Lights Are Bright"
5. "When He Told Me That"
6. "When Lights Are Bright"
7. "When He Told Me That"
8. "I Wish"
9. "When He Told Me That"
10. "Midnight Blues"
11. "When Lights Are Bright"
12. "When Lights Are Bright"
13. "When Lights Are Bright"
14. "When Lights Are Bright"
15. "When Lights Are Bright"

GOVERNMENT JOB TRY-OUT TEST

GOVERNMENT JOBS PAY $1140 TO $2100 FIRST YEAR

ANNUAL RAISE MEN-WOMEN

MANY 1937 APPOINTMENTS

Most Government examinations include Mental Tests. Try yourself. Answer the questions and phone in at once. Our examiners will correct your work, rate, and return it. The result should tell you the possibility of a high rating on the U. S. Government Examination.

MENTAL TEST

1. The Postmaster General is given office by: (1) Congress. (2) The Civil Service Commission. (3) The President with the advice and consent of the Senate.

Give number of correct answer

2. A train makes 3/5 of its trip in 44 minutes. In how many minutes will it make the entire trip?

Answer

3. MAILBAG is to LOCK as LETTER is to (1) Stamp. (2) Seal. (3) Cancellation.

Answer

4. A letter is given special protection if mailed (1) Special Delivery. (2) Registered. (3) Air Mail.

Answer

5. A clandestine meeting is one that is (1) Secret. (2) Accidental. (3) Romantic.

Answer

6. If it takes 15 clicks, 30 minutes to sort a certain mail, how many clerks will be needed to sort the same mail in 25 minutes?

Answer


Answer

8. The saying: "Many hands make light work" means most nearly (1) When several workers, it is easier. (2) There are often too many to get along.

Answer

Franklin Institute, Dept. T199,
Rochester, N. Y.

I send you my work on Mental Test No. 1. Kindly have your examiners correct this work and return to me with my rating and at no cost to me. Kindly send full information regarding Government jobs. Send list of jobs and tell me how to get one.

Name
Address

HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN....

Learn music this easy as A-B-C way ...

and enjoy your share of the fun

POPULARITY comes quickly to those who can pop up a party—on a cranked start and keep them going. The easiest way in with music. Any song and any instrument will be learned everywhere. Here is your chance to win the popularity you're always dreaming of—to learn to play—to be able to entertain others. And best of all, you can learn without the expense of a private teacher—and in a much shorter time than it used to take.

You don't have to be talented. You don't need any previous knowledge of music. The only thing you are asked to do is practice. This book shows you at once how you can learn to play any tune of your choice. Just see how your ears are trained and your memory is used. The training is easy. Here is where you can do things for yourself and learn to play.

Learn to Play by Note

FREE BOOKLET AND DEMONSTRATION LESSON

At headquarters, facing O'Neill and Westmore, the young man talked freely. However, he identified himself as Edgar S. Hawkins. He was not a fugitive from justice, he was shown to the cell he had telephoned to re- serve, and his story was heard by the message to the U. S. police, giving de- tails.

Back came a reply stating that Hawkins had told the truth. Would the young man hold his story until a warrant could be sent down? Hawkins said he would. Without charge, the Jersey City police would.

And when Detective Harry Western of the bureau showed up, he had a telecast keys with new affection. Exciting Tokyo could have happened. Hawkins, who had explored a telecast switch board, realized, even on a warm Saturday morning in June. And es- pecially when, in a town of friends he'll find, my mouth shut, and keep myself out of trouble.

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ANYONE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from Page 25)

oughly beauty-and-fashion-conscious. I began to lose my beauty and I knew it. I was a more poise, more experience in myself, knowing that I could hold my own with other women. My whole life changed. I lost the inferiority complex. When I walk into a room full of people now—and I mean this with no conceit—I have that I know I look well.

From Connie come rules number one and two:

1. Take pride in yourself. Wake up your natural vanity.
2. Look around you and copy. Copy the beautiful women you see.

THEN there's Benay Venuta. Tall, blond, graceful Benay, the eleven-year-old with such a splendid bob.

