SENSEATIONAL! A HIT-SONG by TED FIO-RITO!
NELSON EDDY BIDS FAREWELL to ROMANCE!
MUSIC LOVERS: Hear "The Madness of the Moonlight" played by Shep Fields, Radio's Court of Honor, Nov. 27, 10 p.m. EST (9 CST), NBC-Blue network, and by Ted Fio-Rito, Saturday, Nov. 28, 12 Mid. EST (11 CST; 10 MST; 9 PST), over CBS!

The Madness of The Moonlight

Lyric by
Lou Adler and Gilbert Van Aldyne

Music by
Ted. Fio-Rito

Chos.

There’s a magic a-bore a sky that speaks of love, A strange and happy feeling fills a-round me like a glove. There’s

something in the night that fills me with delight, It’s the madness of the moon-light, at the

THIS IS A RADIO GUIDE GIFT SONG
HEARTBEATS AT HAMMERSTEIN'S

BY MARY FOSTER CROMWELL

above: gay nineties scene: in the dear, dead days of yester-year, beer sold for a nickel a glass and lunch was free, skirts were hooped and music halls were night-life tops

Left: Ted hammerstein, old oscar's grandson brings to the mike each tuesday night some old timer who re-lives for a moment the glory that once was his

because, thanks to a guest spot on the music hall program, she now has a radio show of her own. But with how many of the others are you familiar? Not many, I expect, yet when your grandmother was a deb, the names of thornton, howard and nugett radiated the same luster that the names of melton, vallee and boswell do today.

yes, the glamorous names of the past are as familiar as the snows of yesteryear, yet once each week, when ted hammerstein brings his tuesday night music hall to the air, some old-timer who made stage history behind the gas footlights in an early hammerstein show, steps up to the mike and lives his little space of glory all over again!

ted's famous grandfather, bluff, hearty old oscar hammerstein, is not there to witness this come-back triumph.

but somewhere—maybe in a new york tenement—maybe in a chicago flophouse—may be up in a tenement, down in the slums, some aging victorian tunes in his radio to listen to the voice of his youth whispering back across the years.

meanwhile, in manhattan, at columbia's radio playhouse, the curtain between then and now rises to the lively strains of "ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." in the wings a heavy figure with nervous hands and a limp shock of hair that gave up trying years ago, polishes his spectacles and re- reads his script for perhaps the hundredth time.

imagine if, he thinks. fifty years of amusing the great and the near-great of two continents—yet he feels like a schoolboy about to declaim his first platform monologue. back in 1886, when grandma laughed at his antics, he used to reel off jokes and sing his own compositions for twenty un-hurried minutes, delivering them in the order that suited him best. and grandma, laughing behind her ivory fan with its little painted flowers, used to think, 'oh, you kid!' while she

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NELSON EDDY'S
FAREWELL
to LOVE

NELSON EDDY is through with love. He has said an emphatic good-by to women's arms. He wants no more romantic headlines. He wants, like Garbo, to be alone, and what he wants he always gets.

You may think this is an odd state of affairs as you tune in on his "Open House" of a Sunday evening and thrill to the power of his magnetic voice. And if you have seen Nelson in "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie" on the screen, you must be certain that his ultimatum is a downright shame.

So it is, but behind this young man's rebellion against romance is a remarkable story, and one that, for his sake, must be told. I think I know better than most writers the reason for Nelson's present state of mind. You see, I interviewed him for the first time not long after his return from a triumphant concert tour. I wanted to know what sort of man could inspire hundreds of women to fight like tigers just to touch him and what there was about Nelson that gave the female of the species an irresistible desire to shower him with hundreds of unstrained love-letters.

This is what I discovered.

Nelson Eddy is every bit as charming, handsome and magnetic as the storm of romantic myths would have you believe. He is rich, and he is one of the few unattached bachelor idols left in the world. Your Don Ameaches, Robert Taylors, Clark Gables, Gary Cooper and Fred MacMurrays are all either safely married or already spoken for by the glamor girls of Hollywood.

SOCIETY WOMAN? NO! MUSIC-LOVER?
NO! HOLLYWOOD GLAMOR-GIRL? NO!
HIS ANSWER IS THE SAME FOR ALL!

That's how it happened that on our first meeting we talked of his career, his ambition to become the one great American singer of popular songs—the American Caruso. Of how he had struggled with music since boyhood to gain his present splendid reputation. When I went away I knew that I had met, of all things, a really sincere Hollywood celebrity, a man who dared to risk his popularity by refusing to let the public and the press place him on a "Valentino" pedestal.

But you know how a reporter is. He doesn't believe anyone's word, even when it is accompanied by a sworn affidavit. Newspapers still swarmed with headlines about Nelson Eddy's romantic life. Everywhere new choice tidbits were being bandied about by the gossip. I was dubious.

(Continued on Page 18)

BY
JAYNE
GREER

Bob Montgomery, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper and Robert Taylor are Cupid's victims. But Nelson dodges all of love's darts!
Rumors of Nelson Eddy's romances swarm in the newspapers' headlines. But through it all he remains—a bachelor. And here he tells you why!
Mrs. Simpson became the Prince's closest friend. Their relationship was unostentatious at first, but gradually Mrs. Simpson began to take precedence over everyone else in the Prince's entourage. She nearly always accompanied him on his frequent trips to the Continent—sometimes Mrs. Simpson was included, but more often not—and it was on one of these trips, to Biarritz, that talk of a romance between Edward and Wally first became widespread.

George V, the present King's father, was unalterably opposed to the relationship, and it is probable that father and son were estranged when George V died. Queen Mary is also believed to have been violently opposed to Mrs. Simpson, and she is joined in her firm stand by the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, highest English church authorities, and by the court Tories who were so close to King George.

Supporting the King are those younger courtiers who have come into power since his accession. Labor and the mass of the English people are believed by King Edward to be on his side.

In any event, King Edward cannot marry Mrs. Simpson until after his coronation in May. He faces four possible courses of action: He can elevate Mrs. Simpson to the nobility so as to stiffle, at least superficially, the conservatives' objections to her. He can make Mrs. Simpson his wife (he can never make her his Queen), and then, in order to settle the question of succession, appoint the Duke of York his heir. He can abdicate, marry Mrs. Simpson, and live the life of a private citizen. And finally, he can give her up entirely and marry one of a half-dozen or so eligible European princesses.

To this enigma of royal romance, no one has the answer.

I HAVE answered the letters of thousands upon thousands of women, trying to help them in their personal problems. But this is the first time that I have ever sat down to write a reply to a letter which was never sent.

I have never maintained that I am infallible, nor that my solution to any human problem is the only one. I have never been in search of pat solutions. I have merely tried to help these women think through their own problems, "talking it over" with them and
re-stating the questions objectively. I have found that a letter sometimes helps to accomplish these ends.

So let us talk over your problem, Wally Simpson. At this time the attention of the world is focused on you more sharply than ever, for it is no longer a matter of conjecture that King Edward intends to marry you. You are news, Wally, in bold caps. Editors in most parts of the world are chancing whatever gods there be that forty-one years ago Wallis Warfield was born in Baltimore, U. S. A. Blood may flow like a torrent over all of Spain, and the world may tremble precariously on the brink of another ghastly war, but one glimpse at the news stands tells us that Wally Simpson still claims the front page—the big headlines.

You were news—gossip is a form of news, too—as far back as 1932, when you were that trim and charming mystery woman, driving a sleek Rolls Royce on the Riviera and along the Biscay coast. The question was: Where is Edward? For Edward was a modernist. A democrat. A daring innovator who flew in airplanes and visited the homes of the poor. He acted like a human being, and when it became no longer a secret that he preferred your presence to all others, can there be any wonder that your name burst out suddenly in front-page headlines and was on everybody's lips? It was clear to all that the royal romance of all romances was taking place—the real-life story of the king who loved a commoner. The undying theme of art and literature was a reality for all to see!

It seems, Wally, that you were fated to live in the public eye. We, in your native America, follow the accounts of your amazing career with a feeling of no little pride. There are few of us who do not feel a remote thrill to read that the King of England has ordered his pipers to blow the “St. Louis Blues” for his bonnie guest. And now, as I write, Edward has decided that he will announce his engagement to you after his coronation next May. The impossible has happened, and it was Wallis Warfield, of Baltimore, who did it.

I am not being flippant when I say that the attitude of most Americans is that our Wally has made good. Sensitive Britshers may be offended, but I'm afraid we regard you just as we regard Mrs. Jones' daughter—who married a good, steady young man who's likely to give her everything she needs. Wally is marrying well, we say.

(Continued on Next Page)
HAPPY LISTENING
WITH DON TOWNE

Kay Thompson rehearses a portion of her chorus, heard with Andre Kostelanetz' music, Fridays, CBS

"Bill and Ginger"—Lyn Murray and Virginia Baker—sing, chat over CBS

AN OPEN LETTER TO MRS. SIMPSON

(Continued from Preceding Page)

Radio City, N. Y.—

A T THE time this is written, news has just been received of the death of Fay Webb, ex-wife of Rudy Vallee. She died of peritonitis following a serious operation at a Santa Monica, California, hospital. Before her death, her father said, "I forgive Vallee everything, including the hard things that were said during the divorce proceedings." In New York, Rudy broke down and cried when he was told of his former wife's passing. He was unable to do his show at the swanky French Casino. Another loss to the entertainment world was the beloved Miss Ernestine Schumann-Heink, opera singer and friend of the radio audiences. She died in her Hollywood home following hemorrhages of the throat and lungs. Two blood transfusions had been made, but her life could not be saved.

P PRESENT plans materialize, Amos 'n Andy will make their debut on a new program this Winter. It will be the first time in their long career that they have ventured to do anything but their usual 15-minute early evening patter. This new program will be a minstrel show with Amos 'n Andy in the principal roles. The Kingfish and announcer Bill Hay will do the commercial plugs in a kidding vein.

RENEE WICKER will start a new half-hour weekly program for her current sponsor, Christmas. This program will be in addition to her daily children's sketches and will consist of dramatized fairy tales.

WHENEVER Raano Gunz's Court of Honor—heard over the NBC Blue network on Friday nights—needs a girl singer, Renay Venuta will do the job. Comments after Miss Venuta's appearance November 13 were so enthusiastic that Raano Gunz decided to use her regularly. Incidentally, she is also mistress of ceremonies on a new Mutual network Saturday program.

THE company that specializes in electrical aids for the hard of hearing (and which sponsors Cheerio) is putting out a special radio which permits the deaf to enjoy air entertainment. It will be available Christmas and it is our opinion that this will be the finest Christmas present possible for those who never yet have heard broadcasts.

CURRENT wisdom has it that there is a place for radio in the home of every American. To prove this, let us refer to the case of Mrs. Koestner, the New York radio expert who has been careful to point out that in this modern age there are many Americans who have never heard radio. Mrs. Koestner tells us that a state of things has reached the point where there is as much listening to radio as there is to newspapers.

BEN GRAUER, an exclusive NBC announcer, did one of those public interview broadcasts the other Sunday night inside the lobby of the NBC building. He asked ten people who their favorite orchestra leaders were, and eight named Andre Kostelanetz and Guy Lombardo—both CBS artists!

TELEVISION may be a treat to radio users—but not to the artists. From Hildegarde, who has made five television broadcasts, comes this information: The make-up used is brown rouge, black lipstick, greenish eyeshadow, and a yellow paste on the teeth to make them glitter. Television prefers blondes; redheads, next. The lights are 90 degrees hotter than the Hollywood klieg lights. After these five broadcasts, Hildegarde found that she had lost nine pounds in weight.

