Joy Hodges (standing), of JOE PENNER'S PROGRAM and "Miss Penny" Gill, of "JACK OAKIE'S COLLEGE"
OFFICIAL STAR OF STARS ELECTION BALLOT

My favorite Star of Stars is
My favorite Musical Program is
My favorite Dramatic Program is
My favorite Actor is
My favorite Actress is
My favorite Children's Program is
My favorite Dance Orchestra is
My favorite Male Singer of Popular Songs is
My favorite Female Singer of Popular Songs is
My favorite Singer of Operatic or Classical Songs is
My favorite Comedian or Comedy Act is
My favorite Announcer is
My favorite Sports Announcer is
My favorite Commentator is
My favorite promising new star is
My name is
My address is


YOUR VOTES COUNT!

Does Hollywood dominate your radio dial? Will Moviedom's "guest stars" some day present the only programs your radio will bring in? Are all the better radio artists deserting the air to play to the screen's more sensitive microphones—and bigger payrolls? These questions are debated everywhere by ardent air fans. Few regular radio listeners are without opinions on today's close relationship between the movies and radio.

A reflection of the interchange of stars between radio and the movies is shown in the fourth annual Radio Guide Star of Stars Election now in progress. Of the ten leading contenders in the Star of Stars group, eight have appeared on the screen at one time or another. At least four may be considered regular stars of the movies as well as of radio. Only two of this group of the ten greatest radio stars have never faced Hollywood's cameras.

Jack Benny, Nelson Eddy, Frances Langford, Lorne Greene, Bing Crosby, Eddie Cantor, Fred Allen and Rudy Vallee have all had their names in lights over the box-offices of theaters throughout the country. Lulu Belle and Joan Blondell, in seventh and ninth places, respectively, are alone among the air's greatest stars in their all-time absence from the screen.

Considering the leaders in other groups, it is not until we get to the children's programs and the announcers' polls that we find leading stars who have never been on the screen. Most groups are led by the stars named above.

Perhaps you consider this an unfortunate trend. Perhaps you consider it a boon for radio. In either case, the best way to register your opinion is by voting in this Poll! (See Star of Stars standings on Page 17.)

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M. L. ANNENBERG

Publisher

CURTIS MITCHELL, Editorial Director

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Cover Portrait by Charles E. Rubino

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Cover Portrait by Charles E. Rubino

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THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW TILL NOW ABOUT

Walter Winchell

HIS WINCHELLINGO IS AMERICA'S SLANGUAGE—HE'S PUBLIC PENEMY NO. 1! MEET THE MAN BEHIND THE KEYHOLE—THE GOSSIPING GHOST!

IT TOOK ten years to get those personal paragraphs on Public Penemy No. 1. So fast is the pace he sets, it took a decade of close association to catch up with him on the following facts which I present here.

His real name is Winchell—only it used to be spelled with one "L," until it was accidentally set up with the second "L" on a theater marquee. (It looked good to him, so what the L?)

He can match his private life with any man's. Recently, when warned that a profiler would turn delirious by making "startling" disclosures about him, Winchell decided to beat him to the punch and tell all. It developed that there was nothing in his life which could be interpreted as sensational, except his climb to success. The only tidbit which bore even a remote resemblance to scandal was that he had once been divorced. (Which doesn't exactly make him the only divorced man in the world—just read his column, to verify that.)

At 35 he said he would retire when he reached 40. He was 40 years old on April 7, but he's still going strong—and ironically enough, the title of his first motion picture, made as he was nearing 40, is called—significantly or not—"Wake Up and Live."

It's smart to be thrifty, and Winchell's both. He coined the expression "Annuities Keep Headliners from Being Breadliners"—and practises what he preaches.

During the big war he served in the Navy. His job was, of all things, carrying confidential messages! (From go to gup in one degeneration.)

Hurt pride was responsible for his starting the gossip column—the most sensational innovation in modern journalism. He gave the city editor of the Graphic a first-hand tip-off on the Frank Tinney-Irene Winton reconciliation. Lack of proof induced the editor to reject it. One week later the news made the front page—of another newspaper. This decided Winchell to capitalize on the gossip he heard around town, and thus he started his famous pillar of prattle.

This year 20th Century-Fox paid him $75,000 to bandy words with Bandmaster Ben Bernie in "Wake Up and Live"; the New York Daily Mirror and syndicated papers paid him over $5,500 weekly for column copy; and a radio sponsor paid $3,000 a week into his pockets for pouring from 170 to 190 words a minute for fifteen minutes into the mike on Sunday nights. Uncle Sam's tax assessment was $80,000. This includes the various New York state and California state taxes—there is an unemployment tax, an old-age pension tax, and the non-resident tax. From the $75,000, California took about $6,000. Most of the time his shoes are so threadbare that his feet are in danger of bursting out of them. He prefers wearing old shoes because he finds them more comfortable. (That shoes how loyal he is to his old friends.)

His only dietary inhibitions are relishes and spicy foods, which his media has strictly tabooed.

Since the time he was plugged on a dark street by a pair of Hauptmann's sympathizers, Winchell has carried a gun, and is constantly escorted by a six-footer who hits too hard. Winchell once called his pistol "the equalizer." He says it brings a guy twice his height down to his size. Incidentally, Winchell has been struck twice—both times when he wasn't looking and from the back. Nobody has ever said to him, "Put up your hands—I want to fight with you!" And so we do not know how capable Walter is with his "dukes." In response to a query, Winchell once said that he has lost every fight that he has been in. "Bragging again, eh?"

Contrary to belief, he has few real enemies, and has never lost a friend whom he wanted to keep. Often he has made friends of enemies, but never enemies of friends.

He knew Hauptmann was going to (Continued on Page 18)
THIS is the story of the most beautiful girl in the world and one who thought she was the homeliest. Martha Raye begged me not to tell it, for now that she has become the greatest young comedienne of the day in movies and radio, she thinks her one mission is to make people laugh, not to make them cry.

But, to understand just what success means to Martha Raye and the one thing that has inspired her more than anything else, this story must be told.

Martha Raye and Dorothy Dell were pals. They met on Broadway, the glittering street to which they had come from strangely different routes to gamble their hearts and hopes.

Martha was a youngster who had clawed a bare living from the footlights since the age of three. A girl who began life in a dressing-room backstage of a theater in Butte, Montana, where her mother happened to be playing a vaudeville engagement. Quite frankly, she was blessed with little or no charm, except a down-to-earth, heart-warming flair for slapstick comedy.

With Dorothy Dell the case was just the opposite. Born in the luxurious surroundings of a plantation near Hatteburg, Mississippi, she knew only a life of comparative ease. At 13, her low, rich "blues" voice won her a radio contract, but it was her startling beauty that eventually brought fame. In 1930 at the exposition in Galveston, Texas, she was chosen "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World," in competition with beauties from almost every country on the globe.

So they met—the homely girl and the devastating beauty—in the office of a music publisher. Instantly they became friends. Martha Raye saw in Dorothy all the outward loveliness she could never hope to possess. Dorothy warmed to the cheerful abandon of Martha's bubbling good humor.

Martha frequently dropped backstage to watch Dorothy rehearse in the new Ziegfeld show, and as often as she did, some pompous stage hand was certain to remind her that no one but the cast was admitted to rehearsals.

DON'T care what the rules are," Dorothy finally exclaimed. "If Martha Raye can't come in here as often as she likes, I'll quit the show!"

That's the way things stood with these two. When the Follies concluded its run, Martha and Dorothy set out together to pick up night-club jobs. "Sometimes we had a hard time putting up a front," Martha remembers, "so we shared each other's wardrobe. Dorothy would go out looking for a job, wearing my hat, her blouse, my skirt and the only really classy pair of shoes we owned between us. When she came back I'd slap on the outfit and take my turn around the agencies."

Eventually they landed a job singing and clowning at Ben Marden's Riviera, just across the Hudson River on the Jersey side. Night after night they packed the place.

After every closing show, Dorothy was besieged by party invitations, but she always insisted that Martha come along. Late one evening they were enjoying a late supper with a group of friends when a tipsy drunk at a nearby table began to throw uncomplimentary remarks in Martha's direction, among them—

The Tragedy that made MARThA

THEY WERE INSEPARABLE: A DEVASTATING BEAUTY AND A SLAPSTICK COMEDienne. TO ONE, HOLLYWOOD MEANT SUCCESS, TO THE OTHER—DEATH!
RAYE a  
BY  
CARL SCHROEDER

fired because we insulted customers!"

Martha's eyes light up as she remembers the exciting times she and Dorothy had together.

"One evening I gave a birthday party for my mother backstage. Dorothy bought the coffee and I paid for the cake. We were all set for a grand time, but do you know what happened? A dancer in the chorus took sick and I offered to go on in her place. I didn't know much about her routine, so I just went out and clowned it.

For some reason, the audience loved it. When I finished they howled with applause, but I was so exhausted I rushed to the dressing-room and fainted dead away! Dorothy came rushing in from the scene, she didn't want me to miss the chance to be a big hit. And when the manager found out she was holding my head in her lap, weeping to beat the band and crying, 'Wake up, wake up— they want you out there!'

She was always that way—Dorothy Dell. When fate at length separated the two, sending Martha on a vaudeville engagement to Detroit, Dorothy was summoned to Hollywood. At once she shot a wire to Martha: 'Ill-fated star toils stop on my way to Hollywood you're next will write.'

And Dorothy did write. She persisted Martha to come out and have a fling at the screen. She offered to pay the train fare. But Martha was afraid Hollywood would have none of her.

Besides, she was now the family meal ticket. She couldn't imagine the movies having anything to do with her—and as for radio—well, how could she be funny if people couldn't see her?

Separated though they were, the friendship never flagged. Dorothy Dell soon rose to prominence. First in 'Wharf Angel,' with Victor McLaglan. Next in 'Little Miss Marker,' the same picture that brought stardom to Shirley Temple.

Perhaps you remember 'Little Miss Marker.' It was shown for the first time just two weeks before stark tragedy struck the lives of Dorothy Dell and Martha Raye.

It was one of those bleak New York days when Martha Raye stepped out of a Broadway show and into the street where heightened more than ever by a howling wind and

Martha Raye. They're teamed together in many movies! Bob Burns, droll comedian, makes an easy foil for Clown

Martha Raye. The Doctor of that experience for Martha,

someday found herself pushed into the nearest subway and on her way home.

It is simply impossible to describe what this tragedy meant to Martha Raye. How can words paint a picture of the empty agony in her heart when she received a letter from Dorothy two days afterward? It had been written and mailed only a few hours before the fatal accident and its contents again expressed Dorothy's firm belief in her friend's destiny. 'You must come out,' it said, 'so that we can be together again.'

Martha is in Hollywood now—a star at the same studio in which Dorothy began her short-lived career. And the story of what Dorothy Dell's faith meant to her one intimate tells itself when you know the first words Martha spoke as she was shown around the Paramount lot.

'Give me,' she said, 'where Dorothy Dell worked.'

Time has erased some of the heartache of that experience for Martha, but not for the mother and sister of Dorothy Dell, who fled from Hollywood and have never returned. It was to the younger sister, Helen, who now lives in Florida, that the ill-fated star gave the best possible training as a singer and dancer, hoping that she, too, would win a place in the entertainment world. But in the meantime, Hollywood has shown other dramas. The name of Dell is almost forgotten save for those few whose memories live longer than today's headlines.

Perhaps some radio executive, reading this story, will seek out talented Helen Dell and give that name the chance to live that was lost on the tragic night three years ago. Martha Raye would like it so.

Martha Raye may be heard Tuesday on Al Jolson's program over a CBS network at 8:30 p.m. EDT (7:30 EST; 7:30 CDT; 6:30 CST; 6:30 MST; 4:30 PST), and later for the West Coast at 7:30 p.m. PST (8:30 MDT).
RECENTLY the prize-winning motion picture, "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town," was put on the air in an elaborate and expensive full-hour show. The lines were the same as spoken on the screen. Clark Cooper and Jean Arthur played their original roles. Yet "Mr. Deeds," like so many other radio adaptations from the stage and the screen, didn't seem to click.

Why? You cannot begin to understand one of radio's most challenging problems—how to bring radio drama up to the excellence of other types of air shows, unless you become acquainted with the Columbia Workshop and with Irving Reis.

In 1932, Reis was an engineer on the CBS staff. But he was a different sort of engineer. He was interested not only in how his programs went over but what was in them, especially in the way of dramatizations.

Reis tried to make some of the script-writers who were always hanging around the studios understand what he meant. He talked until he was blue in the face. In desperation he decided that he himself would write a "radio drama." He wasn't a writer, he knew that. But he also knew what kind of writing radio needed.

Reis worked on his "radio drama" in spare time. He was kidded unmercifully by the other engineers, who told him to stick to "playing the dials." But he stuck. The result was the famous "St. Louis Blues," vastly different from other shows.

