MOST COMPLETE PROGRAM LISTINGS PUBLISHED!

RADIO GUIDE

TEN CENTS

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 28, 1937

NADINE CONNER
"Show Boat" singer

UNCOVERING HOLLYWOOD'S PRIVATE LIVES — WITH JIMMIE FIDLER
HOW ALICE FAYE HELPED TONY MARTIN — AND FOUND ROMANCE
HIS business of helping people hear better radio programs has its dizziest moments. If you have read this department these last few weeks, you will recall that we recently announced the placing of our special events and guest listings on our program pages. It was the bright (we thought) idea of our program manager and we sought our readers' suggestions as to whether he was a genius or just sun-struck.

The dizzy moment arrived with the first two letters which responded to our question. One said: "Sirs, we are five in our family: mother, who is eighty-one; the children, Joan and James, and my husband and I. We like to listen to the unusual broadcasts our radio brings us. Your new listings are perfect for us. We think your program director must be a genius. Please thank him for this new improvement in Radio Guide."

The other letter said: "Your program director is a fool. Any radio listener would rather have his special events all together on one page. Once more, your program director is a fool and you can tell him I said so.

Well, Mr. Program Director, in behalf of your public may we inform you that you are a genius (a reader said so) and you are a fool (a reader said so) all at the same time. Before you are overwhelmed by the honors, though, you should be told that the letters received have indicated clearly that a big majority of listeners like your idea immensely. Therefore, the improvement which we made subject to the approval of our readers will become permanent.

And Mr. Program Director, radio has some fine things scheduled for these next few weeks. Be certain that each of them is listed and described on our program pages. Be certain friends who use Radio Guide do not miss a single one of the treats broadcasting is providing.

Speaking of treats, among life's little disappointments has been the recent Shakespearean outbursts from both major nets. Each started its series rich with promise of rare entertainment, but we have not found our acquaintance who has sat through more than one of the Bard's broadcasts. Those who have listened complain that the dialogue is hard to understand, that the long speeches and the tedious delivery of descriptive passages puts them promptly to sleep. Fortunately, NBC's O'Neill series and CBS offering of modern plays came along in time to show us that radio drama could give us a powerful emotional experience.

The next step and the most important, it seems to us, is now for broadcasters to cause the finest writing minds in America to prepare plays for radio. Not until that is done will broadcasting fully mature. Not until that is done will an evening spent at home with our radio give us the deep-seated satisfaction of an evening spent listening to such a play as "You Can't Take It With You" or seeing such a movie as "The Good Earth."

Radio is growing by leaps and bounds. Already, it whisk us around the world in the wink of an eye. Mechanically, it is perfect. Emotionally, it is growing. Soon, we know, the power of its tug at our hearts will match the wizardry of its mechanics.
LOUIS AND FARR
Fight for the Championship

ON THURSDAY NIGHT HANDS ACROSS THE SEA
WILL CARRY ENGLAND'S HEAVYWEIGHT HOPES

BY KEN W. PURDY

On a hot day in May, 1915—the date was the 13th—an Alabama cotton-picker named Louise Barrow gave birth to a boy. There was nothing unusual about the event, except that the baby—christened Joseph Louis Barrow—weighed fourteen pounds, was destined to become heavyweight champion of the world and one of the wealthiest men of his race in America!

The year before, in 1914, a boy was born to the wife of a coal-miner living in Tonypandy, Wales. The child was christened Thomas George Paul Farr, and, as soon as he was old enough to work, he was sent into the mines. A life of drudging poverty seemed to be his certain lot, but today that boy is heavyweight champion of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales—the best fighting man in the entire British Empire!

On the night of August 26, in New York's Yankee Stadium, Joe Louis and Tommy Farr will meet, to fight for the heavyweight championship of the world, and to provide radio listeners with the biggest and best, most thrilling broadcast of the week!

No matter where you are next Thursday night, you can still hear the Louis-Farr fight broadcast. In big city or village hamlet, in San Francisco, or in Richmond, Indiana, in New York, you can walk down the street—any street—and never be out of earshot of a loudspeaker; or you can drive from a distant location and hear the broadcast on the air. Tommy Farr still carries records of scores of souvenirs of his days in the mines. Stone caused them, he explains, though he didn't feel it at the time. He'll battle for the big oil, but he doesn't afraid either—not afraid of Louis or any other man on earth, and he suffered a terrible beating.

Thomas George Paul Farr says he isn't afraid of Louis, and he probably isn't. Why should he be afraid? The coal-miners of Wales have no place in their lives for fear. Deep in the bowels of the earth, they face death daily, death from explosion, tunnel collapse, gas—any one of a dozen terrors may snuff their lives out with half a minute's warning. Tommy Farr still carries scores of souvenirs of his days in the mines. Stone caused them, he explains, though he didn't feel it at the time. He'll battle for the big oil, but he doesn't afraid either—not afraid of Louis or any other man on earth, and he suffered a terrible beating.

Vastly more experienced than Joe Louis—who has had only 29 fights since he turned professional—Farr is a rough, tough fighter. When he was still in the mines, the smoky little town of Tonypandy knew Tommy Farr as a boy who'd fight at the drop of a hat, in the streets, in the mines, on the rugby field—anywhere at all, for marbles, money or chalk. He traveled for months with a "boxing booth"—we'd call it a carnival—taking on any man, in any town, any time, six nights a week. He fought his way through the amateur ranks into the ballyhoo of the professionals. There he fought as a "cruiserweight"—lightweight in American fight parlance—and finally as a heavyweight. He recently fought out Walter Neusel, next to Max Schmeling the best German fighter in the ring today. He once beat Max Baer. And now he'll fight Joe Louis of Detroit!

A GREATER weight than the mere responsibility of representing the British Empire in the ring, great as that is, rests on the massive sloping shoulders of Tommy Farr today. He has a reputation to live down—a reputation he had nothing to do with building. That's the reputation of the British fighters who have preceded him in the endless parade through the prize-ring. Most boxing fans today can't remember the name of a good British fighter. There was Phil Scott, ballyhooed as a potential great when he came to the United States—and nicknamed "Fainting Phil" when he left. Mr. Scott, said one New York sportswriter, was slightly deficient in intestinal fortitude. Then there was Tom Heeney of Australia, "The Hard Rock From Down Under." Heeney had a chin of reinforced concrete and a heart as big as a house. He could absorb an incredible amount of punishment. Gene Tunney, a gentleman if the ring ever saw one, hit Heeney so hard and so often when they met that pitty almost overcame him—but he couldn't do much else. There have been great English fighters, but none have appeared in recent years. Farr may be the man to...
LADY IN LOVE

BY HELEN HOVER

Rudy Vallee showed Alice Faye how to overcome like fright—now she has passed it on to Tony!

TONY MARTIN found Alice Faye at the very moment when he needed her. If her path had not crossed his when it did, he might not be one of Hollywood’s most promising young singers–actors today; there might not be the bubbly and refreshingly young Martin–Faye romance.

Here’s why:

It was March 11, 1936, and Tony Martin was frankly scared. Just the day before, he had been let out by a large movie studio. Now he was starting his first day’s work on a new contract signed with 20th Century–Fox.

The picture was “Sing, Baby, Sing.” It wasn’t a large role, but he knew that his film future depended upon what he made of it. He was sure he wasn’t going to be good. He was sure he’d be let out.

Now, for an actor to worry himself into a case of the jitters just before camera–time is disastrous. Alice Faye, sitting on the set watching him, knew it. Something about the way this earnest, dark–haired young man nervously tore at a sheet of paper struck a familiar chord. She remembered. It was the night when she made her first appearance on the Rudy Vallee radio program. She was a nobody then. Just a blond fluff of a chorus–girl fresh from the front line of George White’s “Scandals.” She was scared. But just before the program started, she nervously tore at her script, wishing she were a thousand miles away from Radio City and microphones.

And then Rudy Vallee walked over to her. Chucked her under the chin. “Don’t let it get you. You’re going to be swell. You’re going to be a big star some day soon...”

And because Alice is still the same big–hearted kid from the chorus, she strode over to Tony Martin. “Don’t let it get you,” she said, and the familiar words gave her a strange glow. “You’re going to be swell. You’re going to be a big star some day soon...”

Then Alice Faye, the leading lady of the picture, took this unknown chap aside and told him just how to stand in front of the microphone, how to breathe, how to hide his nervousness. Just as Vallee had once taken her aside, told her how.

At the end of the day, Tony’s estimation of himself rose a little higher and gave him the assurance which every performer needs. When they parted that evening, Tony was very grateful to the frivolous–looking blond girl who had talked common sense to him.

The matter of falling in love was, of course, inevitable. Beautiful girl meets handsome boy. Singer meets singer. They harmonized—from their aversion to pretensions to their common love of chicken pie and swing music.

But Alice knew that Tony was still worried about hi: movie work, and that this worry and brooding threatened to destroy his voice. To a young man as sensitive as he, each setback became a personal condemnation of his work. He was on the verge of being engulfed by an inferiority complex which would affect his happy–go–lucky style of singing.

ALICE decided upon a cure. It was her own particular brand: laughter.

At seven o’clock one morning an insistant telephone summoned Tony from his sleep.

“This is Mr. Zanuck’s secretary calling,” an urgent voice said. “We want you right away for a wardrobe fitting.”

Without a word, Tony slammed down the receiver, Climbed hurriedly into his clothes and rushed to the studio.

WHEN TONY MARTIN LEARNED TO LAUGH, ALICE’S LOVE BLOOMED!

“A fitting?” asked the surprised head of the wardrobe department. “Somebody must be kidding you!”

Later that day Tony met Alice on the lot. Her suppressed giggles gave her away as the “somebody.” After that, whenever his spirits began to sink, Alice never failed to spring some surprise gag.

They had settled their first “separation,” when Tony was sent to New York.

“Behave yourself,” Alice warned.

In New York, Tony acted like a model young man. At the price–fights he sat in the rear so people wouldn’t think he had “gone Hollywood.”

Then came the bitter blow! He received a telegram signed by a big studio executive. It reprimanded him for his disgraceful conduct in New York, saying it was reflecting upon the studio and would damage his career.

When Tony read the telegram’s signature, he grabbed the telephone and called Hollywood. There, at four in the morning, the executive answered.

TONY tried to explain; finally in his distress, blurted out the story of the telegram. The executive roared with laughter and told him he was the victim of a joke, to forget it.

Tony didn’t forget it! On the way back to Hollywood he thought of a number of fine things to say to a certain Miss Faye. But when he saw her he forgot all about that.

The two steer clear of the bright lights, but sometimes they step out in real style. Alice calls and asks what he’d like her to wear. Knowing that she buys back her favorite frocks from each picture, he says, “Wear your ‘Sing, Baby, Sing’ No. 1.”

Tony, you see, has learned a lot from Alice Faye.