IF YOU'RE wondered what happened to Judy Starr, the hotchka singer who was launched by Rudy Vallee, here is the answer. Judy was in an auto accident last January, suffered a severe relapse later. Now she's under a physician's care and making rapid progress.

HERE AND THERE: Cobina Wright, Jr., is that way about Lilet. Ernest Lee Johncock is David (Winkie) Brooks, husband of Adelaide Moffett, who appeared for a short time on several CBS programs, was killed when he fell out of a fourteenth-floor window of his apartment. This is the second time a tragedy such as this has affected Adele. Her mother fell out of a window a little more than a year ago.

ACHIE CARLAY is romancing with Count Romano, who is an Italian Embassy attaché.

ALL the copy-books advise us to be kind to animals, but Joseph Koestner, the Bandy, has his doubts. The other day, Koestner was driving seriously along a country highway with his pet kitten riding as serenely in a basket in the back seat. Something frightened pussy, and—a second later—Koestner had a clawing, spitting creature on the back of his neck.

While making a determined effort to rid himself of the kitten, he lost control of his car. Finally, with death a matter of inches, the kitten in one hand and his life ready to jump off the road, with possible death staring him in the face, Koestner wiped the perspiration from his forehead, took a deep breath and—improved on the copy-book rule!

with a sense of pride and satisfaction.

I'm sure you'll forgive this familiarity. But why shouldn't Americans be proud of your achievement? Haven't we always considered it a glorious achievement to demonstrate to the world that there are no class distinctions? You have done this better than anyone else ever could. But you are still the quiet, engaging, dark-haired daughter of Teasle Warfield, of East Biddle Street, Baltimore. Soon you may be Queen of England, but now you are just Wally to most of us.

I WOULD be well for you to consider an aspect of your problem that is likely to be lost in the trumpetings and fanaticism. I refer to what your fellow Americans expect of you. You realize, as I have pointed out, that we consider you a sterling product of a glorious democracy. You have penetrated the sacred corridors of musty tradition and bridged the greatest social gap that man has ever created.

You have brought a new meaning of democracy to the British Isles.

So you see, Wally, you have done a fine thing and we expect you to continue doing fine things to prove that good bearing, charm, intelligence and tact are not alien to democracy. I am sure you will not let us down.

TO MY way of thinking there cannot be enough fanfare and rejoicing over your achievement. The only pity is that the human values involved should be so completely obscured, and I think that here we should not fail to emphasize them.

It is a pity that Edward is now leaving no stone unturned in his effort to bend the tradition-loving British public to his way of thinking. It is a tribute to his sense of fair play, to his tact and discretion, that he respects the sentiments that have been instilled in his people over the course of centuries—that he will not run rough-shod over them. And I know that you would not require him to demonstrate his love by doing anything that would spoil your chances of a genuine happiness together.

Just as public opinion has been molded to think the chasm between King and commoner is unbridgeable, it can also be remolded to accept your marriage as a sign of progress and enlightenment.

I THINK that Edward's newspaper campaign, which is about to go into effect, should have the desired effect upon the minds of the English people. Before you know it, Wally, they will be feting you instead of whispering unfavourably about you. They will hail your King for claiming his inalienable right to love and marry as he likes—a right that few kings have ever had the courage to exercise.

Yes, your Edward seems to be the man of tact and drive that we Americans have always thought him to be. If his subjects prove lacking in the kind of sportsmanship for which Brit-"
Hollywood, Calif.—

IMMEDIATELY after the "Ariel and Caliban" romance of John Bar- rymore and Elaine Barrie blossomed into marriage at Yuma, Arizona, the newlyweds were flooded with offers to co-appear in radio.

Barrymore "thumbs-downed" the guest appearances, but the couple is reported to be considering seriously a thirteen-week Coast-to-Coast network contract.

The new show won't start until Barrymore has finished his work in the film, "Maytime," and you can bet that when the Barrymore program hits the airplanes about the first of the year, Mr. and Mrs. Barrymore won't play Shakespeare!

ADD embarrassing moments: When Jimmy Fidler went network for that cough drop manufacturer a short time ago, the announcer coughed right in the middle of the commercial! Jim- my was announced as something else than Jimmy Fidler, too.

NORMAN SPER went a wee bit haywire, from the looks of things, on his first "Caravan" broadcast, when he predicted that Aurora would face the Pacific Coast champion football team in the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day. Now he says that the University of Washington will be the West Coast representative in the same game. We'll among the superior people who claim Norman's average in picking the winners so far this season stands at 305.

SPEAKING of football, Don Wilson, Jack Benny's salesman-de-luxe, does a grand job of bringing coast games to the mike. His check calls for $250 per broadcast plus expense money, and listeners says he's certainly worth it.

HERE'S Hollywood's latest Radio Royalty mystery: Barbara Luddy of the "First Nighter" show received a spray of tiles of the valley, saccard, after her first broadcast. Broadcast number two brought a bunch of American beauties, again without identification.

In an argument as to who might be the mysterious flower sender, Bar- bara remarked, "I'll bet it's an old man with a mustache!"

Along came the third broadcast and with it another floral offering from the unknown admirer. This time the message was enclosed: "I'm not old," it read, "and I don't have a beard!" it added.

The florist won't talk. So all the girls are going to solve the mystery is to find a young man without a beard. Some job—in Hollywood!

HERE'S news! Mae West defines radio glamour! And, she says, it's the voice of our own president, Franklin Delano Roosevelt! When she's questioned about her own radio personality, however, Mae won't talk. But she's trying with a new radio idea that's supposed to cause a listeners' panic when she brings it to the ether.

The two clever masters of dialogue on the Jack Benny show, in case you're curious, are Ben Blue and Patsy Flick. Flick can roll a dozen dialects off his tongue—and you ought to hear that off-the-record impersonation of Jack Benny!

There's no use in even predicting this item, "Believe-It-or-Not!" for the fact remains that Bob Burns, the Arkansas Ag, sheered up the old army company by playing the bazooka all night long for them just be- cause it was signed. There are people who will tell you that bazooka performance won the war!

FROM THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

The answer I have given girls in this situation is little different from the advice I would offer you in discussing your problem with you. The chances for failure in a marriage to someone far above you socially outnumber by far the chances of success. But there are exceptions to the rule. These exceptions only indicate by comparison how generally lacking is the intelligence and cooperative spirit that such a marriage requires. I number you among the superior people who can, and undoubtedly will, make a go of marriage despite the many obstacles which you will find constantly appear- ing before you along the road. You are not a love-struck girl, Vally. You are forty-one and Edward is forty-two. You know exactly what it will take to preserve your marriage from week- age, and it only remains for you to carry it off with as little offense as possible to those who may not at first be able to reconcile themselves to it. You are probably aware that the sentiments of most of England's working people are with you. They have proved themselves the most realistic judges of the King's activities in the British Empire. Their attitude has been expressed by their political representa- tives and they have nothing but good wishes for you and Edward. In fact, they regard his desire to marry you as an example of the finest romances ever associated with the English mon- archy in all its history.

The reason for their feeling is not difficult to find. Edward has shown himself a king who understands better than any of his predecessors the prob- lems of the rank-and-file citizens of England. His decision to wed a com- moner is just another proof that he's a regular fellow, in tune with his age. So, no matter what dilemma may ap- pear as a result of your marriage, Wal- ly, you can feel that among other things you have been instrumental in strengthening the bond between mon- archy and the ordinary people from which you have sprung. It should be no little comfort to you in hours of anxiety and doubt to know that you have their approval.

I WANT to caution you especially about two very trying obstacles that loom before you now. One is the period which must elapse before Edward can formally announce his engagement to you. It will be months before his coronation, and you will be free to do this. During this time you are certain to have all kinds of pressure brought to bear to make you sacrifice your love. You will be bribed, threatened and cajoled. You will feel the influence of family politics like any other woman who has fallen in love with a man of higher social position. There will be scenes. There will be malicious rumors that being will opposi- to drive a wedge between you and the man you love. During this time you must not be lacking in your usual self-possession, sense of humor and sound judgment. Cling to your

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GREAT COURAGE

AFTER school on a glittery February afternoon near White Cottage, Ohio... Gerald Nixon, 12 years old, and Raymond Kelly, 10, trudged panting toward the top of an icy slope and turned their sled around. Beneath stretched the sparkling course. Gerald snuggled flat against the sleek wood, ready for a perfect "bellywhopper." His mitred hands gripped the steering rod. Raymond got on behind. "Let's go," he shouted.

The steel-runnered sled moved slowly at first, then quickly gathered speed. The boys yipped shrilly. Mournfully, from somewhere near the long, level finish to which they were racing, a train whistle echoed. Desensitized by the rush of air past them, they didn't hear—until it seemed too late.

Then, as the tiny wooden craft hurled nervelessly toward the grade crossing, a slip of a blond girl hurled $500 award in a weekly series. She had been chosen by a group of judges from several fields as outstandingly deserving. Already the timid little Ohioan with the five-pointed blue ribbon in her hair had visited the President of the United States, earned a gold medal, and a somewhat irrelevant but very much appreciated Mickey Mouse.

Clara Kathryn took the $500 and said she'd put it in the bank so she could be a nurse some day. The response to the program was so great that its sponsors say it will continue indefinitely. They have hit on the paradoxical truth that the littlest people make the biggest heroes.

THOSE who thrilled to the brief glory of Clara Kathryn Van Horn were Americans tired of full-face headlines about established top-notchers in art, politics, business, sport. They were Kate and her manager, Ted Collins, who conceived the idea one day last summer. They read about a 14-year-old boy saving two companions from drowning, and they saw in the incident a fresh radio possibility.

The judges' board was set up. It included Joseph V. Connolly, president of International News Service; Dr. James E. West, Boy Scout executive; Faith Baldwin, novelist; Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, flier, and Damon Runyon, newspaperman. They named the first winner, and on each succeeding week have nominated three others from whom the audience chose its favorite on the basis of the broadcast versions of the heroism. There are consolation prizes for runners-up.

Clara Kathryn's successors for honors on recent Thursday nights have exemplified many kinds of valor. Fred Duell, 17-year-old Brookfield, N. Y., most strangled himself. At Jordan of Baltimore—whose case showed grimly that heroism need not necessarily be sensational—deprived himself of food, and almost starved, so that his impoverished mother might live.

But although the Thursday night program has done much to dramatize the American every-day hero, it was not needed to produce him. For decades, the proof had accumulated. In a recent period of less than two years, yellowing newspaper files reveal stories of conspicuous bravery and sacrifice on the part of an obscure tugboat captain, a subway change-maker, a Negro cotton-worker, a 3-year-old girl, high-school boys, priests, nuns, a grandmother, phone operators, cab-drivers, miners and handymen.

Radio, automobiles, the infinite mechanical comforts of this generation, may be making life easier and safer. But the threats of fire, of ice, of tornado and earthquake persist. And where the influence of the biggest big-shots—where science itself is powerless, a human spark called heroism flares brilliantly across the gap.

FOR example: Zach Crew was a Negro bellboy at the Hotel Seaside in Atlantic City. He played the guitar and one Monday night in mid-winter, won a contest at a local theater. The prize was a tryout with Major Bowes. Zach returned to his rooming-house, fondly put away his guitar and dreamed of a bright dream of his future life.