This "radio drama" used sound-effects consciously, not haphazardly. It took advantage of radio's ability to "shift scenery" in the twinkling of an eye. It was "written for the ear" by a man who knew the mechanics of sound—and it was good!

"St. Louis Blues" was enthusiastically received by the press, the audience, by the people in radio. It was rebroadcast a number of times. It was presented in England by the British Broadcasting Company. It was reprinted in books on radio-writing.

But Reis insisted, this was only the beginning. What was needed was an experimental workshop—a sustaining program on which actors, writers and technicians could produce scripts of a nature which commercial sponsors might be afraid to try.

While Reis was trying to interest radio executives in his idea, he himself continued to experiment with the new radio drama. In his "Meridian 7-1212," Reis wrote another drama which could be done nowhere else as effectively as over a mike. In this play, an editor of a paper, desperate for a story, sends a reporter to see if there is any "human interest stuff" in the lives of the girls who give the exact time every few seconds in a monotonous, cold voice. The listener is shown, in a number of powerful flashbacks, how important the exact time may be in the lives of some people. One of the girls at the Meridian exchange has a brother in the Sing Sing death-house.

Reis continued to experiment. He gave the Workshop a half-hour on one of radio's choicest nights—Sunday.

It refuses to allow the program to be commercially sponsored (although it had several offers) in order to insure for it freedom from interference. It gives the Workshop the pick of CBS actors and actresses, technical equipment, world-wide contacts.

REPRODUCING echoes over the air has now become routine, thanks to the Workshop and the inquisitive mind Reis sets to any technical problem.

Some time ago, he spent days in the control-room trying dozens of sound-effects, to provide a reverberating echo for a play he was producing. A few hours before the show was to go on the air, he stumbled on the solution. A mike was set up in a separate studio. Some feet away was placed a loudspeaker connected to the mike into which the actors spoke their lines. Both microphones were fed into the same mixing panel, but the time-lag which occurred while the voices traveled the space between the loudspeaker and the mike in the second studio was sufficient to produce the effect of a reverberation.

But the work of the Workshop is not all confined to the studio or to synthetic reproduction of sound. In experimenting with sound, Reis has not forgotten that, above all, a play must be entertaining. He also has not forgotten that man-made sound is at best an imitation of the real thing it is trying to copy. "Broadway Tonight," a Workshop show, Reis placed no less than ten mikes at various points between Forty-Second Street and Fifteenth Street. The clatter of dishes in a busy cafeteria, the roar of traffic, the shuffling and milling of thousands of sightseers and theater-goers, the hawking of pitchmen and newsboys—some of the unseen effects of the Workshop are picked up by the Workshop and given to the audience

A YOUNG MAN DREAMED DREAMS

—FASHIONED NEW BEAUTY, NEW DRAMA OUT OF THEM FOR RADIO!

Midnight is the hour set for his execution. The girl continues to give the exact time as she watches the big clock. In her trained, efficient voice, she says, "When you hear the signal, it will be exactly 12 o'clock." Then follows a dull, dull sound. The girl had collapsed. As the play closes, we hear the reporter saying to the editor that there's no drama in Meridian 7-1212.

The only people who call, he says, are those whose watches have stopped or those who are too lazy to go into the next room to find out the time.

S O THE Columbia Broadcasting System announced that it would establish the Columbia Workshop under the direction of Irving Reis, and that its only aim and final achievement would be "the development of a drama technique which is best suited to radio."

Today the Columbia Workshop is an established success. Under Reis, it has produced a number of important radio dramas. In its short existence, it has already performed a number of important new sound-effects, conquered a number of technical difficulties, given a number of radio writers a chance to experiment with sound and music, and has had a definite influence on the quality of radio dramas as a whole. Many other radio shows have profited from its wide experimentation.

A great deal of credit for the success of the Workshop must also go to the Columbia Broadcasting System. It gives the Workshop a half-hour on one of radio's choicest nights—Sunday. It refuses to allow the program to be commercially sponsored (although it had several offers) in order to insure for it freedom from interference. It gives the Workshop the pick of CBS actors and actresses, technical equipment, world-wide contacts.

 Irving Reis—Columbia Workshop's creator

Radio Guide © Week ending May 1, 1937
future be like? No one knows. Reis will not even venture an opinion, since, he says, his efforts with the Workshop are still in an experimental stage.

But Reis’ own “St. Louis Blues” will probably give him a good idea of what the radio drama of the future may be like. For here is a play which is “custom-made” for the radio. The action takes place in the five minutes that elapse between the start and the finish of a rendition of the St. Louis Blues. But, as the announcer says, listen:

The scene is a Harlem night club. A bored radio engineer is chatting with the announcer. Both are anxious to get home. There are only a few minutes to go before another number from the colored orchestra and they can pack up for the night.

The announcer kids the engineer. He asks him whether he isn’t thrilled with the power he has at the controls of a program which is going out into the vastness of the night, and, over the innumerable miles of the airwaves, to the两端 of the continent.

The radio engineer isn’t impressed. “It sounds much more exciting than it really is,” he says. Besides, who’s listening at that hour, anyway? That’s the problem,” the announcer exclaims, who is listening? Wouldn’t it be interesting to get a list of the people at the places where they’re hearing the St. Louis Blues?

And that’s exactly what the audience sees—or imagines, at any rate.

A scene in the tropics. The tent of three white men who have come in search of rare animals for a zoo. One of the men is sick, seriously ill, at times delirious. The other two men are free from the fever that is ravaging their comrade’s body but far from free of anguish and bad nerves.

As they sit with their sick comrade, they hear the sound of native drums. When someone is dying in the jungle, they explain, and the natives believe that he is beyond hope, they beat the drums. The two naturalists are driven into a frenzy by the sound of the tom-toms. If their feverish comrade should awaken and hear these death-rituals, all fight and hope would leave him. He must be prevented from hearing them. But how? Then an idea occurs to one of them. He turns on the portable radio. In a few seconds you hear the whip of the saxophone as Harlem band swings into the opening strains of the St. Louis Blues.

The two policemen in a radio car are cruising their beat. “Whoever said radio cars are exciting assignments was talking through his hat!” says one of them. The voice which they hear at regular intervals from their loudspeaker is getting under their skin. The two policemen pull up alongside of an expensive car, the driver of which seems to be having some trouble. He’s out of gas. Could they help him have some? No, they couldn’t do that. But they’ll be glad to watch his car while he goes for some. That’s great, the driver tells them, going to look for a filling station.

While he’s gone, the cops look over the powerful motor with unconcealed delight. Must be a big-shot, they decide. Look at the low license number on the plate, which bears the California state mark. They turn on the expensive radio set. What a set! Listen to the way the St. Louis Blues comes over—what a relief from that guy’s voice on the police system!

While they’re listening to the St. Louis Blues, their short-wave set is barking at them—but they can’t hear a word. The voice—the voice they hate—is telling them to be on the lookout for a high-powered car with a low-numbered California license plate. It is the car that was stolen from the Governor and the man driving it is a much-wanted gangster.

And the gangster returns with the gas. The cops bid him an effusive farewell. When they come back to their own car, the voice tells them to go try and release a kitten which was caught in a drainpipe. “Nothing ever happens!” they grumble as they drive disgustedly away.

In a tenement a sick child waits in discomfort. A frenzied young man is finding it difficult to sleep and seeks distraction from the child’s crying. He turns on the radio. “You will now hear the St. Louis Blues,” comes the announcer’s voice.

On the high seas a boat is battered by a storm. We hear two radio operators reporting to the captain on their success in locating a ship which, however, is many miles away. Too many miles, probably, to reach them in time. One of the radio operators is a youngster—this is his first trip. The captain tells them how serious the situation is. He explains that the news of impending disaster must be kept from the passengers. He suggests that the radio be turned off—loud. The opening bars of the St. Louis Blues blare through the doomed ship.

We are tuned in on a conversation between a mail pilot and an operator at the airport. It’s a dark and foggy night. The mail pilot can’t see where to land. The land operator turns on the radio so that the mail pilot can follow it in. The last thing the pilot hears as he crashes is the wail of the St. Louis Blues.

Short scenes. Breath-taking changes in the locale. A story that unfolds dramatically through the clever use of sound alone—that’s the new radio technique—the technique of tomorrow.

But there’s one thing that bothers Reis. Why is there only one Workshop— that at Columbia? There should be some time—no matter how small—and some money—no matter how little—devoted by the other networks and even local stations to experimental drama. Sure, he agrees, many of these experiments will be bad. Sure, many of them will be duplicating each other’s work. But in Workshops lies the future of radio drama.
Eddie mixes work and fun—here he is guest of honor at the National Air Races at Los Angeles, with Bob- by Breen and four of his daughters: Marilyn, Edna, Marjorie and Natalie

THOUSANDS ASK HIS HELP EVERY YEAR— AND HERE'S THE ADVICE EDDIE CANTOR GIVES THEM! LEARN HIS THREE CHARMED KEYS TO SUCCESS— USE THEM YOURSELF!

LET THE Voice of Experience have no- thing on Eddie Cantor!

To his door-step the world beats a path that by now has become almost a paved highway. If he were to an- swer personally every letter he re- ceives asking for advice, the pop-eyed little mayor of Texaco Town could ditch his Sunday night broadcasts, his movie work—everything—and spend every waking hour doing nothing but helping other people readjust their lives.

"Eddie, what shall I do about little Tommy?" one letter reads. "He's running down to the corner pool-room every night. And another,—"Mr. Cantor, I want to send my girl to finishing school. Can you recommend one?" Or, "I want a job in radio. How do I go about it?"

Somehow, all these people seem to think that Eddie Cantor is the one man who has found an air-tight formula for success and happiness. In a way, they are right.

I found that out when I listened while Eddie lectured a down-and-out young writer one day.

"My boy," he said, "the trouble with your life is that it's full of fly specks. Look here!" He grabbed a pencil and drew two circles on a sheet of paper.

"'Til you give away what I mean—

"These two blank circles represent the sphere of your ambitions. We'll fix up the first one in just the way your life has been going. For in- stance, a while ago you decided to write for radio. So we put a dot in the circle. Then you figured you needed experience, so you got a job on a newspaper. There's another dot. But you soon decided to quit that and work on an idea for a play. Another dot. That didn't turn out so well, so you took a job on a tram

steamer. You came back and took dancing-lessons, figuring you might become a good hoofer. You quit that to go back to reporting. Now, see—

the circle is full of dots, all in different places. Fly specks, I call them.

"But, take the other circle. Let's say you decide to be a newspaper man. So we put down a dot. But instead of continually looking for something else, you keepplugging away. If you are fired, you get an- other job on another newspaper. No matter how things go, you keep right on being a newspaper man, so we put more dots one on top of the other. Eventually, you have one big mark to your credit in the field of your ambitions—not a bunch of fly specks. You have learned to concentrate. You know your business inside out. Now you are ready for other opportunities.

You are not a hunter who always shoots at a target with a shotgun just to make sure he'll hit something some- time. You are an expert marksman who has scored a bull's-eye!"

After the young man had gone, I questioned Eddie Cantor— Where did you discover this unique idea? How do you know it works?

Eddie's answers were terse and to the point. "I found the theory for myself a few years ago when doctors told me I couldn't last more than a year at the most unless I changed my way of living. I know the idea works because I have proved it to myself!"

Back in 1928 Eddie was going like a house afire. Writing his own gags. Working double shifts in vaudeville, starring in a revue. Without warning, he collapsed. Doctors sent him to the desert—told him he wasn't coming back.

But Eddie did come back. Down there he talked things over with his wife, Ida. While his health mended slowly, he took inventory of his life. Then, despite the warnings of his per- sonal physician, he came back to Broadway several months before his year was up. He came back to face the greatest trials of his life—and win!

In 1929 the crash wiped him out completely. He had $200,000 in debts. Comedians as famous as himself were down and out. The country wasn't in the mood for laughter. But Eddie stuck it out according to his new formula.

"True, I had so many debts I won- dered how I would ever pay them off. But I had my jobs, even though I didn't know how long they would last."

"To begin with, I gave up trying to do a dozen things at once. I began to hire capable lieutenants. That sounds foolish, a man in debt hiring some- body to work for him. But I did, and most of them are with me yet. They helped me lick the depression. While everyone else was cutting down, they were making my work better—the trivialities that were weighing me down were swept aside. I could con- centrate on more important things."

Now that's all very well for a man like Cantor, who can afford to hire people to help him, but what about the average person? How can this idea apply to you and me?

"It's simple enough," is Eddie's as- surance. "Take a small business man, for example. He has dozens of tele- phone calls a day, people by the score who want to see him. He takes all the calls, interviews everyone. He doesn't want to let anything that might help his business escape, yet he wastes many hours a week on matters of no importance at all."

"It took a complete breakdown to teach me that no man should ever give a split second more time to any one matter than it warrants. Never give ten minutes of time to a man whose business is only worth three. And, on the other hand, never rush through in ten minutes a matter that should consume a half-hour."