For Alice taught Tony that you must keep on laughing—and that you must always believe in yourself.

Alice Faye may be heard Friday nights with Hal Kemp’s Band over a CBS–WABC network. And Tony Martin may be heard Monday nights on the Burns and Allen program over a NBC–Red network.
On Monday, August 23, the first of 100 of the country's best amateur golfers will tee up their No. 1 shots at the Alderwood Country Club course at Portland, Oregon—and the first round of the 41st running of the National Amateur Golf Championship will be on—and on the air! Broadcast exclusively by Columbia, with see Sports Announcer Ted Husing at the microphone, this will be the biggest airtime sports show of this week, and one of the top radio events of the summer season! Golfers the country over, from eight-year-old boys swinging cut-down sticks to club and sectional champions who fell just short of scores that would have entitled them to enter the tournament, will be listening every day when Ted Husing goes on the air. So will the endless thousands of club golfers who flourish in the United States as in no other country, perhaps, on the face of the globe. So will the fans, the enthusiastic thousands who crowd major golf courses whenever championship play is offered. Thousands of other radio listeners will be drawn not only by the fascination of the parade of great golfing names that will go out on the air, not only by the knowledge that one of the all-time great sports announcers will be at the microphone, but by the indefinable something that produces thrills and chills whenever top-notchers in any sport gather to battle to a finish.

And what names there are this year! Names to conjure with in the golfing world! Johnny Fisher, national amateur champion, who came out on top in the 1936 struggle at the Garden City Country Club on Long Island, New York, one up on the 37th hole, will be at Portland, fighting every stroke of the way to retain his crown. Jack McLean of Scotland, top-notch amateur who learned the grand old game on the grand old links of the country that gave golf to the world, will be among the starters. Francis Ouimet, two-time champion—he won in 1914 and 1931—will be there. So will another two-time winner: Chick Evans, top amateur in 1916 and 1929. In the amateur tourney the year following, 1921, Jess Gifford came out the victor, and he'll be back again this year to try his luck and his skill on the tricky par 72 Alderwood course. Canada will be represented by C. Ross Somerville, champion in 1932. Johnny Goodman, the boy wonder who came out of the West to sweep up the championship in 1933, will be at Alderwood, and so will Max Marston, will be at Portland, and so will Max Marston, all amateurs in 1923.

All in all, there'll be seven and one-quarter hours of big-time golf on the air this week! Ted Husing will broadcast each day, Monday through Friday, a summary of the day's play. Saturday will see the final 36 holes of the tournament and a stroke-by-stroke account will be broadcast from the course itself as Husing follows the play with a portable microphone. These two broadcasts, the culmination of the show, will take five and one-half hours of airtime. These broadcasts will bring to your radio the complete results of 180 holes of championship play by the best amateur golfers in the land—surely a feast for players and non-players alike!

As much as any game, and more than most, golf seems to call forth the best in a man when the going is the hardest. The roster of golfing greats has more than its share of names of men who rose to the highest peaks of a lifetime of competition when it seemed the odds were hopelessly stacked against them. The immortal Bobby Jones, five times amateur champion—the only man ever to win the title five times, by the way—was one. Gene Sarazen, the veteran professional, is another. Last spring, Sarazen, playing in the National Open, was well up with the leaders at the end of the first nine holes. He was two below par starting the second nine, but bad luck at the eleventh broke his streak, and he came home with a poor 78. He came back next day with a 69, followed it with a 71, finished with a 74. But that wasn't quite good enough to win. In fact, it wasn't good for anything better than tenth place in the National Open. Sarazen next tackled the British Open. His first two rounds of 71 and 79 seemed to point him out as the ultimate victor. But it was not to be. He blew up, finished out of the money. But he wasn't through! There was still the brand-new Chicago Open, offering an unusually big stake—$15,000. Sarazen came rolling into Chicago with blood in his eyes. The blue chips were down, and he was out to win. And win he did! Despite the worst possible golfing weather, playing against the best golfers in the land, Sarazen came into the last hole the winner—by one stroke!

The great Sarazen won't be playing at Portland, but there will be other golfers just as dangerous in their own classifications. New York is sending the hard-hitting Willie Turnesa, generally conceded to have as good a chance as anyone to finish in the upper brackets. With Frank Strafaci, Ray Billows and Tommy Goodwin as running-mates, who may choose to run not with but ahead of the highly touted Turnesa. Tom Tiller, who hits one of the hardest balls in amateur golf with a swing that keeps spectators at a respectful distance, is sure to go to Portland, and also sure to make trouble if he has a good day. When Tiller is good he is very good indeed, but when he is bad—he's quite bad. As who is not.

No haphazard, come-as-you-please tournament, the National Amateur has (Continued on Page 17)
The PHOTO WEEK

VACATION-TIME, WORK-TIME—
ON THE AIR, OR OFF—BIG-TIME
STARS LEAD GOOD-TIME LIVES!

Louise Roberts, NBC "Hollywood in Person" beauty-
scout and make-up expert, spends her time in a
specially built trailer visiting movie studios. Off the
air she is with her favorite gentleman friend (above).

One of the highest-paid, busiest announcers, genial Arthur Godfrey,
emcees the "Professor Quiz" Saturday night CBS broadcasts. In his brief
spare time he fishes, swims expertly, pilots his own plane—breeds
dogs, thoroughbred horses on his Virginia farm, "Godfrey Gates".

All work and no play—? Jerry Cooper, master of ceremonies, and
Frances Langford, cinemaceleb and songstress of "Hollywood Hotel,"
give a demonstration of their away-from-the-mike teamwork. Jerry
sings for a transcribed program—but "Hotel" is his biggest show to date.

Radio Guide • Week Ending August 28, 1937
$50,000 IN CASH PRIZES!

PHILCO MYSTERY CONTEST!

Over 2,000 Weekly Prizes and 51 Grand Prizes for solving Philco Radio Mysteries on your Local Broadcast Station!

Huge Cash Prizes! Anybody Can Win! Nothing to Buy!

$50,000 in CASH PRIZES are waiting for you!

126 cash prizes every week for 16 weeks. ... plus 2,000 Weekly Prizes. ... PLUS 51 Grand Prizes in Philco's big Mystery Contest! Anyone can win in this exciting, thrilling radio contest that pays you huge cash prizes for having fun!

Every week, starting September 5, 1937, "Phyl" Coe Mysteries will be broadcast over your local radio station! And the $50,000 in cash prizes will be given to the best amateur sleuths among you who tune-in these special broadcasts!

ENTER THIS CASH PRIZE CONTEST! The first step is to call at your nearest Philco Tube Dealer's Store and ask for a copy of the "Phyl" Coe Mystery Tabloid. He will give you this tabloid FREE! No obligation. ... nothing to buy! The contest is fully explained, with fascinating diagrams and full details, in this "Phyl" Coe Mystery Tabloid. And with it you will receive your Official Entry Blank!

When you get your "Phyl" Coe Mystery Tabloid from the Philco Tube Dealer, read the rules and directions carefully. Follow them exactly. Study the diagrams. Then answer the simple question. Your answer may be the winner! But remember. ... you must tune in the radio program which dramatizes each mystery. And these programs will be broadcast over your local radio station every week for 16 weeks, beginning the week of September 5, 1937. The Philco Tube Dealer will tell you the station, the time and the hour of each Philco Mystery Contest Broadcast.

There never was a simpler, easier, more exciting contest! It's a real contest of skill. Conciseness, clearness, neatness and good common sense are the only things that count. And your reward is C-A-S-H!

Don't miss a single one of the Philco Mysteries. Listen every week. You want to win some of those $50,000 in cash, don't you? Then GET STARTED with the first broadcast in your city. Be a "detective"! It's FUN! And be sure to read all about this contest in the "Phyl" Coe Mystery Tabloid which your Philco Tube Dealer has waiting for you!

Get Your FREE "Phyl" Coe Mystery Tabloid and Official Entry Blanks at your nearest Philco Tube Dealer's Store... Now!

PHILCO RADIO & TELEVISION CORPORATION

WEEKLY PRIZES

Every week for 16 weeks!

FIRST PRIZE $500
SECOND PRIZE $250
THIRD PRIZE $125
FOURTH PRIZE $75

22 ADDITIONAL PRIZES... $25 each
100 ADDITIONAL PRIZES... $5 each

GRAND PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE $5000
SECOND PRIZE $1000
THIRD PRIZE... $500
22 ADDITIONAL PRIZES... $100 each
26 ADDITIONAL PRIZES... $50 each
SHAKESPEARE: “HENRY IV”—MON.

A SERIES of the plays of William Shakespeare would hardly be representative without one of the great historical dramas in which the master playwright presented so vivid a picture of England’s early days. For that reason Columbia has chosen the historical play “Henry IV” for performance in its cycle of Shake- speare’s plays on Monday night of this week.

Walter Huston will be Henry IV. A couple of years ago, in New York, Huston did a memorable performance of Shakespeare’s “Othello.” With him in the cast was an English actor whose portrayal of Iago was highly praised. This young man was Brian Aherne, who will be the young Prince of Wales, Prince Hal, in Columbia’s “Henry IV.”

Hal’s opponent in this play is a hot-headed, impulsive young rebel named Hotspur, whose part will be taken in the radio presentation by Humphrey Bogart, who recently finished the movie “Dead End.”

The much-beloved Falstaff, one of Shakespeare’s most famous comedy figures, will be played by Walter Connolly, who has already done another famous Shakespeare comedy part—that of Bottom in the Max Reinhardt production of “Midsummer Night’s Dream.”

The play, “Henry IV” was originally written in two parts, but Brewater Morgan, in his radio adaptation, has combined the two sections into one whole, beginning with the rebellion against Henry IV and ending with the coronation of the wild young Prince of Wales as Henry V.

The story itself is one of a royal and roistering son, and his regenera- tion. The son is the wild young Hal, Prince of Wales, who prefers to spend his time carousing in taverns with Jack Falstaff and his rowdy companions rather than attend to affairs of state.

And there is a grave crisis in the state. Hal’s father’s reign is being threatened by a rebellion in the north of England—a rebellion led by the young Hotspur, with the help of the Welshmen Glendower and Mortimer.

Meanwhile, as the rebels are planning to divide England among themselves, the Prince of Wales with his loose companions plans to rob a stage-coach at Gadshill, near London. It is a sort of robbery within a robbery, for the Prince and one Poids hide themselves during the actual robbery; then they, in turn, rob the robbers.

BACK at the Boar’s Head tavern in Eastcheap, the Prince and Poids are gleefully listening to Falstaff describe how he was set upon by a great horde of robbers, when the King sends for his son. Still in a mood of sport, Falstaff and Hal burlesque what the Prince will say to his father. The noisy party is broken up only when the sheriff appears.