NOT ALL GREAT HEROES ARE IN BOOKS! SOME ARE ON THE AIR—RIGHT NOW!
HATH NO MAN

BY
MILTON BRACKER

George Winnick, who could pilot his taxicab with the toughest of them, headed a curb line shortly after midnight. Things were slack; and it was hard not to think of his mother. Mrs. Fannie Winnick, ill upstate. But a fare came along and George dropped his flag and mashed his gears into first.

The cab had barely started rolling when a blind man tapped his way to the corner and "looked" around expectantly. George stepped on the brake and turned hastily to his fare. "Would ya mind waitin' a minute?" he asked.

"This old guy is a friend o' mine." The passenger saw the driver leave his seat, walk to the sightless man, exchange smiles and escort him across a busy Brooklyn thoroughfare. He saw the man with the cane say thanks as Winnick pressed his arm and said "so long." Then he saw the benefactor start back across the street, returning to his cab, and the big car loom out of nowhere and crush him to death.

A FREAK storm raged in Somerville, N. J. Lightning streaked out of a wild sky and struck a reserve tank topping a 110,000-gallon cylinder of gasoline.

Blue flame spurted from a six-foot rent and ate its way like some strange reptile toward the seam of the large tank. Handyman George Creely, middle-aged, ran 150 yards through the slashing downpour, his eyes needing the low jet of fire. Witnesses covering in shelter, saw him race to the base of the tank, raincoat flapping behind. They watched him grab a rung of the metal ladder on the curving (Continued on Page 16)

Kate Smith (left) found heroes unrewarded. So she created her own awards!

The tang of smoke, cruel in his nostrils, awakened him. He ran up and down corridors, yelling the alarm. Bertha Booker, 28, heard him but was paralyzed by terror. Zach smashed her window and, grasping her wrists, lifted her over the sill. The jagged edges of the pairmen reinforced the shack-like office. But shortly after they left, yellow fury tore away the door and poured in to a depth of two feet. Mrs. Orr tightened her lips, stuck to her board. An uprooted tree spun by and a branch like an ugly hand clawed for her clothing. She twisted out of the way. Then, crawling from a fork of the tree caught by the door jamb, she saw a four-foot snake, maddened by the torrent.

She completed one more call, grasped a hammer left by a repairman and crushed the serpent's skull. Her work went on.

The Mississippi receded; but the effects of the disaster lasted six weeks. The work-worn hello-girl was at her post daily—dialing, answering, ringing.
FROM the New York Times-Herald:

"It is reported in Washington that the Hawes-Dailworth bill passed. Starting immediately a new giant superpower station capable of reaching every corner of the nation will be erected in the exact center of population in the United States. This station will be the seat of a new Radio University, which will be built with government funds and staffed with government-paid instructors, especially schooled in the technique of radio education. It will broadcast twenty-four hours each day, providing every one in America with an uninterrupted series of educational programs and lectures.

"Thanks to the new portable receiving sets which may be carried in a pocket, anyone wishing to advance his education can do so by tuning in at any time he can find a few spare moments."

"BULLETIN: Because of its splendid record in presenting its own program, 'The American School of the Air,' the supervision and control of this new superpower educational station has been awarded to the Columbia Broadcasting System."

THE editorial above is clipped from the New York Times-Herald of May 4, 1933.

Do we look ahead too far? Do we dream too much, as the words of the song have it? The timid, the backward, the faithless have been telling us for thousands of years that we dream too much—and we have gone quietly, indomitably ahead in spite of them, turning our dreams into the practical realities of every day. Those superpower stations of 1935 may seem far away, but the first of them—WLC—is already in existence. And the idea, the germ of such a station as this imaginary one, is not only with us, but has been here for eight years. The Columbia Broadcasting Corporation's "American School of the Air" is the radio of the future on the air today!

If these American School of the Air broadcasts are not known to you, you are missing something of inestimable value to your future, your happiness. By tuning in at 2:15 p.m. eastern standard time, you are offered, at no greater expense to you than the effort it costs to turn a dial, classes in everything from geology to how to find a job. You can pick a college education out of the air! Here is a sample of the program for the first two weeks of December:

Dec. 1. Music—Jean Jacques Rosseau
Dec. 2. Geography—The Polish Corridor
Dec. 3. Science—Why Don't We Feel Air Pressure?
Dec. 4. Current Events Vocational Guidance
Dec. 5. History—Sacramento
Dec. 6. Literature—Poetry Choir
Dec. 7. Literature—Walt Whitman
Dec. 8. Literature—Whit Burnett
Dec. 9. Geography—Politics of the Marshlands, Rome
Dec. 10. Literature—The Christmas Trumpet
Dec. 11. Literature—A Winter's Day
Dec. 12. Literature—How Can We Make Jobs?
Dec. 13. History—Sioux Falls

That goes on every day of the year—an education free for the taking. No program has ever received such overwhelming support as this one has from those who believe our American way of life is founded on understanding, and our liberty upon "And the Truth shall make you free." Every state in the Union offers praise to CBS for what it is doing.

From California, "I think your program the finest of its kind on the air."

"Out here on the plains of Nebraska we have been not only enjoying but profiting greatly from these programs."

From South Dakota, "In my visits over the county I find the radio brings to the boys and girls and parents in their homes, culture that a few short years ago was obtainable only in the better high schools and colleges."

These are just a few comments from educators, professors and teachers. The schools are the very smallest portion of the audience this program longs, hopes and desires to reach. It wants to find and help you.

INTO remote towns where schools have not been open since 1928, into lonely mountain villages where no one yet has seen an automobile or a railroad train, into the kitchens of backstreet restaurants in cities, into sickrooms where invalids have lain in hermitage from the world for twenty years — into the teeming heart of America, and into these lost and forgotten outposts of America, as well — reaches this voice of instruction and guidance and help. Does it really help anyone? In a thousand ways! A woman in Los Angeles writes: "I am here from England, and I am learning lots about America from your school. I have one child, fifteen years old, and I have found so many things that I can tell her." That woman, a brand-new American, is learning citizenship. Also from California comes, "I wonder if you realize how many adult listeners enjoy and benefit greatly by your broadcasts." Again, from Suffern, New York, "The parents are just as anxious to learn as are the children."

A young woman in Edgewood, Rhode Island, writes: "I heard your talk about Spain and this revolution. It was the first explanation I'd heard that was understandable. There are so many different ideas on the subject..."
Above: Group music study. This year's course includes short-wave broadcasts of native folk-music from foreign countries.
Left: Helen Johnson, broadcasting director of the "School"

always coming up that I'd like to be able to hold up my end of the conversation and know what I'm talking about." She is being led to an understanding of world affairs.

A superintendent of the Des Moines Conference of M. E. Churches writes in: "All over my district, covering 16 churches, I have asked my pastors to advise their people to make use of this superb instruction."

From Route 4, Snohomish, Washington, comes: "If you only knew how valuable the programs are to us who live in a remote rural district. My youngsters' benefit will prove invaluable throughout their lives!"

Such quotations may make you think you're reading testimonials for a patent medicine, but they show how widespread and far-reaching the School of the Air really is. Up until now, the education which you and I have been able to get has depended upon how good a school we attended.

If it was a smart "finishing" school, about all we learned was etiquette. If it was a country school in a poor district, about all we got was the proverbial three R's. If we went to school in Tennessee, we were told that evolution, which they were teaching across the state line in Kentucky, was a lie.

Now, for the first time, all America is going to school together! North and South, rich and poor, we are offered a chance to learn together how best to improve ourselves and make the most of the opportunities offered by modern life in a free and prosperous land.

THE School of the Air's vocational guidance talks have started thousands on their way to peace and happiness. There is a fifty-eight-year-old man in Decatur, Illinois, who for eight years has suffered from a mysterious slow poisoning. Doctors say nothing can be done for him; if he does not want to die, he must find work he can do at home, so that he can lie down and rest every hour. His experience as farm hand, factory hand, justice of the peace and salesman can do him no good; he needs an entirely new occupation. The School of the Air has helped him to find it.

A widow of Brainerd, Minnesota, with three children to support on a

(Continued on Page 16)
PLUMS & PRUNES
BY EVANS PLUMMER

CHICAGO.—Most significant news of the radio week is that the "Then and Now" half-hour, sponsored by Sears Roebuck, will sign off after its 15-week contract expires December 16. Despite the $20,000 spent weekly for talent for this superspecialized piece, it didn't seem to click with the listeners—no one seems to know—although there is no doubt that the competing Thursday night attraction, Bing Crosby's "The Music Man," is peacefully managing. CBS's Blue network, dominated by the studio audience's favor, is managing to keep a steady three-weekly audience of 100,000 in the Chicago area.

Vividly off-take your entertainment agency if you're interested. Also, when you sign,--and this is important,--you must sign up the agency that---

Radar Hugh Studebaker is one of hundreds of Chicago radio performers who deeply mourn the passing of that grand old lady of music—Dame Dinah Smith. To the 75-year-old diva, Studebaker was always simply "Irish." If you're wondering why dialect comedian Bill Thompson has substituted for Dan McNeill at the helm of the Breakfast Club, here's the answer. Don's new soft-drink sponsor is keeping him busy. Don, however, will find time to continue his work on "The Time of Morrels" and the NBC Jamboree.

Mentioning McNeill reminds us that never does a Friday, the thirteenth, pass without its jinx stories, some of which you have to believe. In that class is what happened at the McNeills' on November 13. Reaching home after his "Two Time" broadcast, he found his apartment ransacked and learned that his wife's gold watch had been stolen. Then there's Virginia (Helen Trent) Ciarke. Ginny isn't superstitious—but! On the morning the day she started off well by losing her house keys. Then she kicked a heel in running to her "Hel- en Trent" program, for which she was nearly late. Then, just as the program ended she remembered she had left home in a hurry, and that the electric iron was still turned on!

Brain teasers are getting a network play. One of the more plausible Saturday evening diversions is "Uncle Jim's Question Bee," heard over an NBC Blue net. It's really quite well managed and may give your ego a lift if you happen to know the answer to a question muffed by the studio audience's mirth. Columbia network's parallel idea is "Professor Quiz and His Brainbusters," now a Sunday night feature.

Television is going to explode many radio illusions. The existing situation in "The Story of Mary Matlin," for example, will simply be "no go." Presently, you know, the little blind boy, Tony, is played by young Frank Pacelli. But when Tony sings, you are hearing 17-year-old Loin Fehr, a girl! The deception had to be overcome when it was learned that Pacelli's singing voice proved unsuited to the demands of the role.

Why do so many of the singing ladies marry physicians? Re- vealed finally this last week was the secret marriage October 18 of radio soprano Gina Vanna (married when her name was Gia-vanna Siragusa) to Dr. Peter Rosi, Chicago surgeon. News of the nuptials leaked when the Rosi returned from San Francisco, where Miss Vanna had gone to sing with the San Francisco Opera Company.

Speaking of singers and opera, most auspicious was the debut November 15 of NBC's suprising Vision della Chiesa in the Chicago City Opera Company's presentation of "La Boheme." Miss della Chiesa sang the leading role—that of Mimi—and did so well that there is no longer doubt in critical musical minds that the young singer is on her way up. The ice interests that formerly sponsored Mary Pickford's "Pickfair" will go semi-classical in their next network effort. Dickers were started in Chicago last week between the sponsoring group and Gladys Swarthout. If signed as planned, the program, which will begin in January, will include the music of William Daly's orchestra.

Gertrude Niesen tired of the smoke and stuffiness of night clubs and came to Hollywood to get away from it all. She was cast immediately in a night-club picture.