"The same idea can apply to a housewife, a store clerk or a student.
Some wives run around like chickens with their heads cut off. They spend a half-hour puttering around a room that could be cleaned in five minutes. A clerk can work twenty minutes selling a pair of shoeaces while an important customer who wanted a pair of expensive shoes gets tired of waiting and walks out. A good many students fail in their real purpose because they bone for hours remembering the dates and facts about a war, and when they are through they can't remember what the war was about.

**IN OTHER words, one of Eddie Cantor's secrets of living is to know exactly what to spend time on—what will produce a profit, whether you count it in money or happiness. Eddie's own life proves this, even while he's asleep! For instance, it is Cantor's iron-bound rule to sleep exactly eight hours every night. He never varies this. In fact, he stays in bed ten hours just to make sure that he actually sleeps eight, because energy is one of his priceless assets. He refuses to deviate in the slightest from his original plan—absolutely no drinking—it dulls the mind. No card playing—he figures that as a waste of mental energy. No horse racing—he insists that this is one of a dozen pastimes that steal valuable time. No night-clubbing—he appears in them now and then, but that is business. What, then, does he do for relaxation?

'The answer to that, although you may think it trite, is that my work is my amusement.' A while ago I addressed four hundred Harvard students on the subject, 'Radio as a Business.' And when I was through they fired questions at me for forty minutes. You don't have to believe it, but that was fun. Then I have my Youth Movement, a drive to take 500 children out of Germany and establish them in a safe refuge in Palestine. Not long ago I talked at a luncheon attended by twenty business men in Chicago about this movement. You can believe it or not, but I walked out of there with checks amounting to $20,000. I don't call that work; I call it play!''

That's the only way Eddie Cantor relaxes. Every minute when he's not working, he's doing things that would be work to other people—but to Eddie, they're the joy of living.

"But Eddie, there's one thing you've forgotten," I protested. "When you started in your business, it was easier. There weren't as many actors as there are now. Today every field is overcrowded—too many stenographers and singers; too many doctors and nurses—"

"Ah, but you're wrong! You say there are too many doctors. Does that stop a young intern from going ahead? He knows that all he has to do is save a life. Let him save just one! Then the world can't do without him. Too many stenographers? There are dozens of business men who are crying for really good secretaries. Too many singers? If that were true, we wouldn't have Deanna Durbin or Bobbie Breen. They weren't just lucky. They learned to do their jobs better than anyone else, and look, when the chance came they became famous overnight!"

Now, who has the courage to try Eddie Cantor's formula? Remember—choose a goal and never change it! Conserve energy for important things! Don't waste time on false "amusement." And give other people a hand! That's the trio of secrets that has made Eddie a success. It may do as much for you!

Eddie Cantor may be heard Sundays over a CBS network at 8:30 p.m. EDT (7:30 CDT; 6:30 MST; 5:30 PST), and later for the West Coast at 7 p.m. PST (8 MDT).
IN PHILADELPHIA last season, dynamic, 36-year-old Eugene Ormandy, one of America's youngest musical directors, was elected to co-conduct one of the greatest symphony orchestras in the world.

Behind Ormandy's elevation to this high musical post is the story of one of the most amazing careers the modern musical world knows. Ormandy is a genius without the traditional trappings of genius. He's an ultra-modern, a man who likes ping-pong and a high-powered car, yet a man whose wife used to be a lady of the sonnets—musical ones she made on the New York Philharmonic's golden harp.

And he's a musician who demonstrated his precocity back in Hungary more than three decades ago. Today, in Philadelphia, he's still demonstrating it. And when he halves rehearsals to cry out against a false note, the ghost of an earlier false note turns in its grave, remembering one night it walked in Budapest long ago.

And when Ormandy pilots the Philadelphia orchestra through Tschaikowsky's "Fourth Symphony," the ghost of an earlier performance stirs restlessly in the murky theater pit where a half-starved violinist lied it.

NOW, let's look into the background of the man himself and see what early evidence of greatness can be found. To begin with, his sense of perfect pitch, perhaps, is what makes him great. This remarkable sense revealed itself unexpectedly in a Budapest musical auditorium where one of the greatest violin virtuosos in the world was appearing in recital. "I was only 4 years old," Ormandy told me, "when my father, who'd been teaching me music with a phonograph, took me to the concert."

IT WAS very still, there in the vast hall, so still that when a piping child voice shattered the dark magic, even the artist faltered in his playing—"Papa," a four-year-old voice shrilled excitedly, "did you hear him play the wrong note?"

That was a great musician's beginning. Some eighteen years later, Eugene Ormandy found himself in New York, occupying the last violin stand in Roxy's pit orchestra at Broadway's Capitol Theater. He had come to the promised land, lured by the belief that gold lay in American streets, and he had landed in the theater pit only after hunger had forced him to take the job.

Ormandy laughs about that job now—and sighs sadly at the same time, for it was the late S. L. ("Roxy") Rothafel who called in his secretary five days after the Hungarian started.

"Get me that young fellow who plays the violin—that new boy, Ormandy," Roxy had told her. "And get an interpreter, too. Ormandy doesn't speak English."

"I got there first," Ormandy told me, flicking cigarette ashes in three-quarter time. "I remember how extremely painful waiting was for us both. Roxy, impatient because of the time he was wasting; I because I was puzzled. I thought I'd be fired."

But instead of a discharge, Ormandy got his first great chance.

"Tell this man the conductor's ill," he barked. "He's to direct tonight."

And with no more preparation than that, the youthful violinist stepped to the director's stand, slammed shut the score, and conducted Tschaikowsky's difficult Fourth Symphony from memory! It was the first time he had ever conducted.

One small mistake—a flute note half a second ahead—one drumbeat a split second behind, the clash of a cymbal too soon—and Ormandy's career would have ended in the pit instead of on the podium. But fear has no place in Ormandy's emotions.

Beginning with that first amazing triumph in the Capitol pit, he went up and up until he reached the airwaves on a radio program with the then comparatively unknown young baritone, Nelson Eddy. "Nelson and I sold cigars," Ormandy says with a chuckle.

Now let us look behind locked doors at a business conference called several years ago in Philadelphia. It is a meeting of the board of directors of a famous symphony. And it has to ponder a telegram crumpled in the outraged chairman's fist.

"Hand me that telephone," he shouts angrily. "Great man or no great man, he can't cancel a concert with the Philadelphia Symphony and not give a legitimate reason."

"Hello," he shouts into the mouth-piece. "Get me New York. And hurry. Hello, hello—that you, Art? What's all this about Toscanini not appearing? What's that? Neurotic? But we've sold four thousand tickets! We've got to have someone... who's that? Ormandy? Never heard of him. Well... if you can't think of anybody else... but you know Philadelphia. He'll probably be hosed off the podium."


"They'd paid to hear Toscanini, one of the world's greatest conductors, only to be cheated by this nobody whose lone claim to musical pretention was (Continued on Page 17)"
INTRODUCTION

The original hard-luck gal of radio—Loretta Clemens! Here is the certified evidence.

Exhibit A: Because she was an undersized baby, the family doctor prescribed raw milk, warm from the cow. But she got weaker on the diet. City authorities analyzed the milk and found it teeming with tuberculous germs.

Exhibit B: On her way to recovery, she picked up some tiny blue tablets from a window sill. Dissolving the bichloride of mercury pellets in a glass of water, she dunked a piece of bread in the poisonous mixture and gulped it. A stomach pump saved her life.

Exhibit C: An inherited yen to run away kept neighbors continually snatching her from under train wheels and the tires of automobiles.

Exhibit D: Growing up, fate kept heckling her. About to launch a pianist concert career, she contracted a nervous disease of the fingers.

Exhibit E: In rapid succession, she was involved in four automobile accidents, escaping death by a series of little miracles but suffering shock.

Exhibit F: After a myriad of disappointments, she finally arrived in radio. Sponsors stuck her in a star spot on the gala Philip Morris program. But her jinx tapped her again. No sooner had she won the favor of the air audiences than she was stricken with appendicitis. By the time she recovered, the job was gone.

These are highlights in a career that has taken more bumps than a Model T Ford on a Tennessee detour.

It's the history of vivacious, hard-working Loretta Clemens, a triple-threat star—actress, singer and musician.

Her education at Hard-Luck University began back in Cleveland. Her father had the instincts of an artist—though he was a house-painter by trade. His hopes for genius in his de-

About that time radio came in, hinting of big money. Loretta and her gang played over WHK in Cleveland, where she sang for the first time. An announcer happened to overhear her humming during rehearsal. Intrigued, he insisted that she be given a spot in the next broadcast. “So I sang—in spite of the fact that I had a range of only four notes. I half-talked and half-sang. They billed me as a ‘stylist!’”

From Cleveland, they went to Buffalo. After three and a half years of pinching nickels, they took their courage and thirty-five dollars in both hands and set out for the Big Town.

New York didn’t fall over itself to welcome them. Footnote and discour-aged, Loretta and her brother tramped Manhattan streets for two months, ducking in and out of auditions, rebuffed at every booking agency.

One day they got a cakes-and-coffee engagement in Westchester, a New York suburb. Loretta, her brother at the piano, sang and charted her way through her routine. They took four

bumps. As they were going out, a majestically built lady stopped them. “You were wonderful!” she exclaimed. She was Madame Frances Lea, Metropolitan Opera prima donna.

With her backing, the closed doors opened with a “whoosh.” They got a couple of parts as the wise-cracking couple with the “Gibson Family.”

Only a few weeks ago, Loretta and her brother (they refuse contracts that star them separately) began a new serial—their first on the Columbia Broadcasting System. Billed as “Jack and Loretta, Songs and Patter,” they are said to draw $200 a week for their cheerful nonsense. If they click—as they always have done—they will get $750 a 92-week contract.


She doesn’t think she’ll have many more tough times. But even if radio doesn’t pan out, it’s all right. “We can settle down for good and all,” she says. “I’ve always wanted that, and I can have kids. I want them most of all!”
WASHINGTON, May 13, 1937

The 373rd anniversary of the birth of William Shakespeare, greatest of the English-speaking dramatists, will be celebrated with three special broadcast events over National Broadcasting Company networks, two on Monday, April 26, and one on Thursday, April 29.

From Stratford-on-Avon, the quiet little English town immortalized as the Bard's birthplace, microphones will pick up the annual Shakespeare birthday luncheon to be heard in America over the NBC-Blue network. Speakers will be the Rt. Hon. Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Sir George Thom- as Browd, and the celebrated English novelist, Sir Eda- ward Seymour Hicks, noted producer and playwright, re-tying to the toast.

On the same day, the NBC Radio Guild will present a specially edited production of "Shakespeareana," selections from some of the master's best-known plays, to be broadcast over the NBC-Blue network.

"Will of Stratford," an original radio dramatization by Bosley Crowther, New York newspaperman and playwright, will be presented for the first time on Monday, April 26, over the NBC-Blue network. The play, an impression of Shakespeare at his thirties, shows how Shakespeare drew inspiration for his writing from the violent and turbulent events of the ro- bust Elizabethan era during which he lived.

Friday, April 23—NBC

8:15 a.m. EST (7:15 CST)

'Love Songs' Program

The Sweetest Love Songs Ever Sung, with Frank Munn, Lois Bennett and Victor Arden's orchestra, will change the day and time of its NBC-Blue network weekly broadcasts beginning April 27.

Now heard on Mondays, the feature will be aired on Tuesdays henceforth.

Miss Bennett, before her radio career began on the NBC networks, had sung in concerts at Carnegie Hall and Town Hall on New York and in Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

Tuesday, April 24—NBC

9:30 p.m. EDT (8:30 CST; 7:30 MST; 6:00 PST)

'Hildegarde Goes 'Cycling'

Hildegarde, NBC personality singer, will be guest artist on the Cycling the Kilocycles program on Thursday, April 22. Hildegarde, who came out of Chicago, Wisconsin, to win wild acclaim in concert halls earlier this spring, will have Roy Sinatra's orchestra behind her.

Thursday, April 22—NBC

7:15 p.m. EST (6:15 CST)

WINCHELL, BERNIE, HOTEL STARS

Wake Up And Live' To Be Offered

Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie will continue their long-standing "feud" on the air waves Friday, April 23, when, with Alice Faye and other members of the film cast, they will re-enact scenes from new pictures "Wake Up and Live," during the "Hollywood Hotel" broadcast of WMAQ, Chicago.

Just completed by Twentieth Cen- tury-Fox, "Wake Up and Live" is be- ing previewed by preview audiences as one of the top pictures of the year. Although the title of the production was taken from the best-selling inspirational book, Walter Winchell's first full-length feature film relies for its inspiration not on philosophical advice, but a bright story, bright music, and lovely dancing girls.

The columnist's amiable feud with Bernie Sanders, known to radio listeners as the brain child of the screen play, which has a radio background, Winchell and Bernie at- tempt to outdo each other in the dis- covery of the identity of a "mystery" voice which was heard over the air one evening.