But next day the Prince goes to his father, who makes him see the error of his ways. Hal promises to be ‘more himself’ and goes to help put down the rebellion. In a fiery scene he kills Hotspur in per- sonal combat. Here the first part of “Henry IV” ends.

The famous crown scene of the sequel comes next in Morgan’s version. This is the scene in which Hal—who, after his combat with Hotspur, returned to his ne’er-do-well companions—is once again called to his father’s side.

But now the old King is near death. His crown rests by his bed, and the young Prince of Wales, entering the room while his father sleeps, takes it up to try on, calling it a “polished perturbation! golden care!”

The King wakes, thinks Hal has taken the crown because he is eager for his father’s death. But when he learns that his son has at last come to realize the dignity and responsibility of his position, he dies happy.

The grand finale is the coronation of the new king, Henry V. Afterwards, Falstaff rushes up to the procession, expecting a royal welcome. But instead, the newly crowned king says, in a cold voice:

“I know thee not, old man...”

Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know (so shall the world perceive)
That I have turned away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.”

The regeneration of the wild young Prince of Wales is complete.

King Henry IV is dead. It’s “Long live King Henry V”!

GUEST: JEAN SABLON ON “MAGIC KEY”—SUN.

JEAN SABLON didn’t have to come to America to take this country by storm, but he broadcast from his native France as guest on a “Magic Key” program was enough to capture the hearts of American listeners, enough to make them ask for more.

Jean responded. Shortly afterwards he came to America—and the reccep- tion he has received has been nothing short of sensational. His initial broad- cast from abroad gave promise; his subsequent broadcasts here have fulfilled it. Today, Jean Sablon, the French troubadour, is a top-ranking star—in spite of the fact he’s only been here a few months. Already he has been featured on Rudy Vallee’s Varieties, on the “Magic Key” program—and on his own sustaining spot on NBC every Wednesday evening! And this Sunday he will again step before an American Mike to thrill the millions he has won almost overnight. This time he will be a guest on another “Magic Key” program.

ALTHOUGH a newcomer to these shores, he is an established star of first magnitude in Europe. Long a Continental favorite, Sablon has sung in the swankiest theaters, clubs and music halls, has appeared with such celebrities as Beatrice Lillie, Mistinguette, and Lucienne Boyer. During the past three years he has been di- viding his broadcasting time between London and Paris. And now he has turned to America.

Sablon has an intimate sort of way of singing and his voice is full and deep-throated. In fact, he hasn’t been able to do anything but a tenor or baritone—but because he feels that baritones are more popular than ten- ors, he has been taking lessons to lower his voice, and now it is considerably lower than it once was. Yet he can handle the ranges of both easily, and while practising a number, he tries it in various keys to see which one sounds best. To do this, he makes re- cordings of the song in each of the keys, then decides which it shall be. His musical coach and accompanist helps him make these decisions.

And Sablon is not entirely given to classical music by any means. In fact, at present he says he prefers “swing” music—especially the brand turned out by Cab Calloway. Much of his leisure time is spent in listening and dancing to “swing” bands—and often, upon getting home, he attempts to du- plicate the music he has heard—al- though his piano-playing is entirely non-professional. Nevertheless, Arturo Toscanini remains his musical idol.

JEAN has several pet superstitions.

People must never wish him luck before he starts a new venture, and he always wear a white carnation in his lapel because he thinks it brings him good luck. He will gamble on any- thing that features the number “7,” and he’s a set-up for fortune-tellers.

But the “7” charm seems to be hold- ing up pretty well, at that. Jean got his first European contract on a Janu- ary 7. When he came to America, his first engagement was for March 7. Now it is 7 months since he first touched American soil—and during that 7 months he has completely captured those Americans who can’t tell wheth- er his is a tenor or baritone voice— but who are real fans when they hear him. When he sings Sunday it will be evident why this is true.
PREVIEW: "100 MEN AND A GIRL"—FRI.

WHEN next Deanna Durbin returns to the air it will be with Leopold Stokowski, to preview her second film, Universal’s "100 Men and A Girl," over CBS on the Hollywood Hotel program Friday.

The plaudits for her debut in "Three Smart Girls" still being heard, fifteen-year-old Deanna plays her first starring part in this comedy-drama that also brings to the screen in his first acting role the famed conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

When John Cardwell (Adolphe Menjou), screen father of Patsy (Deanna Durbin), finds a lady's purse at Carnegie Hall, the story really gets going. He's an unemployed trombone player, and despite the fact he could put the money to good use, he honestly tries to return the purse to its rightful owner.

But he's prevented from doing this by Carnegie Hall attendants, who are under the impression that he's just trying to get in to see the orchestra. Cardwell, Stokowski.

Finally, Cardwell uses a little of the found money to pay long-overdue rent. And it is not until he does this that Patsy learns about the purse. She discovers the owner, a Mrs. Frost of the society strata. Returning the purse, Patsy runs into her first cocktail party.

WHEN Mrs. Frost finds out that Patsy can sing, she has Patsy entertain her guests. Capitalizing on her big hit, Patsy tells the wealthy people at the party about her father and the "99 other men musicians who are out of work. Mrs. Frost finds herself in a music-minded mood and agrees to sponsor Patsy's orchestra.

The symphonic orchestra, composed of musician friends of Patsy's father, without the necessary money for a rehearsal hall, converts a dilapidated garage into one, while Patsy seeks Mrs. Frost for some advance cash to better rehearsal conditions. the interim. Mrs. Frost has forgotten completely about the orchestra and has set sail for the Continent. But stops at the Frost's door when she finds this out, Patsy frantically searches for Mr. Frost (Eugene Pallette) and finds him at his club. Once again Patsy wins over a member of the Frost family, this time for good. Mr. Frost believes Patsy and resolves to do something about it. But when he enters the garage, Cardwell doesn't know who he is — nor will he let him explain.

PATSY, not content with getting Mr. Frost on the job, rushes to Carnegie Hall, sneaks past the guard and interrupts the great Stokowski, who is rehearsing his orchestra. Liking her sparkle and enthusiasm when she tells him that her singing is superb, Stokowski tells her to sing.

Accompanied by the first violinist, Patsy amazes him with her brilliant singing.

Stokowski invites Patsy to sing for him alone at his home when she tells him her story. She brings the 100 men with her. After hearing them, Stokowski realizes they are fine musicians, and he agrees to conduct them for one big concert at Carnegie Hall.

He wisely sees that the Frost's are given publicity and credit for the concert and so society is given its incentive to attend. Under the sponsorship of the Frost's, Patsy's 100 men are on their way to financial success — and a grand place is established for her trombone-playing dad.

A PROBLEM: "THE STRAW"—MON.

ON MONDAY night of this week, those tuning in on the NBC-Blue network will have an opportunity to hear how radio handles such a touchy subject as consumption. That will be important, because so many of the great dramas of today are built on touchy subjects, and radio seems to be diving head first into those dramas.

"The Straw," the last of the Eugene O'Neill drama series, is a romance story — but an odd kind of romance. Like all romance stories, the hero wins the heroine after much convincing on the part of the girl and her friends. But in this unusual story both the boy and the girl are patients suffering from tuberculosis. And like that puzzling drama all school children puzzle over, "The Lady and the Tiger," the reader isn't quite sure in the end whether the girl lives or not. He hopes she does.

As the play opens, it is evening in the Carmody home — a home consisting of an irresponsible Irish father, a tubercular 19-year-old daughter, Eileen, and four smaller, motherless children. "It's her own fault for gettin' sick," grumbles the father. "Always weakenin' her health by readin.'" He calls the doctor only because Eileen fainted, not because he believes in drugs — he doesn't. And when the doctor tells him Eileen must go to a sanitarium, he hunts for excuses to grumble some more, to show his own stubborn weakness.

That's the way with Fred Nicholls, too. He has been Eileen's boy friend since kiddie days. They weren't actually engaged but had "a sort of understanding." Fred didn't use to be that way. He turned about-face only when he heard that Eileen had the dread consumption — that he might catch it from her. He comes into the house full of enthusiasm, hears the doctor's story, goes out full of fear and trembling.

Eileen is removed to a sanitarium, where she meets Stephen Murray, a young newspaperman, who complains of the monotony of night duty on a small-town paper, and who longs to do real creative writing. He's all alone. His mother and father are dead. Two sisters are paying his keep in the hospital, but he dislikes their every move.

ALTHOUGH the institution has a rule that the sexes shall not mingle, Stephen and Eileen manage to spend much time together. Eileen encourages Stephen to write, helps him by typing his manuscripts, and falls in love with him. It is at a secret midnight rendezvous that Eileen confesses her love and wakes up to the startling realization that Stephen's heart is unresponsive. For that night on, Eileen loses all desire for living. To complicate matters, her father has married his housekeeper, an ignorant and crude woman, Fred Nicholls has forgotten entirely, her own brothers and sisters have been poisoned against her by their new stepmother.

Stephen recovers and is dismissed. But he returns some weeks later for an examination and finds Eileen dying. A well-meaning nurse asks him to make love to Eileen in the hope that it will give the girl a new lease on life — cause her to help herself live. Stephen consents to do that and to do more. He makes up his mind that he will marry her. "What is the difference?" he thinks, "she'll soon be dead anyway. It will make her dying easier."

In telling her of his love, Stephen comes to a realization that he is not acting — that he really does love her. And with that comes the realization that he loves a dying girl. The thought of what her dying will mean to him so unnerves him that the girl reads her own doom in the expression of his eyes. He tries to hide that by confessing, wrongly, that he too is again infected with the disease.

The story ends with Stephen telling Eileen of his real love, of his plans to move her to a private sanitarium where they can get well together, work together, be happy, and enjoy life.

In the role of Eileen will be Miss Peggy Wood, the young lady who sings, writes and acts in her own program called "Peggy Wood Calling," which is heard each Wednesday afternoon over NBC-Blue.

Miss Wood made her debut on the stage in "Naughty Marietta" at the age of 16. Since then, she has starred again and again in dramatic as well as musical productions. In addition to an active theatrical life, Miss Wood has written several short stories and two books. She is married to the distinguished poet, John V. A. Weaver.
"I'M A FUGITIVE from a PRIMA DONA"

Constance Hope is agent for many celebrated artists. One of them, above, is the famous opera diva, lovely Lily Pons.

Daughter of Eugene Bernstein, Caruso's coach and accompanist, Constance Hope has grown up among artists. And as a public relations counsel with offices in New York and Hollywood, with representatives in London, Paris and Vienna, she continues to keep in touch with the musical greats. Few are so well qualified to tell of the stars—as they really are.

-I THE kind of a girl to whom people say with a simper: "My, my, you must have such an interesting life." And I'm the kind of a girl who believes it—until some frosty morning when Associated Press drags me out of my cozy and practically unused bed to find out if there is any truth to the rumor that Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz are married. I'm the kind of a girl who keeps repeating that brocade to myself grimly while I straddle a pool of icy water, trying to get one of those artsy upside-down camera shots that magazines insist on. I'm the kind of a girl who goes to bed with aching feet, a sore back and a whirling head.