She is already planning another get-away— from it all—this time with Hon- olulu as the stepping-off place!

You never can tell how you'll be found. Templeton Fox, one of the regular "Lights Out" actresses, last week left her purse in a drug store where she had made a purchase. It contained no name, but it was a "Lights Out" script with Miss Fox's role name circled in pencil throughout. So the gentleman who found it used his head. Phoning NBC's Chicago studio, he asked the name of the party who had played the role and her telephone number. Then he phoned her and promised to return it to her. Providing he was permitted to attend the next performance of "Lights Out." He was and he did. Now if they're only in love and marry—what a story!

Tag Lines: Dr. Allan R. Daffoe made his Armistice Day broadcast from the Chicago CBS studios. He's very natural and relaxed on the air. Immediately after, he rushed to the airport to reach a New York plane—and was tapped by two U. S. marshals, who served him with a summons in connection with a suit growing out of a contract with the Diannes. ... They say it's a toothpounder maker that is dick- ering with Mtym and Marge for a 5-day-a-week daytime spot. From gum to guns, what? ... Uncle Ezra and the Hoosier Hot Shots have made some technicolor movie shorts you'll be see- ing soon ... Radar and commentator Harvey Hayes has recovered from his serious eye ailment ... That new pupil, Cornie Callahan, in Professor Kornmayer's Kindergarten, is tenor Billie White, and Eliner Harriot has a big thing role in the show ... Ah girl's Bachelor Truman Bradley, your Ford Sunday Evening Hour announcer, is Chicago's masculine fashion plate. Whatever Truman wears is seen copied. That famous all-Summer-long 298 helping golf match between Reinhold Schmidt, bass, and Bill Miller, tenor, of the Continental program's quartet, has at last been finished. Schmidt won, three and two. Miller console himself with his lower medal score. He says he won a moral victory!
INSIDE STUFF
BY MARTIN LEWIS

YOUR Hit Parade is cutting its hour programs down to a half-hour presentation. The NBC change takes place on November 25 and the CBS switch on November 28.

During the Thanksgiving Show Boat program, Tiny Rufner will go down the aisles in the broadcasting studio asking members of the audience, "What are you thankful for?" This will be the first time the studio audience has taken part in the Show Boat program other than by applauding.

This same program is dikering for Annette Hanshaw to come back to their fold—which leads me to make the suggestion that the sponsors also should consider bringing back the entire original cast, including Charles Winninger (Captain Henry), Muriel Wilson and Conrad Thibault. Am I right, readers?

There will be no change in the Sunday Night CBS Community Sing series as originally planned. The program has been renewed for another stanza with the same cast, headed by Milton Berle.

Berle, incidentally, has a reputation for lifting gags from other comedians, but I'm wondering if he knows that Jim Jordan (Fibber McGee) has been doing, for quite some time, the character of the man who bursts forth with a fit of laughter when he starts to tell a joke, which is what Berle does.

On the Fibber McGee and Molly show from Minneapolis on November 30, a character of Universal's next series will be included in the script. The part will be played by Tom Frazdine, who is Fibber's reel press-agent.

Side lines: Frank Parker is rehearsing in a comedy stage show called, "Git Along Little Dogie." Ted Ham- merstein is producing it... Graham McNamee will not quit talking for Universal. His next character will be included in the script, and will be received by the critics... Ditto for Phil Ducey, who gave a brilliant concert just the week before

Virginia Verrill lost her voice all of a sudden. Five encores at the Paradise Restaurant in New York, where she sings, was the cause. Singing for so long put such a strain on her voice that she woke up the next morning scarcely able to talk. However, she couldn't miss her nightly performance, so a special microphone was set up at the Paradise for her use.

The sponsors who took of the "Twin Stars" idea were a bit skeptical about the whole stunt at first. What if the two girls they would select for playing... Phil Harris has purchased the Adolphe Menjou estate in Hollywood. Pretty young, Phil, m'boy. Dick Ballou, CBSork pilot, is waving his baton with his left hand these days. The thumb on Dick's right hand was broken recently when he went on a hunting trip and his gun jammed.

Friday, the thirteenth, was a happy day for Kay Kyser—but things began to happen on the fourteenth. Kay and his boys were playing a special engagement in St. Louis on Friday night. After it was over, they hopped in their cars and drove all night to Chicago, arriving just in time to start rehearsing that night's Elgin Revue program.

This was the night when Coach Elmer Layden was scheduled to appear on the program but didn't show up, making the program four minutes short. The show was switched back to Chicago, where the usual interview with the football coach is done, with less than three minutes warning given to Kay to fill in the shortage. After frantic rushing around and calling to the boys, another number was played—but Kyser would rather not discuss how. To top it off, when the bandleader went to get his car where he had parked it—it wasn't there. It had been stolen.

Wednesday Nights: Tommy Dorsey followers Vincent Lopez into the Astor Hotel... Horace Heidt succeeds Russ Morgan at the Biltmore, November 20... Abe Lyman and Connie Boswell replace Will Osborne at the New York-
er Hotel in New York... Vincent Lopez' time-honored phrase, "Lopez, Speaking," is giving way to a piano introduction and the words, "Lopez, playing...

Activities: Tommy Dorsey followed Vincent Lopez into the Astor Hotel... Horace Heidt succeeds Russ Morgan at the Biltmore, November 20... Abe Lyman and Connie Boswell replace Will Osborne at the New York-
er Hotel in New York... Vincent Lopez' time-honored phrase, "Lopez, Speaking," is giving way to a piano introduction and the words, "Lopez, playing..."

A letter from La Verbera Del Tobaco (Cigar Festival) informs me that the festive committee has voted "Senior" Ben Bernie No.1 cigar smoker of these states—because Ben has been photographed with a cigar in his mouth a greater number of times than any other citizens. Wischel probably will be glad to learn of this distinction—figuring if Bernie buys enough "rope," he'll end it all.

Queries from readers: What has happened to Seymour Simons? With apologies to Mr. Fairfax, I answer this: Seymour retired from band business last summer for a rest and has not yet relaxed sufficiently to return to the bandstand and the air lanes.

Romance in the air: Ray Heather- ton and Peg La Centra are a new ro-
manic combination. Both love horse-
basic riding, so maybe we should pull the old wheeze about "from the bridle path to the bridal path."

Eddie Cantor threw a party in a swank Fifth Avenue hotel for Deanna Durbin, her thirteen-year-old protege, when she arrived in New York. This young lass, believe-it-or-not, is already being groomed for the Metropolitan Opera and they expect her to be ready in about three years, which will make Deanna the youngest star ever to sing with at the "Met."

Lanny Ross, Jean Paul King and Harold Stokes have taken down their shuttles from the wall and will soon be headed for the Catskills for some deer hunting. The trip probably will last about four days, as the three all have plenty of radio work to do.
Handwriting Contest

FIFTY MILLION STUDENTS CANT BE WRONG

(Continued from Page 13)

Dorothy Page, off to Detroit for a visit via American Airlines, keeps up with the news with Radio Guide

GREATER COURAGE HATH NO MAN

(Continued from Page 11)

wall and pull himself up, hand over hand. They stared while he squirmed to a standing position atop the tank. With one hand clenched around a dripping run, he swung out of his foster coat and attacked the creeping death. The fire was soon out.

But there are humorous angles to heroism, as well. For example, Helen Wrobleski of Jersey City was kidded by her boy friend about being afraid to "swim, like a man." One day shortly after they announced their engagement, he, George Anderson of Kearney, swam out beyond his depth.

Suddenly the youth cried out, thinned about wildly, and sank. Helen saw his hand break the surface. She swam to him and assisted him. Inexperienced as a life-saver, she still managed to bring him ashore. Shortly after a novena in St. Valentine's Roman Catholic Church in the city, the youth was through with the wooden structure. Only one thing was saved, a vessel containing the blessed sacrament. The Rev. Joseph Ramisicwski, a visiting priest, had cursed the boys. That was the doom of the doomed sarcity to bring it out.

CONSIDER the heroism of a 100-year-old grandmother, Mrs. Mary Foley. Three grandchildren were playing on the second floor of their Brooklyn home when, from the kitchen below, they sniffed smoke. Mrs. Foley ran upstairs and found the blaze leaping angrily about the room, the children huddled in a corner. Forcing the window, she lifted three-year-old Doris Peters to the sill. A moment later Doris plunged into waiting arms. Next four-year-old Arthur plunged to safety, unerringly aimed, and finally baby George. Then Mrs. Foley climbed up.

"Here goes," she warned, stonily.

She landed safely in a web of arms.

Who was America's greatest everyday hero? That's a tough one, too tough to try to answer. The fact must remain that America has such every-day heroes—and if there has yet gone but one to match the world-wide renown of the little Dutch boy whose finger plugged the dike, it is certainly not because we lack boys of equal courage. It is rather because we have no dike.

Kate Smith may be heard Thursday on the Bandwagon over CBS at 8 p.m., EST (7 CST; 6 MST; 5 PST).
HEARTBEATS AT HAMMERSTEIN'S

GIVE US SOMETHING TONEY

BY CHARLES ISAACS

The leading singers of "swing- topped" melodies in the Northwest Four were Hal and Ernie Garven and Paul Fillmore. Though the boys are only in their mid-twenties they have been har- monizing for radio since 1930. Hal and Ernie were "dueting" on WDDY, Minneapolis, and Paul was a member of the "Three Musketeers" trio at the same station. It was there that Hal and Ernie climbed up the high and treacherous ladder- rungs to fame and fortune in the entertainment world. There have occurred possibilities. Hal and Ernie are both married while Paul is auditioning with someone he considers the perfect spousal. Those lower rungs of the ladder are years in the past, but the boys often remember the disappointments and tribulations of those early days. They recall with laughter the keen competition that existed between Hal and Ernie and the Three Musketeers. There was the time one of the Musketeers had called Hal by telephone and told him to dash down to WDDY as there was a certain sponsor who wanted to hear the duet team immediately.

It was a blizzard, cold, winter night when Hal and Ernie hurried to the sta- tion. They warmed up to the boiling point, however, when they found the call had been a joke. Their method of reciprocation gave the Musketeers some harrassed moments. The two boys had all their friends, relatives, and any strangers who would join in, write to WDDY expressing their dis- like for the entertainment offered by the Musketeers.

It took some length of explanation before the Musketeers were able to sing at ease before the mike. A third boy joined Hal and Ernie to form a new trio and this unit soon appeared over WCCO. They were quite successful in gaining new contacts and contracts.Appearances followed on WABC and WWJ, and the组合 made an even better trio to be formed. Early in 1932 this trio and the Musketeers disorganized, with Hal and Ernie filling up leaving for solo jobs or parts in other shows.

From the remnants arose the combina- tion of Hal, Paul and Ernie, a combi- nation spelling success. The three boys decided they must have a name for their unit, something "Toney." Just as a singing trio, Ernie, the pianist and first tenor, began doing a guitar accompaniment. Hal, baritone and also a guitar player, showed remark- able versatility on the harmonica in novelty numbers. Paul, second tenor, became practically a whole string orches- tra, playing the violin, mandolin, and base viol-she at one time, of course. By 1933 the Tones were doing four heavy commercials plus three and four personal appearances a week and in between times making animated film shorts. Adlibbing on informal shows proved their ability to handle dialogue and the Three Tones soon found them- selves singing, playing and acting not to mention doing minor sound-effects when necessary.