"A child I grew up much too fast. I was big, fat, and looked middle-aged next to my girl friends. I would stoop over unbecomingly to be the size, and I would try to ape them to look more like them. My ideal was the daintiest little girl in the crowd. She had a baby face and wore such little frilly things. I tried so much to look like her!

"Today, for a certain society dance I dressed as I thought this girl did dressed. When I think back now, I must have looked frightfully. After that miserable experience, Benay, in self-defense, decided to forget about boys and parties and herself—wholeheartedly into athletics. She went in for the sports she loved—basketball, swimming, fencing, tennis. She thought of the sports before she knew it the miracle had happened. She was looking coming beautiful!

And this Benay's rule. It's No. 3:

"Find your type and do everything to accentuate and improve it. If you're tiny, don't ape the big girl. If you're big, don't copy the tricks of a small girl. Don't imitate a type if you're with a little innocence, and vice versa.

NEXT there's the frank and practical advice of Rachel Carlay of the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. Rachel, you probably know, was brought up in France and possesses the French woman's aptitude for talking freely and without reserve.

"In France, we are taught early how to be beautiful and attract men. At the beginning I do not like to go much because I do not look pretty. I think I can never be pretty, and I do not care by this time. But once Mama comes to a dance and me and [we] have a lovely break away in a corner, so she takes me aside for a lecture.

"Do not ever stand near the wall with those other girls who are not popular, she said to me. "If you stay with the lonely girls you will be lonely and unwanted yourself, for you are judged by the company you keep. And besides, what have you to learn from them?" A nob-so-pretty flower in a beautiful bouquet will pass as beautiful, but in a dried-up bunch it will look withered too.

Rachel followed her mother's advice with conspicuous success. At parties, she kept away from the wall-dwellers, no matter how she was tempted to seek shelter in their little group. It wasn't very hard to make friends with the attractive girls, she learned, and from them she picked up some ideals of looking beautiful—for these girls were dressed by the most fashionable French dressers.

By bit by bit she caught on to the tricks until she became as dazzling and articulate a lady as the most popular of them all. And with her growing popularity and increased appearance came the natural vivacity and happiness which make even the homeliest of girls sparkle.

When one rule fails to work,

Stay away from the unsociable girls, as they cannot inspire you to be beautiful. Mingle with the popular, beautiful girls for eventually you will assimilate their most intimate beauty and personality secrets.

But from Bernice Claire comes advice which is so simple and effective it will make us wonder why we didn't think of it before!

"When I was on the stage, I neglected my health due to late hours and enthusiasm for my work. I had nothing but coffee for breakfast, a sandwich hastily gobbled for lunch, any old time, and after the show I would forget myself with a hearty meal.

"One day I took a long, appraising look at myself. In the mirror and what I saw shocked me. Deep circles under my eyes, a pale yellowish stain over my mouth, a haggard look over all my face.

"Then and there I decided to do something about my appearance and health. I placed myself on a simple, healthful diet. Milk, vegetables and fruits. I ate irregularly and sensibly.

"When I noticed the color and life coming back to my complexion, how my eyes began to sparkle once more! I look long walks wherever possible—quick, brisk walks that put good, fresh air in my lungs. I indulged in whatever sports I could. And it all worked, too, for nothing can give a girl vitality, zest and fine skin like a common-sense health routine.

Take care of your health, and your beauty will take care of itself!

So there you are. These four stars weren't born beautiful. But they were born with the natural desire to possess beauty. More than that, they went out and got it! And from the experiences of these girls comes the inspiration and the advice for all of us.
Simple but true... and in my song I sing them to you... melancholy yearning for real happiness... I just had to express that's why I wrote a song. Heaven was my door... I want to tell you you were excepted from a bow... Is there left to tell you what of the empty shell... I'll be away from you... I love you?... I've almost reach the end of my rope... and yet somehow... I cherish the hope... that you'll believe me and come back to me... Dear bow happy I'd be... That I wrote a song...
A Tribute to Football

by Grantland Rice

Blocking backs and interference-
Fifty thousand wild adherents-
Tackle thrusts and headlong clashes.
Two yard bucks and dizzy dashes,
Head and shoulder, heart and soul,
Till you fall across the goal.

And another all-star eleven

THEY SATISFY