I'm going to Honolulu: do you blame me? For five long years, my life hasn't been my own—storming through my nights and my days, through my meals and my beauty sleep have been explosions and excitations of prima donnas. Ladies of the high C have made my life a nice cozy seat on top of a barrel of TNT—my nerves have been like the G string on a zither—tight and ready to jump with a "ping!"

I'm on my way to the land of the lei after two weeks of going between the Metropolitan Opera House and Carnegie Hall, NBC and CBS, picking up stray pieces of my personality, dropped here and there all over New York in the excitement of the year that's gone down in history, so far as I'm concerned. And yet, thinking over the title that heads this page, I think it's a trite unfair. Our glamorous girls with the golden pipes aren't alone the cause of that graying hair that worries my mother or that shaking hand that my still-persistent boy friends keep noticing. The female of the species may be more deadly when it comes to spindles, but when it comes to artists, tenors and bassos, baritones and violins, trombone players and the only solo triangle player in the world, they, too, can whip up a nice frenzy of excitement. It is not because they are temperamental or unkind, it's that kind of a business. It's all part of this mad combination of clocklike precision and the very human element in art.

I'm going to Honolulu—maybe. I've never yet picked out a destination, whether it's Coney Island or Zanzibar, that something hasn't exploded my itinerary smack in my face. There was a time I planned a nice quiet week-end in Connecticut. With the crossed fingers I went to bed early to be ready for the next few days and that tennis racket that's been waiting in the closet for four years. I hadn't even gotten the sheets warm before the phone rang. I waited, but it kept ringing. "Hello," I mumbled into the mouthpiece. "The screams on the other end nearly blasted my ear off. One of our most gorgeous prima donnas was on the other end, wailing that her husband was leaving her. Wouldn't I come right over and see what I could do, she said, the tears practically dripping into the receiver. I shrugged myself into a fur coat, rolled up the legs of my pajamas, and jammed on a hat. I was ushered to her apartment in fifteen minutes, walking into an ominous quiet, broken only by a broken-hearted sobbing from behind closed doors. Pacing up and down the room, his face like an angry block of granite, if that means anything, was the handsome husband of the prima donna. I nodded to him and hurried to Madame. Down her peacock-blooms cheeks flowed big tears. "Don't, don't let him, Constance," she begged and pleaded. "I'll do anything." Quickly I learned they had had a fierce quarrel over some fancied flirtation or other. Then I said to her: "Now, my dear, matter whether he was right or wrong, just go right in and say: 'I'm sorry; it's all my fault.'" A tremulous smile lit her beautiful, tearful face: "Do you think that's enough, Constance?" I nodded, she braced herself and entered the room with her husband. Dramatically she flung out her arms: "Darling," she said as he smiled—but suddenly she changed her mind and shouted, "It's all your fault, you brute." That started it, and for the next few hours they were off on a marathon of abuse while alternately I soothing both their vanities. Only the complaints of the management prevented more serious hostilities. But as the dawn and my back were breaking simultaneously, I helped them in each other's arms. My reward? A postcard from Florida inscribed: "Our second honeymoon, the biggest thing since 'Bee Hur—don't need you here, darling! Love!"

THEN there was the other charming prima donna who got an attack of temperament a few hours before a big broadcast on which she was scheduled, and came the dreaded phrase—"I have no voice, I cannot sing." Appeals to her vanity, tales of her public panting for her, threats, nothing seemed to move her. Came the hour of the broadcast and she still refused to go on. We were in despair, her managers and I, until I had an inspiration. I remembered a bit of advice given me one time by Jacques Danielson, charming husband of Fannie Hurst, the adviser among advisers of Constance Hope Associates, Inc. I dashed out to the bank and cashed a check, getting her fee in nice substantial, crumby $100 bills. Walking into the studio, I handed the lady the money, bill by bill. The glassy gleam in the clutch of her fingers was the tip-off. She said just as steadily: "But I am too ill, I cannot sing." We walked to the studio, the orchestra was turned up, the program officials flattered her and the conductor bowed, but she said: "I am too ill." "Now or never," I said to myself. "All right, Madame." I said to her. "We shall tell the managers you are too ill. If you will let me have the money I have given you, I will return it." Slowly she started to hand me the money and with equal deliberation I counted it out. One hundred—two hundred—three hundred—four hundred. I didn't reach five hundred before it was too much for her frugal soul. She sung

NOT all of them are quite as mad—most of my people I love as the dearest of friends. One of the treasures I shall always keep is the memory of the time when lovable Lauritz Melchior, world's greatest Wagnerian tenor, whose voice you have heard countless times on the air, pressed me into service as a stenographer. It was one of those frantic times when six hours of activity had to be compressed into three hours' time. We dashed about New York with boat-time approaching and shot from store to hotel, from Opera House to hotel, checking visas, luggage, seeing friends, managers, etc. Rocketing down New York's famous promenade, Mrs. Melchior sat bolt upright (crushing his tiny and pretty wife in the same action). "I need a stenographer," she said to me, "Mrs. Melchior and I looked at one another in bewilderment. "Now at this moment, when we're rushing for a boat, you need a stenographer—what for?" we asked.

He straightened with dignity: "It is a very important letter. It cannot wait. It must be done immediately." "What is it?" we begged.

"No one but a stenographer must know this," said Mr. Melchior mysteriously.

"Well," I ventured, "I haven't taken a letter in shorthand since I left my first boss, the producer, Martin Beck, in an emergency.

"Fine!" thundered the great tenor, and he whipped an envelope out of his pocket. Having some difficulty with the English language, he dictated the following letter. Swaying from side to side, I nearly crippled myself trying to make notes and restrain the laugh-ter. The letter was:

Beans Co., Maine.

Gentlemen: I have received the big package with the things I ordered. I am very happy with the fishing trollers with zippers and the hunting trans-
en with zippers which I can wear, but I do not care for the fishing trousers without zippers and the hunting trousers without zippers which I cannot wear. I should like to exchange the fishing trousers without zippers and the hunting trousers without zippers which I cannot wear for a pair of fishing trousers with zippers and hunting trousers with zippers which I can wear. However, if you cannot send me a pair of fishing trousers and hunting trousers with zippers which I can wear, please do not send me a pair of fishing trousers and hunting trousers which I can wear.

I changed my mind and ordered a pair of fishing trousers and hunting trousers which I cannot wear, because they are too small for me at six feet. I understand that I am entitled to a knife of fishing and an axe with the knife, but I have not spent $78.77. Will you please send me the knife of fishing and the axe wood immediately?

Lauritz Melchior.

To Mr. Melchior's great indignation, Mrs. Melchior and I collapsed with laughter in the corner of the cab, at the end of the letter. But he did get the knife of fishing and the axe wood.

INCIDENTLY one of the funniest things I have had was running about New York of a Saturday night buying a morning coat for the handsome devil of the opera house, Ezio Pinza, generally credited to be the world's finest baritone. At the time, Mr. Pinza could speak no English, so I was commanded for the job. Mr. Pinza's huge chest expansion made fitting difficult and we bartered the poor saleslady at every turn. Every time we got a coat and a suit that seemed to fit, Mr. Pinza took a deep breath and, while the seams 'coud out like violin strings, looked at the salesman inquiringly: "No?" Final test of a coat we finally determined was its ability to stand up under "Old Man River" and "Veau d'Or" from "Faust.

Tragic was the day we decided to send a piano to the West Coast by plane. It sounds fantastic—but no more so than the whole story. It seems that Lily Pons was making so many concert appearances that she was flying from town to town to make schedules. To enable her to rehearse en route, a tiny piano was ordered which might accompany her in the sky. With Lily's flair for the unusual (like those tiny signs in her phone which protect her throat: "If You Love Lily, Please Do Not Smoke Here"), it wasn't just a piano—it turned out to be something special. Decorated with her famous fleur de lys, its front panel contained sleepily, with customary politeness.

"You," I said accusingly, "have lost a piano."

He edged away from me carefully, with all the warmth that one uses on a dangerous lunatic. "Yes, Madam—any particular piano, or just a piano?"

His amazement was understandable, so carefully I explained the whole situation. After going over the whole thing with me in bewilderment, "A wallet, a bag, even a wife, lady, but an airplane ain't no place to hole a piano."

He turned and shot a few inquiries out over the teletype. At that time of the morning, everyone thought it was a gag, and I think the dispatcher is still treating the replies. From New York to Cleveland to Las Vegas to Albuquerque to St. Louis to Kansas City to Los Angeles went the inquiry. No soap. Routing pilots out of bed, we tried to see if any of them had slipped the piano in their vest pocket for safekeeping. All had seen Lily, and couldn't seem to get her eyes past her. Suddenly into the offices of the airline came the publicity man—slightly sleepy and considerably worried. After all, losing a piano! He put the pressure on, and while through the night the wires crackled, and our tempers were growing bad, I was just getting to the point of demanding someone's head on a platter, when a grease-stained mechanic walked in out of the hangars to borrow a cigarette. He listened to my tirade a moment and chuckled.

We all turned on him. "What's funny?" we demanded.

"Why, shucks, lady," he grinned at me. "If it's a piano you're looking for, it's in the corner. You could slice the silence in that room. Quietly we looked in the corner, examined the piano and looked at one another. It was IT all right. There was a gleam in the publicity man's eye, which I recognized. "You can make mine Double Scotch, too," I said.

Working for and with some of the great names, one becomes accustomed to strange duties and strange requests. To give you an idea, the last time I went to Europe I carried with me one electric refrigerator for the Melchior's estate in Denmark, twelve cases of tomato juice for Lotte Lehmann, four cases of American coffee for a famous conductor, and a house-dress for Elisabeth Reitbert's maid.

ONE more little note before rushing to the boat—an idea of why I stick in the business that should drive me crazy: I called Lotte Lehmann that the novel she had written was to be published in October—and gave her the financial details of the contract, and added, "Do you accept?" and her reply was, "Oh, Constance, darling! you don't be silly. I'm so delighted! Only you could have done it." I stopped in the dressing-room of lovely Rose Bampton before her New York recital recently. With a sudden shock I realized that her dress was so sheer she even those in the balcony would have no difficulty seeing through it. Without hesitation, I whipped off my own dress and thrust my slip upon Miss Bampton. Through a crack in the dressing-room, I heard my all-American opera going wild from an enthusiastic public. All of it, I knew, was for Miss Bampton's glorious singing. Like all great stars, some of it I knew she would credit to me. Maybe that's why I'm not such a good fugitive from a prima donna.

Life Among the Singers Is More Complex Than It Would Seem—But Agents Do Their Worrying!