Hal and Ernie and Paul achieved another high-water mark for they appeared in a weekly half-hour show on CBS, originating at WCCO, Minneapolis. The boys are noted for their novelty numbers, which are arranged, as are their other numbers, by Ernie. In prepar- ing a novelty number Ernie works ahead of rehearsals and only does a half-hour number after the first re- hearsal. The swing and instrumental numbers are arranged during a "jam- session" and the boys say "anything can happen when the piano is involved in a humorous rhythmic tune of the moment."

There is a high ladder reaching to television "tops." The Three Tones plugged and plugged through disappointments and bad breaks to get a chance to make up for their success. They are not resting yet. They want to hear it said, "The Tones are 'Poppin'. And then they won't stop!

LEARN TO WRITE BY WRITING

The Newspaper Institute of America is a training school for writers. Here your talent grows under the supervision of seasoned newspaper men and women. Emphasis is placed on teaching you by experience. We don't tell you to read this author and that author or to study his style. We don't give you rules and theories to absorb. We will offer criticism and suggestions. We will tell you by what our Editors think about writing, grammar, and style. Before you can begin your own natural style, you will be familiar with these professional methods and terms used by editors. The N.I.A.'s aims are to teach you to write in your own style, not that of some newspaper or your own time.

Each week you will receive actual news- paper-type assignments as though you were actually working for an actual newspaper. Your stories are then returned to us and we will grade them. Then we will mail you your scores along with suggestions. We can help every writer, whether you are getting the "feel" of it, that professional touch, or are working on your style to reach your own goal.

When a magazine returns a story, one never knows the real reason for the re- cussion: they have no time to waste giving constructive criticism. The N.I.A. tells you where you are right and wrong, and shows you what to do about it.

A CHANCE TO TEST YOURSELF

We have prepared a unique Writing Attitude Test which tells you whether or not you have the qualities necessary to successful writing- imagination, observation, training, instinct, imagination, etc. You'll enjoy the test and use it as a lead-up for your writing for promotion in the Radio Guide, December 5.

FREE NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

One Park Avenue, New York

Send me, without cost, your Writing Attitude Test and further infor- mation about advertising for papers as promised in the Radio Guide, December 5.

NAME

ADDRESS

City State

17
“...my fine fellow,” I said to myself, “don’t be taken in.”

So I set out to check up for myself. First there was a fairly believable prediction that Nelson was about to elope with a society woman. I went straight to the lady herself, and got a laugh for a reply! She and Nelson had been friends for years, and had seen each other twice in the past month. The story was a pure fabrication, even though it fell under the classification of snappy reading.

Undaunted, I tracked down the next rumor. Nelson Eddy was supposed to be enamedored of a certain lady who made her custom to allow him to city to city on his concert tours. Everybody and his name was the rumor. But sadly, the facts are that Nelson has never met the lady, nor has she ever attempted to meet the singer. On the contrary, this nameless and charming person has a great admiration for the singer’s voice and that is the extent of her “passion.”

In the midst of this far-fung investigation of Nelson Eddy’s love-life, I ran into him on the set of his new picture, “Maytime.” Nelson spotted me and strode over to get a grin on my face. “I understand you had me figured for a ‘love-scene,’” he remarked. “I’m sorry I can’t oblige.”

Next day I picked up a paper and there was another story. According to a well-known Hollywood newspaper, Nelson had been rushing a certain blond star all over the place. Any moment now, was the prediction, he’d be telling her the story of the altar—and no mistake this time. I was furious! So a couple of hours later the girl in question was given a square, can you beat it? hadn’t the newspaper—newspaper?—about Nelson Eddy? The rumor started when an over-zealous press-agent for some night club had used their names together in speaking of a few customers.

Now I’m going to go on and on tracking down these endless rumors all over again. Suffice it to say that out of a dozen back-stories or romances as actual fact, I found not one to be true. The average truth to circumspectly true or not. And they continue to annoy Nelson Eddy.

And what is Nelson Eddy going to do about it? For one thing, he is constantly refusing to let any writer who wants him to talk about women and romance. That’s why you see little jibes every now and then about him being “high-bait.” Furthermore, at the risk of missing the opportunity for many a fine friendship, Nelson has shunned invitations to the social functions which are usually attended by Hollywood stars. He cares little about the social life, anyway, but he simply does not subject any girl to a flood of ridiculous romances rumors.

Now why? Why doesn’t he stop being, take it all with a laugh, and let them make a frolic of his circus out of his life if that’s what everybody wants? Why doesn’t he hold hands with his leading lady, go to the Troubadour and sing love-songs to his girl of the evening?

I’ll admit the question puzzles me a little—too. The answer is that Nelson Eddy and I don’t want any “bunk” in his life. He’s not a “Hollywood ham.” He likes to take off his costume and throw his collar, stand in front of a microphone and make a studio from which an audience is barred and SING.

And there is just one more thing. Nelson Eddy is a bachelor, marrying someday was the right girl. But he’s afraid that he won’t find her in the midst of the Lesbian and downloadable dances. Once I had the temerity to ask him why he didn’t get it all over by immediately taking upon himself a bride among one of the movie queens. He didn’t answer the question, exactly. Instead, he told me this story.

“A chap went visiting in an insane asylum one day. After looking at the Napoleons and George Washingtons and the other unfortunate, he came upon a happy-looking individual seated on a stool holding a fishing-pole from which a line dangled into a wash-bowl.

‘How’s it going’ asked the visitor, trying to be sympathetic. ‘Catching anything?’

‘The silly one looked up indignantly. ‘Catching fish in a wash-bowl!’ he asked in amazement. ‘Do you think I’m crazy?’"

And maybe that story best explains why Nelson Eddy remains a bachelor. Despite the allure of Hollywood’s stars—just a few of whom would be happy for the slightest attention from him.

Nelson Eddy may be heard Sundays on The Open House over a CBS network at 7:30 p.m. (EST) 6:30 MDT (5 PST).
Novel Perfumes

in a unique Redwood box!!

Their scent is like the essence of flowers.

A DROP or two gives a lasting scent; yet, so ultra-delicate, Fascinating-ailing aristocratic. Have you ever before smelt anything like this in perfumes? See coupon below.

Introductory Offer:
Four 1 dram trial bottles of these exquisite $1.00 each, colours right now for only $1.00 Postpaid

Money Back
If not 100% pleased

And besides
While giving $1.00 regular perfume value at $1.00, we give you also right now absolutely free this beautiful
RARE REDWOOD TREASURE CHEST made from the Giant Redwood trees of California. 6 inches x 3 inches, an ideal gift.

PAUL RIEGER & COMPANY
386 Davis Street, San Francisco, Calif.
Send me the 4 exquisite new Rieger perfumes in genuine Redwood Treasure Chest on my Money Back Guarantee.
I'll pay the postage ☐ I enclose $1.00 ☐

Name ___________________________
Address ________________________
City State ___________ ____________

...IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT...
IF YOU MISS THE HIT-SONG OF THE WEEK! IT'S NEWER THAN NEW! IT WAS WRITTEN FOR YOU BY AN ACE BAND-LEADER, AND IT'S IN THIS ISSUE OF YOUR RADIO GUIDE!

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RADIO GUIDE'S COURT OF HONOR

ON THE AIR PRESENTS

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, 75 additional prizes, in a companion contest, for the best slogans submitted in the handwriting competition One entry—and 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 City, in the presence of 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—$50
Third Award—$25
Fourth Award—$10
Player and ten Shoe Funds records.

Fifth Award—10 prizes of $10
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—$200
Fifth Award—$100
Sixth Award—200 prizes of $5 each
Seventh Award—500 prizes of $2 each

TOTAL AWARDS $10,050

RADIO GUIDE CONTEST RULES

1. In each issue of RADIO GUIDE printed during the contest period, there will be a coupon which you may use as an entry blank. It is not necessary to use this, but all entries should 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—in your own handwriting. This slogan should refer to RADIO GUIDE Weekly, and express its features and characteristics. RADIO GUIDE's present slogan is: "The National Weekly of Programs and Personalities." We want YOU to write us a better one. During the 12 weeks, 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 illegible styles of writing show the most unusual characteristics. Each week's handwriting contest closes on Wednesday at 5 p.m., following the broadcast of the previous week. All entries received after 5 p.m. will be judged on the following week's awards. At the end of 12 weeks, all entries will again be judged by the judges of the following week's awards. The judges of the following week's awards. If you do not win a prize for your handwriting, you do have an opportunity of winning in the group. The slogan contest entries must be received no later than January 6, 1927 at 5 p.m.

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 postpaid 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 returned, and all entries become the property of the sponsor.

6. This offer is open to every man, woman and child everywhere, except employees of RADIO GUIDE and their families, their advertising agencies, employers of the National Broadcasting Company, employees of Post Office, Radio Guide Contest Service. Judges for the slogan contest will be certified Contest Service and the editors of RADIO GUIDE. Judge 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.

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OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Radio Guide Handwriting-Slogan Contest

No More Than 10 Words

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

Name ___________________________
Address ________________________
City State ___________ ____________

THE GREATEST tungsten brand in America

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

Many 1937 Appointments

Experience usually unnecessary.

Common education usually sufficient.

Mail today—SURE.

Use This Coupon Before You Miss It. Write or Print Plainly.
Thursday, September 3
9:45 a.m. — H. M. Royal Air Force band: GSB GSD GSI
11:15 a.m. — Harry Roy's band: GSB GSD GSI
11:30 a.m. — Jodrell Bank, pianist: GSB GSD GSI
12:00 p.m. — Symphony orchestra; conducted by Sir Adrian Boult: GSB GSD GSI
1:05 p.m. — Serenade by Sir Arthur Sullivan: GSB GSD GSI
2:30 p.m. — GSB GSD GSI
5:05 p.m. — GSB GSD GSI
6:45 p.m. — GSB GSD GSI
7:30 p.m. — Serenade quartet: YVR2
7:45 p.m. — GSB GSD GSI
8:30 p.m. — Popular Ecuadorian music: PRADO

Friday, December 4
10:15 a.m. — Play, "The House Fairy": GSB GSD GSI
12:30 p.m. — CRICKET MATCH: England vs. Australia: GSB GSD GSI
1:15 p.m. — Symphony orchestra: GSB GSD GSI
3:00 p.m. — Special of Madrigals: Round Table singers: Phyllis Morgan; soprano; Joyce Care, contralto; Eric Sykes, tenor; Julian Wray, bass: GSB GSD GSI
4:00 p.m. — Symphony concert: orchestra; Weser: GSB GSD GSI
5:00 p.m. — Symphony concert: orchestra; Weser: GSB GSD GSI
6:00 p.m. — Home's Midnight Voice: "Amy Bernard: GSB GSD GSI
7:00 p.m. — On the bench before the fireplace: GSB GSD GSI
7:45 p.m. — Concert orchestra: YVR2
8:30 p.m. — Feature program: GSB GSD GSI
11 p.m. — DX Club: W3XAL (61)

Saturday, December 5
9:30 p.m. — Football commentaries: GSB GSD GSI
11:15 p.m. — Children's hour: GSB GSD GSI
12:00 a.m. — In Town Tonight: GSB GSD GSI
3:00 p.m. — Dance music: LIRU
4:00 p.m. — The work of the H. V. Music Club: GSB GSD GSI
5:00 p.m. — Harry Hall's band: GSB GSD GSI
7:00 p.m. — "The Story of a Life": GSB GSD GSI
7:15 p.m. — News and review of the week: GSB GSD GSI
7:30 p.m. — Dance music: DJC DJJ
8:05 p.m. — Fox music: DJC DJJ
9:05 p.m. — Arthur Catlell, violinist: GSB GSD GSI
9:20 p.m. — Tommy Tune's hour: GSB GSD GSI
Sure, an' it's swing with the strings when Morton Downey and his mother, Mrs. Bessie M. Downey, blend their notes in a harp duet. Is the whistling tenor playing an Irish air? What are you after thinkin'?
A little child shall lead them." Her voice has brought Deanna Durbin to immortality's threshold! In years, a child, but in genius, a woman, Deanna remains unspoiled. Left: A prodigy performing!