They do not know that Eddie Kane, a talented young singer with radio ambitions, too bashful and "mike-scared" to try a comeback after an unsuccess- ful audition, stole up to an empty studio one evening to sing over what he thought was a dead microphone. It is Alice Huntley (Alice Faye), a radio actress, who could Eddie Kane fright, and Winchell who bets Bernie the "discovery." Headlining the musical portion of the show as usual will be Fred Mac- murray, Virginia Farnum, George Jef- ferson, Igor Gorin, and Raymond Paige's orchestra.

Gracie Fields, English comedienne, is also scheduled for an appearance on the show.

Friday, April 23—CBS

9 p.m. EST (8 CST)

Two Largest Track Meets To Be Aird

The two largest track and field carnivals held in America will be broadcast for sport fans Saturday, April 24, from Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City, where the Penn and Drake Relay Carnivals will be run off.

Ted Husing, famous sports announ- cer, brings the first broadcast from the games, going on the air for half an hour. The network then switches to the Drake Stadi- um, where Gene Shumate takes over with a running description of the action.

With the network switching back to Philadelphia, Husing will summarize the Penn Relays. Immediately follow- ing, the summaries of the Drake games will be heard.
Mighty Mice of Three Nations Gather
To Decide World's Song Championship!
"...for the championship of the world!"

That will be the announcer’s cry on Sunday, April 25, when four of the best singing mice in the world get together over the air in a mighty contest to decide which shall reign supreme over all the warbling rodents in captivity.

Mickey Brown, a bright silver-gray mouse of Bloomington, Illinois, winner of the National Broadcasting Company’s U.S. contest, will join Minnie-soprano sensation of Woodstock, Ill., in representing this country against the champions of Canada and England.

Mickey and Minnie will compete against Mickey, English top-ranker, and a Canadian don’tchirale at present under cover in Rodents.

The event will be broadcast throughout the world by NBC, the British Broadcasting Corporation, and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

In winning the right to share honors with Minnie at U. S. champ, Mickey, owned by Gilbert C. Brown, Bloomington (theatrical manager), warbled for a full hour. Mickey was selected by a distinguished group of judges headed by Walt Disney, creator of the screen’s internationally known Mickey Mouse. However, in the international contest radio listeners throughout the world will cast ballots to decide the winner.

Sunday, April 25—NBC
3:45 p.m. EDT (2:45 EST; 1:45 CST)

Robert Schmitz Has
New CBS Program

Columbia's Concert will present the noted French pianist, E. Robert Schmitz, in a series of ten weekly recitals featuring the music of Russian composers, modern and classical, starting Saturday, April 24.

Schmitz will act as his own commentator on the series, his third for the Columbia Concert Hall. Many of the contemporary composers to be represented on the series are acquaintances of Schmitz and from this intimate knowledge of them he will relate anecdotes and historical details new to music lovers.

Saturday, April 24—CBS
6 p.m. EST (5 CST)

Richard Wagner Honored

The works of Richard Wagner will be featured by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Eugene Goossens in a broadcast over the WABC-Columbia net Friday, April 23. The Cincinnati orchestra is the first guest organization to take the place of the Philadelphia Orchestra, now on tour.

Friday, April 24—CBS
10 p.m. EDT (9 CST)

Berle Show Shortens Time

The Gillette Original Community Sing, now a favorite among the Sunday night "things to do" in Hollywood, becomes a half-hour program beginning April 25, in order that the show may obtain an earlier time for eastern listeners.

Featured still are Milton Berle, Jolly Gillette, Wendell Hall, Jones and Hare, and Andy Sannella.

Sunday, April 25—CBS
10 p.m. EDT (9 EST; 8 CST)
Music... of the MASTERS

Artist of the Week

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD is without doubt the most phenomenal member of the Metropolitan Opera Association. As a soprano, she is unsurpassed. As a box-office attraction, she is unequalled. The announcement that she will appear means a sold-out house. In the whole history of the opera house, her drawing-power has been exceeded only by that of Enrico Caruso.

She is the first Met singer, since Madame Flagstad has sung every important dramatic soprano role in the Wagnerian repertoire from Elsa to Kundry. She has made as many as six appearances in a single week, and during one week this season she sang three different roles in as many days. Moreover, her voice did not seem to be any worse for the wear. Certainly, no other singer could attempt such a feat.

We are assured by certain older critics that if Madame Flagstad comes to us in the so-called "golden age of song," when the de Reszkes, P分鐘er, Nording, Emma Eames, Marcella Sembrich, and the others were in their prime, none of them would have been taken as a matter of routine and would not be the sensation she is at this time.

Carlston Smith and Deems Tay-
lor: aired together April 23

"You see," Madame Flagstad told her after a performance of Tristan, "it is really true. In her dressing-room as in hotels around the city, she rarely has a room with solitude. She knits, sews, does all the other housewifely things that as the partner of Norway's young lumber king, Henry Johansson, she never would have to do.

Fame has not changed Kirsten Flagstad. She is anything but the opera house prima donna. She is a plain, likable woman, whom the world chooses to call "the greatest singer of the day."

May and Music Week are upon us with Mother's Day and the Coronation around the corner. The usual flood of letters announcing Summer programs swells the mail:

The Metropolitan Opera Association again presents a supplementary Spring concert with Leopold Stokowski and the Philharmonic-Symphony Society. In charge and has announced a revival in English of Carl Orff's Carmina Burana, and the world premiere of Washingon's "The Man Without a Country." Miss Helen Traubel has been chosen for the role of Mary, and Mr. Damrosch, who first heard her in St. Louis three years ago. It was then that the part of Marthe in Gounod's opera, "The Man Without a Country," was written for her. The opening broadcast of the Spring season. The orchestra, composed of members from the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society will be heard again over the Mutual network beginning June 23. The Summer season starts August 1, under Leonard Bernstein. The concerts will be heard from Lincoln Center, the summer home of the Metropolitan Opera Association. Metropolitan Opera concerts include works by Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, et al. Obviously, it is not possible for composers whose works are relatively unknown and unpopular to command a place of honor at such a highly-organized concert. The only way to do this and be poorly governed.

Mr. Taylor did not go so far as to say that our composers were poor. He merely asked that our compositions not be too long, not too much, until we had grown familiar with them. He said it would be poor if we did not make some home for the composer, and that he would be poor if we let the composer, and that we would have to make him. He said it would be poor if we did not make some home for the composer, and that we would have to make him. He said it would be poor if we did not make some home for the composer, and that we would have to make him. He said it would be poor if we did not make some home for the composer, and that we would have to make him.

It is a disgrace to be poor. It is a disgrace to be poor. It is a disgrace to be poor. It is a disgrace to be poor. It is a disgrace to be poor. It is a disgrace to be poor. It is a disgrace to be poor. It is a disgrace to be poor. It is a disgrace to be poor. It is a disgrace to be poor. It is a disgrace to be poor. It is a disgrace to be poor.

BY CARLSTON SMITH

Carlston Smith may be heard Fridays on Chicago's WGN at 4 p.m. over an ABC network at 11 p.m. EDT (10 EST; 10 CST; 9 MST; 8 PST).
CHICAGO—More than seventy talkies, who by now are saying their play-by-play, gath-
ered in this city last week for a three-
day conflag with their three joint spon-
sors and received advice—not only on the selling of the latest gasoline and tires while Casey is at the bat—but also on how to treat umpires like human beings. The latter was the crux of the remarks by William Har-
ridge, American League president. The
Last year, it is said, one of the air-
ports gave a business man a certain
umpire’s decision and a day or
so later a bluestockings fumed a pop-
bottle on the umpire’s crown. Thus radio took the rap.... Well, any-
way, the ball spotters have forgiven radio ... providing the cautious com-
ment is directed at someone else than the men in black and white.

Aside from that, you might be in-
terested in knowing that the sponsor-
ship of the ball games for the season
over the 70 stations will cost three
sponsors something like $1,500,000.

Peculiar are the complications in the
which the “Story of Mary Martin”
finds itself involved. As you know, the

serial changed angels at the end of
March. At the same time, Joan Blaine resigned the title role and Anne Sey-
mour was named substitute. All very
well, but it seems that about a year ago in the dramatic series, Miss Sey-
mour took the vixen-vampire role of
Sally Gibbons, and Sally, you see, practically wrecked the happy home
of Joe Marlin. But now—the fans have discovered—that nasty old Sally
Gibbons is now living with Joe as his wife, and that will never do no-

By the way, thank you all for your
splendid letters advising me what to
tell the writer of that other serial about the same situation and how
to handle it. Your comments will be
very helpful in plotting the future.
Yes, most of you guessed the switch!

Don’t believe it if anyone tells you
that the singing of “One Man’s Fam-
ily” is off. Negotiations are on again.
Only the story has to be ironed out.

Ransom Sherman’s return to the
NBC afternoon air as variety show
m.c. brings to the show the mem-
bers of “The Three Doctors.” Joe
Rudolph is directing the destinies of
WCBM, and Sherman is at work on
KDKA, Pittsburgh.

Hollywood Flicks: Charlie (Andy)
Correll flies daily from Palm Springs
to Los Angeles and back just to pile
up hours for a transport pilot’s license
when they’re around. In an en-
RKO lot May 20, he’ll return to work
for the first time since his visit to
Italy in 1929—Jesse L. Laskey. Till
then, Martin is on a concert tour in-
cluding a stop in Kansas City, Fort
Smith, Ark.; Dallas, El Paso, Tex.; San
Francisco, Reno, Salt Lake City,
Portland, Ore.; Vancouver, B. C.,
and other western cities. The “Teaze,”
a factual comedy-drama on the lower-
down life has been sold by Leston Huntley and Albert Barker, two well-known Chi radio

scenarios, to Republic movie studios.

Married April 10: Edgar Guest’s son,
Edgar, Jr., alias “Buddy,” of Toronto
and Detroit local radio fame, to Miss

Assassin Weeks: an eighteen-
square-inch girl who has been
christened Xan. When she is
Swinging their “cats” big and wide-
handed Bob Crosby’s band last Sun-
dafternoon staged Chicago’s second
swing concert of the season. Will at-
tended by professional musicians
as well as the more casual, and the
Windy City’s dailies, the participants
included the entire band roster of
Paul Whiteman, Red Nichols, Harry
Russy, then King’s Jesters, Jimmy Joy,
Phil Levant, Mau-

Candid Cuma: Ob-
erved at the circus.

PLUMS AND PRUNES

BY EVANS PLUMMER

Top: Arlene Blackburn, who plays “Pretty Kitty Kelly”
Center: Clyde Beatty, famed animal-act maestro, recently on
CBS, with Colonel Jack Major, his airtime show.

Frank Parker signed a movie contract with Terecinit-Fox
which may mean a shift of the entire Rippling Rhythm show to the West
Coast. On CBS, and CBS radio and
Theater Radio show, sometime in June.

Clayton Hypolite plays Don Wilson on the

INSIDE STUFF

BY MARTIN LEWIS

Inside Stuff

Frank Parker signed a movie contract with Terecinit-Fox
which may mean a shift of the entire Rippling Rhythm show to the West
Coast. On CBS, and CBS radio and
Theater Radio show, sometime in June.

Clayton Hypolite plays Don Wilson on the

Radio Guide © Week Ending May 1, 1937

15
EVERYBODY knows it's against the law to hold up a grocery store, but to hijack a grocery like the Schwartz's is extraordinarily wicked. For the Schwartzes are such nice people. There's Papa Schwartz and Mama and young Andy, a man and a woman.

One evening young Andy was sitting behind the counter. Two customers were in the store—Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz knew about girls these days. Andy casually opened the liquor shelf. Mr. Schwartz swung around. The girl, an innocent-looking matronly form, and peered into the cash register. The till was empty.

"Okay," said the thug-ette, picking her dainty way out from behind the counter and starting towards the door. "Just don't anybody try to follow me!"

She turned towards the door—and something happened which is probably unique in the annals of banditry.

"God bless you!" cried Mrs. Schwartz. "You didn't shoot us!"

NOW it must have been the voice that did it. The voice of a woman—a mother—who has just been relieved of a brassy heart of the tough gun-moll. For that tiny face, with the tiny mouth, all peaches-and-cream, went white.

"You—you sounded like my mother," the girl said. The gun wavered in her hand—but she still held it up. Tears welled over in those flawless blue eyes.

"G-give me a glass of water!" Mama Schwartz stared. "No Sale," Andy, her glass of water, "she murmured. But her worried eyes said more plainly than words: "Is the girl crazy?"

Now while all this was going on, night was blackening the street outside the homely Schwartz grocery store. Night, which made the brightly lit interior of the store stand out like a little stage, a stage set for melodrama. And so it is not at all remarkable that a passer-by—looked—and gasped at the true-life melodrama he saw being enacted there. He saw a number of persons standing in strained postures, some with hands in the air, some with hands down. And he saw a beautiful little girl, wiping her eyes with one hand and waving a gun with the other. It was decidedly not an ordinary scene. Using elementary but sound good sense, the astounded passer-by decided to share his astonishment with the Washington police.