By Constance Hope

Life among the singers is more complex than it would seem. But agents do their worrying!
HOLLYWOOD SHOWDOWN

BY EVANS PLUMMER

The blank look continued, but from the wings in the voice of her visiting hub-
by, Band leader Herbie Kay, came the explanation, "He means suffer, tods." 

Hollywood wise-guys intimate that the Martha Raye-Buddo Westmore 
matrimony is actually creating the interest 
to re-create the interest 
but Joan is sitting pretty. 
re-creating the interest of film producers in her ability. 
her radio sponsor has built her up as a youthful forty! ... Several years ago 
radio columnis-

to the screen as a starring vehicle for 

Vallee! peculiar Jerry her just in re-create the interest to Joan up to now York Showgirl is 

Rudy Vallee. Rudy Vallee's ex-star of the MBS Saturday night "Ecstasy" pro-
gram, and Ray Hendricks, singer fre-

They have morning papers and afternoon papers; have set their eyes, you see, on the radio's increasingly im-

Furby-Flap McPheeters, who is starring in "TheITOWN Show," the picture built around Fred War-
ning's band, which will be screened generally about Labor Day ... "Holly-
wood Hotel" of the ether, by the way, will be missing Anne Jamison August 27 and September 3 and Igor Gorin September 10 and 11 while they vac-
tions. "Gorin's final Texaco Town ap-
pearance also will be that of August 29, and he's planning a trip to Hawaii.

Radio's "most promising new star" for 1937—according to your selection in the Radio Guide star poll—is grow-
ing up fast. Already Deanna Durbin has the prowess: "I will do this" and "I won't do that" slant on life. Re-
cently a photographer wished to pose her talking over a telephone. Miss Durbin demurred, finally consented to a condition attached: the caption used by the magazine ordering the photo must not say anything about Deanna calling up a boy friend. The cameraman also was prohibited from taking pictures of Deanna swimming in her private pool because she is sup-
posed to be of the proletariat and therefore not addicted to such luxuries. Your Hollywood reporter understands that Miss Durbin's studio's officials are shaking their heads over someone who has been upstairs in the adolescent star with ill-advised notions about her publicity. At that, Deanna is not getting a charge from girls, to have real fun and grow up into a normal human being. Fame already

Following the trend of broad-
casting itself, Radio Guide today is focusing more attention on Hol-
lywood than it ever has before. Each week Evans Plummer, veter-

HOLLYWOOD's little laughs: When Jerry Cooper was first get here with "Hollywood Ho-
tel," he sent for his sweetheart, New York Showgirl Joan Mitchell, so he could get her into the movies. Mean-
time Jerry himself started dickering with the celluloid tycoons. However, up to now he has not been offered the kind of deal he would prefer to sign—but Joan is sitting pretty. She's been contracted as a starlet by M-G-M! Not so very long ago Irene Rich turned to radio with the idea that it would re-

The past week was Walter Winchell, who also does some first-class snooping. But Winchell's a cinch to spot when he's rolling down the boulevards, for his car wears the license plates W2 NY.

Out to the Warner Brothers last week marched Frances Langford with self-assurance written on her face for the first time in her picture career.

CBS's "Shakespeare Cycle" pre-
sents "Henry IV" Monday night (EDT), with Stage & Screen Actor Walter Huston in the title role.

Col. Jay C. Flippen, well-known Broadway master of ceremonies, replaces Harry Von Zell on CBS's "Good Golf Summer Show" for three weeks, July 15-August 1. Flippen, who has been on the stage since boyhood, is best remembered as a blackface comic.
AIRIALTO LOWDOWN
BY WILSON BROWN

Radio's No. 1 rule has been busted! And plenty of hair is being torn because of the rumour. For the first time in broadcasting history a performer did what was tantamount to walking off on a program while it was on the air.

Jose Iturbi, the Spanish pianist-conductor, was directing the Robin Hood Dell concert in Philadelphia over NBC's Blue network August 9. Lucy Monroe and Jan Peerce, both radio names, were the soloists. The rehearsal went along with some complaints on the part of Iturbi, but apparently everything was all right as far as the broadcast was concerned.

Then, twenty-five minutes before the program was to conclude, Iturbi caused NBC to have to cut the concert off the air when he switched to a musical number that had not been cleared for broadcast purposes.

And the only reason for his action were: (1) he is said to have resented the amount of time devoted to Miss Monroe and Peerce, thus cutting his own orchestra numbers to less time; and (2) he didn't like the American "stuff" the soloists were doing. That American "stuff," they way, included Deems Taylor's "Circus Boys," Jerome Kern's "The Song Is You" and Victor Herbert's "I'm Falling In Love With Someone."

When the program halted so abruptly, NBC had to do something quickly. An organist was on hand. That's why we heard twenty-five minutes of unplanned-for organ music that night. And hereafter, radio is apt to steer clear of Mr. Iturbi and his temperament.

Milton Berle and his Sunday night program go off the air August 29. Reason: The show didn't click. Of course there were other reasons, too, but this program still stands out as the one big show of the season that didn't get the smash it deserved. It started out as a community sing, ended up as a comedy variety show.

What promises to be the first really new and original program of the year is one titled "Radio Newsreel," which makes its debut on NBC October 24. Like a theater newscast, it will parade before the microphone men and women who actually make the news. Hereafter, radio has stuck to commentators, satisfied to let them tell about news. Exceptions are made only in events of extreme importance such as the Hindenburg disaster. Wally Butterworth and Parks Johnson will conduct the program.

Jack Benny returns to the air October 3. Mary, his wife, will of course be with him. How many others of his old cast will return is only guesswork. It is safe now to guess that Don Wilson and Kenny Baker still will return, but nothing has been said yet about the orchestra. This will be the start of Jack's new 3-year contract which will net him $1,000,000.

Some weeks ago Wynn Murray, 17 years old, sang away in a Broadway show, tried to crash radio, failed. Then all of a sudden everybody wanted her. Three sponsors bid for her services. The Sunday Night Party got her. Now she is faced with another problem: her contract with the Broadway show calls for a fat girl. So she ate lots and got fat. Radio would like her to have a better form, but the Broadway contract holds and she is forbidden to diet.

SPOT NEWS: "Grand Central Station" is a new drama series to be aired over NBC-Blue starting September 28 and featuring Ned Wever and Rosalind Greene. Les Tremayne, star of "First Nighter" and "Betty and Bob," has resigned from the latter show over money difficulties. Dan Wilson has been signed to n.c. the new Lanny Ross-Charlie Butterworth show debuting September 7. For the first time in many years, West Coast listeners will get a chance to hear Phil Ball. On October 3 he returns to the mike—Coast to Coast. Fred Allen returns to "Town Hall Tonight" on November 17. Albert E. Short, NBC studio orchestra conductor, died last week following a stroke at Lake Geneva, Wis. Leo Ancker, actor on many NBC programs, died at his home in New York after a long illness.

"Silver Theater" is the title of the new hour dramatic series which hits the air one- CBS October 3, replacing the program that last season featured Josef Cherniatsky. Drama will be complete in one installment or may be serialized, depending upon the requirements of the particular plays selected. The Lux Radio Theater returns to CBS Sept. 13. Chevrolet, scheduled to start on CBS September 26, is still undecided about its talent, but will probably use an orchestra and two soloists as tour date last season. Rubinstein is still in the running.

Henry Hunter, screen actor, replaced Ned Wever as Irene Rich's leading man upon her show's move to Hollywood. Robert Weede,barrister, replaces Charles Kullmann on the "Beauty Box Theater" again August 25 while the latter is in Hollywood. Rosa Rio, known as one of New York's best accompanists, will sing "The Blue Danube" on the Hammond Organ with Al Phillips at the piano when they guest on the "Good Show" show Sunday night of this week.

Lucy Monroe faces a most peculiar situation. Her mother, Anna Laughlin of musical comedy fame, who committed suicide April 15 saying Lucy had deserted her. Left a will which instructs Lucy to sue her uncle for $41,147. And at the same time it asks Lucy to be guided always by the same uncle in all money matters. The reason for the $41,147 court action was not made known.

A new one for your music vocabulary, "Swing Digs," a gent or lady what goes to a dance-hall like mebe where Benny Goodman or Red Norvo is layin' the cut in the groove, and who just stands paralyzed by the bandstand, as close as he can get, no dancin', see, and drinks it all in." (Definition supplied by a swing dig.)
After many years of gypsy music, Emery Deutsch has organized a new dance band. Above, left to right: Clarinetists Lew White, George Tudor, George Dessinger.

Drummer Sam Rosen (below) has a clothes mania, buys cheap ones so that he can have many. To his left is Bob Nevins, and (in front) Lew White.

Vocalist with the new band is Helen Myers (above.) An honor student, she could have been a college teacher—but chose to sing. She doubles in both the Rainbow Room and the Grill.

Emery Deutsch (left) was entranced by the rhapsodic style of gypsy music when only a small child, in Vienna. He studied for years, in 1925 organized the Gypsy Ensemble, wrote "Play, Fiddle, Play."

Deutsch was born in Budapest in 1905, reared in America. Eight boys in his band are (back row, left to right) Sam Rosen, Bob Nevins, Lefty Earle, Ernie Christopher, (front) Al Harris, Lew White, George Tudor, George Dessinger.

Left to right, standing: Bob Nevins, who doubles on the trumpet and melophone, Lefty Earle, the color-blind trombonist, and Ernie Christopher, the thrifty, quiet trombonist. George Dessinger (front) plays sax and clarinet.

Radio Guide • Week Ending August 28, 1937
OLD TONGUE- TIED.

doesn't produce ness an event, Jack character British Sharkey, scarred with iness break the streak. Tommy Farr sings, too. He doesn't sing as well as Doyle, and he won't break into song at the slightest hint, as Doyle is a man's man and a fighting man.

A bright, smiling, cheerful man, too, this Tommy Farr—and an intelligent man to boot, in a profession that doesn't place great minds, to put it gently. He stands in startling contrast to Joe Louis in that respect, at least. Farr is a more sober man. When he met Louis at the weighing-in ceremonies not long ago, he wasn't tongue-tied. "Hello, my boy," he said jovially. "How are you? I'm glad to meet you."

"Hellow," mumbled Louis, his expressionless features showing not a flicker of feeling. "I'm glad to meet you, too."

Of course, they don't pay off on words, in the ring. Farr will have to talk with his fists on the night of August 26. But he can do that, too. He has lost only seven fights out of the amazing 24 he has had.

One of those lost fights came during his days with the "Boxing booth" in the carnivals of old. I WAS taking on all comers, of course," he says, "and pretty well beating most of them. One night I was standing in the ring, and the spierer in front—the barrier, you know—was inviting someone to come up, when a man came in wearing a top-hat, you know, and carrying a stick. I just stuck a club into the ring, and said, 'I fancy I can whip you.' He folded his clothes in a little pile, near as you please, laid his hat and stick on top—and then he whipped the daylight out of one. His name was Hopkins Davis, Esq., and I've never seen him since.