FAME AT THIRTEEN

They said it couldn't happen—but it did! She sang first at three, she's a great star now—and opera is beckoning to lovely Deanna Durbin!

The thrill of a great discovery—can anything compare with that feeling of tense excitement? And you are sharing in it!

For the time will come when you, the readers of Rádio Guide, can say: "I read the first story about her, and I heard her when she first sang at the age of thirteen, when she made her debut on the radio in the Eddie Cantor program. I, too, discovered Deanna Durbin!"

Here, beyond dispute, is the discovery of the age. What's more, the story of this amazing child with the voice of a grown woman, and her development under the tutelage of Count Andres de Segurola, is as phenomenal as a fairy tale.

Since it is he who knows the child best, it was to Count de Segurola that Rádio Guide went for critical estimate and professional opinion on the voice that has so astonished the radio world.

"I can find but two cases to compare with little Deanna Durbin's," he said. "One is Adelina Patti, who sang her first professional concert in Madrid at the age of eleven, and became the most celebrated coloratura soprano in musical history. The other was Lucrezia Bori, whom I first heard sing in Milan, when she was only fifteen. "Deanna's voice is in every way comparable to these great singers', and I freely predict that she will be one of the most celebrated singers of all time."

De Segurola, who began with the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York in 1908, following his sensational successes in Europe, belongs to that golden age of the opera which knew Caruso, Farrar, Ponselle and others of that glorious host of voices. He speaks with high authority when he gives his estimate of Deanna Durbin.

It was just before Christmas, when Deanna was ten years old, that she decided to take singing-lessons. She had shown an aptitude for the piano and had taken up dancing. She had sung in the glee club at school, and always, from the time she was three, she had loved to sing.

A few months ago De Segurola said she was ready for an audition. She chose "Il Baccio" for Eddie Cantor. She sang "Il Baccio" for picture people at Universal studios. And both gave her jobs!

And today, 13-year-old Deanna
BY
JACK
SMALLEY

finds herself not only a radio sensation, but a movie star of increasing importance as well.

She told her story during lunch at Universal studios, where she is the star of "Three Smart Girls," a picture written to suit her astonishing talents not only as a singer but as an actress as well. In the midst of the excitement attending her discovery, Deanna seems to be the only one who remains composed and unaffected.

She is slender but sturdy, with blue eyes and brown hair. Her figure is that of a child, but she has the poise and grace and voice of a completely mature woman.

"I was born in Winnipeg, Canada, on December 4, 1922," she began. "Dad's name is James Durbin. He's a broker. My mother's name is Ada. Neither of them sings, and I don't know of anyone else in the family who does. They say my voice is just one of those accidents—I seem to have grown-up vocal chords. Doctors say the same, and so does my teacher, De Segurola. I guess it just happened!"

And she shrugged her shoulders, grinning.

"It's a lot of fun, but a lot of hard work, too, being a singer. I have to get up at 6:30 and get to the studio for my make-up and hair-dressing by 7:30, because I must be ready for the cameras at nine. During the day I have to put in three hours of school work with Mrs. Wells. That's required by the Los Angeles school board. You see, I have three years more of high school and four years of college ahead of me. As soon as I am through at the studio I go to Count de Segurola's for my singing-lessons.

On REHEARSE Saturday night for the radio program and again at 10 Sunday morning. Mr. Cantor has a preview of the show in the afternoon, and then the actual broadcast is the evening. So you see I don't have much time to play.

"But I'm naturally healthy, and since Mother tucks me into bed by 9:30, I get enough rest. I play with my dog Tippy—he's mostly spaniel, I think—and when I have a chance I go swimming or horseback riding. I don't have much chance to see my friends, but my friend Dorothy Forbes was given a job as my stand-in, so that makes it nice.

"I'm studying Latin so that learning languages will be easier for me. My teachers say that's the best thing to do.

"'Il Bacio' has become sort of a theme song for me—anyway we call it that because it has brought me good luck. It's my favorite song, I think.

"My favorite possession is a letter from Norma and Irving Thalberg, written to me just a few days before his death. It was to thank me for singing at the dinner given Dr. Johannes Poulson, the director of 'Everyman.' On the program at the dinner were four singers—Allan Jones, Gladys Swarthout, myself and Rosa Ponselle. They were all very kind to me and afterwards Mr. Thalberg sent me a huge bouquet of roses and orchids."

It was at this dinner that Deanna

(Continued on Page 50)
WAYNE KING’S INSPIRING LIFE STORY

MOST SUITORS WHISPER SWEET NOTHINGS CHEEK-TO-CHEEK IN THE MOONLIGHT—BUT WAYNE WOOED AND WON BY PHONE!

BY MARGE KERR

ROMANCE is to the emotions what reading is to the mind.

You can forgo both of them for a while, but soon you begin to miss the pleasant stimulus they provide.

Wayne King, being only human, undoubtedly falls under this broad generality. The fact that he is world-famous makes his emotional requirements no less than yours or mine.

For all we know, the finish of his Iowa love idyll may have cost him a pretty penny, reckoned in terms of mental anguish.

But if he did, his retirement was only temporary, for echoes of at least two other romances remain.

The story of these is as confusing as an amateur’s game of chess.

Either there’s a pawn missing here and there, or else his friends’ memories aren’t as perfect as they should be.

Wayne King Still Single, He Avers, Spiking Those Rumors About Jean Harlow

His Wife Will Never Have to Sneak Around Incognito, Declares Waltz Master in Letter Exploding Rumors of Marriage.

BY CHARLES J. GILCHREST.

Wayne King said to the press—"Just friends."

At left: Wayne King. Millions of feminine hearts fluttered as his sweet saxophone serenades traveled the air lanes. But only one girl’s whispered words quivered his own heart-strings.

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BY CHARLES J. GILCHREST.
But—let me tell you all about it.

On March 30, 1930, the Chicago Daily
News carried the following squib:

Wayne King, one of Chicago's
best known orchestra leaders, to-
day denied that he contemplated
marriage with Dorothy Janis, a
Cherokee Indian who has gained
some fame in film circles.

"Miss Janis is a wonderful girl
and we are very good friends,
but matrimony—I have never
ever even considered such a thing.
I am having too much fun.
I talked to Miss Janis over long
distance telephone last night and she
de-nied authority for the report
we are to be wed," King said.

WHERE and when he had met
Dorothy Janis previous to the publica-
ition of that statement is just another
one of the missing pieces in the jig-
saw puzzle picture that is Wayne
King's personal life.

All of his relatives agree that they
met through her uncle by marriage,
who plays saxophone in Wayne King's
band, and that this meeting undoubt-
edly took place in Chicago.

Supposedly, after a short visit in
Chicago and an even shorter romance
with Wayne King, she returned to the
West Coast and her movie work.

"They corresponded frequently while
she was gone," one of my informants
told me. "Wayne used to write and
receive letters from her after she went
back to California.

It was shortly after this that Wayne
King met the fifth woman who was to
play a brief but important role in his
life story.

Astronomers have an old theory
which tells us that stars rise simul-
taneously in different places and are
attracted to each other by cosmic
forces.

And therein may be the secret of
Wayne King's third romance.

In any event, as certainly as his star
ascended in the middle West, its twin
was rising at the same time far across
the continent.

Out in Hollywood, a new picture
comet was whizzing into the limelight
—a feminine comet so dazzling that the
more familiar term of "star" fails to
describe her.

It is not journalistic exaggeration to
say that the world, especially that
portion of it which is masculine in
gender, was completely enslaved by
her bright glitter. She captured the
whole world of movie-goers.

People screamed for a glimpse of
her, and reams of publicity heralded
her arrival wherever she went.

Magazine editors outdid themselves
(Continued on Page 48)
Georgeous Priscilla, lovely Rosemary—or lovely Priscilla and gorgeous Rosemary. Whichever way you say it, you're right when you are speaking of the LANE SISTERS, two of the biggest reasons why Fred Waring's show goes out over two networks every week. Rosemary, right, turned down recent film offers. Here's a sister act that's going to stay together!
AZY hawks, wheeling overhead in the sunlight, cast moving shadows across the Georgia highway.

It was a morning in late August. And in the fashionable Druid Hills suburb of Atlanta, Convict Guards S. P. Farmer and Clyde Gresham policed a road gang of convicts, busy clearing debris from the roadbed.

Since it was too early for traffic, the prisoners, thankful for momentary respite from interruptions, worked quietly, raking dead leaves and picking up broken branches.

Too quietly, Farmer realized suddenly, as he lifted his head and half turned around.

At that same moment, across the road, slender, shifty-eyed Theron Cranston, already veteran of two attempted prison escapes, winked at Charles "Shorty" Brown.

"Now," he whispered. A club crashed against Farmer's skull, and he fell to his knees, the world gone black before him.

"Grab his gun, Shorty," barked Cranston, lifting the club again.

Instantly, the peaceful well-ordered scene became a shambles. Cursing and shouting, guards and convicts alike fought and lunged with rakes and shovels. Gresham's revolver, struck by a flying shovel, went spinning across the road. Ducking, he dived to retrieve it.

"No, you don't, you——," Cranston shouted. There was a flash, a cry, and Gresham, hands to his stomach, buckled to the ground.

In the distance, the crunch of tires on gravel sounded the approach of a car, just rounding a bend in the highway. In the front seat, a sleepy-eyed truckman, utterly unaware of what lay in wait for him, was humming a song.

"Shut up!" an ugly voice growled. "Any cracks out of you and we'll blow your fat head off! And you can get out of that truck! We need it—bad!"

CITIZENS:
Radio police offers you the best and quickest protection possible against crime. Learn about police radio, and when danger threatens — use it!

It was early August. Convict Cranston, 22 years old, and Charles Brown, 19 years old, were both men armed with revolvers, all cars held on the lookout for them.

"Calling all cars... calling all cars... be on the lookout for two convicts escaped from the DeKalb county road gang... riding in commandeered laundry truck... the men are Theron Cranston and Charles Brown..."

Attention all cars... attention all cars... Convicts Theron Cranston and Charles Brown, wanted for escaping from county prison camp, are now wanted for murder. Guard Clyde Gresham, shot by Cranston in the break, died a few minutes ago.

Camp gritted his teeth and shoved hard on the accelerator. "We've got to get those guys now," he exploded.

"We've got to catch up with the truck first," Wier reminded him.

"Truck, hell," Camp grunted. "They've probably abandoned it by now. And God only knows what they've done to get another car. Probably shot somebody or kidnapped someone... They're bad men. They'll stop at nothing now."

(Continued on Page 48)
22,000 radio programs a year...
22,000 radio programs of entertainment AND MUCH MORE THAN ENTERTAINMENT!

For you... and for your 85,000,000 radio neighbors in the United States... the Columbia Broadcasting System presents 22,000 different radio programs a year.