"She wanted to be a hard-boiled gun-moll—but sentiment overcame her!"
seven years with a New York theater and two years with an opera company! But while he was there, seven years after he left the Chicago Symphony, he got a chance to conduct in Wisconsin. "It was the first time I ever conducted in that state," he says. And while he was there, he met his wife, a Mobile (Ala.) used-car salesman get together in a North Side beer tavern for a little fun time." The answer is, "The Melody Kings;" at least, that's what the answer was in this case, when a talented quartet of boys got together one night for a little jam session. They had so much fun out of it that they decided to do it whenever possible, and the band almost every night. Finally one of them got the idea that they might "commercialize" on their fun and build a radio act—which they did. Their first audition was all that was necessary—and while the musical department of WJJD was not in the market for additional musicians, the boys provided such an unusual variety of entertainment that a place was found for them immediately. The musical playing of Harry Sims was sensational; Gene Walsh's crooning unique, Bud Hoering's bass-strumming excellent, and all this, combined with the ultra-modern arrangements of Les Paul and his scintillating guitarizing, made the act much too good to pass up. So the boys were given a job. But to go back a step or two and tell something of the Melody Kings personally—there is Eugene Joseph Walsh, vocalist and guitarist, who started in radio at KGNF, Nebraska, after leaving his job at a hotel (he felt there might be a dollar or so increase in pay); Harry Sims, the Eugene violin instructor who eloped to Cincinnati to get married to his charming wife, Arthur Glen Hoering, the Mobile (Alabama) bass player whose claim to fame is his southern hospitality and the fact that he sold used cars to unsuspecting southerners; and, of course, Les Paul, more commonly known as Rhythm Red, the Waukesha hillbilly who started learning to play the guitar on a mail order instrument costing the terrific sum of $4.99. Today his instruments range from $400 to $500 each and he has several. "Variety is the keynote of the act. The boys play anything from "Pennies From Heaven" to "Hound Dog."")

Here they are, WJJD's Melody Kings: Eugene Joseph Walsh, Harry Sims, Arthur Glen Hoering, and Les Paul, otherwise "Rhythm Red."
THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW TILL NOW ABOUT WALTER WINCHELL

(Continued from Page 3) be arrested, but withheld the information...one chance to close in on him. John Edgar Hoover will corroborate this.

Shortly after Lindbergh returned to this country from his sensational trans-Pacific flight, Skolsky, who was then press-agent for Earl Carroll's vaudevilles, tipped Winchell that the aviator was going around with none of the VonKoos. Winchell and Skolsky had pooled a cab and rode down to 12th Street, where the girl lived. Skolsky remained in the cab while Winchell went up to get the story. When they were driving up town again, Winchell confided to Skolsky that he had a "tremendous story." Skolsky wanted to know what it was. Winchell was reluctant so Skolsky wheedled. Winchell hesitated, but finally broke down and confided that Lindbergh was going around with a girl from the vaudevilles. He had completely forgotten that Skolsky was the source of his information.

Rather than going to night clubs, he prefers riding around town in his car, equipment radio and siren. One night he excitedly pursued two police cars going at breakneck speed, believing he had spotted a call. When the cars stopped suddenly, he was hurtled into the street. The cops were only comparing the speed of their autos by racing one another.

He pays no one for information, and employs no one outside of his secretary. He has never been asked to recount. This fact is amazing when you consider that Jimmy Fiddler, the Hollywood consul, is known to employ sixteen people to aid him.

One method he employs for attracting contributions from favorite sources of globe gossip is to send wiregrams promising the latest smokehouse quip upon receipt of a usuable item.

He considers the phrase "Keyhole Peeper" as dated, old-fashioned, static and behind the times. He points out that modern located to do no keyholes to peep through.

Like Charlie Chaplin, William Powell and Babe Ruth, he is left-handed.

He generally awakens at 5 p.m., and a little later has "breakfast" while Mrs. Winchell and their two children, Waldo and Winchell, Jr., have dinner.

On his desk he uses a pair of baby shoes as paper-weights. They are the first pair that he ever owned, his unmothered son, aged two.

He predicted the underwater killing of Gangster Coll, and was called into court to reveal his source—which of course, could not do. (What's source for a columnist—is nobody else's business.)

He has coined such words and phrases as: "Jugum," "In My Face," "Sock-Scendent," "Infinitapiption," "Applaudism Appeal," "Ben- heentrunk," "Blessed He-vent," ad infinitum...George Jean Nathan once called him the "superb reporter who is enriching our language," and this has been proved by words he is creating in song, in stories, in his creation of a new category spaceship in Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Catalogue of Words. Mencken's "Dictionary of American Slang." One reason for the Winchelliing is because the coined words help avoid lawsuits. For instance, in court it would be difficult to prove that "retroussing" is a word, when readers suspect that that is exactly what it means.

He has been sued three only times— he lost one and won two of the cases. His newspaper and radio contracts hold him blameless for libel or slander. He once told an author that he made money when he was sued. He explained that when he went to court to testify, the cab fare was $4.00 for the round trips. He turned in an expense account, however, for $5.00, thus making $1.00 on each deal.

Henry Pringle, in American Mercury, recently reported that he is responsible for 200,000 of the Mirror's daily circulation. On Sunday the Mirror's circulation is 1,600,000.

Gifts are showered upon him by fans and syndaphants. They are always politely refused.

Some day he'll write a book. He signed a contract for one with Simon & Schuster five years ago, but which George Nathan Sabman suggested the title, "The Private Papers of W. A. A. C. Diaries or "Mr. Peeps' Diary" or "Mr. Peeps Goes to Town.""

He has more imitators in his field than Zasu Pitts and Garbo have in theirs. He refers to the carbon copies as "Peepeep" Doreen of pictures, song, play and book titles have been taken from his expressions, his origination, and his library at home contains hundreds of books mentioning him. He has read very few of them.

His forelocks have been thinning out lately. In signing to make the picture, he stipulated that nothing was to be done to make him look more beautiful, and his hair wasn't to be touched. When saw himself in the first "vixen," though, he was taken aback and permitted the studio to beautify him...In the picture he doesn't wear the customary toupee. The missing hairs were panned in. Instead of make-up, it was found that a sun-ray treatment before the day's work began gave him just the right complexion.

Ned Sparks was so annoyed once at Winchell that he wrote him a note that he took a peak ad of protest in a motion picture trade paper. Working together in the Fox flier, they've now become fast friends. Not once during the making of the film was the touchy subject recalled.

He writes the "Your Girl Friday" column which many believe is written by his secretary. She contributes a small part of it, such as "So-and-so called and left this, don't forget your date with the dentist at six o'clock." The "Girl Friday" column was the result of being stuck one day, when Winchell didn't know what to do. Ruth Cambridge, who Girl Friday married him up to a year ago, is now Girl Every-Day-In-The-Week to Bud- dy Eisen. (They merged after meeting in Winchell's club.)

Walter insisted that because of the presentation of the "Girl Friday" column, the picture should be titled "Wake Up and LEAVE." When he arrived in Hollywood, he said that he was going to get the story about Bernie was being printed about himself.

His oldest, and perhaps closest, friend is Mark Helliger. When they were on rival papers they started a kidnapping feud which later inspired the film. Recently, Bernie (whose real name is Ben-Jamin-Angelich) took to the stage and is now earning his income since Winchell started picking on him.***

Although he had a standing invitation to sit in the executives' dining-room at 20th Century-Fox studios, he accepted only after he was assured that his presence might embarrass certain chiefs and prevent them from discussing a personal nature. Instead, he dined with the extras and other players.

When Shirley Temple heard the Winchells were in Hollywood, she asked her mother to invite little Waldo to their house so they could become acquainted. Mrs. W. at first declined the invitation, fearing it would mar her own status or the Templers' valued image. However, and Shirley and Walda are now palisades.

He has no patience with practical jokers. (Rinse stay away from his door.)

When he once complained that pretty girls didn't pay him enough attention, a friend remarked, "Perhaps they're rather going with the man who makes whoopee rather than the man who coined it!"

He favors blue or gray suits, and always of the conservative cut. Mrs. Winchell selects all his other apparel. Once, when she was out of town, he purchased a pair of gloves, only to discover when unboxing it in the sunlight that they were as bright as a pair of Ballet dancer's mitts. Since then he leaves everything to his wife's selection.

After the first week before the cameras, Director Sidney Lanfield observed, "He takes to pictures like a choruss girl takes to orchids." And Darryl Zanuck commented, "He's the Sonja Henie of the typewriters." Zanuck, incidentally, paid Winchell $25,000 a year ago for his original story of "Broadway Through a Keyhole." He didn't learn a lesson, eh?"

Because of the fact that they exploited "Camille" as "Garbo Loves Taylor," Harry Brand, 20th Century's house publicist, is the first to screen venture as "WALTER WINCHELL VS. BEN BERNIE IN WAKE UP AND LIVE— THE BATTLE OF THE 20TH CENTURY."
VOICE OF THE LISTENER

The "Voice of the Listener" letter-column in Radio Guide each week, offered to the readers as a means of expressing and exchanging ideas about radio. Radio Guide will pay $10 for the best letter published each week, and $5 for the next best. Other letters deserving our readers' attention also will be published.

AIR ECONOMICS
($10 Prize Letter)

Voice of the Listener: ... My years of observation of personal experience have convinced me that most of our hard times and consequent suffering are caused by low-mindings and short-sightedness on the part of those few millionaires, lawyers, high financiers and masters of industry who insist on having "whole hog or none."

They build such huge reserves and take such great profits that the worker and consumer have no show. They forget that the worker is the greatest consumer. A proper reserve is necessary. It is possible to have a reasonable return, but beyond that there is robbery. Money was not intended to be given to workers. Insurance and other convenient means of exchange—and to take so much out of it out of entertainment, and more "out and out" commercial announcements introduced in the same old way...

SNEAKED PLUGS

Voice of the Listener: I'd like to compliment Jack Benny's unique way of introducing his product all through his program. I am a devilish radio fan, but in all my listening, I've never heard such an "unobtrusive" way of saying a word or two about a given product. If only radio people would realize how tires their audiences get of hearing commercial announcements introduced in the same old way...

ON "FANTASTIC LOVES"
($5 Prize Letter)

Voice of the Listener: Jack Jamison's "Fantastic Loves" in Radio Guide was a dandy! I applaud the tone of his article. Other authors who have written on the subject of passionate fair-letter have always used a soothing tone—tolerating the women who sit down with such truth. His article was just sarcastic enough (I hope) to bring some of these women to their senses.

Anyone likes honest applause and admiration. I am sure that letters such as revealed in Jamison's article must scandal and disgust any performer who receives them. There is no excuse for such huck. Loneliness, heartache, disillusion—nothing can excuse such behavior.

It is too bad that our stars have to think of their fellows as people who must not be disgraced. It's too bad such a thing isn't possible. If it were, I'd create a business for myself—I'd call myself the "Hasty Letter Writer," and make a fortune taking over the stars' correspondence and writing letters to all the women who gush disgustingly over men they have never known.

I hope Mr. Jamison's article panned some sense into some of our "love

SHORT-SHORT AIR STORIES

Voice of the Listener: When Nelson Eddy pounds the daytime radio serials "terrible stuff," I was more certain than ever that he is my soul brother.

Surely we women of America are not all as obtuse as so many of us listen to this "terrible stuff," mean-while wishing that it were other than it is.

Why not replace this drivel by good dramatizations of the best short-short stories, which are constantly published in a number of our most popular magazines? The more clever and less definitely make a definite point—usually a surprise ending. Credit given over to the magazine in which the story originally appeared should always compensate the publisher for its space.

...Beaune Margaret Temple, Colorado Springs, Colo.

PHOTO-PARADE

Thirty-two Pages of Pictures in Rotogravure Have Been Added to Your favorite Service Movie Publication

SCREEN GUIDE

"Hollywood's Only News-Picture Magazine"

In Photo-Parade:

PHOTO-BIOGRAPHY—Claudette Colbert. Follow her career from the age of two to success in the movies—in pictures!

GIANT-GRAYVURE—A new pose of "Queen of the Screen" Jeanette MacDonald—the largest portrait of her ever published!

HOLLYWOOD SWAP—What radio has done for movie stars—and what the stars have done—for radio!

MOST FUN THIS MONTH—Ginger Rogers rented the Rollerdome for $500.00, gave a party. The stars enjoyed it—so can you—in pictures!

LET'S GO ROMANCING—Arlene Judge, Dan Topping, Jimmy Stewart, Eleanor Powell—pictures and paragraphs about the stars' dates!

Also:

ROMANCE OF THE MONTH—Read the truth about the Sonja Henie-Tyrone Power heart affair—find out how it's progressing!