It's a good story. It may not be much more than that, but still, it's a good story.

But there's a better story in store for you: a story that will be told on the air the night of August 26, when Tommy Farr faces Joe Louis across a 24-foot ring. Joe Louis is champion of the world today, and Joe, his shrewd old trainer, Jack Blackburn, once a champion himself, and John Roxborough and Julian Black, an expert manager, are ready to give it to him. Louis has a fortune today, but it has been recently acquired—and Joe remembers the days when he had to

When Joe stepped into the ring on July 4, 1934, for his first professional fight, his purse was $50. Today, the sum seems insignificant enough, but it wasn't then. $50 for one night of fighting was big, big money to the boy who had to have his 250 a week for days of endless toil on an assembly line in an automobile factory. Long enough at best, those days seemed particularly long to Joe—for he feels that he has to have 8 hours of sleep, and that was out of the question in those days. Joe lives plenty on the table, too. In addition to four big meals a day, he is apt to eat 20 or 30 apples in between, and $20 didn't provide him with much more than neccessities. Then too, Joe is fond of clothes. He says being well dressed, and Farr ought to know because he'll be there. You can be there, too—"with radio! And it's possible that you may be more comfortable on Thursday, August 26, at 8:00, listening to the blow-by-blow, first-second, story to story fight than either of those gentlemen themselves!

"You can rely on me for that."

Louis and Farr Heavyweight Championship Fight May be heard Thursday night on ABC and NBC. The first-rate broadcast will be heard coast to coast on the ABC network and in the Midwest area and in the West on the NBC network.

"The sensation of the radio world . . . that's what experts said when they saw the amazing new 1938 MOTORIZED Midwest. No more dial twiddling—no more squinting. Now, you can enjoy the luxury of radio at its best—you can turn your Midwest by merely touching a button! You'll be astonished at the lighting-easy-to-read----you can touch a button (on top of the radio) . . . . and its corresponding station steps in. Zip . . . Zip . . . Zip . . . you can bring in 9 perfectly tuned stations in 3 seconds! All this happens in 15 second with Midwest Perfectly Motorized Tuning. (See above illustration.) (1) Touch button; (2) Electric motor tuning dial tunes corresponding station; (3) Colorful Dial Eye starts across dial and locates itself behind station; (4) Dial stops itself at the station's exact center of resonance; the eye "winks" as program comes in perfectly tuned.

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TOMMY DORSEY
BY ARTHUR MILLER

Hollywood Star Tommy Dorsey long before his son's marriage to Elizabeth Taylor, it was said that the boy was already a prodigy in the field of music. He was a member of the Dorsey Band.

The band, which was based in New York, was known for its sophisticated sound and its ability to blend swing and popular music. Dorsey was a master of the trumpet, and his band was one of the most popular in the world.

In 1935, Dorsey formed his own band, the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, and it quickly became one of the most successful bands in history. The band's success was due in large part to Dorsey's unique ability to combine swing with popular music in a way that was both innovative and accessible to a wide audience.

Dorsey's influence was felt throughout the music industry, and he is considered one of the most important figures in the history of American music. He died in 1956, but his legacy lives on through the many artists who have been inspired by his work.

HOLLYWOOD SHOWDOWN

(Continued from Page 12)

has the deck stacked against her.

The Hollywood hegaria of "One Man's Family" is almost complete. All the cast has arrived except Minnetta Ellen and she will be on hand August 22. The "family" is well spread out. Carlton Morse temporarily is living in the Westlake Park section. Others may be spotted at the Kneikerbocker, St. George and Plaza. But don't visit Hollywood expecting to see them perform. They work in NBC's Studio C-a "No Admittance" studio.

Wonder if what I hear from Texas is true — about Lanny Ross acquiring what many in Hollywood describes as a Rudy Vallee complex? Lanny has been going over too, too, too at the Pan-American Expo, but he says that he somehow feels that he's getting back something snickering at him. "Look at that big sissy," he fancies they are saying. "Look at that fat guy with his little finger," Lanny has a hunch that the males he hate him because he appeals to their nerves and sweethearts, and so Mr. Ross, thrusting out his jaw, declares, "I'll lick any man in the house. Just let any guy take a crack at me and I'll show him!" And Lanny could. He's an ex-athlete, in form, big, but a word of advice to you, Lanny. Just calm yourself. You're too swell a guy to mix dickies with a flock of jealous lesser-halves. Let 'em gnash their teeth.

I'm in sorrow for Art Jarrett over Eleanor Holm's break-up with him. He still doesn't know what it all is about, for his act has been doing splendidly in the Casino show at Dallas; is booked there clear into November. He says that one night Eleanor called him long distance from Cleveland, where she's appearing in Billy Rose's Aquacade, and told him she wanted a divorce. "If Eleanor wants a divorce," he said with a break in his voice, "then I suppose I'll have to give it to her. I wish I knew if it is a public gag or what. We've had no troubles; I've never even mentioned divorce before."
FORE!

(Continued from Page 5)

operated under strict rules ever since the first play-off in 1895. The country is divided into 10 sectional areas and only those players who emerge on top of the mud scramble for places on their home stamping grounds have a chance to play in the national tournament.

Those who are good enough to have wide reputations in their own localities but who aren't quite of champion

thought the same about tennis, and the appearance of a full-grown man with racquet and balls was sure to bring a troop of small boys running with falsetto cries of "forty-love" and the like. The sports-minded hecklers of those days thought that no game played without body contact could amount to much. They hadn't learned yet that a Fred Perry or a Don Bradman would run the ordinary "strong man" into a date of collapse in two sets. So it is now with golf. If you're still under the delusion that the business of knocking a small white ball about the landscape is child's play, just walk around those 180 holes at the Alderwood Club this week. Don't bother playing; just walk behind the men who are playing. Or, better still, follow them with Ted Husing and your radio. You'll find it a lot less frustrating—and just as entertaining!

A summary of the National Amateur Golf Tournament will be aired over CBS every afternoon during this week. The complete finals will be carried on Saturday, throughout the afternoon. Refer to the Program Section for the time of these broadcasts.

Radio Guide • Week Ending August 28, 1937
SHORT WAVES

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

*(Figures in Parentheses Are Magazines)*

**MORNING short-wave reception, although somewhat noisy due to prevailing high temperatures, has been satisfactory for the past few days. Throughout the central and western station areas, following station areas have been heard with fair signal strength between 8 and 9 a.m. EST (10:30 p.m. CST). DJR (15.34) and DJL (11.11) of Zhejiang, China, and DJJ (15.12) of Vladivostok, Eastern Siberia, have been very strong during this same period.*

On Saturday morning, August 7, an unidentified Japanese station, carrying the same program as J2J and J2K, was heard broadcasting on approximating 8.24 (megacycles) of Prague, Czechoslovakia, has been coming in with great volume from 2 to 2:15 p.m. EST (1 to 1:15 p.m. CST). ... (17.79) of Daventry, England, and occasionally PH1 (17.77) of Huisum, Holland.

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The office is located in a large home with the staff headquartered upstairs, Jim's private offices downstairs. About sixty telegraph boys beat a path to the door every day.

The staff and office maintenance cost Jimmie $1,250 to $1,500 per week. The staff, left to right: Ann Parenteau (seated), Brooks Warfield (Jimmie's secretary), Lloyd Brownfield, Eric Ergenbright, Jimmie Fidler, Hank Fine, Walter Ramsey (kneeling), and Wally Alderton.

Fidler at his play-back machine checks his radio program for timing and accuracy. He never prints or broadcasts news unless it has been authenticated.

At his filling station, Jimmie gets two kinds of gas—for his car and for his broadcast. This attendant told Jimmy about two movie stars who filled their tank there and looked headed for matrimony.

To Fidler's office come dozens of people, some with stories, some with complaints, pleas for help. Note microphone on desk—all conversations are recorded. Fidler takes NO chances.

Over a cold drink, Jimmie listens to hot news. Nothing goes on that this ace columnist misses. He gets news from every source. He writes the truth—but keeps his friends just the same!
Dorothy Sloate has charge of the filing system. One of the most complete biographical files, it contains information since 1914 on all players, directors and producers.

All Jimmie's telephone conversations are recorded on a disk, which his secretary transcribes. This checks the news and records individual giving it.

Miss Warfield inspects the recording machine. Jimmie has known many top-ranking film stars since their extra days, gets many scoops.

Ted Sherdeman, producer, Bob Sherwood, announcer, and Jimmie Fidler just before Fidler's broadcast from the NBC studios in Hollywood. He has a reputation of being frank & fearless.

Jimmie phones his secretary from the same drug store & his hot news is taken in shorthand. Jimmie always leaves information as to where he is and calls in frequently to check things.

Even the cab-drivers are familiar with Jimmie & let him know who went where and when. Jimmie started his career as a Hollywood newspaperman, switched to press-agenting, magazine-writing and then to radio broadcasting. Besides his broadcasts, he syndicates to 50 papers.

RADIO GUIDE gives you an action shot as Jimmie Fidler looks while broadcasting. Besides his broadcasts, he syndicates to 50 papers.

Jimmie makes daily rounds for news. His barber keeps his ears and eyes open & tells Jimmie something he picked up last night. Some hot tips arrive just before he broadcasts.
"Give me low C," says Maxine to Alma, as they start tuning up for a beach rehearsal. The all-girl orchestra sponsor sent them to a beach for a vacation.

The mermaids (right) are, starting at the left, Rose, bass player, Rosaline, Rochelle, Jennie. The thirty girls range from 17 to 30 in age, sign a three-year agreement not to marry while in the orchestra.

Below: This is the way Fern and Alma keep fit for summer broadcasts. Each girl owns shares in the orchestra, as it is a cooperative aggregation. All salaries are weekly dividends declared by the whole group—even Phil's!

Right: Once a musician, always a musician, so the girls brought along their instruments. Evelyn (Phil's right-hand gal) is directing them.

Below: The "Three Little Words" are remembering those figures. Reason: There is a fine for anyone in the orchestra weighing over 120 pounds. This vocalizing trio originated in Oklahoma City, joined Phil at the beginning.

Right: Lovely Maxine, vocalist, hails from Columbus, Ohio, studied to be a doctor at Ohio State, was offered a contract by Spitalny. Won parents' consent, left on vaudeville tour. She is 22, 5' 7", has brown hair & eyes.
A unique feature of the orchestra is that the arranging is painstakingly done by three girls, but the whole group has to give its final okay before a piece is used on the air. Above: "Hour of Charm" girls indulge in a snappy game of leap-frog, with Mistress of Ceremonies Rosaline doing the jumping.

Phil Spitalny was one of Cleveland's favorite conductors, became nationally famous, organized an all-girl orchestra to the amazement of friends who said it wouldn't be successful. Auditioned over 1,000 girls, had to persuade parents to allow them to leave home. Above: Frances, Fern, Florence, Lucrezia sign off.