Yet, do you know what the Columbia Broadcasting System really is?

It is far more than a radio network—although it wings its programs, day and night, over a network of 103 radio stations, reaching from coast to coast and from Canada to Honolulu—the largest radio network in the world!

Columbia is a vast organization of men and women... of artists and engineers... of educators and editors... an organization of over 1,000 people whose special responsibility it is to bring you the richest variety of programs their skill and genius can create. From almost every corner of the globe, these programs come to you hour after hour... in swift, smooth succession... sixteen hours a day... 22,000 programs a year from CBS.

CBS brings you ENTERTAINMENT! Yes—and much more than entertainment. For Columbia has played a major role in developing the full power of radio... in making American broadcasting... in making your broadcasting... far greater than in any other country of the world!

CBS brings you NEWS! Brings you almost 1,000 individual broadcasts a year, of news in the making... news at the very moment it is happening... whether it be the inauguration of a President of the United States... or the sounds of guns in actual warfare from a far-off country. (Continued on following page)
CBS brings you **GREAT MUSIC** . . . the finest music of the immortal composers, played by great orchestras and world-famous soloists...in over 800 different broadcasts a year.

CBS brings you **THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR** . . . classes by radio for schools throughout the country...given by recognized authorities in Science, Literature, Music, History, Art, Geography...education made vivid by the magic of radio...And Columbia broadcasts education for adults, too, in well over 1,000 broadcasts a year.

CBS brings you the **CHURCH OF THE AIR** . . . Columbia does not sell any time for religious purposes, but contributes its nationwide facilities for services of all faiths regularly, without cost. Eminent churchmen of all denominations bring guidance to listeners...spiritual comfort to invalids and shut-ins...every Sunday in Columbia's Church of the Air.

CBS brings you **THE WORLD**! Columbia microphones, in over 200 international broadcasts a year, bring you the voices of Monarchs...bring you the Far East...thrive you with Olympic broadcasts from Germany...will thrill you with eye-witness descriptions of the Coronation of a King of England!

**MUCH MORE THAN ENTERTAINMENT,** the Columbia Broadcasting System brings you whatever is fine, whatever is worthy, whatever can be brought into your home by radio—from wherever it can be broadcast!
Wake Up and Listen
Complete Programs for the Entire Week

Wednesday, Nov. 25
9:00 p.m. EST (8 CST), NBC: The second broadcast of a new series designed to provide employment for professional actors who have not been absorbed by private enterprise entertainments, presented through the cooperation of NBC and the Federal Theater Project of the WPA.
10:30 p.m. EST (9 CST), NBC: Preliminary Pan-American Poste Conference broadcast from Rio de Janeiro today and from Buenos Aires on Friday at the same time.
10:30 p.m. EST (9 CST), NBC: Laff and swing, a new comedy show with Mable Todd, Teddy Todd and Tony Romano's swing band, makes its premiere tonight. It will also be heard Monday at each week at 7:30 p.m. (EST) (3 CST).

Thursday, Nov. 26
10:00 p.m. EST (9:05 CST), NBC: Mrs. Beverley Johnson will open the annual Christmas Seal campaign.
10:30 p.m. EST (9 CST), NBC: Chemists Ricardo Cortez and Muriel Roberston with Bettie Hulbert, Rochelle Hudson, and Lotte Lekimon, Metropolitan Opera, will be the Music Hall guests.

Friday, Nov. 27
2 p.m. EST (1 CST), NBC: The story of another great goom in business and manufacturing done by the radio pickets from field factory offices.
3 p.m. EST (2 CST), NBC: Bruno Walter, noted German conductor, will direct the Vienna Symphony in a special concert from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. EST (9 CST) (11:30 a.m. CST).
4:00 p.m. EST (3 CST), NBC: Joe Fromm's screen contracts appear tonight as guest of RADIO GUIDES Court of Honor. Songstress Renée Bouchon offers "In a Dream," by Abbe Silver.
5:15 p.m. EST (4 CST), NBC: Elsa Schallert will interview Joe Mathews.

Saturday, Nov. 28
9:00 p.m. EST (8 CST), CBS: Charlotte Symmes, one of the TV's newest soap stars, and impersonation visitor: Joe Coch is the Floyd Gibbons guest.

Sunday, Nov. 29
9:00 p.m. EST (8 CST), CBS: Charlotte Symmes, one of the TV's newest soap stars, and impersonation visitor: Joe Coch is the Floyd Gibbons guest.

Monday, Nov. 30
7:00 p.m. EST (6 CST), CBS: Pets, Inc., The Metropolitan Opera. Opera basso, will be solo artist of the Sunday Evening Hour, CBS at 8 p.m. EST (8 CST).

Tuesday, Dec. 1
4:15 p.m. EST (3:15 CST), CBS: Radio Playhouse (pt.25)
KSLC-Christie School
KSL-Des Moines (pt.12.15)
KOLB-Music Festival
KSLC-Des Moines (pt.12.15)

Wednesday, Dec. 2
9:00 p.m. EST (8 CST), NBC: The opening of the season at the historic L Scala Opera House in San Francisco, will be carried over both networks throughout the week. On NBC, broadcasts at 11:30 p.m. EST (9 CST), and Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:33 p.m. EST (8 CST). On NBC, broadcast will be carried at 11:15 p.m. EST (9:15 CST) on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday at 10:30 p.m. (EST) (8:30 CST).

Thursday, Dec. 3
9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST), NBC: The Met's broadcast of "The Merry Widow" will present the full cast.

Friday, Dec. 4
9:30 p.m. (EST) (8:30 CST), NBC: The broadcast of "The Merry Widow" will present the full cast.

Saturday, Dec. 5
9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST), NBC: The broadcast of "The Merry Widow" will present the full cast.

C credit: English: "WCAU."
News:

WMT

CBS

KRNT

Gum

(9)

WDAF

commentator:

WDAF

NBC

Maury

9

A

Rhythm Keyboard

Orch.;

Boake

Musical Moments

p.m.)

WCCO

WMAQ

(Wrigley's

Up

in Music

Leonard

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Hughes Reels

&

Suzy, Algy

Tommy

Vagabonds

of Music

Ryan Sports

Childs;

Parsons;

be

WDAY -Hold

News:

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WCCO

MST

KSTP

Chris

of Monday

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Jurgen's

Knights

Jeeter Pillars'

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KFYR - To

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Jeeter Pillars'
Wednesday December 2

**MORNING**

11:15 CST

- CBS in Color
- Groan-Angle, Family sketch (Pablove)
- WBBM WCCO WCCO
- NBC Morning Musicale
- WMT

11:30 CST

- NBC-KFAB
- WBBM WBBM
- WBBM WBBM
- KFAB
- WMT

12:00 CST

- NBC-Morning Stock Markets
- CBS
- WBBM WBBM
- WBBM WBBM
- KFAB

12:30 CST

- NBC-Pep Rally
- CBS
- WBBM WBBM
- WBBM
- KFAB

**AFTERNOON**

12:45 CST

- CBS in Color
- Groan-Angle, Family sketch (Pablove)
- KFAB
- WBBM WBBM
- WBBM

12:40 CST

- CBS in Color
- Groan-Angle, Family sketch (Pablove)
- WBBM WBBM
- WBBM WBBM
- KFAB

**NEWSPAPER:**

**NFL:**

- Dallas vs. Green Bay
- Chicago Bears vs. Los Angeles Rams
- St. Louis Cardinals vs. Philadelphia Eagles

**BASEBALL:**

- World Series: Boston Red Sox vs. Los Angeles Dodgers
- Game 7

**HOCKEY:**

- NHL: Chicago Black Hawks vs. Detroit Red Wings
- Game 6

**COLLEGE FOOTBALL:**

- National Championship:
  - Oklahoma vs. Ohio State
  - Game 7

**COLLEGE BASKETBALL:**

- NCAA Men's Basketball: Final Four
- Game 2
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<th>Time</th>
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<td>KFYR</td>
<td>CBS Morning News</td>
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<td>6:30 AM</td>
<td>KFAB</td>
<td>K-99 News</td>
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<td>7:30 AM</td>
<td>KSL</td>
<td>CBS Morning News</td>
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**NOTICE**

The information provided is subject to change. Always check local sources for the most accurate and up-to-date information. The table above is a simplified representation and may not cover all the programs or stations in the area.
Friday

December 4

Bertine Clay
See p. CST (7 MST)

Network

Changes

Geo. Hall's Orch formerly 1:15 CST (11:15 a.m. CST); Blue Notes moved Forward 6:30 CST (12:30 p.m. CST)

MORNING

8:20 CST 3:30 MST

KSTP-Minneapolis

CBS-Richard Maxwell, news; WCCO- KFAB-Winnipeg (CCTV)

8:45 CST 7:45 MST

KSOO-Joliet, ILS

NBC-Adele Rogers St John; NBC-Weath.

9:00 CST 8:00 MST

WCCO-St. Paul

CBS-News: CBS Specials; WCCO-CBS Personal (Old English)

10:00 CST 9:00 MST

KSFZ-Minneapolis

CBS-Steve Martin, sketch; WCCO-KFAB-Winnipeg (Buckley)

11:00 CST 10:00 MST

KSFZ-Minneapolis

Kevin McCarthy, sketch; WCCO-KFAB-Winnipeg (Robert)

12:00 CST 11:00 MST

KSFZ-Minneapolis

Kevin McCarthy, sketch; WCCO-KFAB-Winnipeg (Robert)

AFTERNOON

12:00 CST 11:00 MST

KSFZ-Minneapolis

Kevin McCarthy, sketch; WCCO-KFAB-Winnipeg (Robert)

1:00 CST 12:00 MST

KSFZ-Minneapolis

Kevin McCarthy, sketch; WCCO-KFAB-Winnipeg (Robert)

2:00 CST 1:00 MST

KSFZ-Minneapolis

Kevin McCarthy, sketch; WCCO-KFAB-Winnipeg (Robert)
CBS-Wilderness Road: KREX, KOFL, WDAY (7:27)
NBD Little Orphant Annie sketch (Ovaline): (see 9:53)
Diamond Head: WOR, KTBV (8:30)

CBS-True Tales Dramas
KSO-The Old Smellkeeper
KSP-Don't Give Me That
WRBM-Dad's Day Council
WEC-True Life Story
WBO-The Age of Innocence
WNC-True Happy Ending
WGN-America Weekly

4:00 CST
WGN-Budweiser Test: News
WBBM-Back to the Future: Aces (9:00, see conference:)

CBS-Nobody Else But the Stars: Woody Woodpecker: (9:18)

CBS-Sports

KSFY-NRRC

5:15 CST
KREX-Fred's Best Action: The Finale
KSO-Your Phone: (4:00)

CBS-FROM RADIO GODFATHER (12:00)

5:45 CST
KREX-Lewis Crumpers

6:00 CST
KREX-News: (11:00)

KREX-Jack Armstrong, sketch

KSFY-Woody Woodpecker: (1:00)

KSFY-Dick Tracy: (2:00)

KSFY-Animals: (3:00)

KHOM-KBFB: (4:00)

KREX-News: (5:00)

KREX-Weather: (6:00)

KREX-Weather: (7:00)

KREX-Weather: (8:00)

KREX-Weather: (9:00)

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KREX-Weather: (11:00)

KREX-Weather: (12:00)
Saturday, December 5

MORNING

8:07 CST 7:30 MST
CBS Mellow Mornings; KMMC
KLPM - Guess
WNAX - Accordion Solos
WEBC - Music
46
WNAX
WDAY

9:00 CST
ABC News; WBBM
WCLM Condominiums
CBS - (Constitutional) Conservatory of Music; KFAB
WBWB

10:00 CST
NBC News; WBBM
WNAX Ranch House Boys
WBBM Palace Theater's Party

10:45 CST
BN City, Parma, WBBM
WCLM Condominiums
KLPM -职能部门
WNAX - Music
WEBC - Music

12:00 CST
CBS Morning at WBBM
WBWB

AFTERNOON

1:00 CST
CBS Major Manufacturers
WBBM

1:30 CST
NBC News; WBBM
KFAB News; KMMC

2:00 CST
CBS News; WBBM
KFAB News; KMMC

3:00 CST
KFAB News; WBBM

WAYNE KING'S INSPIRING LIFE STORY

(Continued from Page 25)

in publishing her pictures. Newspapers and periodicals raked their brains for fresh material with which to describe her charms.