FAITH BALDWIN—This famous writer continues her "Hitch Your Wagon to a Movie Star" series—this month, Charles Boyer.

GOSSIP GUIDE TO HOLLYWOOD—Keep informed of all that's going on in every corner of the "Movie City."

COLOREVIEWS—BRIEF GUIDE—What pictures to see, which not to see—complete information on all current releases—and other service features!

LOOK FOR THIS COVER

Don't miss this picture-packed sensational new SCREEN GUIDE

and PHOTO-PARADE, for MAY!

10¢—Buy it today at your newsstand—10¢
SHORT WAVES

BY CHAS. A. MORRISON, president, INTERNATIONAL DX-ER'S ALLIANCE

SHOR T-WAV E reception has shown a considerable improvement over the week's report. European stations are putting consistently strong program presentations on many evenings. Of the morning broadcasters, Caracas (17.70), Quinary, has been heard from 6:15 to 7:00 a.m. on Tuesday evening, April 7, GSW was heard testing a new program from 8:30 to 9:15 p.m. EST, probably in anticipation of using this frequency regularly on transmission.

On Sunday evening, April 11, Latin stations on the 31-meter band were coming in with mid-winter strength. Especially noteworthy were HJ4ABH (9.52), Armenia, Latin America, and GSA4XZ (33.3), Lima, Peru. HJ4ABH carries on the air in the afternoon (8 a.m. EST) with a blend of trumpets, a marching record and a postcard message in English.

VK6ME (9.50), recently inaugurated in Perth, West Australia, and now operating with increased power daily except GSW from 6 to 7 a.m. EST (5 to 7 a.m. CST), is as good as, if not better than, their Australian short-waves. The station signs off with the familiar "God Save The King."

According to August Babi, Los Angeles, XX10 (16.0), Hawaii, is feeding the MBS network with programs originating in Honolulu on Saturdays at 6:30 p.m. EST (5:30 PST).

L. E. CAVILEER, Haddon Heights, N. J., reports that EA4J43 (10.35), Teniente Valero, Cuba, is being heard on an English news program beamed on the 31-meter band. Another station, XN1110, GSB, is carrying daily a 10:10, 15.19 and 19.19 p.m. EST (7:10, 14:19 and 22:19 CST), which includes music and popular English news.

The newscast is introduced by the refreshing gong of "The Clock of Spain," a 12:00 p.m. EST (11:00 p.m. CST) signal.

A very popular Dutch station, GBB6, is being heard in the London area, with a good loud telephone channel.

Peter Saw, in Hong Kong, has been conducting tests on EA4A9, former frequency of XN1110, and PM3 (15.15), China, has been heard broadcasting American Sunday evening music and GSA4XZ broadcasts Wednesdays and Fridays from 6 to 7:30 p.m. EST (3 to 6:30 C.S.T.).

VIHJ (15.37), of Trujillo City, D.R., is transmitting on Sundays from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. EST (6:30 to 8:30 C.S.T.), and VIHJ (15.97) is operating on Tuesdays and Fridays from 8 to 10 p.m. EST (7 to 9 p.m. CST).

During the 12-year period, from 1924 through 1936, the NBC network carried a total of 2,140 international broadcasts. Of these, there were only seventeen short-wave pick-ups, while in 1936 alone there were 678. More than 6,000 American stations have exchanged programs with NBC and the field tests of RCA experimental television with the new 441-line definition were performed on April 6, the largest scope ever undertaken in this country.

Mrs. R. S. Roche, Allali North, South Africa, writes that on March 1, she heard a new short-wave station, announcing merely as "Radio Pretoria," began operating on a frequency which was once being used (from 8 to 9 a.m. and from 12:15 to 1:15 p.m. EST) (7 to 8 a.m. and from 11:15 a.m. to 1:15 p.m. CST), time of going to press.

In answer to several requests, the first permanent broadcasting station adopted on March 4, is daily over TPA3 3 to 4 a.m. and 10:15 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. EST, (9 to 10 a.m. and from 10:15 to 11:30 C.S.T.), and over TPA3 (15.243) from 7 a.m. EST (6:30 C.S.T.) to 11:15 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. EST (7 to 2:30 C.S.T.) and from 8 to 11:30 a.m. (8:00 to 11:30 C.S.T.).

Clyde Crisswell, Mission Ranch, Ariz., reports that PFSF (9.53), Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, is now broadcasting relayed from the Municipal Theater in that city and carrying reports.

R. B. Oviatt, State College, Penn., reports that the new broadcasting station, Radio CURUM, of Curacao, Dutch West Indies, is now heard on 9.547 m.w.

SWISS Station HB0BG (1.3) is broadcast every Friday from 3 to 4 p.m. EST (3 to 4 CST). Programs consist of recorded music and announcements.

An English version of "God Save the King," the national anthem, is being heard on Fridays from 8:30 to 9:15 p.m. EST.

On May 31, the mention was made of a station in Singapore, ZW3, whose name has since been changed to ZB3. The station is now heard daily, using this same frequency, which has received reports from several of our readers who have been reporting on about 6,018 m.w.

The Broadcasting Corporation of Japan (16.65) is heard daily from 10:30 to 11:15 p.m. EST. This station forms to certain reliable short-wave listeners for the purpose of observing and recording the ZB3 station.

The traveling representative of the International DX-ers Alliance, Prof. W. J. Jones, of Oxford University, writing from Cochabamba, Bolivia, states that Compania Vitologia, an insurance company in Santiago, Chile, in July will inaugurate a powerful short-wave station. A new station, CIPI (16.16), "Radio Tunari de Cochabamba, Bolivia," operates daily from 9 to 11 p.m. CST and from 6 to 11 p.m. EST (11:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. and from 10 to 11:30 p.m. CST). It is not end of April, this station will have installed a new 1,500-watt transmitter.

Talks by American journalists over EA4-2 (9.448), Madrid, Spain, may be heard on Mondays around 7 p.m. EST over station EA4-2 (9.448) and Fridays close to 8 p.m. EST (7 p.m. CST).

9:10 a.m.—Visit motor cycle factory: GSB GSD 12:15 p.m.—Hawaii Caf.: KKH

Tuesday, April 27

6:45 a.m.—"Crowning the King," talk by Wind- oors, London—British Broadcasting: GSB GSD 15:10 p.m.—World affairs talk: GSB GSD 15:30 p.m.—Australian Broadcasting quarter-hour: GSB GSD 15:45 p.m.—BBC orchestra: GSB GSD 16:30 p.m.—Alvord Cambell's orchestra: GSB GSD

Wednesday, April 28

3:30 p.m.—Conference of the Freedom of the Press, a combination of the DE BRUICE-S & GLOUCESTER: GSB GSD

9:30 a.m.—BBC dance orchestra: GSF GSG GSD 11:15 a.m.—Radio Colombo, Ceylon: GSB GSG GSD 11:30 a.m.—Fallahin's alphabet band: GSB GSD 12:30 p.m.—Student groups: GSB GSD GSI 13:30 p.m.—Folk music: DJB DJD 15:00 p.m.—Nationale dancing: DJB DJD

19:00 p.m.—Radio Colombo, Ceylon: GSB GSG GSD

20:00 p.m.—"The Two Miserables," Gerst

Thursday, April 29

7:30 p.m.—Chamber music: TP2 8:00 p.m.—Beethoven symphony: DJB DJD

9:30 p.m.—Venezuela: DJB DJD

Tuesday, April 30

9:30 a.m.—Latin American music: DJB DJD

10:00 a.m.—Mississippi Delta blues band: DJB DJD

11:00 a.m.—Romeo and Juliet: DJB DJD

11:30 a.m.—Folk music: DJB DJD

12:00 noon—Radio Colombo, Ceylon: GSB GSG GSD

13:30 p.m.—Radio Colombo, Ceylon: GSB GSG GSD

19:00 p.m.—Opera: "The Two Miserables," Gerst

Saturday, May 1

10:30 a.m.—Symphony: DJB DJD

12:00 noon—BBC presents the A.B.C., DJB DJD

1:00 p.m.—Introducing famous radio stars: DJB DJD

2:00 p.m.—European post box: DJB DJD

4:00 p.m.—NATIONAL DAY CELEBRATION: RFIB

7:30 p.m.—South America music: DJB DJD

9:30 p.m.—International quartet: DJB DJD

Tuesday, April 27

4:30 a.m.—Billy Carson orchestra: GSB GSD GSI 5:50 a.m.—Birth of the 50th birthday of DJB DJD 6:00 p.m.—Concerts—organization: DJB DJD

6:45 p.m.—Debut Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, argument: GSB GSD GSI

7:00 p.m.—Spanish music: GSB GSI

7:15 p.m.—Frank Roche, speaking: WIXAL (7.17)

7:30 p.m.—criptive talk: DJB DJD

8:00 p.m.—Folk music: DJB DJD

8:30 p.m.—Broadcasting: DJB DJD

9:00 p.m.—Comedy: DJB DJD

10:00 p.m.—Northern Messengers: plans to chase in the Arctic: WIXAL (6.17)
IN THEIR JOURNEYS TO RADIO FAME THEY HAVE BEEN LOYAL TO THEIR TALENTS, TO THEIR AUDIENCES, TO THEMSELVES!

... "Smilin' Ed" McConnell, radio's biggest baritone, with Irma Glen, organist on his program. For his cheery broadcast, "Smilin' Ed" plays the piano a little, jokes a little -- and sings old familiar songs!

... Grace Moore, whose glorious voice has brought her opera, screen and radio fame. Star of a new Saturday night program, she sings operatic airs and popular ballads in her own scintillating style.

... John McCormack, one of the greatest tenors of all times. For many years he has been among radio's best beloved luminaries. His Irish ballads have gladdened the hearts of many a son of Erin.

... Gina Cigna, left, for her sensational American debut in "Aida," aired over NBC. Wildly cheered by the critical New York audience, she sang her way into the hearts of her great radio audience as well.

... Phillips Lord for his top-ranking program ideas, and Gabriel Hatter for expert piloting of "We, the People" while Lord vacationed. Now Phil is back and Gabriel is an air-reporter again.
How to Start the Day Like A RADIO STAR

1 Above: That old devil alarm clock starts the day for Jerry Cooper at 7:18 a.m. Little things tell his story best: Jerry is a New Orleans boy, still impressed by "the big city"—and those clothes hanging on the wall suggest that last night Jerry was seeing New York's famed bright lights!

2 Above: A rare picture indeed: Portrait of an artist gargling! Jerry takes this precaution to guard his voice. That golden throat of his has brought him far: He was a baseball player, fight manager and orchestra leader before he came to New York in 1934 with only $20 in his pocket, sang in night clubs—and won a place in radio!

3 When you become a radio star, you don't complain. "Really I haven't a thing to wear?"—you ask, "What shall I wear today?" Here are eleven pairs of $15 shoes—ten in rows, one pair on Jerry's feet. And he has others!

4 You'll hang 66 ties on a rack inside your closet door when your dreams of fame come true—if you follow Jerry's example. His one-room apartment on West 55th Street in New York has a bath, kitchenette, two closets—costs $125 per month. When he first came to New York, Jerry lived in a $3-a-week room on Ninth Avenue!

5 Right: A young man destined to become a success in radio learns to press his clothes with a towel over them when he has to live on hope—and if he's unaffected by fame, he continues to press his own clothes when he becomes a star. Jerry Cooper does all his own pressing—and that includes fourteen suits to keep him busy during the morning!
JERRY COOPER HELPS RADIO GUIDE PRESENT
A LESSON IN LIVING—DESIGNED FOR THE DAY
WHEN ALL YOUR OWN DREAMS COME TRUE!

Photos by SIDNEY DESFOR

Above: A fellow may do his own pressing, but laundry is too much! Jerry inspects his day’s laundry bill—remembering a time when that much money was more than all he had!

Above: The morning is yet young when Jerry gets around to making his bed. It is a studio couch during the day. When visitors come, the coffee table is pulled up and the couch seats them. At night, the floor lamp at its head makes the bed an excellent place for reading!

Above: When you become a star, you’ll find that a fan letter is only a couple of pages to the one who writes it—but a big job to the star who answers them! Jerry dictates his replies to Wilbur Tatum, his secretary. And notice that roll of stamps!

Right: The real business of the day is arranging music. Jerry formerly made transcriptions under the name “Jack Randolph,” adding to his labors, but dropped the pseudonym after it topped his own name in Radio Guide’s Star of Stars poll!

Jerry leans back and lets himself go—on his trombone! He’s never played it professionally, but likes to “fool with it.” A radio star must be careful there are no “jokers” in his lease! Jerry lives close to both CBS and NBC, has many radio neighbors, including Jean Ellington, Ruby Mercer, Carol Wyman and Diana Ward, singers, and Vincent Travers, orchestra leader. They won’t complain!

The day is started—like a radio star. Afternoon comes, and Jerry meets lovely Joan Mitchell for a moment away from work. Romance rumors concerning them cover New York—but they both say they’re not married—yet
I

Everybody swing it! Today's tempo is torrid—a new mood in music—or are they new? Perhaps

"SALUTE" to Everybody's Nobody King! Here's the story.

"The Original Dixieland Jazz Band" played jazz in 1908 that fathered today's swing! They're J. Russell Robinson, piano; Larry Shields, clarinet; Nick LaRocca, trumpet; Eddie Edwards, trombone, and Tony Sparbaro, drums. They disbanded in 1926, but in 1935 Ken Murray remembered their jazz, reorganized them as a vaudeville act. Then the comedian dropped out, and the band is now a fourteen-piece vaudeville "turn!"

Picture Courtesy of "TRUE TONE"

2

And here's how swing is swung! Radio Guide takes you to Columbia's "Saturday Night Swing Club," where the hottest swing artists play for the love of it! Duke Ellington was guest swing star on the night these pictures were made. Duke gets $1500 and up for an appearance—but he played here for $16—the Musicians' Union minimum! He doesn't need money—but he likes to swing—so why not? And all the boys in his orchestra played for the $6 rehearsal fee and $12 for the broadcast. That's what swing does to those who make it!

3

Ben Pollock—drumming with the "New Orleans Rhythm Kings" in 1921, he was a "swing missionary." He soon formed his own swing band. Benny Goodman and Gene Austin were in it.

7

Le Sueur wades in. "Swing" was cello fellows in New Orleans. Dixieland had never heard such music! The style in 1927, he introduced it to the world. Swing's growth, Charles E. Henderson and Glen Gray were current sensations. Glen Gray and his band, "The Casa Loma Orchestra"—their audiotapes are up to go on tour, and their records are big hits.

Photos by SON and TRU
Swing sets the pace! White men and black join in creating this is the original mood—music from primitive tom-toms!

TO SWING

DOING IT — YET 
SHOWS WHAT IT IS! 
HISTORY OF SWING!

History Books:

created by five young 
Orleans—the "Ori-
Jazz Band." They 
d of swing, but mu-
gree they originated 
6. Ben Pollock was 
swing—in 1921. In 
lued it to commer-
y Negroes have help-
among them Fletcher 
Duke Ellington. The 
ion was begun by 
ny Goodman. Te-
s "swing" co-
es demand it!

As Pollock led white 
wingmen, Fletcher 
Henderson became the 
 Negro swing leader. As 
his star rose, Pollock's 
faded—and in turn he was 
surpassed when Glen 
Gray started swing rolling.

When Gray's Casa 
lemans started the 
ball rolling, it rolled right 
in Benny Goodman's lap. He innovated the "swing 
concert"—gave the public 
rhythm it could appreci-
ate. Most people still 
think he started swing— 
pay $2.50 per person to 
dance to his clarinet!

LEFT: While Duke is 
resting, Leith Stev-
es' band takes over. 
he clarinet player has 
stepped up to the mike 
to emphasize his instru-
ment—and bald-headed 
CBS Photographer Bert 
Lawson has stepped up to 
to make one of the other 
pictures on these pages.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE
Above: Here's the supreme council of the Swing Club (left to right): Paul Douglas, announcer; Ed Cashman, director; Irving Mills, Ellington's manager; Duke himself; Leith Stevens, and Phil Cohan, who produced the show. Mills is happy over the show—not over the commission he won't get! Cohan also works on Hal Kemp's show.

Above: Her name is Ivie Anderson, her job to sing—hot and heavy! Her boss, Duke Ellington. Her songs—they've all got rhythm!

Above: "Cootie" Williams uses no ordinary mute on his trumpet—it's a bathroom plunger! When he's not tooting for Duke, Williams spends his time composing—also for Duke!

Above: These hands, wrapped around the keys in such fantastic shapes, are Duke Ellington's—in a very minor chord—and a hot one!

Right: A porter gently carries away the hottest instruments in the world. He should be gentle—many are gold! They're swing factories—with heavy production schedules!

Above: "Hot licks"—a blast by the trompetts! Behind them, left to right, Nat Anatoli, Lloyd Williams and Mickey Bloom, whose brother wrote "Truckin." The trombonist in front uses an old hat instead of the plunger Williams preferred—and his partner wears dark glasses to protect his eyes from Radio Guide's camera lights!

Above: Here's an important-looking gadget you've seen in the backgrounds of several other pictures—and it is important! It tells when the show is on, whether it is running fast or slow—if swing can run slow!
COURTIN' OL' SOL
AFTER STRENUOUS HOURS AT THE STUDIOS THESE LOVELY LADIES LOOK FOR RELAXATION EVERYWHERE—UNDER THE SUN!

The King queens! Left to right: Donna, Yvonne, Louise and Alyce King. These four melodic sisters, all more than somewhat decorative whether in frills or in play suits, desert singing to see-saw on the beach. They're heard each Monday night with Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers!

Betty Lou Gerson, pretty young radio actress heard in "A Tale of Today," has no fear of the sun's hot rays in her new hooded beach coat. Hers is a delicate skin—needs protection!

Vera Marsh plays under the California sun while on a holiday at a Palm Springs pool. You hear this lovely lady's voice as she plays the role of Joe Penner's girl friend on his Sunday night broadcasts. On the air, she's Penner's "Sugar Plum."

At left: Grace Albert, of the "Honeymooners" series, kneels to Ol' Sol in a striking beach ensemble—with white cap and clogs to match. Grace is an ardent outdoor enthusiast and, believe it or not, she's one radio star who really likes to swim!
We See A Play—and Frank Parker

IN THESE EXCLUSIVE PICTURES
RADIO GUIDE TAKES YOU ON A
BEHIND-THE-SCENES PHOTO-
TOUR OF A BROADWAY PLAY!

Photos by MONTE CORWIN

1 The 46th Street Theater on 46th Street, West of Broadway, where "Howdy Stranger," a 3-act comedy with Frank Parker as its star, opened last January 14. The cast includes twenty-seven people—many of them of radio fame—and tickets range from 55 cents to $2.75.

2 The radio tenor smiles as he enters the stage door for a matinee performance. Left to right: Frank Parker; Miss Bunny Waters, an entertainer from the Hollywood Restaurant—a friend of Frank's; and Hans Robert, who plays the role of Frank's father in the play.

3 So men use cosmetics? Frank Parker does—in this Broadway play. Our cameraman went backstage to snap this informal shot of Frank's dressing-table, and here you see cold-cream, eyebrow pencil, grease-paint, rouge, lipstick, powder, lotion, eye shadow—it's all there!

4 Making-up! Frank goes through the first step by rubbing cold-cream into his face. That forms a base for the other cosmetics. The popular singer was looking in a big mirror directly in front of him while our lensman framed his reflection in the little mirror on his table.

5 A close-up pose of Frank adding heavy black lines to his eyes with the aid of a pencil. And then comes the eye shadow—which must be meticulously applied—or the result will be gargoyleish. Upon these minor technical angles depends much of the success of a show.

6 While Frank continues his make-up, Louis Sorin drops in to engage him in conversation. You'll remember Louis as McGillenously in Walter O'Keefe's old Caravan series. See the telegrams on the wall? They're messages of good wishes from Frank's many friends.

7 Just a few minutes before the curtain rises on the first act of the first scene in "Howdy Stranger" and Frank is very busy in his dressing-room putting on those last finishing touches. While the actor-tenor adjusts his tie, William—his valet and "dresser"—brushes his shoes.

8 William helps him on with the suspenders and Frank is now solely concerned with his performance. In the play he takes a Western accent, dresses in a cowboy outfit, keeps his real identity as a Brooklyn boy a secret, and under the spell of hypnosis rides to glory in a rodeo.

9 Inside a dressing-room with the girls caught unaware. Left to right: Kay Thorne, Monica Klopping and Sandra Waring. Co-authors of the show were Louise Pelettier and Robert Sloane. You'll recognize one of the producers—Ted Hammerstein of Hammerstein Music Hall.

10 Act I—Scene I. Left to right: Dorothy Libaire (the leading lady), Frank Parker (the star), Louis Sorin (a producer who hears Frank sing at a dude ranch and bills him in New York as "Wyoming Steve Gibson"), Russ Brown (press-agent), and Francetta Malloy.

11 Frank Parker, left, has a word with Louis Sorin, his producer. Billed as a real singing cowboy, Frank's adventures in Manhattan, in addition to his fear of animals, create the comedy in the show. This is a shot of an actual scene from the play—which closed recently.
Radio Guide  •  Week Ending May 1, 1937
April 26

New Time Tonight
Fibber McGee and Molly
with Ted Weems and Orchestra

WIND-Fibber McGee and Molly
10:00 CST
WAX-Fibber McGee and Molly
10:15 CST

Radio Guide, © Week ending May 1, 1937

March 31

C. B. R. Brown's Carnival Orchestra
11:00 CST

Sputnik's Young People's Hour
10:00 CST

FIBER McGee & MOLLY
(Johnny anybody & Jim Jordan; Ted Weems')
Radio, 5:00 PM, 5:15 PM

Mrs. C. B. R. Brown's Carnival Orchestra, WAX
10:00 PM

Ask Mr. Fairfax
Billy Halop came into this world on February 11, 1921, the children's hit in which he appeared is no longer on the air—R. G., Spotswood, N. J.

The movie studio view broadcast, "ELZA SCHANNERT," is currently on the air over the NBC Blue network Saturday at 9:00 PM, and Sunday at 9:30 PM.

Radio Guide © April 26, 1937

LUM AND ABNER
now on NBC
WJZ WLB VBW WSB WSB WSB WSB WSB WSB WSB

Funniest Pair on the Air

NEW YORK'S SMARTS	RICHARD HIBMER'S
Champions of the World

Monday 8 P.M., CST

WENR - KWK
and Coast-to-Coast Network

Radio Guide © April 26, 1937
**Wednesday** April 28

**6:00 CST**
- CBS-Chicago PRGM.
  - Lily Dorsky, sportscaster; Whitney Ellsworth, pianist

**7:00 CST**
- CBS-Chicago PRGM.
  - Lily Dorsky, sportscaster; Whitney Ellsworth, pianist

**8:15 CST**
- CBS-Chicago PRGM.
  - Lily Dorsky, sportscaster; Whitney Ellsworth, pianist

**8:45 CST**
- CBC-Chicago, Edward C. LeWitt, president
  - WOC WOCB WSB WBIP

**9:15 CST**
- North American Network (NAN)
  - WNBW WGN WOC WOCB WSB WBIP

**9:45 CST**
- North American Network (NAN)
  - WNBW WGN WOC WOCB WSB WBIP

**10:05 CST**
- North American Network (NAN)
  - WNBW WGN WOC WOCB WSB WBIP

**11:00 CST**
- CBS News
  - George Weidenfeld, network manager
  - WOC WBNK WGN WOCB WSB WBIP

**12:00 CST**
- CBS News
  - George Weidenfeld, network manager
  - WOC WBNK WGN WOCB WSB WBIP

**1:00 CST**
- CBS News
  - George Weidenfeld, network manager
  - WOC WBNK WGN WOCB WSB WBIP

**2:00 CST**
- CBS News
  - George Weidenfeld, network manager
  - WOC WBNK WGN WOCB WSB WBIP

**3:00 CST**
- CBS News
  - George Weidenfeld, network manager
  - WOC WBNK WGN WOCB WSB WBIP

**4:00 CST**
- CBS News
  - George Weidenfeld, network manager
  - WOC WBNK WGN WOCB WSB WBIP

**5:00 CST**
- CBS News
  - George Weidenfeld, network manager
  - WOC WBNK WGN WOCB WSB WBIP

**6:00 CST**
- CBS News
  - George Weidenfeld, network manager
  - WOC WBNK WGN WOCB WSB WBIP

**7:00 CST**
- CBS News
  - George Weidenfeld, network manager
  - WOC WBNK WGN WOCB WSB WBIP

**8:00 CST**
- CBS News
  - George Weidenfeld, network manager
  - WOC WBNK WGN WOCB WSB WBIP

**9:00 CST**
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**12:00 CST**
- CBS News
  - George Weidenfeld, network manager
  - WOC WBNK WGN WOCB WSB WBIP

**1:00 CST**
- CBS News
  - George Weidenfeld, network manager
  - WOC WBNK WGN WOCB WSB WBIP

**2:00 CST**
- CBS News
  - George Weidenfeld, network manager
  - WOC WBNK WGN WOCB WSB WBIP

**3:00 CST**
- CBS News
  - George Weidenfeld, network manager
  - WOC WBNK WGN WOCB WSB WBIP

**4:00 CST**
- CBS News
  - George Weidenfeld, network manager
  - WOC WBNK WGN WOCB WSB WBIP

**5:00 CST**
- CBS News
  - George Weidenfeld, network manager
  - WOC WBNK WGN WOCB WSB WBIP

**6:00 CST**
- CBS News
  - George Weidenfeld, network manager
  - WOC WBNK WGN WOCB WSB WBIP

**7:00 CST**
- CBS News
  - George Weidenfeld, network manager
  - WOC WBNK WGN WOCB WSB WBIP
Boys: Get This Glove—FREENDay April 30

Elizabeth Lennox—"Broadway Varieties," Continues 6 pm. CST (7 CST)

Radio Guide • Week Ending May 1, 1937

43
RAISE NUGGETS
Are you DRESSED for the next practical, what are you're RADIOS playing for postage. Europe getting the most out this week a SPECIAL vacation ahead. 2 -travel -see
Any Photo Enlarged Any Photo Enlarged

IN THE MARKET:
- Десятка из 4 и 7-дневных ворот. Только ЛИМИТОРОН-diаметром сэндвич. ФАКС your order back for a sample bundle. This is a get acquainted OFFER send 24c (coins) for packing and postage. FAX: 212-326-9401 and catalogue. UNION MILL ENDS, Dept. 272B, Monticello, N. Y.

SATURDAY
Lucille Long
"Barn Dance" Soprano
Sat. 7 pm CST (8 CT)

MORNING
7:00 CST 9:00 CST
N.B. Streamers: WGN, KSLD, WBNW

REVIVE

Any Photo Enlarged

NAB Photo Enlarged

SATURDAY

"When a Woman Travels Alone" is the title "Helen Trent" actress Virginia Clark has given to Part I of her primer for amateur travelers. With a vacation ahead of you, you'll want to read this. On getting the most out of the trip you're going to take this Summer. On this first lesson, we go with her to Europe—see what preparations are necessary, what clothes are practical, what a woman traveling alone may expect—of adventure, of danger, of romance! Come along next week—travel alone and like it!

IN THE RADIO GUIDE

DRESS REMNANTS

NEXT WEEK

"When a Woman Travels Alone" is the title "Helen Trent" actress Virginia Clark has given to Part I of her primer for amateur travelers. With a vacation ahead of you, you'll want to read this. On getting the most out of the trip you're going to take this Summer. On this first lesson, we go with her to Europe—see what preparations are necessary, what clothes are practical, what a woman traveling alone may expect—of adventure, of danger, of romance! Come along next week—travel alone and like it!


SUNDAY

4 p.m. EST (3 p.m. CST), NBC network. We, the People, sponsored by Procter & Gamble, is a new series in which a message is entertaining and of national interest to the American people. NBC News will sponsor, to appear on program.

4:45 p.m. EST (5:45 CST), NBC network. Single program. Broadcast for West at 7:00 p.m. EST; for East, jingle writer, contest, watch prizes.

5:00 p.m. EST (4:00 CST), NBC network. Place Your Bet, sponsored by GE. NBC News will sponsor, to appear on program.

5:15 p.m. EST (4:15 CST), NBC network. Single program. Broadcast for West at 7:15 p.m. EST; for East, jingle writer, contest, watch prizes.

6:00 p.m. EST (5:00 CST), NBC network. Single program. Broadcast for West at 8:00 p.m. EST; for East, jingle writer, contest, watch prizes.

6:30 p.m. EST (5:30 CST), NBC network. The Jack Benny Program. NBC News will sponsor, to appear on program.

7:00 p.m. EST (6:00 CST), NBC network. I Love Lucy. NBC News will sponsor, to appear on program.

7:30 p.m. EST (6:30 CST), NBC network. The Lucy Show. NBC News will sponsor, to appear on program.

7:30 p.m. EST (6:30 CST), NBC network. The Jack Benny Program. NBC News will sponsor, to appear on program.

8:00 p.m. EST (7:00 CST), NBC network. The Jack Benny Program. NBC News will sponsor, to appear on program.

8:00 p.m. EST (7:00 CST), NBC network. Kraft Palmolive. NBC News will sponsor, to appear on program.

8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST), NBC network. The Jack Benny Program. NBC News will sponsor, to appear on program.

9:00 p.m. EST (8:00 CST), NBC network. The Jack Benny Program. NBC News will sponsor, to appear on program.

9:15 p.m. EST (8:15 CST), NBC network. The Jack Benny Program. NBC News will sponsor, to appear on program.

11:15 p.m. EST (10:15 CST), NBC network. The Jack Benny Program. NBC News will sponsor, to appear on program.

CONTESTS ON THE AIR

MONDAY

9:15 a.m. EST (8:15 CST), and 2:15 p.m. EST (1:15 CST), NBC network. NBC network's daily call-in show, 49 49, 6 cash prizes totalling $1,000 for best letters submitted for the show on April 30. Contest closes April 29.

9:30 a.m. EST (8:30 CST), and 2:30 p.m. EST (1:30 CST), NBC network. NBC network's daily call-in show, 49 49, 6 cash prizes totalling $1,000 for best letters submitted for the show on May 1. Contest closes April 30.

10:00 a.m. EST (9:00 CST), NBC network. NBC network's daily call-in show, 49 49, 6 cash prizes totalling $1,000 for best letters submitted for the show on May 2. Contest closes April 30.

1:00 p.m. EST (12 noon CST), NBC network. NBC network's daily call-in show, 49 49, 6 cash prizes totalling $1,000 for best letters submitted for the show on May 3. Contest closes April 30.

5:00 p.m. EST (4:00 CST), NBC network. NBC network's daily call-in show, 49 49, 6 cash prizes totalling $1,000 for best letters submitted for the show on May 4. Contest closes April 30.

6:00 p.m. EST (5:00 CST), NBC network. NBC network's daily call-in show, 49 49, 6 cash prizes totalling $1,000 for best letters submitted for the show on May 5. Contest closes April 30.

WEDNESDAY

9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST), CBS network. The Bing Crosby Show. NBC News will sponsor, to appear on program.

10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST), NBC network. NBC network. NBC News will sponsor, to appear on program.

SATURDAY

9:00 p.m. EST (8:00 CST), NBC network. NBC network. NBC News will sponsor, to appear on program.

9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST), NBC network. NBC network. NBC News will sponsor, to appear on program.
JEFFS—Rusty Jeffs, clarinet; Steve Ogden, alto sax; Ken Ray, tenor sax; Bob Herr, drums; George Kowalski, guitar; Jack Healy, bass; Don Sterling, percussion; Don Williams, piano; Merle Lewis, violin; Dan Muldowney, trombone; Joe Brown, trumpet; Steve Ogden, tenor sax; and Tim Fields, guitar. Vocalists: Rusty Jeffs, Steve Ogden, Ken Ray, Bob Herr, George Kowalski, Jack Healy, Don Williams, Merle Lewis, Dan Muldowney, Joe Brown, and Steve Ogden.

KING—Ray King, clarinet; Al King, tenor sax; Joe King, bass; Sandy Casale, drums; Steve Ogden, trombone; Steve Ogden, alto sax; Steve Ogden, piano; Merle Lewis, guitar; Jack Healy, bass; Don Sterling, percussion; Don Williams, piano; Merle Lewis, violin; Dan Muldowney, trombone; Joe Brown, trumpet; Steve Ogden, tenor sax; and Tim Fields, guitar. Vocalists: Ray King, Al King, Joe King, Sandy Casale, Steve Ogden, Steve Ogden, Steve Ogden, Merle Lewis, Jack Healy, Don Williams, Merle Lewis, Dan Muldowney, Joe Brown, Steve Ogden, and Tim Fields.

LAMB—Johnny Lamb, clarinet; Johnny Lamb, tenor sax; Johnny Lamb, bass; Candy Slayton, drums; Steve Ogden, trombone; Steve Ogden, alto sax; Steve Ogden, piano; Merle Lewis, guitar; Jack Healy, bass; Don Sterling, percussion; Don Williams, piano; Merle Lewis, violin; Dan Muldowney, trombone; Joe Brown, trumpet; Steve Ogden, tenor sax; and Tim Fields, guitar. Vocalists: Johnny Lamb, Johnny Lamb, Johnny Lamb, Candy Slayton, Steve Ogden, Steve Ogden, Steve Ogden, Merle Lewis, Jack Healy, Don Williams, Merle Lewis, Dan Muldowney, Joe Brown, Steve Ogden, and Tim Fields.

MARTIN—Max Martin, clarinet; Max Martin, tenor sax; Max Martin, bass; Sandy Casale, drums; Steve Ogden, trombone; Steve Ogden, alto sax; Steve Ogden, piano; Merle Lewis, guitar; Jack Healy, bass; Don Sterling, percussion; Don Williams, piano; Merle Lewis, violin; Dan Muldowney, trombone; Joe Brown, trumpet; Steve Ogden, tenor sax; and Tim Fields, guitar. Vocalists: Max Martin, Max Martin, Max Martin, Sandy Casale, Steve Ogden, Steve Ogden, Steve Ogden, Merle Lewis, Jack Healy, Don Williams, Merle Lewis, Dan Muldowney, Joe Brown, Steve Ogden, and Tim Fields.

OSBORNE—Frank Osborne, clarinet; Frank Osborne, tenor sax; Frank Osborne, bass; Sandy Casale, drums; Steve Ogden, trombone; Steve Ogden, alto sax; Steve Ogden, piano; Merle Lewis, guitar; Jack Healy, bass; Don Sterling, percussion; Don Williams, piano; Merle Lewis, violin; Dan Muldowney, trombone; Joe Brown, trumpet; Steve Ogden, tenor sax; and Tim Fields, guitar. Vocalists: Frank Osborne, Frank Osborne, Frank Osborne, Sandy Casale, Steve Ogden, Steve Ogden, Steve Ogden, Merle Lewis, Jack Healy, Don Williams, Merle Lewis, Dan Muldowney, Joe Brown, Steve Ogden, and Tim Fields.

PERRY—Phil Perry, clarinet; Phil Perry, tenor sax; Phil Perry, bass; Sandy Casale, drums; Steve Ogden, trombone; Steve Ogden, alto sax; Steve Ogden, piano; Merle Lewis, guitar; Jack Healy, bass; Don Sterling, percussion; Don Williams, piano; Merle Lewis, violin; Dan Muldowney, trombone; Joe Brown, trumpet; Steve Ogden, tenor sax; and Tim Fields, guitar. Vocalists: Phil Perry, Phil Perry, Phil Perry, Sandy Casale, Steve Ogden, Steve Ogden, Steve Ogden, Merle Lewis, Jack Healy, Don Williams, Merle Lewis, Dan Muldowney, Joe Brown, Steve Ogden, and Tim Fields.

SANDERS—Joe Sanders, clarinet; Joe Sanders, tenor sax; Joe Sanders, bass; Sandy Casale, drums; Steve Ogden, trombone; Steve Ogden, alto sax; Steve Ogden, piano; Merle Lewis, guitar; Jack Healy, bass; Don Sterling, percussion; Don Williams, piano; Merle Lewis, violin; Dan Muldowney, trombone; Joe Brown, trumpet; Steve Ogden, tenor sax; and Tim Fields, guitar. Vocalists: Joe Sanders, Joe Sanders, Joe Sanders, Sandy Casale, Steve Ogden, Steve Ogden, Steve Ogden, Merle Lewis, Jack Healy, Don Williams, Merle Lewis, Dan Muldowney, Joe Brown, Steve Ogden, and Tim Fields.

SHEP—Shep Payne, clarinet; Shep Payne, tenor sax; Shep Payne, bass; Sandy Casale, drums; Steve Ogden, trombone; Steve Ogden, alto sax; Steve Ogden, piano; Merle Lewis, guitar; Jack Healy, bass; Don Sterling, percussion; Don Williams, piano; Merle Lewis, violin; Dan Muldowney, trombone; Joe Brown, trumpet; Steve Ogden, tenor sax; and Tim Fields, guitar. Vocalists: Shep Payne, Shep Payne, Shep Payne, Sandy Casale, Steve Ogden, Steve Ogden, Steve Ogden, Merle Lewis, Jack Healy, Don Williams, Merle Lewis, Dan Muldowney, Joe Brown, Steve Ogden, and Tim Fields.

WELLER—Joe Weller, clarinet; Joe Weller, tenor sax; Joe Weller, bass; Sandy Casale, drums; Steve Ogden, trombone; Steve Ogden, alto sax; Steve Ogden, piano; Merle Lewis, guitar; Jack Healy, bass; Don Sterling, percussion; Don Williams, piano; Merle Lewis, violin; Dan Muldowney, trombone; Joe Brown, trumpet; Steve Ogden, tenor sax; and Tim Fields, guitar. Vocalists: Joe Weller, Joe Weller, Joe Weller, Sandy Casale, Steve Ogden, Steve Ogden, Steve Ogden, Merle Lewis, Jack Healy, Don Williams, Merle Lewis, Dan Muldowney, Joe Brown, Steve Ogden, and Tim Fields.
After a man's heart...

...when smokers find out the good things
Chesterfields give them

Nothing else will do