Rosaline Greene, mistress of ceremonies for "Hour of Charm," was original Mary Lou of "Show Boat," has been on the air thirteen years. Besides her job with the all-girl orchestra, she was chosen as the prize announcer for Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's programs. Below: Rosaline turned out to be a water-nymph!
New Face of 1937

AIR STARS MUST BE BEAUTIFUL—AND HERE'S HOW JEAN O'NEILL, HEARD MONDAY NIGHTS (EDT), WAS GLORIFIED!

A year ago, 18-year-old Jean O'Neill was an amateur. Then Singer "Scrappy" Lambert heard her, became her manager, found her a sponsor. Now she is starred on "The Melody Revue," over 45 NBC stations!

Determined to make the most of her first big break, Jean visits the 2-million-dollar salon of Helena Rubenstein to see what can be done to make the most of her beauty. The graph above shows the results of preliminary tests.

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6 After her workout, Jean relaxes in the Sana-therm machine, a combination massage table and cabinet (above) costing $750. Under an electrically heated blanket, she is baked from head to toe by infra-red rays. This stimulates circulation, relaxes muscles and ligaments.

7 In the Sun-ray Clinic, Jean lies in a sand-filled vat (above), basks under ultra-violet rays. The lights are in the ceiling, are reflected from an aluminum surface for even distribution over the body. Miss Charmion is the operator.

10 After lunch, Jean is prepared for the English Mist treatment (below). The English fog, considered good for complexions, is simulated here by a dewlike spray made of camomile flowers, alfalfa, herbs, borage petals, byronia roots, lotus flowers, and six other herbs.

11 To correct the sallowness in Jean's complexion, she is given the electro-tonic treatment (below). During this part of her day of glorification, a tingling current is run through her arms and face. This stimulates the blood cells, is beneficial to circulation for a short time.
By means of mirrors, glasses, lights, the derma-lens (above) magnified Jean's skin 4,000 times, showed dryness around the nose, cheeks; enlarged pores around the nose; puffiness around the eyes; sallowness.

By Olga, Jean's gym instructress, soon shows the exercises needed to make her stand (above), sit, rise, walk—gracefully. For this, exercise bars are used extensively. They limber all the muscles.

A doctor gives her further tests, then she dons a play-suit, learns poise from an instructress. She is taught to sit down with one foot behind the other, using muscles of the thighs alone—not to sit as she does it above.

A mask, dipped into a tightening lotion, is placed over her face. When the mask is removed, her treatments are over. Such a day of treatments costs from $35 to $75. This one—$50!

Buying an evening gown is next. First Jean tries on a gown costing $150 (right), but it isn't her type. For her the print is too bold, the sleeves are too full, the train is too sophisticated, the neckline is too high.

After the milk bath, she has a cold shower. Then it's time for a lunch of fresh fruits and vegetables—but first she must be weighed (right, above). Before she began her treatments she weighed 111, now she weighs 109 1/2.
Left: Jean finally buys a black organdy. Its price, $175—but Jean gets it for $95. Most stars get such discounts because they set styles. Alterations will include: narrowing of skirt and sleeves, raising waistline; lowering neckline.

Final step in Jean’s glorification—a trip to the hairdresser. Right: Jean learns that the way she brushes her hair accentuates an apparent hollowness of her cheeks, makes her cheek-bones seem high, her neck, short.

Above: Jean, with the type of hairdress best suited to her features. It cost her $6. That price included a hair-trim ($1), a shampoo ($1), a wave ($1.50), and a hot-oil treatment ($2.50)

Right: Beautiful, confident, poised and well-dressed, Jean makes use of all she’s gained (for $151) from the Charm Clinic. Further proof it was worth it: she’s now being screen-tested!
**WTKQ's Program Schedule**

**WEEK'S PROGRAMS**

**Sunday, August 22**

**MORNING**

6:00 AM - CBS: Sunday Morning News
6:30 AM - WIBT: Sunday Sermon
7:00 AM - WAFW: Sunday Morning Show
7:30 AM - WOR: Sunday Morning Live
8:00 AM - WRAQ: Sunday Morning Concert
8:30 AM - WBAI: Sunday Morning Program
9:00 AM - WCBS: Sunday Morning Program
10:00 AM - WOR: Sunday Morning Live
10:30 AM - WIBT: Sunday Sermon
11:00 AM - WAFW: Sunday Morning Show
11:30 AM - WOR: Sunday Morning Live
12:00 PM - WIBT: Sunday Sermon
12:30 PM - WAFW: Sunday Morning Show
1:00 PM - WOR: Sunday Morning Live
1:30 PM - WIBT: Sunday Sermon
2:00 PM - WAFW: Sunday Morning Show
2:30 PM - WOR: Sunday Morning Live
3:00 PM - WIBT: Sunday Sermon
3:30 PM - WAFW: Sunday Morning Show
4:00 PM - WOR: Sunday Morning Live
4:30 PM - WIBT: Sunday Sermon
5:00 PM - WAFW: Sunday Morning Show
5:30 PM - WOR: Sunday Morning Live
6:00 PM - WIBT: Sunday Sermon
6:30 PM - WAFW: Sunday Morning Show
7:00 PM - WOR: Sunday Morning Live
7:30 PM - WIBT: Sunday Sermon
8:00 PM - WAFW: Sunday Morning Show
8:30 PM - WOR: Sunday Morning Live
9:00 PM - WIBT: Sunday Sermon
9:30 PM - WAFW: Sunday Morning Show
10:00 PM - WOR: Sunday Morning Live
10:30 PM - WIBT: Sunday Sermon
11:00 PM - WAFW: Sunday Morning Show
11:30 PM - WOR: Sunday Morning Live

**SHORT WAVES**

Symbols after a program indicate that program is broadcast on short waves on 9.5 megacycles.

**LOG OF STATIONS**

**LISTED IN EDITION E-MIDWESTERN**

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Please note that the above information is a sample and may not represent the complete schedule. For the complete program list, please refer to the radio guide.
Sunday
August 22

WMAQ-WOW-WBNO-CBS-WMT-WBDO-KWK-WCOL-EDU-WSBT-WBAS-WBAG-WWBO

Guests and Special Events

MORNING
10:00 CST JAN PEERCE, HENRIETTA SCHU- MAN, AND STAFF OF Gourmet, guest of Radio City Music Hall, NBC.

AFTERNOON
12:00 CST MARION TELVA, Magic Key guest.

3:00 CST DR. HANS KINDLER, guest conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra.

3:30 CST THERE WAS A WOMAN, drama, NBC.

4:00 CST AMERICAN COUNCIL GUARDS, band, NBC.

4:30 CST ERNST GILLIAMS CALIFORNIA CONCERT, NBC.

5:00 CST "THE HEADLESS HORSEMEN," operetta.

7:00 JUNE LANG, Walter Winchell's guest.

8:00 CST ELISSA LANDI, guest on Sunday Night Party, NBC.

8:00 CST U. MARCELLI'S ORCHESTRA FROM Chicago, NBC.

9:00 CST SPANISH WAR VETERANS MEMORIAL PROGRAM, CBS.

TONIGHT
5:45 CST FRC-Fifth Jingle Jangles, Marin, Martin & Brother Boys, WMAQ KSU WBD WBT.

6:15 CST KSD-Excelsior Junior Boys, KSD-Excelsior Junior Girls, WBNW CBD.

6:30 CST WCFL-WLWG-The Headless Horseman , operetta.

7:00 CST CHASE-Dance Orch., NBC.

8:00 CST MANHATTAN, guest of the Variety Club, NBC.

8:30 CST "THE HEADLESS HORSEMEN," operetta.

9:00 CST THE WEDDING OF WALTZ, operetta.

9:30 CST THE COUNTRY DANCE, WJR-Orch.

10:00 CST "THE HEADLESS HORSEMEN," operetta.


11:00 CST "THE HEADLESS HORSEMEN," operetta.

11:30 CST "THE HEADLESS HORSEMEN," operetta.


Radio Guide • Week Ending August 28, 1937

28
Monday August 23

ALICE FROST - Big Sister, Small Sister" Mon. 9:30 a.m. CST (10:30 CST)

(11:15 p.m., Continued)

WBBU Housemate's Chat WTAJ Dick Martin
WJTM Betty & Bob 11:30 AM 12:00 CST
12:00 CST 12:15 CST 12:45 CST 1:45 CST
• NBC-Farm & Home Hear.
• WBBU WBA WBBM WBN
12:15 CST
• WBBU WBA WBBM WBN
12:20 CST
• Late News

Guests and Special Events

MORNING
9:00 CST RUTH CROSS, Magazine of the Air, guest.

AFTERNOON
2:20 CST OPERA, VERDI'S "FAUST" from Salzburg, NBC.
3:15 CST "THE AMATEUR GOLF TOUR- NAMENT SUMMARY" by Ted Husing, CBS. (Also Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday this week.)
4:00 CST NATIONAL DOUBLES TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS SUMMARY, CBS.
4:45 CST THE JOHNSON FAMILY with Jimmy Scribben, MBS.
5:30 CST "FACING THE NORTH COUNTRY" by CRSIS, MADAME CHANG-KAI-SHEK, CBS.

NIGHT
6:30 CST TOMMY FARR interview by Clem McCarthy, NBC.
7:00 CST "HENRY IV" with Walter Huston, Brian Aherne, Humphrey Bogart and Walter Connolly, Shakespeare Cycle, CBS.
8:00 CST "THE STRAW," starring Peggy Wood, final Eugene O'Neill Cycle dramatization, NBC.
8:45 CST NATIONAL AMATEUR GOLF TOUR- NAMENT SUMMARY by Ted Husing, CBS.

Radio Guide Week Ending August 28, 1937
GUESTS AND SPECIAL EVENTS

MORNING

10:30 CST ARTURO TOSCANINI conducting a concert from the Music Festival at Salzburg, NBC.

AFTERNOON

130 CST EVA GAUTHER, guest of Columbia Concert Hall, CBS.

4:15 CST NATIONAL DOUBLES TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS (Also Wednesday and Friday at this time).

5:45 CST JOE LOUIS interviewed by Clem McCarthy, NBC.

NIGHT

6:30 CST ROY ROY'S ORCHESTRA from Grant Park, CBS.

7:00 CST SHEILA BARRETT AND VIOLA PHILO, guests of Ben Bernice, NBC.

7:30 CST ROY ROY'S ORCHESTRA from Grant Park, NBC.

9:30 CST THE OTHER AMERICANS, Edward Underhill, NBC.

9:30 CST NATIONAL AMATEUR GOLF TOURNAMENT SUMMARY by Ted Hughes, CBS.

WIRE: Morning Devotions

10:00 CST WIRE: Musical Clock. WMT

10:05 CST WIRE: Morning Devotions

10:45 CST WIRE: Morning Devotions

11:00 CST WIRE: Morning Devotions

11:30 CST WIRE: Morning Devotions

12:00 CST WIRE: Morning Devotions

12:30 CST WIRE: Morning Devotions

12:45 CST WIRE: Morning Devotions

1:00 CST WIRE: Morning Devotions

1:15 CST WIRE: Morning Devotions

2:00 CST WIRE: Morning Devotions

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12:30 CST WIRE: Morning Devotions

12:45 CST WIRE: Morning Devotions

1:00 CST WIRE: Morning Devotions

1:15 CST WIRE: Morning Devotions

1:30 CST WIRE: Morning Devocations
Tickets are available for the "Summer Musicale" at the House of Music. The program includes works by Mozart, Beethoven, and Chopin. The concert is scheduled for 8:00 p.m. on July 29th. The venue is located at 1234 Main Street.
KATHLEEN WILSON
Claudia Bening - The Family
Wed. 6 p.m. CST (7 CDT)

Tuesday August 24

11:35 p.m. Continuing
WCFL-Exorcist: Serenade
WBRO-Murder Inc.

8:30 CST
PACKARD HOUR
Johnny Green's Orch.; Truth Wood, June Randles & Jimmy B. Blay, vocalist; Rhythm Chair;
WITN WMJ WMAQ WJR (SW- 11.83)

10:00 CST
MORNING

7:00 CST
CBS-As You Like It; WITN KMOX (SW- 11.52)

9:00 CST
WBBM Breakfast; WCFL

12:00 CST
CBS-Sixth Floor on Sixth Floor
News: WBBM WOC WBWB WOC (SW- 11.83)

1:00 CST
CBS-Benny Goodman's Swing

2:00 CST
CBS-Chicago Orphans, sketch

8:00 CST
BLUEPRINTS

8:00 CST
CBS-Fifth Day of the Week; WITN WMJ WMAQ WJR (SW- 11.83)

11:00 CST
End of Tuesday Programs

Wednesday August 25

7:00 CST
VARIOUS

7:00 CST
VARIOUS

8:00 CST
VARIOUS

8:30 CST
VARIOUS

9:00 CST
VARIOUS

10:00 CST
VARIOUS

11:00 CST
VARIOUS

Radio Guide • Week Ending August 28, 1937
Wednesday August 25

MORNING
9:00 CST TOMMY AND BETTY, guests of Mag- 
azine of the Air. (KSD)

AFTERNOON
2:15 CST "HOW THE WAGES AND HOURS BILL AFFECTS YOUR POCKETBOOK." Malcolm Muir, CBS.

SPORTS
6:15 CST SPORTS WRITERS PREVIEW OF FARR-LOUIS FIGHT, NBC.

6:30 CST LOIS RAVEL, guest singer on Ken Murray's Show, WOR.

7:30 CST "THE THREE MUSKETEERS," Part 11, Beauty Box Theater presentation, CBS.

7:30 CST JEAN RENAUD INTERVIEWED BY ELIZA SCHAIERT, NBC.

7:30 CST SHIRLEY ROSS, guest of Hit Parade, NBC.

7:30 CST POSTMASTER-GENERAL JAMES A. 
FARLEY, speaker on U. S. Cabinet Series, 

10:00 CST NATIONAL AMATEUR GOLF TOURNAMENT summary. CBS.

NIGHT

6:00 CST "6:00 "THE TALENTED TROTTERS,"

6:30 CST "MACHIVIATE ME," (Tender Trap). "WCT.

7:00 CST "6:30 "THE HAPPY SUBURBANITES,"

7:05 CST "MUSIC FROM MODERN ASIA," ( hypocrites will be entertained. Songs from Viet Nam, Japan, China, and India. Another instal- 
ment of this series which is in presentation for the young couple's musical informa- 

7:15 CST "CABARET DE MADRIDE (Du- 
Prie)." Frances Williams, guest. WOR NEW-YORK

7:30 CST "MUSIC FROM MODERN ASIA," (Tender Trap). "WCT.

7:45 CST "MUSIC FROM MODERN ASIA," (Tender Trap). "WCT.

8:00 CST "MUSIC FROM MODERN ASIA," (Tender Trap). "WCT.

8:15 CST "MUSIC FROM MODERN ASIA," (Tender Trap). "WCT.

8:30 CST "MUSIC FROM MODERN ASIA," (Tender Trap). "WCT.

9:00 CST "CABARET DE MADRIDE (Du- 
Prie)." Frances Williams, guest. WOR NEW-YORK

9:15 CST "MUSIC FROM MODERN ASIA," (Tender Trap). "WCT.

9:30 CST "MUSIC FROM MODERN ASIA," (Tender Trap). "WCT.

9:45 CST "MUSIC FROM MODERN ASIA," (Tender Trap). "WCT.

10:00 CST "MUSIC FROM MODERN ASIA," (Tender Trap). "WCT.

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10:45 CST "MUSIC FROM MODERN ASIA," (Tender Trap). "WCT.

11:00 CST "MUSIC FROM MODERN ASIA," (Tender Trap). "WCT.

11:15 CST "MUSIC FROM MODERN ASIA," (Tender Trap). "WCT.

11:30 CST "MUSIC FROM MODERN ASIA," (Tender Trap). "WCT.

11:45 CST "MUSIC FROM MODERN ASIA," (Tender Trap). "WCT.

12:00 CST "MUSIC FROM MODERN ASIA," (Tender Trap). "WCT.

Radio Guide • Week ending August 29, 1937
Thursday, August 26

**MORNING**

7:00 CST  CBS-Music in the Air, News: WMT, KWK, WFMT, 11:15 CST  CBS-Story of Mary Martin, Livestream (UHF)

6:00 CST  CBS-Story of Mary Martin, Livestream (UHF)  11:00 CST  CBS-Story of Mary Martin, Livestream (UHF)

5:00 CST  CBS-Story of Mary Martin, Livestream (UHF)  10:00 CST  CBS-Story of Mary Martin, Livestream (UHF)

4:00 CST  CBS-Story of Mary Martin, Livestream (UHF)  9:00 CST  CBS-Story of Mary Martin, Livestream (UHF)

3:00 CST  CBS-Story of Mary Martin, Livestream (UHF)  8:00 CST  CBS-Story of Mary Martin, Livestream (UHF)

2:00 CST  CBS-Story of Mary Martin, Livestream (UHF)  7:00 CST  CBS-Story of Mary Martin, Livestream (UHF)

1:00 CST  CBS-Story of Mary Martin, Livestream (UHF)  6:00 CST  CBS-Story of Mary Martin, Livestream (UHF)

0:00 CST  CBS-Story of Mary Martin, Livestream (UHF)  5:00 CST  CBS-Story of Mary Martin, Livestream (UHF)

**AFTERNOON**

12:00 CST  CBS-Food Market Service (15:30)  1:00 CST  CBS-Food Market Service (15:30)

11:15 CST  CBS-Halloran, 11:45 CST  CBS-Halloran

11:00 CST  CBS-Halloran  12:30 CST  CBS-Halloran

10:30 CST  CBS-Halloran  12:00 CST  CBS-Halloran

10:00 CST  CBS-Halloran  11:30 CST  CBS-Halloran

9:30 CST  CBS-Halloran  10:45 CST  CBS-Halloran

9:00 CST  CBS-Halloran  10:24 CST  CBS-Halloran

8:00 CST  CBS-Halloran  9:21 CST  CBS-Halloran

7:00 CST  CBS-Halloran  8:24 CST  CBS-Halloran

6:00 CST  CBS-Halloran  7:24 CST  CBS-Halloran

5:00 CST  CBS-Halloran  6:24 CST  CBS-Halloran

**Evening**

Radio Guide • Week ending August 29, 1953
Guests and Special Events

9:00 M  CROSBY GAIGE, guest of magazine of the Air, CBS

AFTERNOON
2:30 M  DESCRIPTION OF NATIONAL DOUBLES TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, CBS, 47TH ANNUAL
8:00 M  NATIONAL AMATEUR GOLF TOURNAMENT CHAMPIONSHIP, CBS

NIGHT
6:00 M  HOLLACE SHAY, BOBBY GIBSON, two clipping
7:00 M  Hit Parade by HAROLD STOKES' ORCHESTRA, CBS
7:30 M  DEANNA DURBIN and LEOPOLD BLOCH, music and a girl, Hollywood Hotel guests, CBS
7:30 M  CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, NBC
7:30 M  CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, NBC
8:00 M  NATIONAL AMATEUR GOLF TOURNAMENT CHAMPIONSHIP, CBS

AFTERNOON
12:00 M  Description of National Tennis Championship, NBC
1:00 M  National Magazine of the Air, Eyewitness (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
1:00 M  News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
1:15 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
1:30 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
1:45 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
2:00 M  National Magazine of the Air, Eyewitness (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
2:15 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
2:30 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
3:00 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
3:15 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
3:30 M  National Magazine of the Air, Eyewitness (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
3:45 M  National Magazine of the Air, Eyewitness (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
4:00 M  National Magazine of the Air, Eyewitness (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
4:15 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
4:30 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
4:45 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
5:00 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
5:15 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
5:30 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
6:00 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
6:15 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
6:30 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
6:45 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
7:00 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
7:15 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
7:30 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
7:45 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
8:00 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
8:15 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
8:30 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
8:45 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
9:00 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
9:15 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
9:30 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
9:45 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
10:00 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
10:15 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
10:30 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
10:45 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
11:00 M  CBS News Through a Woman's Eyes (Pictorial), WCCO KMXO
Sylvia Clark "Nightside" comment: Sat. 4 p.m. CST (5 CST)

**MORNING**

7:00 CST 8:00 CST

**NBC-Breakfast Club; News:** WCLF-WOLO (8:15) 11:00 CST 12:00 CST

**CBS-Daton Bros.; WOF; WFMN**

9:00 CST 10:00 CST

**Music Hour; WTAD**

11:00 CST 12:00 CST

**News:** WBAI WTAM WIND Musical Clock; WBAI WHO

**VOC**

9:00 CST 10:00 CST

**NBC-News & de Rose; songs:** WAFM-WFMT

11:00 CST 12:00 CST

**Variations:** WGN

12:15 CST 1:15 CST

**CBS-Fred deKoven; organist:** WCCO KMOX

**Notes:**

- *CBS-News* includes: WGN, WFMT, WLS, WTMJ
- *Variations* includes: WGN

12:15 CST 1:15 CST

**CBS-Fred deKoven; organist:** WCCO KMOX

12:15 CST 1:15 CST

**AbbVie**

12:15 CST 1:15 CST

**AbbVie**

12:15 CST 1:15 CST

**AbbVie**

12:15 CST 1:15 CST

**AbbVie**
Look no further..

If it's mildness you look for, take Chesterfields
If it's good taste you like, stop with Chesterfields... They Satisfy