Here was a sensation that far surpassed the preceding type of exposé established by Clara Bow.

Wayne King arrived part of May, in 1931, a personal appearance tour brought this glamorous creature to Chicago. It was just another step in a national circuit that was taking her all over the country, following her first big motion-picture smash, "Hell's Angels," but it happened to coincide with one of the gayest events in Chicago ever celebrated.

The show was knee-deep in "Jubilee" festivities, a tremendous promotional project designed by canny State Street merchants to combat business depression.

The highlight of the festivities was a huge carnival which featured dancing in the street. In order to accommodate the massive crowds of radio and radio's most popular orchestras were invited to play for the dancing and these occupied elevated platforms located at the six principal intersections of Five Congress.

Ben Bernie and his lads were on one platform, Jan Garber on another. There were Herbie Kay, Dan Russo and Art Kassel.

Then—a—there was Wayne King.

Extra-curricular entertainment, provided by Balaban & Katz, was enlisted to augment the musical entertainment. A group of female with the platinum hair who was packing them in over at their Oriental Theater was ordered to the downtown area occupied by the Waltz King.

Her name, in case you haven't guessed it, was Jean Harlow.

Perhaps the masses may have realized that drama was being enacted before them, for the platform occupied by the Waltz King and the picture queen was speedily surrounded by scores of spellbound people.

In the tenesity of the occasion, Jean Harlow nervously smoked a cigarette while Wayne King played for the dancers.

But she had finished with it, she tossed it idly into the street.

Soon as it may sound, that insignificant cigarette stub caused what was probably one of the greatest downtown street riots Chicago ever witnessed.

"Watch and see," had hardly landed in a near-by gutter when the mob was on it like a pack of hounds.

A half-smoked cigarette bearing lipstick stains from a mouth as devastating as Jean Harlow's was housed to well worth fighting over, and before anything could be done, the battle of the century was on!

IT TOOK a flying wedge of fifteen stalwart Chicago policemen to get Jean Harlow, Wayne King, and his twelve-piece band into the docket city bus hurriedly called to transport them to safety.

After this turbulent start, the romance between the bandleader and the moving picture star was launched and momentum rapidly gained.

"It will only last for another constantly for almost two weeks," one of my informants told me. Wayne sent his car to get her and drive her to the downtown city every night and then she'd drive out and drive back to the Aragon.

And every night, perhaps, the two of them would make a wish that they might not die, go night snack and exchange those youthful hopeful dreams that the early days of any romance days must be remembered—long after the romance itself is dead.

It must have been grand while it lasted, but like a skyscraper, the King-Harlow romance blazed across the Chicago sky and was gone almost before anyone knew it had started.

No one seems to know why it ended. Maybe it wasn't really serious in the first place. Perhaps Jean, hardly more than across the threshold of romance, was not ready for Wayne. Perhaps he didn't ask her to.

OF THE other hand, maybe her own beauty, through sheer force of contrast, restricted him of a dusky brunet in California.

Whatever it was, Wayne, as one of his intimates told me, "certainly burned up the long-distance telephone wires calling Dorothy Janis during the next few months." And soon afterward, on January 12, 1932, in a letter to Charles Gilchrest, one of Chicago's prominent radio editors, Wayne King formally denied romantic rumors about Jean Harlow without directly mentioning her name.

Two months later he was married. His bride was Dorothy Janis, petite little blonde, Paramount Pictures, sister of other Hollywood pictures. The ceremony took place March 29, 1932, in Highland Park, a North Shore suburb of Chicago, and the wedding dinner was held that night in a downtown hotel.

Stewart, honey-voiced announcer on the Lady Esther show, John Koozi, guitarist in the Waltz King's band, and Ward Kessel, the bass player, were the only guests.

To me, the way of thinking wayne King's marriage illustrates perhaps better than anything else, that famous "power of persuasion" which every

DEATH DRIVES A LAUNDRY TRUCK

(Continued from Page 28)

Wier and his side shot down the highway. Mile by mile they sped along, picking up the trail from Georgia farmers who had seen the flying laundry truck as it disappeared in dust clouds.

Soon Camp pulled up in front of a deserted swamp stretch—swamp that had no living mammal, less an auto truck, had ever traversed. Not even the Georgia sand hills, or the grassy wagon trail, blotting out all trace of tire tracks, could have been trained eyes. Enough telltale evidence to convince him that the laundry truck was now out of sight.

 Shortly before six o'clock in the evening, Wier motored Camp to Town.

SQUINTING through eyes rimmed red from dust and sun and steady driving, Camp saw a small delivery van standing.

Standing off at a distance, gun in hand, "Hello," Wier called out, "anybody home?"

The sharp whistle of speeding steel cut through a stillness broken only by a faint sound of a dog barking.

"Let 'em have it," Wier commanded.

His own revolver coughed several times but the bullets were ruddy spent. The foregoing was not vengefully. At the truck, two men remained by the door; they lay still.

Still cautiously, the two figure moved up. Wier and Brown's mouth was locked to a huddled figure on the ground.

It looks like Cranston's through, too," Wier mumbled. "After two times, I'd think he'd know better. walk path. Walk path. Beautiful silks or velvets, 2 pounds (140 doz.) only $1.00. Fast colors. 2 pounds (140 doz.) only $1.00. Slow colors. 2 pounds (140 doz.) only $1.00. Beautiful silks or velvets, 2 pounds (140 doz.) only $1.00. Slow colors. 2 pounds (140 doz.) only $1.00. Beautiful silks or velvets, 2 pounds (140 doz.) only $1.00. Slow colors. 2 pounds (140 doz.) only $1.00.
AN OPEN LETTER TO MRS. SIMPSON

(Continued from Page 9)

love, and defy anyone to destroy it.

As I said before, Wally, you are designated to stay in the public eye as long as you live. But if you will stop to think about this for a moment, you will see that you have already been left alone. Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of our beloved President, for example, is a woman who must watch her words and Q's for fear publicity will distort and exaggerate. She has done many things, however, in defiance of tradition. But she has done them with such charm and intelligence that they not only won acceptance but hearty approval. Mrs. Roosevelt, despite the fact that she is the President's wife, has kept her own identity and followed her own inclinations. She even conducts a newspaper column that is syndicated all over the nation—a thing no other President's wife ever dreamed of doing, let alone actually carrying out. What is more important, the people read her column avidly, and have a higher opinion of the President because of it. Mrs. Roosevelt respects tradition only when it is deserving of respect.

If you can apply the same tact, good sense, and discretion, Wally, you will not find your position in the public eye difficult to cope with, and you will win the love of England's subjects as completely as any Queen who preceded you—Barbara, for instance.

And now I close my letter with every wish your success as a queen and happiness as a wife. If you will apply yourself honestly and determinedly at being a successful wife, I will not have any trouble—I'm sure—and being happy queen. Good luck to you, Wally.
MAN CAN NOW TALK WITH GOD

"A new and revolutionary religious teaching based entirely on the misunderstood sayings of the Galilean Carpenter, and designed to show how we may find, understand and use the same identical power which Jesus used in performing His so-called Miracles," is attracting world-wide attention to its founder, Dr. Frank B. Robinson, noted teacher, author and lecturer. "Psychiana," this new psychological religion, believes and teaches that it is today possible for every normal human being, understanding spiritual law as Christ understood it, to duplicate every work that the Carpenter of Galilee ever did!—it believes and teaches that when He said, "the things that I do shall ye also do," He meant what He said and meant it literally to all mankind, through all the ages.

Dr. Robinson has prepared a 6006 word treatise on "Psychiana," in which he tells about his long search for the Truth, how he finally came to the full realization of an Unseen Power or force "so dynamic in itself that all other powers and forces fade into insignificance beside it!"—how he learned to commune directly with the Living God, using this mighty, never-failing power to demonstrate health, happiness and financial success, and how any normal being may learn and use it as Jesus did. He is now offering this treatise free to every reader of this magazine who writes with the request.

If you want to read this "highly interesting, revolutionary and fascinating story of the discovery of a great Truth," just send your name and address to Dr. Frank B. Robinson, 400-12th Street, Moscow, Idaho. It will be sent free and postpaid without cost or obligation. Write the Doctor today.—Copyright 1935, Dr. Frank B. Robinson.—Advertisement.
touch of your hand. I'll be at your command. And just a kiss would seal our bliss and make us understand. That

everything is right. It can't be just tonight. It's the mad-ness of the moon-light. We'll find each little moment

will make our joy complete. And re-a-lize each moment love is grand. Life is sweet. And when

dawn comes around we'll both admit we're found. That certain bit of pan-a-diss that makes the world go 'round. For

who can be so cre-at when hearts so wildly beat. In the mad-ness of the moon-light. There's a moon-light.
THOUSANDS SAY

"Nothing else in Radio equals
RCA VICTOR'S
Magic Voice"

You'll agree when you hear the new brilliance of the Magic Brain's performance ...and when you see the 24 extra value features such as Magic Eye and Metal Tubes, offered by these 1937 models.

There is a new note in radio! It is so different ... so much better that you cannot correctly judge today's radio values until you have heard it. This new advance is RCA Victor's Magic Voice.

The aim was to produce tone quality to match the selective accuracy of the famous Magic Brain. When you hear these new RCA Victors you will agree that this aim has been fully achieved...that the Magic Voice richly deserves its intriguing name.

Yet the friendlier quality, the more likable tone of these new radios is but part measure of their greater value. Whether you consider chassis, speaker or cabinets you will find many proofs that the 1937 RCA Victors are superior. Some of these proofs you can see. Others are invisible. They include such proven features as the Selector Dial with the NEW Automatic Band Spreader. All do their part in creating radio performance that surpasses anything previously offered.

Ask your RCA Victor dealer for a complete demonstration. The stirring realism of the Magic Voice will win your instant approval. But look beyond this. Ask for facts that prove value again and again. Ask about 24 engineering advances built into these new models. Then you will know what you believe the moment you hear the Magic Voice ... that RCA Victor offers you more for your money.

RCA METAL TUBES


WHAT THE MAGIC VOICE IS

Grouped in RCA Victor's unique tone chamber are 5 gleaming tone control pipes. They are shown at the left top of this page, but you will never see them. They require no attention, nor adjustment, but sound flowing through this silvery corridor loses all mechanical quality. "Boom" is trapped. The program flows directly into the room...reaches you as the microphone hears it. You listen to radio as you have wished it might be. This is the Magic Voice ... the Magic Brain given new realism, new truth, new beauty ... the greatest acoustical advance since the Orthophonic Victrola.

RCA Victor
A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA